The Author

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THE ORGAN OF THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS
(INCORPORATED).

CONDUCTED BY

WALTER BESANT.

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The Author.

THE ORGAN OF THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS
(INCORPORATED).

CONDUCTED BY

WALTER BESANT.

Published for the Society by

ALEXANDER P. WATT, 2, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.

1890.
The Society of Authors (Incorporated).

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4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.
THE AUTHOR.

THE Report of the Society of Authors for the year 1890 spoke of the great importance of keeping members more fully and more regularly supplied with information, not only on the work of the Executive Committee, but also on the various matters which concern the author in the safeguarding of his interests and the preservation of his property. The simplest method of effecting this, it was thought, would be to hold frequent meetings for the purpose of conference and discussion. As, however, a large number of our members live in the country, we could seldom hope to obtain a really representative gathering, and the discussions would have a tendency to drop into the hands of a few, and so be robbed of half their value. It is also to be considered that no discussions can have any real value which are not founded on knowledge of the facts. Now, the ordinary member knows little of the facts. It was, therefore, then thought that occasional leaflets might be issued conveying the facts. To this plan, however, there appeared many obstacles. First, leaflets are tossed aside and lost; then, even if they are read and preserved, there is no place for discussion, for questions, or for suggestions. The private member of the Society would feel that he was taking no real part in its management and government. If he thought the Committee was moving too slowly in the right, too quickly in the wrong, direction—there would be no opportunity for saying so, except by writing a letter to the Secretary, to be by him laid before the Committee.

Considering the question from its many points of view, it has seemed most desirable to have our own organ for our own purposes.

The Author is therefore founded to be the organ of literary men and women of all kinds—the one paper which will fully review, discuss, and ventilate all questions connected with the profession of literature in all its branches. It will be the medium by which the Committee of our Society will inform its members generally of their doings, and it will become a public record of transactions conducted in the interests of literature, which have hitherto been secret, lost, and hidden for the want of such an organ.

The chief aim of the Society—this has been advanced again and again—is to promote the recognition of the fact, hitherto most imperfectly understood, that literary property is as real a thing as property in every other kind of business: that it should be safeguarded in the same manner, and regarded with the same jealousy.

Hitherto the mere existence of literary property
even in the face of such patent facts as the enrichment of publishers, has been carefully concealed and even denied. Risks of publishing, costs of publishing, have been dangled before the eyes of authors, so that they should regard the subject as one of extreme peril and pure speculation. One can never even now read a leading article about publishing without being solemnly assured that the trade is one in which frightful risks are constantly run, and that the success of any book is pure speculation.

Now, as a matter of fact, there is very little speculation indeed in publishing, and there are very, very few publishers—only the leading houses—who ever run any risks at all, either by buying books or by bringing out books at a risk. Risks are run when a House starts a magazine, or when it embarks on illustrated editions of an expensive kind, or when educational books are published. The ordinary risk run in the production of books is, as a rule, next to nothing. For, first, the author is seldom paid except by results; next, the author, when a house consents to "take the risk," is, for the most part, one who commands a certain sale. With the smaller houses books about which there is the slightest risk are always paid for by the authors in advance, either wholly or in part. And very, very seldom indeed, do the ill-advised authors who advance their money ever see it back again.

Again, as to the actual cost of production. By carefully keeping this a profound secret, interested persons have succeeded in establishing a kind of taboo, as of some holy, sacred thing which must not be so much as touched. We have, however, thoroughly investigated the whole question, and are now in a position to throw complete light upon the cost of producing any kind of book that can be named, in any type and in any form.

This is a very important step. Its importance cannot be over-estimated. It enables the author, for the very first time in the history of literature, to know what it is he is asked to concede to the publisher, and what it is he reserves for himself.

We have also done more: we have collected together a vast amount of information as to publishers' agreements: especially as to what, in reality, is the meaning of the clauses contained in them: we have ascertained what it is they ask the author to surrender and for what consideration. And we have acquired a knowledge of various frauds, made possible by the terms of these agreements, in the different methods of publishing.

This knowledge is so beneficial to the author that its existence ought to be widely spread and made known to every person who is engaged in the production of literature of any kind.

Again, the Society is constantly engaged in answering questions connected with every branch of literature and its practice. Many of these questions are answered by letter over and over again, taking up a great deal of the Secretary's time. They would be answered much more effectively in a journal.

It follows from these clauses that we may have a good deal to say about the seamy side of the publishing trade.

It must, however, be borne in mind very carefully that the Society has not and never has had, any quarrel with honourable publishers. It has always asked for one thing only—just and honest treatment, fair and open agreements, and honourable observance of those agreements.

It has therefore been determined to establish this journal as an organ for the special use of the Society. At first we shall bring out The Author on the fifteenth of every month. The journal will contain papers, notes, letters, questions, and information on all subjects connected with literature and its profession.

The members of the Society will be kept informed of all that part of our work which is not confidential. Among other features of novelty and interest will be an account in each number of some one case that has been brought before the Society—of course without the names. The consideration of these cases will, we are certain, show the world the absolute necessity for some such organisation as our own, though the widespread ignorance which we have unfolded was hardly guessed by our founders at our first institution. Each number will also contain an article or leaflet on some topic belonging to our own interests. There will be notes on the various branches of our work. Our columns will be open to suggestions, letters, and questions.
THE AUTHOR.

We shall send out this journal to all our members as their own organ. We shall continue it for one year at least.

We shall be very glad to hear from members who may be willing to assist us by original contributions, which should be short, and on some subject belonging to our special field, which is the safeguarding of literary property for the producer of literature.

Members are invited to send in notices of the books which they are about to produce, and copies of their books when they appear. It is intended to give a short notice of the purpose and contents of these works when this is possible. In the case of fiction a very brief account, but not a review, will be attempted.

SOMETHING LIKE A PUBLISHER.

I.

H e was a young man, and he was from the country. He stood in the bar of a Camden Town public-house, and he turned about a glass of stout in his hand with anxious countenance. Many young men of anxious countenance may be seen in London bars all day long. He had the customary cigarette of vile paper and bad tobacco between his lips.

Beside him, also with a glass of stout in his hand, stood an older man, upon whom fifty springs, at least, had smiled in sunshine and in shower. His face showed the soft influences of the former, but in patches, as one on the right cheek, one on the end of the nose, and one on the forehead. Thus will flowers grow in my lady's garden, here a few and there more, for Nature loves not regularity. His coat also showed by its appearance that many springs had distilled upon it many showers. The habits of the man could be easily inferred from his appearance: he was one of those who look upon wine when they can get it, but not for long, because they make haste to swallow it; when there is no wine, such a man looks upon, and swallows, any other kind of drink that is ardent and intoxicating; such an one also loves tobacco, the society of men, and the flare of gas lamps. As for his profession, that was more difficult to discuss. Not exactly a sporting man, though probably ready to get a "bit upon a cert."—his eyes lacked the shrewdness of the sporting man, and he was too shabby: not a journalist—he was too slow in his movements, and his speech; journalists, even if they loaf about the bar, always possess a certain smartness: not a clerk, that is, not a clerk in a berth: not a tradesman, or a working man, or an artist of any kind. A certain cunning, of the kind harshly called low, lurked in his eyes and on his lips. He might certainly be set down as one who lived by his wits, and that in spite of his character and reputation. Now when you have lost your character it is a good thing to have some wits to fall back upon.

"Seems to me," said the young man, "that there is not a single berth left in the whole of London." "Not without a hundred fighting for it," said the elder.

"I've stumped round every place of business in London and I can find nothing."
"What might be your line, young man?"
"Why, when I came up to town I thought that something in the publishing line—"
"Publishing?" echoed the other. "Ah! that is a line and no mistake—if you're fly to the dodges. Publishing? Ah!" he heaved a deep sigh. "If I only had the capital—ever so little capital—I say—ever so little capital," he repeated meaningly, "there is a fortune in it—for self and partner—a fortune, I say. Easy living after the first fortnight, and a fortune afterwards."
"Why? Are you a publisher, then?"
"Do I look like it in this get-up? No. But I wish I was. Young man, there isn't a trick on the cards but I know it. There isn't a dodge in the trade that I ain't up to."
"Where did you learn it?"
"Never mind that. Perhaps I had a berth in a publisher's house. Perhaps I hadn't. That's my business. Young man, have you got any capital?"
"Mighty little."
"Let's go partners. I'll find the business and you shall find the money. How much have you got?"

The young man emptied his waistcoat pocket. There was a small heap of silver. "That's all I've got," he said. He counted it. "Comes to thirty-four shillings and threepence." He put back the money in his pocket. "Capital? I wish I had any."

The eyes of the other man twinkled with greed. "Thirty-four shillings?" he cried. "Why there's enough and more than enough. Keep the four and threepence for yourself. Miss, two fours of Scotch—I'll stand. Good Lord! man, your fortune's made. Hands upon it, partner."

"Why—"

"Hands upon it, I say. I'll land the first Juggins in a week. Then the way they'll come in will astonish you. It will indeed. Here's success to the firm."
In this way, and on a capital of thirty shillings, was founded the Imperial and Colonial Publishing Company, Limited. You may, however, look in vain for the registration of the Company, because it never was registered.

II.

The advertised offices of the Company were in a small street leading out of a main thoroughfare. Those who called upon the manager, if they worked their way up the stairs, found that the offices consisted of one room at the back of the second floor; there was no brass plate; publicity was not courted in any way; and the manager was out.

Two girls rang the bell. A woman came up from the depths below.

"He's out, Miss," she said to their enquiry.

"We have called every day at different times and he is always out."

"He is generally out, Miss. Business takes him out. But he comes for his letters. There's lots of letters and parcels—" At that moment a red cart stopped at the door and delivered three bulky parcels. "They're always coming. You write to him and you'll get an answer. Better write than call."

The girls turned away. They were gentlewomen, but not rich. One glance at their gloves showed so much. Another at their jackets confirmed the first impressions. They were, however, gentlewomen, and they were sisters.

"Nell," said one, "the man is a rogue, I am sure of it. No one but a rogue would hide himself away. He is a rogue."

The other one sighed heavily. "Oh!" she said, "who is to keep ignorant girls like us from the hands of rogues? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Have you sent him all he wanted, dear?"

"All. He asked first for £45. He said if I would give him £45 that would be the whole of my risk, and he would take the rest. He said that I should have three-fourths of all the money that the book produced. He said that his reader reported so favourably that its success was certain. You know how I got the money, dear."

"You sold everything, your watch and chain, your two rings, your bracelet, and the silver spoons that had been grandmother's. Oh! I know."

"Then he wrote again and said that he had made a mistake, and must have ten pounds more, and I found that and sent it him, and since then I can get nothing—no answer to my letters—no proofs—nothing!"

"Nell, he is a rogue. And oh! to think of the months and months of work you have given to the story. Nell, it was a beautiful story. Oh! we will, we must, do something to the man."

"Yes, dear. But who is to pay the lawyer?"

"Can you write it all over again?"

"What's the use when the man has got the right of publishing it?"

"Nell, sit down and write another."

"No," she answered, "I have no heart to write another. Let us go home, dear. I will take that place of cashier in the draper's shop—fifteen hours a day and eight shillings a week; that will be better—anything will be better than meeting another McAndrew. Oh! I have no heart," her voice choked, "I have no heart to try again."

III.

"My name is Trencher, and if you'll give me only five minutes, I should take it kindly."

"I will give you those five minutes," said the Secretary, with affability. "Now, Mr. Trencher, what is your business?"

Mr. Trencher was a young man of fashionable get up, yet, as nasty particular persons would say, not quite. In fact, certainly nowhere near. His manner, however, at this moment betrayed anxiety. He was jumpy: in certain circles, it would be whispered that it looked like "having 'em again."

He produced, with trembling fingers, a card on which was written this legend "Imperial and Colonial Publishing Company, Limited. Manager, Mr. A. McAndrew."

"A., Christian name. Stands for Ananias?" asked the Secretary.

"I don't know. It's about him" he said mysteriously. "It's about A. McAndrew. If you can run him in I don't care what happens."

"I know a good deal about this gentleman already," said the Secretary.

"I'll tell you all about him. He got my money first—thirty shillings he had off o' me. That's how we began. We were to go partners and he was to manage. First he put an advertisement in the papers."

"It is here," said the Secretary, laying his hand on a book.

"Country papers at first—saying that all MSS. would be carefully considered, and that the Company were prepared to offer most liberal terms. We had a dozen replies to that first batch of advertisements. Lucky we had, because there was no more money for a second batch. Out of the dozen we got ten MSS. sent up. Out of the ten three stood in with our terms. In a week we divided a hundred and five pounds between us."

"Your terms," said the Secretary, "were contained in this letter. He opened the book and read. 'Our reader has reported so favourably on your MSS. that we are prepared to offer you the following liberal terms. You will send us the sum
of £30 or £40'—or whatever it was—and we will publish your book at no risk or expense to yourself, and we agree to meet all demands up to 10,000 copies. All proceeds to be divided into two portions: one of two-thirds for yourself, the other of one-third for the Company. You will kindly reply at your earliest convenience, because in the present enormous press of work the Company cannot keep such an offer open.

'Your obedient servant,

'A. (meaning Ananias) McAndrew,

'Manager.

'P.S.—The present is the best time of year for publishing.'"

"That's the letter," said Mr. Trencher; "always the same letter. No occasion ever to alter that letter, except the figures, sometimes."

"And with that single letter you bagged your prey?"

"Yes. Oh! He knew what he was about. No Juggins like a liter'y Juggins, he used to say, and I'm sure he was right. Believe all you tell 'em, they will—anything you tell 'em. You can't pile it up too high. Well, sir, three year ago that game begun."

"I see. And how many works did you actually have sent you?"

"First and last there was more than a hundred."

"And how many did you publish?"

The fellow grinned.

"Well, what with putting off and telling lies, and not answering letters, he didn't actually print more than three. Sometimes a first sheet would be struck off just to keep 'em amused, but not if he could help it, because it runs into money. The printers wouldn't set it up without being paid beforehand."

"Shameful want of confidence."

"Mostly they gave up writing when they found they got no reply."

"And those you did print?"

"Well; we printed a hundred copies and gave the author a dozen, and there was an end of that."

"Where are the MSS.?"

"He's got 'em. They're no use, though. He won't make anything out of them. There's a hundred and more lying there. All paid for."

"I judge, therefore, from your coming here to make a clean breast of it, that you and your partner have quarrelled?"

"It's like this, mister. He says to me, three months ago, he says, 'Pardner,' he says, 'the game's getting much too hot for us. Time for us to separate. Time for us to go divers ways, as wide apart as we can. Now we'll value the business and I'll buy you out.' That's what he says. Well, I, thinking that sooner or later there must be a shindy, and that he'd get run in—not me—because, you know, this kind of business after all, is—"

"It certainly is," said the Secretary.

"And some time or other somebody who'd been kidded on to stump up would go before a magistrate—"

"Which would be awkward," said the Secretary.

"'Yes' so. I says, then, 'Give me my share,' I says, 'and lemme go.' So we valued the business and agreed. I was to have four hundred quid for my share—that was agreed—and I took it in a three months bill, and went away and started on my own account. The Royal Britannic Federated Publishing Company, mine was. J. Trencher, Manager."

"'J. standing for Judas, probably,' said the Secretary. "'Excuse me. You have done pretty well?'"

"'No, I haven't done at all well yet. And I don't know what you mean about Judas, neither.'"

"'Never mind. Pray go on,' said the Secretary. "'We are coming apparently to the most interesting part.'"

"'I hadn't been started a week before the letters began to come in.'"

"'What letters? More MSS.?"

"'No. Letters from the people he'd done out of their money. What does he do? Oh! the villain! Directly after I was out of the office, he tells everybody who threatened or complained that his case belonged to me, and he must write to me and that I was no longer his partner. There are fifty of 'em at this moment wanting their money and their MSS. back. Well, I could have stood that, because you can't give people what you haven't got. But yesterday—yesterday—' Here his emotion got almost too much for him—"the bill fell due. You'd hardly believe it, but it's true. His bill fell due—the bill for that four hundred, my share of the business, it fell due, and I presented it and—and—no one would believe that such a villain could be living—"

"It was not met, I suppose?" said the Secretary.

"'No—it wasn't met. He's done me out of my share and he's got the business still, and he's turning over all the people that are going to bring actions on to me. And now I'm ruined, and I come to you to make a clean breast of it, if you can run him in.'"

Mr. Ananias McAndrew is, however, still at large, and when last we heard he was beginning the game again under another name and with a new company.

Note by the Editor.—This story is literally and exactly true. The man, we have just learned, is really beginning the game over again. Moral.—Never answer an advertisement of a so-called publisher without first writing to the Society for advice.
THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

The following considerations and maxims may appear to some readers elementary. The cases which constantly arise before the Society prove, however, that like the Ten Commandments, it is wise to have them exposed to view, and to be frequently reminded of them.

1. Literary property is a very real thing. It is as real as property in land, houses, mines, or any other kind of property. Hundreds of people live upon its proceeds in great luxury, plenty, and comfort. Thousands of people live upon it by thrift and carefulness.

2. When a man has made a book he has increased the wealth of the country, provided it be a book serviceable to the community and saleable.

3. He has created this wealth; it is his own; he must be as careful not to part with it, except for a just consideration, as if it were a mine or a quarry, or an estate.

4. Literary property is subject to the laws which protect all other property; the simplest and the most comprehensive of these laws is the Eighth Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Applied to literature and to the persons whose business it is to buy and sell various forms of literature, the Commandment is thus to be interpreted, "Thou shalt not cheat the author in buying his work from him; thou shalt not write or speak lies concerning the cost of preparing his work for the press; thou shalt not agree with him on terms such as will give to thyself the profits on his labour. The work is his, not thine at all; his the design of it, the invention, the fancy, the imagination, the learning, the brain and the hand of it—all is his. If it becomes thine, it must be by an equitable agreement, which shall give thee a fair reward for labour done, and leave to him all the rest." In no other way can the Eighth Commandment be interpreted by those who deal with authors.

5. What is the commercial value of a book? Clearly it depends upon the number of copies which the public will take. So the value of a field depends upon its fertility; of a ship upon her carrying power and seaworthy qualities; of a horse upon his strength and youth. Some fields are sterile—they are sold for a small sum—some are worthless. So with books. An author's income from a book must depend upon the copies bought by the public.

6. Most books published have no commercial value at all—a very large number have no literary value at all. How, then, do they get published? They are published at the expense of the author.

7. The book which does succeed may have a nominal success, or it may have an enormous success. If a MS. has any literary value, a thing which may be easily ascertained by having it examined at the Society of Authors, its success is always possible. And so often of late years has a book unexpectedly taken the world by storm that the author must always consider his MS. as a possible great success.

8. It must be remembered that publishers live by publishing. They therefore look to make money by every book which they issue. It is a great mistake to suppose, as some authors do, that the publisher does not first consider the commercial prospects of a book. In many cases it is the only thing he does consider.

9. Therefore the publisher must be paid. He must be paid for the time and trouble he, through his servants, gives to the preparation of the work for the press; for the publicity which he gives to it; and, in a very few cases, for the prestige of his name.

10. It is self-evident that every book must stand or fall by its own merits. That is to say, that it is idle to talk of the failure of one book being a reason for giving the author of another book less than his due.

With these considerations, which are indisputable and elementary, before him, let every author read carefully over any agreement offered to him, and before signing it, ascertain what it gives the author, and what it gives or reserves for the publisher, (1) for the first edition, (2) for the second and following editions.

Next let the same author take any of his agreements in the past, and with the light of the accounts which were afterwards rendered to him, and the information which we now give him, let him draw his own conclusions.

NOTES ON COPYRIGHT.

I. Copyright in Lectures.

Does anybody ever take the trouble to secure his copyright in a public lecture? It is a curious and amusing process which the law in its wisdom requires him to go through. There is, perhaps, nothing objectionable in his having to give two days' notice of his intentions to two justices of the peace, both of whom must live within five miles of the locus in quo. But, beyond the presumption that the aforesaid justices might, if the notice were civilly worded, take tickets for, if
not attend, the lecture, it is not easy to understand the object of the interesting proviso. There is certainly no necessity to make it public that on this occasion only "all rights are reserved." It is no business either of the author's or of the magistrates to warn reporters off the premises. Nevertheless, the former would, on giving the statutory notice, be entitled to confiscate any printed and published reports (or, for that matter, the whole edition of every newspaper in the Kingdom which published the lecture without leave), and, moreover, to recover a penny for every sheet in their custody. What a fortune Mark Twain would realise if he went on tour in the silly season! But, to further illustrate the beautiful simplicity of the law, a lecturer is powerless to protect himself against unauthorised re-delivery. It is only publication that is prohibited by statute. Anybody who likes is entitled to take down a lecture verbatim and can re-deliver it with perfect impunity, or, in other words, while there is copyright there is no such thing as performing right in a species of literary production in which this may be really valuable.

Sermons, on the other hand, seem to be clearly public property, that is, if delivered "by any person in virtue of or according to any gift, endowment, or foundation." In other words, Non-conformist ministers, unless they, too, come within the category, enjoy an advantage denied to the Clergy of the Established Church. For it would, we imagine, be open to them to give the statutory notice of the intended delivery and so secure the copyright, if not the performing right (if we may use the expression), in the production in question. The Clergy of the Church of England cannot, however, under any circumstances reserve their rights. The only remedy open to them if their pulpit eloquence is reproduced is, like the Bishop of Peterborough, to take a leaf out of the book of the "old Parliamentary hand," and deny that they have been "correctly reported." In the same way, too, no lecture delivered in any university, public school, or college, or on any public foundation can under any circumstances be protected. But there is seldom any very great demand for sermons, university or college lectures, so that their authors enjoy rather more protection, independent of statute, than most of them desire.

II. COPYRIGHT IN RECITATIONS.

Should the recitation of popular pieces be prohibited by law? The relative advantage or disadvantage accruing to an author is, of course, wholly beside the question. It is quite possible that in many cases an author might regard himself as quite sufficiently recompensed by probable sales. It is notorious that more than one well-known firm of musical publishers not only do not reserve their rights in their songs, but announce to all whom it may concern that they can be sung anywhere. But now that recitations are once more becoming popular, there is no doubt whatever that the right of delivery of favourite verse will become valuable, and the question of its protection acquires an added importance. There is no more reason why an author should have no control over and derive no profit from the recitation of his work than that a novelist should have to submit to be dramatized whether he likes it or not. The results of protection would, of course, be that royalties would have to be paid if the author chose to reserve and enforce his rights. It would perhaps be necessary that some analogous conditions to those required by the Copyright (Musical Compositions) Act, 1882, should be devised to prevent people being "Walled."

III. ANGLO-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

It is always risky to prophesy, and Anglo-American Copyright is a subject on which even a sporting prophet would hesitate to hazard a forecast. It is, however, not impossible that the Bill before Congress should, in the words of its sixth section, "go into effect" on the 1st July, 1890. Committees of both Houses have reported in favour of the measure: not that that counts for much! We are not likely to forget that in 1889 it was thrown out at the last moment by a single member who had no views on the subject, and was really opposing another measure. But, still, it is satisfactory to know that the tariff men, the petty pirates, and the moneyed ignoramuses—the three classes of which the opposition consists—have so far made a very poor show. During the sittings of the House Committee on Judiciary Mr. Roger Sherman, formerly a Philadelphia publisher, declared that "the outcry for the passage of the Bill was simply the clamour of 200 authors against the interests of 50,000,000 people." There is a truly delicious naivete about this confession of a preference for stealing literature instead of buying it. As for the Bill itself it will undoubtedly confer valuable rights upon those English writers who can conform to its conditions. These require the books to be printed from type set up in the States, and two copies to be delivered to the Librarian of Congress "on or before the day of publication." If the Bill becomes law in this form considerable difficulty, it may be remarked, will arise in securing copyright in serial stories, for, as it now stands, each number would have to be delivered as an independent publication, a matter obviously of
great practical difficulty. But in view of the multifarious exigencies which have compelled modifications innumerable, and hampered the efforts of the American (Authors) Copyright League, it is idle to criticise the measure as a final settlement of the difficulty. It is enough, for the present, if it makes Anglo-American Copyright ultimately possible.

IV. THE SECURING OF AMERICAN RIGHTS.

Since the above was written, the International Copyright Bill has been brought before the House of Representatives and has been defeated by 126 votes to 98. The conscience of the great Republic therefore remains unawakened, that is to say, five ninths of the American conscience is unmoved. The other four ninths may be trusted to keep moving. Perhaps our grandchildren may reap the fruits of their agitation. What is now to be done?

There seems to be but one way for an English author to hold at bay the piratical publishers of the United States: it is to enter into collaboration with an American writer. By this arrangement a perfect copyright is obtainable; one which will defy the devil—the printer's devil—and all his works.

One American member of the Incorporated Society of Authors has already written to offer an honourable partnership of this kind with British authors who desire to protect their literary property. Enquiries relating to the subject should be addressed to the Secretary of the Society of Authors, 4, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.

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A HARD CASE.

No. 1.

It is now some five years ago since a young lady wrote a volume of poems and sent them to a certain advertising society for publication.

The so-called managing director told her in reply that, although her work was of indubitable merit, it required to be revised by some one who understood the "rules of Poetical Composition." Such an article he had on hand, and he begged to recommend that she should apply to a person in Fleet Street, posing as the editor of a non-existent journal, for advice. This gentleman expressed himself willing to teach her poetry for the comparatively moderate fee of £4 14s. 6d. As his grammar was not, however, without blemish he would seem to have been only duly modest. For three months the young lady received instruction in poetry from him, and then again applied to the advertising society to have her verses published. Apparently her tutor had proved of service, for the managing director now agreed to issue her book for her, on her advancing the sum of £50. For this sum he was prepared to produce the MS. in volume form and "to meet all demands for sales up to 3,000 copies." The volume was to be published at 6s. Cr. 8vo., good toned paper, and to be bound in cloth boards, and gilt lettered. The payment was to be made in the following manner: £20 at once; £20 on seeing the last proofs; and the balance within three months.

The only agreement made between author and publisher was the interchange of letters ratifying the above proposition. The lady's friends lent her the money, evidently having no idea of the true commercial value of poetry, and the book went to press.

The phrase, "to meet all demands," will receive full consideration in our next number.

Now it would seem that the publisher's first opinion as to the value of the author's work was nearly a correct one, when he recommended that she should learn verse, but that he rather over-rated the improvement that had been effected by his friend, the instructor in poesy. For there was no sale. But, on the other hand, there were, in addition to the £50, several small items to pay for.

There was advertisement in the publisher's own lists, £2 2s. There was the "time of the traveller" in offering the work to the trade, £1 17s. There was £2 for warehousing, £2 2s. for the privilege of membership of the Literary Association, of which the publisher was managing director. These sums, with others for postage, &c., brought the author's account on the whole transaction into the following position.

(1) She had paid for three months' poetical instruction. (Exactly what she paid is not quite clear—over £10, however.)
(2) She had paid £50 for the production of her work.
(3) She still owed £9 odd to the publisher.
(4) There were no sales at all: so that she had received nothing.

Then the publisher began to write in a threatening way for this £9.

He expressed himself as not surprised at the ill-success of her book (though on previous occasions he had spoken well of her work), and attributed this to the lack of advertisements. He badgered her to advertise through himself to the extent of £5 or £10, assuring her that she would then get good
reviews. But her means would not allow her to take his advice. Then he suggested that she should contribute at the rate of 1s. a line to a column of advertisement that he proposed to insert in the Standard of a good many other books he was bringing out. Here, again, she was obdurate.

Then he sent her a lawyer's letter.

She applied to the Society of Authors, and escaped further payment; but it would have been useless to attempt to extract from the publisher the money he had already received on grossly false representation, for about this period he became a bankrupt.

Of the numerous letters two are appended.

1. The first received by the author from the "Secretary."
2. The second received by the author from the "Editor."

I.

**Date.**—March 6th, 1884.

**Name.**—Miss C. D.

**Address.**—16, High St.

**Title and No.**—Poems.

**Length.**

**Opinion.**—"Requires revision by an expert, who understands the rules of poetical composition. "Author should write Mr. L.,—Street, London, for his instructions to poetical students. Writer has ability, and if she only studied the rules of poetical composition she would do well.

"One poem could be set to music. Charge, including composition of music, would be £8 8s. for 250 copies."

A. B. C, Secretary.

II.

**Re MSS. from the Metropolitan Publishing and Literary Society.**

"We have received your MSS. and beg to say we cannot accept same, as they are unprepared for press. You write them as though poetry, but they are prose. If you write out the Penalty as though prose, no capital letters, &c., you will find it reads better. If you do this and send again we can finish revising for half a guinea, and print.

"Yours faithfully,"

"THE EDITOR."

It seems almost incredible that even an inexperienced girl should not have guessed that these people were common sharpers. But she did not.

"The Managing Director" advertised largely and the number of his victims is proportionally large. Yet he has never got into prison. His victims were generally helpless, and generally sensitive to ridicule, while it always seems an unsatisfactory thing to spend £50 in bringing a criminal action against a person who has robbed you of £50.

It should be observed that this case has nothing to do with the story on pp. 3-5.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Is it right for editors to keep a book sent to them for review when they give no notice of the book?—It is right because it is impossible for every book that is published to receive a review, and every book is sent for review on the chance of getting it.

2. How long should an editor be free to keep a MS. without reply?—If the article is one of immediate interest he should return it at once if he cannot find time to consider it. A contributor in such a case should state the urgency of the subject. Under ordinary circumstances no one who knows the labours of an editor or the piles of MSS. into which he must look should grumble at waiting for three or four months.

3. How long should a contributor be expected to wait before payment?—All the honourably conducted magazines pay on publication, or a few days afterwards. It has, however, been proved to the Society that there are certain journals—happily only a few—who make a point of never paying unless they are compelled by threats of law. It seems incredible that a magazine proprietor or editor should thus make as many enemies as he has contributors. It is unhappily, quite true.

4. What payment should be made for a magazine article?—This question is often asked. There is no answer possible, because the practice necessarily differs. A magazine of limited circulation obviously cannot afford to pay its contributors much. Then if payment is made by the page, that too varies; some magazines, such as Blackwood's or Macmillan's, have a page double that of Longman's. The best advice to be given is this. In the high-class magazines contributors are paid by a regular scale, unless special terms are made. Therefore, the contributor may rely on the usual treatment according to the scale of that journal. In magazines of inferior kind the contributor would do well to ask beforehand what payment will be made if the paper be accepted. Suppose the Editor refuses to name his scale and sends back the MS., that will be better than to have it taken and published, and then not paid for.
THE AUTHOR.

LEAFLET No. i.

ON SYNDICATING.

IT was in the Report issued at the beginning of last year that we first made an announcement concerning our attempt at forming for ourselves a syndicate of our own members. We guarded ourselves at that time by a warning which we hoped would be sufficient to prevent the raising of hopes doomed to disappointment. We were wrong. There has been a good deal of disappointment among some of our members who thought that in this way their own work might be disposed of.

It was found at the outset, first, that the newspapers among which we at first proposed to place the works of our members were engaged to the various syndicates in existence for a year, a year and a half, or even longer. It was next found, what had been expected, that no writers have any chance at all of getting their work taken in country and colonial newspapers except those who have already achieved a certain reputation. So that both the time of commencing operations was postponed, and the writers for whom the syndicate was to work were limited in number.

After a great deal of consideration and experimenting, it has been found that the best and fairest way of working is, as regards short tales, to arrange for one batch at a time covering a whole quarter. Each writer of this batch takes, first of all, his market value; that is to say, the price he can command in magazines, or that which other syndicates—trade syndicates—are willing to pay him: he sells to our syndicate, not, as in all other syndicates, the story outright, but the right to its appearance once, and only once, in a certain quarter. This done, the work becomes again his own property. Next, when all the writers have been paid, the balance, if any, is equally divided among the writers in proportion to the length of their work. That is to say, for a tale running over three weeks, a writer would receive three times that accorded to one of a single week. About twenty-five per cent. of the whole is required for agency printing and postage. This may seem a large amount, but the trouble involved is very great, and there is no way of avoiding such charges except by keeping a special clerk for the purpose in the offices of the Society. The services of such a clerk, properly qualified and experienced, would amount to quite as much as the commission of an agent. After a little there must be a further charge for the work of editing, which hitherto has been done for nothing.

Then comes, next, the question—Where to place these stories? At first it was thought that the provincial press would be the best medium. It has, however, been found that, though the provincial press may sometimes be useful, it cannot always be depended upon, and that it may in some cases be best to sell the work to some one proprietor or editor. This has, in fact, been done in the case of the first quarter's collection. One proprietor has bought the right for Great Britain and Ireland. They have also been sold in America—also to one man; in Australia and New Zealand to another; and in India to another. The amount to be divided among the writers of this batch will rule far higher than anything they could obtain from ordinary syndicates.

The next quarter's batch is now in course of preparation.

If members think they already possess the kind of name that popular journals desire to place in their columns, they may communicate with the Editor at the Society's office. The Editor's business is very simple: it is merely to provide such a collection of stories as will be vouched for by the names of their writers. He is not, in fact, the judge: he has only to record the judgment of purchasers, and to cater for them. It is not so much the quality of his wares that he has to consider, as their fashion and popularity. Therefore, the Editor must not be blamed if he has to tell a member that he cannot offer to syndicate his work.

There is, however, another branch of syndicating work—that of longer stories. Here, again, though names come first, there may be special reasons why a work by a less known hand might be syndicated with a certain measure of success.
THE AUTHOR.

If any member, therefore, would like to try this method, he should send, first of all, his name, his list of previous work, and a complete scenario of the work, showing its length, number of chapters, the story, the place and time, and anything that may recommend it. This scenario should be type-written, which would not cost more than two or three shillings. He can then learn whether he may hope for any success in this way. But, again, let him not blame the Editor should failure follow. He would like to oblige all the members of the Society if he could.

This syndicating is intended, of course, as a first step in the action of authors for themselves and by themselves. When we consider all the difficulties in the way: first, the profound distrust of anything to do with publishing that is spread over a despondent world; next, the suspicion and jealousy with which authors too often regard each other; thirdly, their colossal ignorance of all matters connected with their own business; and, fourthly, the danger of awakening extravagant hopes of a millennium to come the day after to-morrow—we might be excused if we desisted from the attempt. But when we consider how much the Society has done already, and is now doing, when we remember that we are the pioneers, and when we remember that in such a cause progress must be slow, we are resolved to persevere. All the steps that we have taken, all that we are going to take, are based upon one proposition: that literature belongs to the Poet—the Maker—not to the Trader—not to him who only sells.

EDITOR.

THE PRESS AND THE SOCIETY.

ONE reason, and that not the least, for the existence of such a journal as this is the necessity for keeping the Society and its objects from misrepresentation—wilful or through ignorance—in the newspaper press and in the magazines. We have read from time to time articles, both generous and appreciative, presenting our aims truthfully. We have also been misrepresented by numerous paragraphs, written either by persons totally unacquainted with this Society, or wholly ignorant of the subject, or maliciously inspired by our enemies. For instance, it has been the constant habit of these gentlemen to represent the Society as inspired by a blind hatred of all publishers, thus attempting to identify themselves and their own frauds with the honourable houses. Or they find occasion to gird at the Society as talking against "the wicked publisher," implying that we are not defending ourselves against dishonest people, but attacking the whole trade.

It has, however, been reserved for the Contemporary Review, of all magazines in the world, to produce an article on the Society, and its work which is indeed amazing.

One would not take notice of this production but for the fact that it suggests certain questions which should not only be administered to the author, but to all those persons who are contemplating such articles on this subject. If before sitting down to write, they will kindly read and consider these questions, they may possibly save themselves the subsequent affliction of discovering that they have been writing on a subject of which they know nothing.

It is not necessary that we should reply in detail to the article; and, indeed, very much of it is exactly what we have always ourselves advocated. As for the rest—but the questions will themselves indicate the nature of the reply which might be made.

They are these:—

"Have you ever studied the different methods of publishing? If so, when and where? Under whose guidance, and with what advantages?"

"What steps have you taken to ascertain the cost of producing books, the money spent on advertising, the trade price of selling, the demand for different kinds of books, the risk in producing books, what and of what kind? In fact, what special knowledge do you possess of the publishing trade?"

"What have you learned, before writing this precious article, concerning the various kinds of agreement presented to authors by publishers?"

"Do you know, by personal examination and experience, what these agreements represent, namely, can you tell, by reading an agreement, what the publisher offers to the author, and what he reserves for himself?"

"Do you know, by experience of your own, the treatment of authors by their publishers? In the case you quote, where you received twelve guineas, have you ascertained what amount was made by the publisher?"

"Are you aware that the body of men, whom you take upon yourself to assail, have been engaged
THE AUTHOR.

for five years in a most careful and painstaking examination of the whole of the publishing business in every branch?

"Are you aware that this body of men, the Committee of the Society of Authors, in all their publications have made, and are making, but one demand, namely, for just and honourable dealing?

"Are you also aware that they have demanded, and are still demanding, not only equitable agreements, but the keeping of those agreements to the letter?

"Have you read their reports and their circulars?"

If you cannot answer these questions, we would submit another. "What right have you to be heard on the questions at all?" We would also ask you to select those adjectives in the English language which apply to one who ventures to talk in public on a subject concerning which he is profoundly ignorant.

If you can answer these questions; if you have really made a study of a very difficult and obscure subject, kept purposely in obscurity by interested persons; if you have really read the reports and papers of the Society, and have duly considered and meditated on them, you have, perhaps, a right to speak.

Supposing this to be the case, let us ask the writer what he means by the following:—

"The bargain between author and publisher is one perfectly well understood."

Is it? Then, we will ask him another question.

"Will you, who so perfectly well understand the bargain between author and publisher, kindly explain the following agreement?" A. B. publishes covenants with C. D. the author, as follows:—

He is to have the sole copyright of a MS. on the following conditions. He is to publish it at his sole risk and expense: he is to sell it at 6s. each copy: after 500 copies are sold he is to give the author a royalty of 15 per cent. on the trade price, not the published price. He is to decide if any cheaper editions are to be issued: he is to have the power of selling off remainder of stock: he is, in fact, to have the complete control of the book.

The book is printed in small pica, crown 8vo, and contains 21½ sheets. The question for you who understand so clearly the bargain between author and publisher is this. When 3,000 copies of the book have been sold, allowing £30 for advertising, what profit the author has made and what the publisher? We will answer this question for you in our next number.

Again, the author of this paper says, "The royalty system is so obviously fair that there is no need to say much about it."

Quite so. Then we will put to him the following questions. "Will you kindly explain what you mean by the royalty system? What, if you please, is the royalty system? What percentage should be given on an equitable royalty? And why? What does that leave the publisher? You had, probably, something in your mind when you wrote the passage. What, we repeat, is the royalty system? Is it ten, twenty, thirty, forty per cent.? And, in any case, why do you fix upon that proportion, and what does it leave for the publisher?"

Again, seeing that if our Society is strong on any point at all, it is upon the point of equitable agreements, seeing that from the outset it has never ceased to argue in favour of such agreements, and seeing that it has always insisted on such agreements being carried out honestly and to the letter, what does the writer of the paper mean by the following solemn peroration?

"Are our contracts to be binding upon us only so long as we find it profitable to ourselves to keep them?"

"Are our moral instincts getting feebler? Are we losing our sense of honour?"

"Is our respect for the sacredness of plighted troth on the wane?"

"If they who ought to be the trainers of the national constitution are helping to improve it, and helping others to believe that literary workers are only workers for hire and determined on getting it, even at the price of broken faith and broken pledges, then there can be but a gloomy outlook for us all—the days of shame are at hand!"

Really! This is indeed terrible. But this critic now has our questions before him and will perhaps answer them.

Let us remind him, lastly, of certain lines, written a hundred and fifty years ago, and still, unhappily, applicable.

Look thro' the world, in every other trade,
The same employment's cause of kindness made;
At least, appearance of goodwill creates,
And every fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Cobblers with cobblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause ev'n players unite.
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother authors wage.
THE HELPABLE AUTHOR.
FROM AN ADDRESS BY EDMUND GOSSE.

GRUB STREET is with us to-day. It is mitigated to some degree, no doubt—greatly mitigated—by the blessed institution of journalism, which has opened the sluice and, to a great extent, let out the waters. With journalism in particular we have nothing to do here. But when we put aside the relief now afforded by journalism we find things much in the same condition as they were in the last century, or even in many cases worse, since, if journalism now exists, the patron does not exist. You have perhaps some idea, but I think it very possible that you have but little idea, of how much suffering and misery is going on among what are called “people of letters” in the present day; how many men there are that are struggling, loafing about the British Museum, and walking idly up and down Fleet Street—men who might perhaps be the Otways and Chattertons of the age if they had a little more encouragement given to them. But these people—for again we must face the matter not with sentimentality but with common-sense—these men are divided into two great classes, the helpable and the unhelpable. Permit me for a moment to deal with the unhelpable.

In the last century the unhelpable was typically exemplified by a certain Samuel Boyse, the author of a poem on the Deity. Samuel Boyse seems to have started in life with as many advantages as ever befel a man of letters. The number of Earls and Countesses that filed through his career is enough to make the modern unpatroned author envious; but it was impossible for them to help Boyse. His whole life was a long continuation of his being picked up out of the gutter by some noble patron, put on his legs, and seen to fall again the moment he was left. He is the person who spent six weeks in his bed with his arm thrust through a blanket, because he had pawned everything which he possessed in the world, and who, when a subscription was made for him, spent the first money that came in, still in bed, with his hand still through the blanket, in a feast of truffles. The same Samuel Boyse opened a subscription for his poems, and, marvellous as it may seem, that was responded to. As the contributions came in they were, with slow regularity, expended upon a delightful potation called “Twopenny” — hot “Twopenny.” Samuel Boyse had a commission given to him by a publisher, to translate Fénélon “On the Existence of the Deity,” and he celebrated that event by immediately marrying. There was no help whatever for Samuel Boyse, and at last, when he had gone through every possible phase of beggary and misery, he died.

Do you suppose that there are no Samuel Boyses nowadays? Pardon me for insisting that there are. I will mention one instance which it is impossible can wound anyone now, an instance of a man who has been for some years past dead and who I believe was known, or known of, by some of my friends on this platform. He was a man who came up from one of the Universities with some amount of knowledge, for he said he had taken a First, although it must be confessed that his name never could be found in the lists. This man had the highest ambition to excel in literature, yet all that he managed to make was 35s. a week from the editor of a weekly paper, to keep himself in board and lodging. Well, if this man had had the slightest power of helping himself, there is no doubt that he might have risen to better things; but he was in a much worse position than Boyse, for there was no interest taken in him by the aristocracy, and no curiosity felt about his poems. He was left to his unaided efforts. His unaided efforts plunged him lower and lower in the tide of things, till at last, at the office where he got his only salary, a meerschaum pipe was missed by the editor. There was some mystery about it for a little while, when there came a letter from the contributor, saying that the Rubicon was now crossed, and that he wished to resign his position on the paper; he enclosed a ticket from a pawn-broker. After this unfortunate incident, he sank lower and lower, till he hung all day about the British Museum. At last he became a super at a theatre, and then he faded out altogether. Now, those two persons, whom I take as types, belong to the unhelpable class, with which we can do nothing.

What, then, of the helpable author? The helpable author is not the fashionable novelist, the fashionable essayist, the successful man who has many other strings to his bow, who has a salary here, who has private means there. No! The person whom we wish, if possible, to do something to help is the half-successful writer, the person who has a right to exist, and who yet cannot force himself, or herself, strongly upon the public. And there are two classes of the helpable to whom I would specially draw attention. One of those consists of women.

Here again I speak of the smaller, yet legitimately successful, lady-writers. My own impression is that most ladies of this class claim rather less than more of what they have a right to; they have their small circle of readers, a circle for whom they prepare innocent and delightful recreation. They have a right to be protected for the sake of these readers, as well as for their own sake. They have

* "Grievances of Authors." Field and Tuer. 2s. 6d.
a right to demand that there should be some body, some society, ready to see that they do not fall into traps, that they do not become the prey of sharpers, and, in short, to protect their legitimate interests.

And there is, again, another class of the helpable; that is the beginner, the new man of genius. I know nothing that strikes one more in observing literary life than the fact that the new man, the man who comes forward with a book for the first time, unless he is exceedingly lucky, makes a mistake. He forms a disadvantageous bargain, he does something or other which cripples him at the outset, and this he has to wipe out and forget before he can make a proper start. The beginner, therefore, forms another class whom we desire, by this Society, to have the privilege of protecting and helping.

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ON COMMITTEE.

During the present year, up to May the first, forty-eight new members have joined the Society. This is a very gratifying increase. At the same time it cannot be denied that there are a large number of persons engaged in the profession of literature who look coldly on without joining the Society, while we are working in their interests. That our efforts have not been fruitless is shown by many facts. For instance, before we began, every publisher would have felt himself insulted at the mere proposal to audit his accounts. No publisher would now refuse. Again, while four or five years ago authors were meekly accepting a ten per cent. royalty, they are getting almost everywhere twopence in the shilling, which is a sixteen per cent. royalty, and in some cases twenty and twenty-five per cent. royalty. The influence of the Society is also shown by the eagerness of certain houses to offer guarantees of good faith. The policy of the Committee has always been the same: to ascertain carefully and to set forth the truth as to cost of production, trade returns and profits, methods of publication and what they mean—agreements and what they mean—in short, to supply their members with the means of ascertaining what it is that a professed agreement gives the author and what it reserves to the publisher. To learn these things has taken the Committee five years of unremitting labour. Nor are they quite certain, yet, that they have learned the whole truth. Those who looked for a sudden revolution in the business relations of literature, as well as those who looked for no practical results at all, are equally disappointed. The Society, however, has pursued and is pursuing the even tenor of its way.

The "Cost of Production" is out of print—another edition, after correcting a few errors of no great importance, will be issued as soon as it can be got ready.

The Committee have carefully considered the question of the proposed "leaflets," the result of these deliberations being the appearance of "The Author."

The Chairman was fortunate enough to secure at a second-hand book shop, Wilkie Collins's large collection of tracts and papers connected with International Copyright. He has presented them to the Society.

A memorial has been drawn up addressed to the First Lord of the Treasury on the subject of the Civil Pensions List. Next month, perhaps, we may have more to say on the subject.

At the beginning of last year the Chairman addressed to the Guardian a series of letters on the management of the Literary Department of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, with no other apparent effect than to call forth a good deal of private correspondence from authors who have been in the hands of this Department. Early this year he again addressed the Publication Committee on a special case, with the expected result. He has now written a pamphlet on the whole question, which, together with the previous correspondence, will be published immediately. The points at issue are confidently left to the decision of the public.

A case of extensive fraud—so extensive that the man chiefly concerned is found to have a hundred unpublished MSS. in his possession—was taken up by the Committee, but broke down owing to the refusal of the victims to give evidence! This is an interesting illustration of the black ignorance which prevails as to literary property. Not one of these men or women, had he or she been robbed of a watch, a purse, a mantle, or an umbrella, but would have gone straight to the nearest magistrate and gave evidence fearlessly. But it was only a manuscript—only a thing which might have been worth many thousand pounds! In such a case as this, we can only hope to instruct the world and gradually to create as great a jealousy over literary property as prevails for every other kind.

In another case, however, when the victim was willing and ready to come forward, we recovered for him the money of which he had been plundered and the unsold copies of his work.

A case was recently brought before us in which a country newspaper had republished, without permission, a paper from a magazine. We obtained compensation for the author.

Mr. Sprigge's book on the "Methods of Publication," with the frauds, tricks, and dangers to which the author is exposed in every one, is very nearly ready. It will be issued as soon as possible.
THE AUTHOR.

A circular letter has been issued by the Copyright Committee addressed to colonial libraries and booksellers asking for information on the sale of pirated editions in the various colonies, and how far such editions damage the sale of the authorised English editions.

The draft of the Copyright Bill has been placed in the hands of Mr. James Rolt, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, for revision up to the date of the latest legislation.

The question of copyright in pieces for recitation has been brought before the Committee. It was suggested that perhaps authors might not feel themselves injured by a recitation which could not fail to increase their popularity. It was decided to ask the opinion of two gentlemen, well known producers of such pieces.

It was recently stated in a morning paper that any person, author or not, may become a member of this Society. The statement was publicly denied by the Chairman. As, however, there existed no bye-law on the subject, but only the practice of the Committee, and the implied understanding that members should be authors, three have been passed, viz.:

1. No one shall be eligible for membership or fellowship of the Society who is not actually an author of some published literary or artistic work.

2. Should anyone desire to consult the Society as to literary work, without having as yet qualified for membership, the Secretary may then and there—reporting the case at the next Committee Meeting—admit him as an Associate only, on payment of one guinea, his privileges to consist only of the right to ask advice from the office, this right to terminate at the end of the current year. Such an Associate can have no part in the administration.

3. Any donor of ten guineas shall be admitted by the Secretary then and there, reporting the case at the next Committee, to be an Honorary Associate of the Society. Such Associate can take no part in the administration.

LITERARY QUERIES.

I. Who Wrote This Ballad?

B O L D  T U R P I N  u p o n  H o u n s l o w  H e a t h
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road:
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting of the job,
His horses lashed—but soon rolled off
With a brace of slugs in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage door,
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain cried—"Sure as eggs is eggs
That is the bold Turpin."
Quoth Turpin, "You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet:"
So clapped his pistol to his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.
The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand:
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six bright rings from his hand.
Rolling with laughter Turpin plucked
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll
As he sat in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then,
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand,
And set off the horses smack!
Then whispered in the black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd,
"You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely scragg'd."

He never drew bit, nor stopped to bait,
Nor walked up hill or down,
Until he came to Gloucester Gate,
Which is the Assizes town.
Full eighty miles in one dark night
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into court at nine o'clock,
To swear an alibi.

A hue and cry the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Forster,
But stared to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him
Neither by hook nor crook:
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER is engaged in preparing for the press his second volume of Gifford Lectures, delivered last year at Glasgow. The title will be Physical Religion. The next courses, which will be delivered at Glasgow in 1891 and 1892, will treat of Anthropological and Psychological Religion.

Professor Max Müller's new edition of the "Rig-Veda," with Sáyana's Commentary, is progressing.
Two volumes of 800 pages 4to. are finished. The third volume is passing through the press, and it is hoped that the whole work, in four volumes, will be ready for the ninth meeting of the International Congress of Orientalists, to be held at Oxford in 1892.

Mr. Edmund Gosse will publish this month a reprint of his early poems, under the title of “On Viol and Flute” (Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.), with illustrations by Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. The June volume of the “Camelot Classics” will be the Scandinavian portion of Mr. Gosse’s “Northern Studies,” originally issued in 1879. Mr. Gosse is also engaged on a collected edition of the poetical works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, founded on the papers placed in his hands by the late Mr. Robert Browning.

Mr. Alfred Austin is engaged upon a poem, in form more or less like “Prince Lucifer,” which will exhibit the influence and operation of Pessimism on a richly endowed nature. Messrs. Macmillan will publish early in the autumn a collected edition of his poetical works in six volumes.

The collected verses of Mr. Walter Herries Pollock will shortly appear in one of the volumes called the “Rosslyn Series” (Remington and Co.).

A story, entitled “A Blind Musician,” adapted from the Russian of Korolenko by Stepniak and William Westall, has just been published by Ward and Downey.

In the course of a few days the same publishers will issue by the same author a collection of strange crimes put into narrative form and told in tales.

Mr. James Payn’s “The Burnt Million,” 3 vols., has just been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

“London City.” Those who appreciated Mr. Loftie’s “Kensington,” will be glad to hear that he has completed a similar work for the same publishers—Messrs. Field and Tuer. It will be illustrated by Mr. W. Luker, junior. The published price will be 42s.; but subscribers who pay in advance can have it for 21s.

Mr. Stanley Little is engaged upon a novel dealing with Sussex life and scenes. His new play will probably see the light in the autumn.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling’s “Plain Tales from the Hills” will form one of the next volumes of Baron Tauchnitz’s Continental Series of English Authors.

Mr. Henry Hermann’s “Scarlet Fortune” is to be issued in shilling form by Messrs. Trischler and Co. His “Eagle Joe” will shortly appear as a special number of the Illustrated London News.

Mr. David Christie Murray has completed his lecture engagements in Australia, and is now lecturing in New Zealand.

Mr. G. G. Chisholm’s “Handbook of Commercial Geography” has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans and Co. (515 pp., 29 maps, and index, price 16s.) This work is an attempt to give interest to the leading facts of commerce by setting forth the natural conditions that account for the magnitude and direction of international commerce all over the globe. The work is divided into two main sections, one dealing with commodities, the other with countries. There is also a statistical appendix which shows by five years’ averages the absolute and relative amount of foreign trade in the more important articles of the chief commercial countries of the world.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, author of “A Girl’s Ride in Iceland” (Griffith, Farran, and Co., 5s.), has published (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 2s. 6d.) a little book on the “Oberammergau Passion Play.” It contains historical notes, an account of the origin of Passion Plays, a full account of the Play itself, and of the country (how to reach it, &c.), with a chapter on Church Plays specially written for this work by the Rev. Canon Shuttleworth.

Mr. John W. Lovell, of New York, has effected a publishing combination which may prove of great importance to English authors. Under the system of unlicensed competition in the sale of English books, which has been developing in the United States for the past five years or more, the works of popular English writers, and especially of English novelists, have been reproduced in half a dozen different editions within a week of the appearance of the authorised American edition. This has resulted in a war of prices which has left little or no profit out of which the recognised editor can pay the English writer. At the same time the quality of the books produced under this suicidal system has grown steadily worse. Mr. Lovell has purchased the plates and stock of no less than twenty of the principal American firms engaged in the business of issuing reprints of English books. This reduction of twenty competing houses to one will certainly tend to bring order out of the chaos which has been so destructive alike to the interests of the English author and the American publisher. Mr. Lovell has a large opportunity and should he, as there is reason to hope, use it responsibly, the amalgamation of trade interests which he has accomplished will be likely to bring about beneficent results for English writers.

Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., has recently brought out “By the Southern Sea, a Summer Idyll” (Longmans, 6s.). The work has been well received, not only here, but in America. The same author’s
“Papers on Forgotten Great Englishmen,” which appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, have had the effect of reviving the memory of one Englishman at least, who was for nearly fifty years a leader of the Wycliffites in Bohemia. The papers have been translated into Czech, and will appear as a feuilleton in the *Sítě Sívo*, a Bohemian paper.

Mr. T. Bailey Saunders has in the Press “Counsels and Maxims,” being the second part of Arthur Schopenhauer’s “Aphorismen zur Leibesweisheit.” It is to be uniform with his “Wisdom of Life,” the first part of the same work (Sonnenschein and Co., 2s. 6d.). His translation of Schopenhauer’s “Religious Dialogues, and other Essays,” is going into a second edition.

The Rev. E. Gough has brought out (Kegan Paul, and Co., price 16s. each volume) the third volume of his work, entitled, “The Bible True from the Beginning.” He proposes to complete it in seven volumes. The author writes, “The two chief principles of the work are the following. First, that there is in Scripture a system of grades and grade words which proves the Bible to be verbally inspired. Second, that far beyond what is usually supposed, the histories contained in the Bible are moral and not literal.”

Mr. Rider Haggard’s “Beatrice,” now running, is published by a syndicate of papers. The “World’s Desire,” in which he has collaborated with Mr. Andrew Lang, is running in the *New Review*.

The first quarter’s collection of stories syndicated for the Society has been sold for serial right—one appearance only, after which each becomes again the property of the owner—in Great Britain, America, India, Australia, and New Zealand. The Editor is now preparing the second quarter’s collection. Will members who desire to belong kindly read the leaflet on “Sindicating” in this number?

Mrs. Oliphant will next year contribute a novel to the *Sun*. At present she is in the Holy Land, and writes that the change of air and scenery has greatly invigorated her.

Dr. George Macdonald has written the Christmas Number for the *Sunday Magazine*.

Mr. W. F. Smith, Fellow and Lecturer of St. John’s College, Cambridge, has finished a new translation of Rabelais. The text will be illustrated by copious notes, giving among other things the sources whence this great Master drew. A limited edition only will be published, signed and numbered. No cheaper edition will be produced. The trade will not sell it at a lower than the subscription price. The agent for the work is Mr. A. P. Watt, 2, Paternoster Square.

The editor of *Lippincott’s Magazine* has secured Mr. Clarke Russell and Mr. Rudyard Kipling for an early date.

The many admirers of “Owen Meredith” will make a note that his “Ring of Amasis” has just been published (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.).

Mr. Grant Allen has completed a new three-volume novel.

Sir George Douglas is compiling the volume of “Scottish Minor Poets” for the Canterbury Series. Starting with Ramsay’s publication of the “Tea Table Miscellany” in the year 1724 (in which a few original contributions were included), the collection will comprise selections from Tannahill, Motherwell, Lady Nairne, and a whole host of minor writers, and will terminate probably with a specimen of the song-writer’s art by the late Dr. Charles Mackay. The volume will be prefaced by a critical and historical introduction, and will be inscribed to the Lady John Scott, the foremost living writer of Scottish Song.

The new weekly called *Short Cuts* begins with a novel by Mr. George Sims. The conductors seem to have secured as fine a collection of contributors as can be found in the lists of any magazine in the world. Presumably, taste in popular reading has been developed as well as the number of readers. Almost every writer of note seems included in the list.

The Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D., of Cheltenham, has just published “A Winter on the Nile” (Hodder and Stoughton, price 6d.), containing the record of a tour up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, with a sojourn at Luxor and a description of recent discoveries and antiquities at Bubastis and the Fayoum. The same author has recently issued “Reminiscences of a Boyhood in the Early Part of the Century” (Sampson, Low, and Co., price 6d.).

“Church and Creed” (William Blackwood and Sons, price 4s. 6d.), by Professor Momerie, which appeared in December last, has gone into a second edition. His “Origin of Evil” is in its sixth edition, and his “Agnosticism” in the third.

Mr. Edward Walford, his long connection with Messrs. Hurst and Blackett being severed after a period of twenty-seven years, has commenced a new Peerage, called the “Royal Windsor Peerage,” at a cost of one-third the price of Lodge. He has added lists of an order of knighthood, that of St. John of Jerusalem, of which the Queen has become Patron and Head, and the Prince of Wales Grand Prior.
Mr. Walford is also bringing out at, he requests us to say, his own cost, a "Life of William Pitt," in which he advances new and striking views of that statesman.

The title of Mr. C. F. Keary's newly-published novel is "A Mariage de Convenance" (Fisher Unwin, 2 vols., price 21s.).

Mr. McGrigor Allan, author of "Women's Suffrage Wrong in Principle and Practice," has in hand two treatises, one called "The Tobacco Scourge," the other, "Advantages of a Channel Tunnel to our Enemies."

A second edition is just ready of Mr. F. Howard Collins's "Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy" (Williams and Norgate, 1 vol., 8vo, 15s.). The work has been favourably received in America, and has been translated at the present time into French, German, and Russian.

Professor A. H. Church, F.R.S., has just issued his "Chemistry of Paints and Painting" (Seeley and Co., 8vo, pp. 312).

Mr. Geo. Williamson, editor of Boyne's "Seventeenth Century Tokens," has in hand a book on "Coins of the Bible."

Mr. Egmont Hake's work, "Free Trade in Capital," which has greatly interested the Emperor of Germany, is being translated into German.

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NOTES.

THE date of the Annual Dinner has not yet been fixed, but it will be held rather earlier in the year than formerly.

Circulars will be sent out as soon as the date has been definitely decided upon.

The Secretary earnestly begs that in all cases where a member can do so, he will give notice at the office early of his intention to be present.

Last year the dinner suffered from the fact that the tables were over-crowded. As, however, one quarter of those present signified their intention within the last day or two, the discomfort, if any, was unavoidable.

The tickets for the dinner will be, as last year, 10s. 6d. This sum will include claret. Payment should be made to "Society of Authors (Dinner Account)," and all Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed, "Imperial Bank, Westminster Branch." Much letter writing would be saved—a serious consideration to an office whose clerical staff is very small—if members would enclose the money when ordering the tickets.

The Committee hope that as many members as possibly can, will be present.

In all cases where an opinion is desired upon a manuscript, the author should send with it a table of contents and a type-written scenario. This latter can always be done at the expense of two or three shillings. It must be clearly understood that a practised reader does not require to read the whole of an author's work before being perfectly able to give a just opinion on its merits. If by the help of a scenario the reader can grasp at once the story, he is so much the more able readily to point out any errors of construction, and devote more time to examination of style and other technical points. If he know the author's design, it is possible to say if he has succeeded or failed. With the honestest intent in the world to thoroughly peruse a manuscript, it is difficult not to get weary when the work is badly written, and wrongly paged, and when much time has to be idly spent in finding out what the author's story is before a decision can be arrived at concerning its merits. The more the reader is helped, the better he can discharge his duties.

It has been brought to our notice that certain people are advertising that they publish "on terms approved by the Society of Authors," or words to that effect.

It is pleasing to receive this acknowledgment of our labours, but we are compelled to warn readers that the Society is wholly unconnected with any firm of publishers whatever.

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NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

This list includes books by members published since the beginning of the year. In future issues the list will be monthly. If omissions are discovered the Editor will be glad to receive them.

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Religious.

Gough, Edward. The Bible true from the Beginning. Vols. II and III. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 16s. each.

Harper, Henry A. The Bible and Modern Discoveries. 8vo, pp. 536. A. P. Watt. 16s.


Art, Fiction, and Belles Lettres.

Allen, Grant. The Tents of Shem. A Novel. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

----- The Tents of Shem. 3 vols. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
THE AUTHOR.

Besant, Walter. The Holy Rose. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
Black, William. The New Prince Fortunatus. 3 vols. Sampson Low. 31s. 6d.
Blackmore, R. D. Kit and Kitty: A Story of West Middlesex. 3 vols. Sampson Low. 31s. 6d.
Caird, Mona. The Wing of Azrael. 3 vols. Trübner and Co. 31s. 6d.
—— The Wing of Azrael. Kegan Paul and Trübner and Co. 6s.
—— Zoroaster. Macmillan. 35. 6d.
Collins, Wilkie (The late). A Rogue's Life from his Birth to his Marriage. Chatto and Windus. 25s.; 35. 6d.
—— Blind Love. A Novel. 3 vols. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
Croker, Mrs. Some One Else. Low. 25s.; 25. 6d.
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Mitford, Bertram. The Fire Trumpet. A Romance of the Frontier. 3 vols. Spencer Blackett. 31s. 6d.
Monkhouse, Cosmo. The Earlier English Water Colour Painters. Seeley. 21s.
Murray, D. Christie. John Vale's Guardian. 3 vols. Macmillan. 31s. 6d.
—— A Dangerous Catspaw. Longmans. 25. 6d.
—— Aunt Rachel: A Rustic Sentimental Journey. Macmillan. 35. 6d.
—— The Burnt Million. 3 vols. Chatto and Windus.
Praed, Mrs. Campbell. The Romance of a Station. 2 vols. Trischler. 21s.
Sala, G. A. Not a Friend in the World, and other Stories. Dicks. 15.
Speight, S. W. The Sandycroft Mystery. Chatto and Windus. 15.
Tytler, Sarah. Duchess Frances. 3 vols. Low. 21s.
Yonge, Charlotte M. Womankind. Smith and Innes. 35. 6d.

Politics and Questions of the Day.


Children's Books.

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Lyall, Edna. Their Happiest Christmas. Chambers. 1s.

Wilde, Oscar. The Happy Prince, and other Tales. Nutt. 3s. 6d.

Local History.

Kitchen, G. W. Winchester (Historic Towns). Longmans. 3s. 6d.

Classics.

Lang, A. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. Rendered into English Prose, with Introductory Essay. Macmillan. 9s.


Stedman, A. M. M. Greek Vocabularies for Repetition. Arranged according to Subjects. Methuen. 1s. 6d.

Biography and History.


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Directories and Guide Books.


Literature and the Pension List. By W. Morris Colles. (Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C.) 8vo. 4s. 6d.

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3. **The Grievances of Authors.** (Field & Tuer). 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis’s Rooms, March, 1887.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

AMONG other suggestions received from readers some have been sent anonymously. I thought it was unnecessary to warn correspondents that no notice can be taken of unsigned communications. As, however, the warning has to be made, I hope that this note will be sufficient.

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Downing Street,
June 6th, 1890.

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Mr. Smith has carefully read the statements and suggestions placed before him, and he need not say that he would be glad to receive such a deputation if any useful purpose could be served thereby; but he fears that there is some misapprehension as to the power of the First Lord of the Treasury in regard to the Fund.

The administration is governed strictly by Act of Parliament, and the intervention of the First Lord is limited to that discretion which must in such cases finally rest with some one responsible minister; his decisions, although not subject to the review of Parliament, are by Act yearly brought under the cognisance of both Houses and of the public, by the annual return of all pensions granted within the year.

To make such changes as the memorial suggests would necessitate a new Act of Parliament, and Mr. Smith does not think that there has been any such expression of dissatisfaction either in the House or outside of it as would justify the proposal, while on the other hand, he fears that Parliament would be very unlikely to agree to an increase of the sum annually set apart for the Pension List.

Mr. Smith must also point out that the figures in the memorial, accepting them as fairly correct, show that the practical administration of the Fund is almost identical with the distribution proposed by the Societies, namely, one-third to the services rendered to the Sovereign and under the Crown, and two-thirds to the representatives of Science, Literature, and Art.

With this explanation, and looking also to the extreme pressure of engagements on his time,
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The Leadenhall Press, 50, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
The Author.

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(INCORPORATED).

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WALTER BESANT.

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With this explanation, and looking also to the extreme pressure of engagements on his time,
Mr. Smith hopes that the gentlemen represented in the memorial will not feel it necessary to seek for a personal interview. I remain, Dear Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
S. S. Sprigge, Esq. C. Maude.

It is pleasant to find that one's efforts are appreciated by all the persons concerned. I am therefore glad to report that The Author has received a cordial welcome from the Publisher's Circular. It has also received the kind of criticism which somewhat cools the cordiality. Let us repeat, therefore, one point on which we have always insisted and which those who profess to write in the trade interest always try to evade or else boldly deny, viz., that there is very little speculation or risk in modern publishing. However, since the Publisher's Circular declares that the Society has their "most hearty sympathy" in asking for "just and honest treatment, fair and open agreements, and honourable observance of those agreements," we will not find fault with these criticisms, and we shall look for the practical co-operation of the Publisher's Circular, especially in our determination to show authors what, in their agreements, they concede to publishers and what they keep to themselves.

I am happy to report that The Author has met with a very satisfactory reception from all quarters. The "literary ladies" met at dinner on the 30th of May at the Criterion. The chair was occupied by Mrs. L. T. Meade, who was supported by Miss Mabel Collins, Mrs. Pennell, Miss Corkran, and Mrs. Grahame R. Tomson. Letters of apology for non-attendance were read from Lady Colin Campbell, Miss Jessie Fothergill, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Sarah Tytler, and Mrs. Leith Adams. Let us hope that a pleasant evening was the result. We shall be very glad to see the literary ladies side by side with the literary men at our own dinner next month. And I, for one, have no doubt as to which will prove the pleasanter function. Literature, like the world itself, is of both sexes, and therefore happiest when fully represented.

The fusion of the two old publishing firms of Longman and Rivington, or rather the absorption of the latter by the former, destroys one of the few remaining old publishing firms. The history of Literature in all ages is that of the publication of new works, if only for the simple reason that authors must work to live, and that if men are not forced to work they will for the most part produce nothing. The history of Literature in the eighteenth century is very closely bound up with the two houses of Longman and Rivington. If it were written, which never has been done, we should learn how the literary public—the people who read and look for new books, and buy them—gradually increased during this century, until by its close publishing was no longer a speculative and uncertain business conducted in ignorance by persons who had small means of judging the state of the market, who bought MSS. for so many guineas apiece, losing largely by one work, and doing pretty well by another. By the end of the eighteenth century the reign of the Book Clubs had already well set in; these were literary centres in provincial towns, such as Norwich and Birmingham; the clergy were scholars and students; a publisher knew where he could "place" a certain number of every good book; and a great change had come over the whole art and mystery of publishing books. Practically, "Risk," that good old Bogey whose demise is still so persistently denied, had already vanished.

There appeared lately in the New York Tribune a communication signed by the well-known letters, G. W. S., which, beginning with the relations of bookseller to publisher, passed on to the questions in which we ourselves are mainly interested. It is this portion of the letter which we reproduce, suppressing the name referred to, as it has nothing to do with the argument.

"It is A. B. who, among others, makes himself responsible for the statement that it is rapidly becoming impossible for a bookseller, pure and simple, dealing in current literature, to make a living profit from his business. No doubt A. B. is right, if the publisher's view of what constitutes a 'living profit' is to prevail. A. B. is a partner in a very eminent publishing house, and anything he says on the publishing or selling of books deserves attention. He has written a long letter about bookselling to a trade organ, and expresses some sympathy with the booksellers in their present difficulties. Before we proceed with that, might I suggest to A. B. that some of his sympathies might be bestowed on another person concerned in the book business, the author? If the figures I have given above are correct, the seller of books, even in his present wretched estate, makes a profit of 30 per cent. Will A. B. be so kind as to tell us in what proportion the profits on a successful book are distributed between author and publisher? Does the author make a 'living profit' on what is commonly the only capital he possesses, his
brains? Let us take an imaginary case. We will suppose that an eminent firm publishes a book, say, of reminiscences in two handsome volumes at $7.50, and that, notwithstanding the high price, the public buys four editions of it. That, surely, is a successful book, and one that ought to pay everybody concerned a living profit, and perhaps something more. Does A. B. think he could find out what share of the proceeds the author received and how much the publisher kept for himself, and, if he could, will he let us know?

"A private transaction? Oh, no, A. B., that is one of several mistakes into which you publishers occasionally fall. It concerns the community deeply that literature should be encouraged, and should be profitable to the producer of it. The patron on whom the author once in some measure depended has disappeared. The publisher has taken his place. He is, or ought to be, the Maecenas of the nineteenth century. But if Johnson were living now, do you think he would soften the terrible lines which he wrote under the sting of Lord Chesterfield's neglect?

'There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.'

"To substitute publisher for patron would spoil the metre. Would it much affect the sense? The publisher is a man of business, the author is not, or seldom is. Do you think publishers have always borne that in mind? They have drawn their own contracts. Have the interests of the author or of the publisher been most carefully considered in those printed forms, filled up according to circumstances which are presented to the author, all unacquainted as he is with affairs, for him to sign?

"Do not imagine, my dear A. B., that I address these questions to you because I mean to imply that you personally do not conduct your business on the most honourable principles. I am persuaded that you do. But I apprehend you would admit, or perhaps even assert, that among your many rivals in the business of publishing books are to be found some whose treatment of authors is less considerate than your own. I will not say, and perhaps you would not, that any of them are dishonest. I prefer to use a word which was a favourite with Matthew Arnold, and to suggest that in their dealings with the authors on whose productions their own prosperity depends, some of them are sometimes indelicate. You would not, I think, refuse to go as far as that. You would say, no doubt, there are publishers and publishers, and that not every firm is so scrupulous in its transactions or so high-minded as your own.

"If they were, how would you explain, for example, the existence of the Incorporated Society of Authors, and what construction would you put upon some of its recent proceedings? Some of the most respected and popular authors of the day are members of that Society. They have an executive committee, and that committee go so far as to declare that there are firms of so-called publishers which exist solely by robbery and cheating. Surely you, and all other publishers of high character and repute, must desire to dissociate yourselves as widely as possible from the scoundrels who profess to carry on the same business that you do. You would agree with the committee, would you not, in their urgent recommendation that authors should send their agreements with publishers for examination by the Society before signing? If there were clauses in those agreements injurious to the author, he would be warned not to sign. If there were none, no harm would be done. You would heartily disapprove, I am sure, every attempt to induce an unwary writer to bind himself not to publish in future with any other house than that which was then to issue a particular book—an attempt which Mr. Besant calls monstrous and indecent. You would, if the Society called upon you for advice, strike out that agreed statement of the cost of production which the less delicate publisher sometimes inserts; and is sometimes careless enough to exaggerate. You would not justifiably for a moment the refusal of a publisher to submit his books to examination, in order that his statement of the expenses of publication, of the number of copies printed and sold, and other such interesting and vital particulars, might undergo an independent audit. You will rejoice in the appearance of that little treatise on 'The Cost of Production,' and that other now preparing on 'The Different Methods of Publishing'; including, I think, the Half-Profit System, and probably pointing out the method by which the indelicate publisher charges the author full price for advertisements which cost the publishers nothing, and omits to deduct the discount he obtains on the nominal prices of paper, printing and other important items. Mr. Besant, less scrupulous in his choice of words than our lamented friend Arnold, talks of frauds. You would join him in exposing and repressing and preventing them. In short, you and the Incorporated Society of Authors have so many aims and interests in common that you will perhaps permit me to wonder that you are not already a member of it. For the one person to whom it is of the utmost consequence that the business of publishing should be freed from all stains and all suspicion is the publisher."
The death of Mr. Fletcher Harper, the senior of the second generation of the brothers, removes another of the American firm which first began to recognize the right of English authors. Perhaps the child is already born in the United States who will, before he finally droops his snow-white head, see a tardy justice sullenly granted. But we must not hold out illusive hopes. The great American public from whom are taken the members of Congress are not exactly composed of gentlemen, nor are they in their public, any more than their private acts, guided by the delicate sense of honour for which we ourselves still try to retain a traditional reverence. In fact we are too apt to suppose that the cultivated, well-bred American cousin we meet here is a specimen—perhaps a little favourable—of the ordinary citizen of that big Republic which will perhaps some day be great as well as big.

The attitude taken by the American editors and authors alike on the Copyright Question is everything that can be desired, or, indeed, expected of a body of gentlemen. It must not be thought, therefore, that in publishing Wilkie Collins's views we are in the least reflecting upon our American confrères. One of them writes, "The Copyright Bill was defeated by ignorance misled by greed, but we hope to retrieve our reputation soon. Everybody is hard at work to this end." Wilkie Collins says nothing so severe.

Here is a practical suggestion. Some time ago we poor English had to pay, justly or unjustly, £3,000,000 for the Alabama claims. The claims did not amount to half that money. Suppose the Government of the U.S.A. were to hand over the difference to British authors. The moraleffect in the States of such an act of reparation would be enormous, while its material effect in this country would be, to say the least, extremely beneficial to a hard-working and deserving set of men and women.

This is what Mr. Lowell says:—"I have had too long experience of the providential thickness of the human skull, as well as of the eventual success of all reasonable reforms, to be discouraged by the temporary defeat of any measure which I believe to be sound. I am too old to be persuaded by any appearances, however specious, that truth has lost or can lose that divine quality which gives her immortal advantage over error. Foreign right to property in books stands precisely on the same footing as American home right, and the moral wrong of stealing either is equally great. But literary property is at a disadvantage, because, as the appropriation is not open, gross, and palpable, it is not regarded as wrongful. It touches the public conscience more faintly. In ordinary cases it is the thief, but in this case the thing stolen, that is invisible. To steal is no doubt more immediately profitable than acquisition by the more tedious methods of honesty, but it is nevertheless apt to prove costlier in the long run. How costly our own experiments in larceny have been, only those know who have studied the rise and progress of our literature, which has been forced to grow as virtue is said to do, in spite of weight laid upon it. But, even if this particular form of dishonesty against which we are contending, were always and everywhere commercially profitable, I think the American people are so honest that they may be made to see that profit which is allowed to be legitimate by us alone among all civilised nations, profit, too, which goes wholly into the pockets of a few unscrupulous men, must have something queer about it, something which even a country so rich as ours cannot afford. I have lived to see more than one successful appeal from the unreason of the people's representatives to the reason of the people themselves. I am therefore not to be tired with waiting. It is wearisome to ourselves and to others to go on repeating arguments which we have been using these forty years, and which to us seem so self-evident, but I think it is true that no reformer has ever gained his end who has not first made himself an intolerable bore to the vast majority of his kind."

Out of the fine chorus of indignation which has ascended from the better class of American papers unto the heavens like incense, and, like that fragrant smoke, probably of small practical use, I extract the following from "America," a Chicago paper of great promise.

"The International Copyright Bill has been slaughtered in the House by protectionists after almost all the authors' interests in it had been sacrificed to the manufacturers and mechanics in order to get protectionist votes for the bill. There was very little protection for authors in the bill, and a great deal of protection for publishers and paper-makers and type-setters, and then the bill was knifed by the statesmen who have great respect for manual labourers, who are numerous on election day, and none for authors, whose vote is not a political factor. We Americans look well, do we not, rejecting an International Copyright Law for fear that it would make books dear; that is, after paying for the paper and the type-setting, we flatly refuse to pay anything additional for the author. Our statesmen oppose the bill because they want cheap books for the people. By all means then, let us steal the books as well as the learning, or the imagination contained therein. Let us repeal the law against horse stealing, and we may all ride.
This objection to the International Copyright Bill, that under it book purchasers would have to pay the foreign author of the book something, is the most shameful proposition I have happened to hear in Congress. The interest of the American author is perfectly plain; if the American publisher can get English copy for nothing, he will be proportionately unwilling to buy a copy of an American author. The Congress that proposes to pass the McKinley bill for the additional protection of American manual labour, refuses to pass the International Copyright Bill for the protection of American intellectual labour. It is easy to see what kind of labour we value most highly."

How it strikes the American author, again, is set forth by Mr. J. D. Gilden, in "The Critic."

Says Pirate A. to Victim B.:—
"You've got no reason to complain;
Just see how popular you be;
Your books is read from Tex. to Maine.
"Were not the foreign stuff 'free grat.'
I'd buy some native fellow's wares;
Just paste that 'memo.' in your hat,
And don't go puttin' on such airs."

"Aye, true enough my books are read,—
No doubt your imprint makes them sell;
But if on air I must be fed,
Why won't that fare serve you as well?"

"Henceforth we both will write for fame,—
I write, you publish, free of charge;
Whatever type proclaims my name,
Yours shall be printed just as large."

"Should profits by some chance accrue,
Deed them forthwith to charity:
I'm rich, of course; and as for you,
What's wealth to popularity?"

How the present question struck Wilkie Collins is pretty well known. The paper printed in this number by him was recovered by accident, and is here published by permission of his literary executor.

Mr. Edwin Waugh, the poet, is dead. With him dies a pension on the Civil List. It has been proposed to the First Lord of the Treasury that he should transfer this pension to Mr. Ben. Brierly, the well-known Lancashire writer. Mr. W. H. Smith cannot transfer a pension which dies with its recipient. He will, however, consider Mr. Brierly's claims.

The centenary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place on May 14th, the Prince of Wales being in the chair. This venerable Society was founded, and still exists, for the purpose of granting doles to distressed authors. It administers a good deal of money in this way every year. It is sad that there should be distressed literary men and it is very good indeed that there should be a fund for their relief. The Prince of Wales, in an excellent speech, dwelt largely on the precarious nature of the literary calling. The occupation of the literary man, he said, is uncertain; his remuneration is not high. There is no flow of promotion for literary men. All this is true indeed; it is said every year at the dinner; never once has it been asked by the Council of this Society why this remuneration of the literary man is so small—why his calling is so uncertain. Well: it is small and uncertain because there is no rule arrived at as to the share which he should justly take in the proceeds of his own labours. When that rule is arrived at and put into practice the labours of the Royal Literary Fund will be confined to the relief of the distressed incompetent. It may be asked why our Society does not at once lay down this Golden Rule; well, there are two reasons, of which the first should be enough, viz., (1) that the Society has not yet arrived at the Golden Rule, though it is getting nearer, and (2) that there is no use in laying it down until public opinion is riper. It is a rule well known in legislation that to make laws before the people are ready for them, unless you can carry them out in spite of popular resistance and apathy, is not good government. Let us go on a little longer teaching people the reality of literary property and its sacredness. Let us go on a little longer hammering into the heads of authors their folly and madness in signing agreements by which they ignorantly give themselves away and go into slavery. We shall then have a better chance with our Golden Rule.

Mr. John Morley, who always speaks well on literature, made a very curious slip the other day. He stated that there are not fifty or even twenty men and women who live by authorship. Why, by the writing of novels alone there are at least fifty who make over a thousand a year, let alone a vast number, especially ladies, who live on incomes of a hundred or two made by authorship. As for this great mass we may find at an early opportunity something profitable as well as interesting to say about them and their incomes and their methods of work.

I have written a small pamphlet for the Publication Committee of the Society for the Promotion
of Christian Knowledge. My intention has been to point out to this body, first, certain elementary laws which govern literary property and its administration, &c., and next, to set forth certain cases which illustrate their own administration of the literary property in their hand. Lastly, I have invited them to draw their own conclusions for themselves as to their own methods. There is no desire to make any money by this pamphlet—which is published by Mr. Henry Glaisher in the Strand—and if any member of this Society would like a copy I will send him one on the simple condition that he undertakes to read it and to pass it on to some person interested in the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

The following explains itself. The ingenious Rand, M'Nally and Company, of Chicago and New York, have added a new terror to literary men. Not only do they steal their works but they alter and mutilate and ruin them. The idea will doubtless be copied and widely adopted in Pirate-land. In a few years, probably, there will be two Rider Haggards in the field, one of Great Britain and the other of that other country, totally unlike each other and of literary reputation entirely different. Let us have patience.

"Gentlemen, June 3rd, 1890.

"A pirated edition of my novel 'Beatrice' has been forwarded to me, bearing your names as its publishers. I find, on looking through it, that the book has been hacked and hewed till it bears about as much resemblance to the work which left my hand as an oaked felled and barked does to the same tree in leaf.

"Thus, to take one or two examples among many which offer:— Chapter 18 has been reduced to little more than three pages, and from chapters 25 and 26 some 16 pages have been omitted bodily. Nor is this all; another chapter has been mis-named, and in one place, at least, your editor, or, judging from the style, perhaps I should hazard, your compositor, has tried his hand at improving my text—has printed under my name words which I never wrote. In short, the story is turned into a string of disjointed situations, its life, spirit, and meaning are gone, all of which is done without warning to the reader, and, I need hardly add, without reference to the author.

"At first I believed that these evils must have been wrought maliciously, perhaps to save expense in the printer's bill, but reflection shows me that it cannot be. Of course, when the Legislature of your country, alone among those of civilized nations, has hoisted the black flag, not merely by tolerating an established custom but publicly and after full debate—thereby declaring the labour of foreign writers to be the spoil of any who wish to profit by it—it would be Quixotic of you to refuse to sail beneath that flag. But I feel convinced that your native courtesy and kindness would prevent you knowingly from treating an author as I have been treated in this instance. You would remember that in America almost the only good left to an English writer is his chance of a literary reputation, and this, at least, you would strive to protect in every way as some small return for the amusement he affords your readers and the money which he earns for you. Certainly, therefore, you would not send his work willingly from your press in such a questionable shape, and thus expose him to the contempt of critics and the wonder of your reading public.

"This being so, I have to ask, I am sure not in vain, that for the sake of your own fair name, as much as for the sake of mine, you will withdraw from circulation the pages of printed matter which are being passed off, no doubt unwittingly, by you among the American public as a reprint of my novel 'Beatrice,' and that you will give this letter of repudiation every publicity in your power. Awaiting the favour of a reply,

"I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"To Messrs. Rand, M'Nally, & Co., Publishers,
"Chicago and New York."

Coincidences (see p. 37) are interesting. Here is one sent me by a correspondent from the North. The editor of a certain paper lately received the scenario of a story submitted for his approbation. He liked it, and commissioned the author to write it for him. The day after he received the same story, that is, the same plot and the same set of characters distributed in the same way, from another correspondent writing from a different part of England. Therefore one of two things. Either two minds were at the same moment pursuing the same imaginary series of events, or two minds were at the same time cribbing from the same source. One would like to read the scenario. Perhaps it was only a commonplace plot such as one may read in any penny novelette. There is another explanation possible. One lady at least there is among us who adds to her income by the sale of plots for stories. There may be more than one plot inventor among us, and he—or she—may have sold the same plot twice over, a thing which has happened once or twice in the buying and selling of sermons.

THE EDITOR.
"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL:"
CONSIDERATIONS ON THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.
Addressed to an American friend by
WILKIE COLLINS.

YOU were taking leave of me the other day, Colonel, when I received from the United States a copy of a pirated edition of one of my books. I threw it into the waste-paper basket with an expression of opinion which a little startled you. As we shook hands at parting, you said, "When you are cool, my friend, I should like to be made acquainted with your sentiments on the copyright question." I am cool now, and here are my sentiments.

I shall ask permission to begin by looking back to the early history of your own family. The fact is, that I wish to interest you personally in the otherwise unattractive subject on which I am about to write.

I.
At the beginning of the seventeenth century, one of your ancestors, voyaging with the illustrious Hendrick Hudson, got leave of absence from the ship and took a walk on Manhattan Island, in the days before the Dutch settlement. He was possessed, as I have heard you say, of great ability in the mechanical arts. Among the articles of personal property which he had about him was a handsome watch, made by himself, and containing special improvements of his own invention.

The good man sat down to rest and look about him at a pleasant and pastoral spot—now occupied, it may be interesting to you to know, by a publishing house in the city of New York. Having thoroughly enjoyed the cool breeze and the bright view, he took out his watch to see how the time was passing. At the same moment, an Iroquois chief—whose name has, I regret to say, escaped my memory—passed that way, accompanied by a suitable train of followers. He observed the handsome watch; snatched it out of the stranger's hand; and, then and there, put it into the Indian substitute for a pocket—the name of which, after repeated efforts, I find myself unable to spell.

Your ancestor, a man of exemplary presence of mind, counted the number of the chief's followers; perceived that resistance on his single part would be a wilful casting away of his own valuable life; and wisely decided on trying the effect of calm remonstrance.

"Why do you take my watch away from me, sir?" he asked.

The Indian answered with dignity, "Because I want it."

"May I ask why you want it?"

The Indian checked off his reasons on his fingers. "First, because I am not able to make such a watch as yours. Secondly, because your watch is an article likely to be sufficiently popular among the Indians to be worth . . . Thirdly, because the popularity of the watch will enable me to sell it with considerable advantage to myself. Is my white brother satisfied?"

Your ancestor said that he was not satisfied. "The thing you have taken from me," he said, "is the product of my own invention and my own handiwork. It is my watch."

The Indian touched his substitute for a pocket. "Pardon me," he replied, "it is mine."

Your ancestor began to lose his temper; he reiterated his assertion. "I say my watch is my lawful property."

The noble savage reasoned with him. "Possibly your watch is protected in your country," he said, "it is not protected in mine."

"And therefore you steal it?"

"And therefore I steal it."

"On what moral grounds, sir, can you defend an act of theft?"

The chief smiled. "I defend it on practical grounds. There is no watch-right treaty, sir, between my country and yours."

"And on that account you are not ashamed to steal my watch?"

"On that account I am not ashamed to steal your watch. Good morning!"

The prototypes of modern persons have existed in past ages. The Indian chief was the first American publisher. Your ancestor was the parent of the whole European family of modern authors.

II.
You and I, Colonel, are resolved to look this copyright question fairly in the face. Suppose we look at it from the historical point of view to begin with. The Dutch emigrants settled on Manhattan Island about two hundred and fifty years ago. They might have pirated the Island on the ground that it was not protected by treaty. But they were loth to commit an act of theft; they asked the Indians to mention their price. The Indians mentioned twenty-four dollars. The noble Dutchmen paid, and a very good price, too, for a bit of uncultivated ground, with permission to move your "Wigwam" to the neighbouring Continent.

In due course of time arose the Dutch City of New Amsterdam. Civilization made its appearance on Manhattan Island; and with civilization
came Law. Acting as the agent of Justice, Law protected property. In those days of moral improvement, if an Indian stole a Dutchman's watch, he committed an offence, and he was punished accordingly—for, observe, a watch was now property.

Later dates brought their changes with them. The English forced themselves into the Dutchmen's places. New Amsterdam became New York. As time went on, a foolish English King, and a tyrannical Government were deservedly beaten on a trial of strength with the descendants of the first English settlers. The Republic of the United States started on its great career. With peace came the arts of peace. The American author rose benignly on the national horizon.

And what did the American Government do? The American Government, having all other property duly protected, bethought itself of the claims of Literature; and, looking towards old Europe, saw that the work of a man's brains, produced in the form of a book, had been at last recognised as that man's property by the Law. Congress followed this civilised example, and recognised and protected the published work of an American citizen as that citizen's property.

Having thus provided for the literary interests of its own people within its own geographical limits, Congress definitely turned its back on all further copyright proceedings in the Old World. After a certain lapse of time, the three greatest nations on the Continent of Europe, France, Germany, and Italy, agreed with England that an act of justice to Literature still remained to be done. Treaties of international copyright were accordingly exchanged between these States. An author's right of property in his work was thus recognised in other countries than his own. It was legally forbidden to a foreign bookseller to republish his work for foreign circulation without his permission; for the plain and unanswerable reason that his work belonged, in the first place, to him and to no other person.

With this honourable example set before it by other Governments, what has the United States done? Nothing! To this day it refuses to the literary property of other people the protection which it gives to the literary property of its own people. To this day the President and Congress of America remain content to contemplate the habitual perpetration, by American citizens, of the act of theft.

III.

Having now done with our historical survey—in plainer words, having now got our facts—we may conveniently confront the grave question:—Why does the Government of the United States refuse to foreign writers the copyright in their works which it concedes to the works of its own citizens?

Colonel, when honest men perceive an act of justice to be done, and determine really to do it, there are never any insuperable difficulties in the way. On the plain merits of the case—work that if you please, you will see why—there are no more difficulties in the way of international copyright between England and America than between England and France, England and Germany, England and Italy. The cases run on parallel lines; the necessity of foreign translation, in the European case, being an accidental circumstance which adds to the expense of publishing the book, and nothing more. My work is republished in America in English, and republished in French. Whatever difference there may be in the language of the republication, the fact of the republication remains the same fact in both instances.

I am very careful to put this plainly; there must be some clear ground to stand on before I can attempt to clear away the extraordinary accumulation of delusions under which the unfortunate question of copyright has been suffering in recent years. If you see any difficulty in accepting my statement of the case thus far, let us revert to first principles, and ask ourselves—What is the object to be obtained by the thing called International Copyright?

In answering this question I will put it personally for the greater facility of illustration. The object of International Copyright is to give me, by law (on considerations with which it is possible for me to comply), the same right of control over my book in a foreign country, which the law gives me in my own country.

In Europe, this is exactly what we have done. When I publish my book in London, I register it by the performance of similar formalities—and again my book is mine in France. In both cases my publisher (English or French) is chosen at my own free will.

His position towards me is the position of a person who takes the business of publishing and registering off my hands, in consideration of a bargain previously made between us—the essence of which bargain is, that the book is my property, and that my written permission is necessary before he can obtain his right to publish the book, and his exclusive claim (for a greater or lesser period of time) to the privilege of selling it. Why can I not do the same thing in the free Republic of the United States?
Here the Colonel lays down my letter for a while, and looks bewildered.

"The copyright difficulty, as stated by Mr. Wilkie Collins," he says, "appears to be no difficulty at all. What am I to think of the multitudinous objections from the American point of view, raised in leading articles, pamphlets, speeches, and so forth?" My good friend, a word in your ear. The American objections (I say it with all due respect for the objections) are, one and all, American delusions. The main object of this letter is, if possible, to blow these delusions away. I promise not to be long about it, and to keep my temper—though I have lost some thousands of pounds by American pirates.

Let us begin with the delusion—the most extraordinary in the whole list—that the American people have something to do with the question of International Copyright.

An American citizen sees a reprinted English book in a shop window, or has it pitched into his lap by a boy in a railway train, or hears from a friend that it is well worth reading. He buys the book, and reads it—and, as I can gratefully testify from my own personal experience, he feels, in the great majority of cases, a sincere respect for literature and a hearty gratitude to the writer who has instructed or interested him, which is one among the many honourable distinctions of the national character. When he has done all this, what in Heaven's name has author, publisher, orator, or leading-article writer any further right to expect from him? When I have paid for my place at the theatre, and added my little tribute of applause in honour of the play and the actors, have I not done my duty as one of the audience? Am I expected to insist on knowing whether the author's rights have been honestly recognised by the manager, and the players' salaries regularly paid without reductions once a week? It is simply ridiculous to mention the American people in connection with the settlement of the copyright question. The entire responsibility of honourably settling the question in my country rests with the Legislature. In the United States the President and Congress are the guardians and representatives of American honour. It is they, and not the people, who are to blame for the state which book-stealing has set on the American name.

Let us get on to another delusion which has amused us in England.

We are gravely informed that the United States is the paradise of cheap literature, and that International Copyright would raise the price of American books to the inordinately high level of the English market. Our circulating Library system is cited as a proof of the truth of this assertion. There can be no two opinions on the absurdity of that system—but, such as it is, let us, at least, have it fairly understood. When a novel, for example, is published at the preposterous price of a guinea and a half, nobody pays that price. A deduction of one-third at least is made. An individual speculator buys the book, and lends it to the public. Even this man, as an annual subscription, demands the nominal price originally asked for the book (a guinea and a half), and he will send you at least three novels a week, for a whole year. If this is not cheap reading, what is? But you will say the public may want to buy some of the best of these novels. Very well. Within a year from the date of its first issue, the book is republished at five or six shillings (a dollar and a half); and is again republished at two shillings (fifty cents). Setting the case of stolen literary property out of the question, are these not correct American prices? But why should the purchaser be made to wait till the book can be sold at a reasonable price? I admit the absurdity of making him wait. But is that absurdity likely, under any conceivable circumstances, to be copied in America? In England the circulating library is one of our old institutions which dies very slowly. In America it is no institution at all. Is it within the limits of probability that one of your citizens should prefer lending a novel to a few hundred subscribers, when he can sell it to purchasers by the thousand? It is a waste of words to ask the question. The one thing needful, so far as works of fiction are concerned, is to show you that our popular price for a novel is the American popular price. Look at the catalogue of "Harper's Library of American Fiction," and you will find that the prices range from two to three shillings—fifty to seventy per cent.

Turning to literature in general let us consult Messrs. Harper again. I am away from home while I write, and I have no means of quoting from a more recent catalogue than the summer list of 1878. However, the prices of less than two years ago in New York cannot be obsolete prices yet. Here are some specimens:

"The Atlantic Islands," Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth. $3 (twelve shillings).

"Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1877." Large 12mo. Cloth. $2 (eight shillings).

"The Student's French Grammar." 12mo. Cloth. $1.40 (say five shillings and sixpence).
The Author.

“Art Education applied to Industry.” Illustrated. 8vo. Cloth gilt. (Sixteen shillings.)
“Harper's Travellers' Handbooks for Europe and the East. $3 per volume (twelve shillings).

I am quite ready to believe that every one of these books is well worth the price asked for it. But don't tell me that American books are always cheap books, and let it at least be admitted that English publishers are not the only publishers who charge a remunerative price for a valuable work, which has proved a costly work to produce and which is not always likely to command a large circulation. To sum it up, literature which addresses all classes of the population is as cheap in England as it is in America. Literature which addresses special classes only will on that very account always be published at special prices (with or without international copyright) on both sides of the Atlantic.

V.

I must not try your patience too severely, Colonel. Let me leave unnoticed some of the minor misunderstandings which obscure the American view of the copyright case, and let me occupy the closing lines of this letter with a really mischievous delusion. Just consider what this extraordinary delusion really amounts to. "We don't deny (the American publishers say) that you English authors have a moral right of property in your books, which we are quite ready to make a legal right, on conditions that we are to dictate the use which you make in America of your own property. If we confer on you international copyright, we see with horror a future day when English publishers and English printers may start in business under our very noses, and we will only give you your due, with the one little drawback that we prohibit you to employ your countrymen to publish your books in our country. Our respect for justice is only matched by our respect for our purses. Hurrah for honourable dealings with the British author—so long as there is no fear of a decrease in the balance at our bankers! Down with the British author, and away with the national honour if there is the slightest danger of the almighty dollar finding its way into other pockets than ours!"

Am I exaggerating? Let two of the American publishers speak for themselves.

Hear Messrs. Harper Brothers first. After reciting the general conditions on which they propose to grant us copyright in the United States, they proceed as follows:—“And provided further, that within six months after registration of title the work shall have been manufactured and published in the country, and by a subject or citizen of the country in which such registration has been made.”
Mr. W. H. Appleton, writing to the London Times (in a curiously aggressive tone), expresses himself more plainly. “Our people,” he says, evidently meaning our printers and publishers, "would rejoice to open this vast opportunity of your intellectual labours . . . But they hold themselves perfectly competent to manufacture the books that shall embody your authors' thoughts, in accordance with their own needs, habits, and tastes, and in this they will not be interfered with." (Extracted from Messrs. Harper Brothers pamphlet, "New York, March 17th, 1879.")

To argue the question with men who are of this way of thinking would be merely to waste your time and mine. If we are ever to have international copyright between the two countries we must have the same unreserved recognition of a moral right, the same ungrudging submission to the law of honour, which has produced the treaties exchanged between the European Powers. In this respect England has set the example to the United States. And, let me add, England has no fear of competition. I have put the question myself to eminent London publishers; they have no idea of intruding their trade interests into a great question of national justice. They are ready to welcome wholesale competition in an open market. If they set up branch establishments in New York, the American publishers shall be free to follow their example in London. What does Mr. Marston (of the London firm of Sampson Low, Marston and Co.) say on this subject, in his letter to The Times, published May 12th, 1879?

“As a publisher, I trust I shall be absolved from the charge of advocating trade interests, when I express my strong conviction that the only Convention between the two countries which can possibly bear the test of time, must be one based upon the original and inherent rights of property! Let registration in Washington and London, within a month or two months of first publication in either country, convey respectively to English and American authors the same right in each other's country as in their own, and one's sense of justice will be satisfied. . . . Such restrictions as those proposed by American publishers exist in no other Conventions; they arise out of a most unfounded and unnecessary fear of competition by English publishers!”

There is the opinion of one member of the representative of the trade. I could produce similar opinions from other members, but I must not needlessly lengthen my letter. Hear, instead, an American citizen who agrees with Mr. Marston, and with me. Let Mr. George Haven Putnam speak—delivering an address on International Copyright in New York, on the 29th of January, 1879:

“I believe that in the course of time the general
THE AUTHOR.

laws of trade would and ought to so regulate the arrangements for supplying the American public with books that, if there were no restriction as to volumes, the author would select the publishing agent, English or American, who could serve him to best advantage, and that agent would be found to be the man who would prepare for the largest possible circle of American readers the editions best suited to their wants . . . If English publishers settling here could excel our American houses in this understanding and in these facilities they ought to be at liberty to do so, and it would be for the interest of the public that no hindrance should be placed in their way."

I have now, I hope, satisfied you that I do not stand quite alone in my way of thinking. If you make inquiries you will find that other American citizens, besides Mr. Putnam, can see the case plainly as it stands on its merits.

Thus far I have been careful to base our claim to international copyright on no larger ground than the ground of justice. Would you like, before I conclude, to form some idea of the money we lose by the freedom of robbery which is one of the freedoms of the American Republic?

Take the illustrious instance of Charles Dickens. The price agreed on with his English publishers for the work interrupted by his death, "Edwin Drood," was seven thousand five hundred pounds, with a promise of an addition to this sum if the work exceeded a certain circulation. Even Dickens' enormous popularity in England is beaten by his popularity in the United States. He was more read in your country than in mine, and, as a necessary consequence (with international copyright) his work would be worth more in America than in England. What did he get in America for the "advance sheets?" With the pirates to be considered in making the bargain? Less than a seventh part of what his English publisher has agreed to give him before a line of his novel was written—one thousand pounds!

But the case of Charles Dickens is a case of a writer who stands apart, and without a rival in popularity. Take my case, if you like, as representative, the position of writers of a lesser degree of popularity. I fail to remember the exact price which Messrs. Harper paid me for the advance sheets of "The Woman in White." It was certainly not a thousand pounds; perhaps half a thousand, or perhaps not so much. At any rate (with the pirates in the background waiting to steal) the great firm in New York dealt with me liberally.

It has been calculated by persons who understand the matter better than I do that for every one reader in England I have ten readers in the United States. How many unauthorized editions of this one novel of mine—published without my deriving any profit from them—made their appearance in America? I can only tell you, as a basis for calculation, one American publisher informed a friend of mine that he had sold one hundred and twenty thousand copies of "The Woman in White." He never sent me sixpence!

Good-bye for the present, Colonel. I must go back to my regular work, and make money for my American robbers, under the sanction of Congress.

THE TROUBLES OF A BEGINNER.

The perusal of a "Hard Case" in the first issue of The Author tempts me to put on paper my own experiences as a beginner. Owing to what might be called a mild inoculation of the fraudulent publisher at the commencement of my career, the consequences of my gullibility have not proved so pecuniarily serious as they were in a "Hard Case"; but that has not been for lack of trying on the part of the various so-called societies, or dishonest tradesmen, who thrive on the inexperience and vanity of the literary fledgling.

I launched my first effort in the shape of a short story, under the auspices of the "London Literary Society." Their prospectus was all that could be desired. They undertook to place MSS. in the hands of magazine editors, who (apparently) had no other means of obtaining copy for their publications. Thus young and unknown authors were placed upon the first rung of the ladder of fame, and it would be their own fault if they did not eventually reach the top. By thus establishing a regular method of communication between author and publisher, interest and prejudice, so fatal to beginners, would be overridden, and a long-felt want supplied. So it would,—but the "long-felt want" was that experienced by the organizers of the Society.

I sent in my guinea and my MS., and waited hopefully for the result. The receipt for the money was a work of art; it was no common receipt, it was a Diploma informing me that I had been enrolled a member of the London Literary Society, and requesting that in future I would add L.L.S. after my name when communicating with the Secretary. In due course I received an official looking document which proved to be a criticism of my story. Then for the first time I knew, what I had hitherto only suspected, that I was undoubtedly a writer of merit! According to the criticism nothing stood between me and success but the narrow-mindedness and prejudice of undiscriminating editors.
The document concluded by recommending me to send my story to a publication entitled *Lloyd's Magazine.*

Of course I was delighted. Certainly I could not remember having ever heard of *Lloyd's Magazine,* but then it was hardly to be expected that I had heard of all the magazines published, and at any rate I hoped they would pay well. It was probably connected with Lloyd's paper. The editor was very civil, and assured me he would be technicalities attended to, before the MS. would be ready for the printer's hands, but that half a guinea would cover these necessary expenses. Hard as it may be to believe, I sent my half guinea! How I marvel at my credulity. But then I knew nothing of such things, and it seemed quite possible that a tyro like myself might have made technical mistakes that would entail a certain amount of trouble.

I also received a prospectus setting forth the advantages enjoyed by subscribers to *Lloyd's Magazine.* "Every talented author would ensure immediate appearance in print;" this, it was asserted, would prove most beneficial in treating with editors who objected to unknown writers. "Sterling merit would be amply remunerated;" this was satisfactory, as the verdict of the Literary Society had inferred that my particular qualifications came under that head. In fact, the advantages were so great, and so plausibly set forth, that I felt I really must get into *Lloyd's Magazine* at any price.

Finally, the editor wrote to say that the MS. was now corrected and ready for the press, and that if I invested in twenty-four copies of the magazine, at 6d. apiece, my story should appear in the next issue! Having already paid so much, I took the twenty-four copies, thinking, as so many beginners do, that to get a story printed in anything was better than not getting it printed at all, and trusting to the promises of the prospectus as to the future. However, one glance at *Lloyd's Magazine* was sufficient to dispel any such hopes. To judge by the calibre of its contents all the contributors must have paid as heavily as myself, to induce anyone to print their productions; and heartily disgusted I sent in my resignation to the London Literary Society.

I was informed in return that not having given three months' notice I was liable for my subscription. I sent it, and at the same time an intimation that I wished to withdraw. The following year I received a claim for my subscription, upon which I drew the attention of the Secretary to my previous communication. The only answer to this was another claim, of which I took no notice. Again, the year after I was sent a request for two years' subscription, which was quickly followed by a letter threatening me with the law. Whether further proceedings would have been taken against me I never knew, as the Secretary solved the question by going bankrupt. The Court of Bankruptcy informed me that I was down on the books of the Society for two guineas, but on explaining matters the affair was dropped, and my dealings with the London Literary Society became a thing of the past. I think that I bought my experience cheaply.

One of the most ingenious attempts at fraud of the kind was perpetrated by a Society calling itself the "Southampton Association." Upon seeing the advertisement of a new magazine entitled *Pen and Ink,* I sent in a sample MS. In response, I got a letter informing me that, after looking through my MS., the Society was prepared to accept me as a "staff member" of the Association. This, at first sight, seemed all I could wish for—there is a peculiarly fascinating ring about the word "staff" to a beginner's ear. The letter, however, went on to explain what the privileges of a staff member were, i.e., "one whose contributions can be accepted and paid for," not will be "immediately proofs are passed by the editor."

The wording of this sounded suspicious, and when the epistle concluded by a casual request that I would fill up the form enclosed and return it, the said form being a pledge on my part to pay a guinea to the Society, I decided to have nothing further to do with it. My course of the Literary Society had rendered me proof against any more attacks of the same sort.

I was very nearly falling a prey, however, to the wiles of the fraudulent publisher. I had perpetrated a one volume novel, and sent it up to Messrs. A. and B. Of course it was "favourably reported on" by the reader, and was going to make a great impression. The firm offered to publish it and pay half expenses, if I would pay the other half, the profit to be also equally shared. This offer sounded reasonable to inexperienced ears, and I asked for an estimate. The answer was, that my half share would amount to £55 10s. (Reference to a little book since published by the Society of Authors will show that the entire cost of publishing such a volume is £23 18s. 9d.) Fortunately I was alarmed at the sum asked, and declined the offer. They wrote again, offering to publish the book if I would pay £40 towards it, and receive one-third of the profits; this I also declined. They then suggested bringing it out in 1s. form for the book stalls, my share to be £28 10s.

At this point, however, I became a member of the Society of Authors, and on sending the whole correspondence to the Secretary, received a letter...
in reply, which saved me from the clutches of the respectable A. and B., and quite decided me that it was better posterity should suffer from the loss of my book, than that I should suffer from the loss of my money.

I may add that the above are a few of the experiences to which any beginner is liable when acting without advice. In my successful undertakings I have been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of one of the most honourable members of the profession.

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“CURSED COINCIDENCES.”

London, June 10, 1890.

There is a source of great annoyance and pecuniary loss to authors for which it is possible that some remedy may be found by your aid. I can best set it forth by stating the simple fact that every one of the last six works which I have written, or on which I have collaborated, has been met or anticipated by a similar publication on the same subject; in every instance to my own detriment and annoyance, or that of others. In some of these cases the coincidence was doubtless accidental; and I am satisfied that the authors of the books were as ignorant that I was engaged on a like work, as I was of their intentions. Could we have known it I am sure that we should have been spared in one way or the other great trouble, loss, and vexation.

It is true that such an extraordinary run of bad luck savours of the marvellous; but if anyone who reads this suspects me of mistake or exaggeration, I shall be glad to supply him with all the details, and refer him to my publishers, who will fully confirm my assertions. But the history of literature is full of instances of men who, after devoting months or years to a work, have had the sorrow to learn that another had been engaged in a similar task.

The very obvious remedy for this among honourable men would be for authors to announce their intentions, and make it known in your columns that they are actually engaged on and really intend to publish. On the other hand, there are innumerable hacks and quacks in literature who would avail themselves of these very announcements to “hurry up” works on the same subjects, to say nothing of the half-honest scribes who would pre-empt a subject by declaring that they are engaged on it—the engagement being like that of the American young woman who admitted, in a breach of promise case, that she had nothing written to prove a betrothal, nor had the defendant ever spoken to her, but that “looks had passed between them.” Many men seem to think that if they have only looked at a subject it is their property for ever.

If there were a real guild of literary men holding and exercising power—such as the Society of Authors may become—this great evil of “the unlucky chance,” or cursed coincidence, could really be obviated. For it could declare thieves and plagiarists “niddering” or infamous, and by establishing and exacting a high code of honour it could eliminate much of the disreputable Bohemianism or carelessness as to morals from the profession of letters. And if it be not really a profession it would soon become one by the simple process of outlawing all who disgrace it. For in fact the dishonest writer is as great an injury to his betters in the craft as the dishonest publisher, and deserves even greater punishment. A few cases of flagrant meanness vigorously exposed would soon end the career of many literary sharers.

Charles G. Leland.

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THE EXCHANGE OF BOOKS.

Would it be possible to open a Book Exchange in the pages of The Author? I am myself continually compelled to buy books which serve their purpose and are henceforth of no more use to me. I buy them not for their rarity but for their practical use. Others there are who are always looking out for the completion of sets or the improvement of collections, for first editions, for books specially bound, for books privately printed (of which a certain second-hand bookseller is now bringing out a catalogue). Everybody who wants books depend upon those excellent people, these second-hand booksellers and their lists. They depend upon the people who, like myself, are always wanting to get rid of books. Why cannot The Author give us space, if only a page, to advertise our wants and our wares? Members of the Society should, perhaps, be allowed to take up a certain space for the mere cost of the printing and paper. Other people might be made to pay for the privilege at such a rate as would assist the finances of the paper. Can my suggestion find a corner?

F. R. S.
LEAFLET No. II.

ON ROYALTIES.

WHAT is loosely and ignorantly called "The Royalty System"—a system where all is chaos—may be defined as payment by results. It came into existence chiefly as a sop to authors who were discontented with the so-called half-profit system, after it had been worked into a system which gave all the profits to the publisher. "At least," they thought, "there will be something for us if we are to have so much for every copy sold." They therefore signed any agreement in this sense that was placed in their hands without asking what it meant—what the proposed arrangement kept for the publisher and what it would give them. They signed what they were told to sign, and they took what was offered them. They began to sign these royalty agreements about twenty years ago, when the "system" first came into use. They have continued to sign them; they are signing them every day, and it is not too much to say that not one single author up to this day of writing, outside the office of the Society, knows when he signs, what he has kept for himself, or what proportion of the results of his labour he has given to the man who sells his book.

In accordance with the principles of this Society, which endeavours to throw light upon everything connected with the production and sale of books, or in other words, enables authors to understand exactly what they give away and what they reserve—what, in fact, an agreement means—the Leaflet of this month is devoted to a very brief statement of the "Royalty System" in its various forms applied to author and publisher.

The discovery that the author was as easily gullled by a Royalty as by a show of half profits, caused certain gentry to introduce improvements into the original plan. Thus the Royalty at first offered and eagerly taken by the ignorant author was 10 per cent. on the published price from the beginning. Then one man sharper than his brothers discovered that his authors would take 5 per cent. from the beginning; another that his men would take 10 per cent. on the trade price; a third, and this was the most happy discovery of all, that his men would take 10 per cent., to begin when a great number of copies had been first sold.

In the forthcoming work on "Methods of Publication," the author prints a table which shows the working of the system and the results to author and publisher.

He takes as an example an ordinary novel in one volume, sold at 6s., a very common form of book at this day. These six shilling novels vary considerably in length, running from 70,000 words to 180,000 words—or even more. The average length, however, may be taken as from 70,000 to 100,000 words.

The cost of producing such a work is, with a liberal allowance for advertising, as follows:

1. For the first 1,000 copies nearly £100.
2. For the second edition of 3,000 copies, £120, or with a liberal increase of advertising, £150.
3. If the success be so great as to justify a large edition of 10,000, the cost of production of this edition would be about £360, or with increased advertising say £400.
4. The trade price of the book varies from 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. We may fairly take it at 3s. 6d.

The trade price is generally arrived at by taking two-thirds of the published price and allowing thirteen copies as twelve. In the case of the great distributing houses an additional 10 per cent. is allowed. There are also cases in which lower terms are given for special reasons. Many copies, however, are sold at a higher price.

5. The publisher therefore obtains—
a. For the first edition of 1,000 copies, £175.
b. For a second edition of 3,000 copies, £525
c. For an edition of 10,000 copies, £1,750.

Out of this he has to pay the author, printer, papermaker, binder, and the advertisements.

We might proceed at once to our table, but for one objection which will be raised. It is this,
Suppose the publisher prints 10,000 copies and sells only 1,000 copies, he then has 9,000 copies on his hands. That is true. To overprint is a mistake that inexperienced publishers often make: experienced, rarely. The wise publisher feels his way even though to print 3,000 only will cost him a halfpenny more on each copy than boldly to order 10,000. When the demand for a popular book ceases, which is not suddenly but gradually, the prudent publisher is not generally left with many copies on hand. It must be remembered that we are here speaking of a popular and successful book, of which there are a great many issued every year.

Now, then, for our table. We deduct from the publisher’s profits (1) what he pays to the author, (2) what he pays for production. The reader will see set forth in order the respective shares of profit presented by a 5 per cent. up to a 35 per cent. royalty to author and to publisher. The percentage is taken on the published price, the full price of 6s.

I. On the sale of the first 1,000.

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II. On the sale of the next 3,000.

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<td>270</td>
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III. On the sale of an edition of 10,000.

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<td>Author</td>
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<td>450</td>
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<td>750</td>
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Since it is more common to meet with a success corresponding with the second than with the first table, let us consider what the figures mean. They speak for themselves, but to those who cannot understand figures let us explain.

"Your publisher, dear Sir or Madam, when he benevolently offers you a 5 per cent. royalty, will on a second edition of 3,000 copies make £330 to your £45, i.e., eight times your share. If he gives you 10 per cent.—which is common—he will make £285 to your £90, that is, three times your share. If 15 per cent. he will make £240 to your £135, i.e., twice your share. If 20 per cent., £195 to your £180. If 25 per cent., £170 to your £225. If 30 per cent., £105 to your £270. Consider this, and refuse the 10 per cent. with indignation."

As for the "fancy" royalties, those on trade price, those to begin when a certain number of copies have gone and so forth, the reader may calculate for himself the meaning of these proposals. We will, however, on a future occasion assist his calculations. With the help of these tables, too, the reader will be able to make an intelligent attempt towards finding an answer to the question, "What proportion of profit should in equity be the share of the publisher in the case of a book which has no risk?"

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**THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.**

"Yours be the task to foster and protect
Genius in rags and learning in neglect."

W. T. FITZGERALD.

The object of the Royal Literary Fund, as summed up in Mr. Fitzgerald’s Anniversary Ode, is one of which all of us, members of this Society, must cordially approve. Here are its aims set forth a little more at length:

"To administer assistance to Authors of published works of approved literary merit and of important contributions to periodical literature, who may be reduced to distress by unavoidable calamities, or deprived by enfeebled faculties, or declining life, of the power of literary exertion. This assistance may
be extended at the death of an Author to his widow and children."

Every one may not know the pathetic incident to which the Fund actually owed its origin. It was this. A member of a club in London, much frequented by literary men, being arrested for a small debt, died in consequence. It then leaked out that the unfortunate scholar had lived for years in the extremest poverty, but had borne his sufferings in silence. Some fifteen years before this occurrence, in the very club of which he was a member, an attempt had been set on foot to found some sort of pension scheme, but it had fallen through, after a few desultory meetings. This, however, galvanized it into life again.

Mr. David Williams was from the first the life and soul of the movement. He had been the person with whom the idea first originated, and he was the first to assist in its resuscitation. He organized the scheme, and was indefatigable in its promotion. He levied taxes on all his friends and acquaintances, and persuaded actors, poets, and princes to sound the praises of the new institution. We fear he must have been, good worthy man, a terrible bore.

We learn that he himself made house-to-house visits in behalf of his project, and collected large sums of money in that way. In addition to which he gave personal attention to all the routine business, with the result that, when the Society had literally thousands invested, and a most magnificent roll of supporters, the executive expenses were returned as only £50.

In 1818 the Society was incorporated.

After Williams's death, however, the Society had rather a stormy time. This was not only due to the loss of their indefatigable leader. The extreme secrecy with which the doles were made, while showing the kindly delicacy of the administrators, might, it is obvious, if sufficient care were not taken, be the source of abuse. Sufficient care was not taken, and abuses followed.

The affairs of the Society were at that time administered by an Executive Committee and a Council. The Executive Committee did the work, and the Council lent their name. When some of the work could not be approved of, a quarrel took place between the Council and the Committee. Many of the Council joined in the general demand for an investigation into the manner in which the Society's affairs had been conducted.

Then came an agitation for reform. The leader of this was Dickens, who attributed the malpractices, which had undoubtedly occurred, to the demoralizing effect inflicted upon men by much sitting on boards of direction. The demand was to a certain extent acceded to, and Dickens, Mr. Wentworth Dilke, and Sir E. L. Bulwer were placed upon the first Committee of reform, and no one has since that day breathed a word against the way in which the Fund is administered.

The benefits are disposed entirely without regard to religious sect, the only disqualification being offences against public morality. Neither are they confined to Englishmen. At the dinner of 1822, when Chateaubriand's health was proposed by the Duke of York, as the ambassador of France, he mentioned, in his acknowledgment of the toast, that he was himself aware of the benevolent character of the Fund, for, during the period of the French Revolution, a French literary gentleman was in difficulties, and these difficulties having been represented to the Committee by one of his friends, a sum was voted sufficient to relieve him from all anxiety, and that at a time when the institution was itself struggling into notice. This gentleman, Chateaubriand continued, was thus enabled to maintain his ground. At the Restoration he returned to France to acquire fresh honours as a literary man, and to rise in the favour of his Sovereign. He had now returned to England, but in a different capacity—as the ambassador of his Sovereign; and he was that man.

When Macaulay inveighed against all institutions having for their object the pecuniary relief of authors, he was taking a position he might be expected to take, one which it was dignified for him to take, and one which we sincerely wish could rationally be taken. Macaulay's contention was that good work would always find sufficient pay, and that therefore the very people who would require such assistance were the people who did not do good work. That, in fact, all such Societies must lead to the encouragement of the incompetent. This of course is very far from being the case. A great deal of admirable work, useful to mankind, and most creditable to the author, never can command sufficient circulation to make it remunerative.

The Fund most wisely allows for the fact that, whereas while the author is able to work at full pressure, he may keep his head above water, there may come a time when such a state cannot be continued. His methods may get out of date. The very lucidity of his teaching may have enabled some younger man, more in touch with modern thought, to carry similar work to a point of higher perfection. Old age and sickness may arrive. At once poverty stares the author of unremunerative work in the face. He need be in no way improvident and yet be unable to lay aside money to meet such an emergency.

It is in such cases as these that the bounty of the Royal Literary Fund is freely and delicately bestowed.
THE AUTHOR.

It is in such cases as these that such assistance is too often urgently necessary.

There exists another institution for the relief of authors. There is a provision on the Civil List for pensions to the amount of £1,200 per annum, which should be devoted to the reward of (1) Persons having just claims on the Royal benevolence; (2) Persons who have rendered personal service to the Crown; (3) Persons who have benefited the public by discoveries in science; (4) Persons who have benefited the public by their attainments in literature and the arts.

Mr. Colles' book* has shown very clearly that these pensions are awarded in a most reprehensible manner, and are very generally devoted to the relief of people often having no claim to charity at all, certainly having no claim upon this establishment, and occasionally having a distinct claim to bounty from other sources. The author may well look somewhat askance at an institution whose benefits are administered with so much caprice, and so regularly reaped by the wrong people.

While there is no doubt that the writers of much good work do not derive much good pay from it, so that in certain cases the assistance of charity becomes absolutely needful, it is perfectly certain that there would be fewer such cases if the literary man were more alive to his own interests, more careful of his own property. We learn from the Prince of Wales's speech that the Royal Literary Fund has lately made grants to the families of the late J. G. Wood and the late R. A. Proctor. These men's names were household words; their teaching and their books were known in every family. They were not devoted to abstract and abstruse science; they did not produce works of great research, appealing necessarily to so small a public as to make it impossible that their work should be pecuniarily successful. On the contrary, they were the most popular expositors whom the world has ever seen of the physical and natural wonders of the world. Their books had an enormous popular circulation, and the fact that it has been necessary for their families to apply for assistance to the Royal Literary Fund speaks volumes for the statement made so often in the paper of this Society. "The nature of literary property is misunderstood and its very reality is hardly recognized." Had these writers understood the value of their own property they would never, perhaps, have become the recipients either in life, or through their widows, after death, of the Literary Fund Bounty.

* "Literature and the Pension List," by W. Morris Colles. Cr. 8vo., 31. 6d. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C.

A HARD CASE.

No. II

THIS publisher, Mr. Henry Skimpington-Brown, prided himself on his double-barrelled name. It certainly lent weight to his assurances that he was in a position to produce guarantees from most influential people that he was honest—nay more, that he was generous.

He came under the notice of the Society of Authors in the following way. He was an advertising person, whose letter paper bore the elastic title of "publisher" upon it, and whose address was in Fleet Street. An author, bitten by one of his specious circulars, sent a manuscript to him for his consideration. Here is the author's account of what followed:

"I unfortunately entrusted my book to Mr. Skimpington-Brown. He engaged to publish for me any number of copies required "up to 1,000," beginning at 200. The book came out. I at once began to receive letters from friends, acquaintances, and book-sellers, complaining that they could not obtain copies through the ordinary channels. Mr. Mudie also informed me privately that my publisher was quite unable to meet his orders. I wrote repeatedly to Mr. Skimpington-Brown demanding an explanation. Sometimes I got an evasive answer; generally no notice was taken of my letters. By this time I was quite certain that something was wrong, and a friend of mine, who interviewed him for me, elicited from him:—that he had only printed 100 copies; that the type had been broken up; and that he had not enough money to pay for composition again."

The author had given the man £80 to produce the book. Now, although a part of the money paid was for advertisement of the book, no advertisements were ever seen except in a trade circular once or twice. Hardly any copies were sent out for review. What reviews were obtained were very good ones.

Therefore when the author applied to the Society of Authors, the position of affairs was thus:—He had been induced to pay the publisher a sum of money equivalent to double as much as was actually spent in bringing the little book out; also an extra £5 on some pretext or other; third, a large sum for author's corrections. Only 100 copies were printed. The circulating libraries could not put the book on their lists, because they could get no copies. The author had received nothing back but a small sum obtained by privately disposing of a few copies to his friends.

A few letters were written which seemed to have
the effect of temporarily frightening Mr. Skimpington-Brown, for it was at this time that he sent to the Society a letter in which he said that most influential people were willing to come forward and speak to his honesty and generosity.

It happened that another author had some idea of publishing a work with Mr. Skimpington-Brown. To this gentleman, whom he seemed to think might possibly prove a new victim, the worthy publisher mentioned the first author's book, and stated that he was bringing out a second edition of it, for which there was already a demand for nearly 3,000 copies! But the two authors were acquainted with each other, and this communication reached the first author. As he said, "the state of things is worse now than ever. As long as the book was practically unpublished, there was a chance of getting a new publisher for it; but if this man, having evidently no position, no capital, and, indeed, no right to the name of publisher, really keeps his hold on the book, it is a ruined work. He cannot, in fact, publish it himself, and yet he deprives the author of his chance of finding another publisher."

So it was determined that, at all events, the book must be got out of his hands, and that afterwards the possibility of making him disgorge some of the plunder must be considered.

The agreement was unstamped, that is, for practical purposes. It must be admitted that it had affixed to it a penny postage stamp. In it the publisher covenanted to "print, publish, and push(!) the book, and meet all demands up to 1,000 copies." This latter phrase alone would have put anyone of experience upon his guard. It is almost invariably the prelude to the following dodge for extortion. A large number of copies is named, say 10,000; then a correspondingly large figure is named as the publisher's risk, say £50. The author may feel that £50 is not much for 10,000 copies; more, he may ask some one who knows, and will be informed that the demand is not very exorbitant. So he pays it. Then only 100 copies are printed. The author objects. The other person says: "I never said I should produce 10,000 copies. No good publisher ever produces such large editions of new men's work. I said I would 'meet demands' up to that number. I have as yet not been asked for more than I have printed." But the author may say: "It did not cost you £50 to produce 100 copies." To which the other person may reply: "I never said it did."

Only in one way had Mr. Skimpington-Brown contracted to do something definite. He said he would advertise up to £20. He was asked to produce vouchers for this sum. He then said that he had only advertised to the extent of £9, and that, of course, the surplus would be refunded.

The Society of Authors made an appointment with this honest tradesman to meet their accountant. But the accountant found the office locked up, and received a note stating that his books were at his suburban office!

At last, upon threats of legal procedure, Mr. Skimpington-Brown appeared, and, with tears in his eyes, refunded £10. He said that was all he possessed.

This was all the satisfaction that could be possibly obtained for the author. Nothing would have been gained by legal procedure, and the author was advised to take Mr. Skimpington-Brown's little all.

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THE CHESTNUT BELL.

THE sound of the Chestnut Bell is now becoming rare in America; heard indeed as seldom as those of the Sunken City, commemorated by Rückert, which "peal once more their old melodious chime" but once or twice in a century, and then only to the Sunday child who is born to hear what is inaudible to the Philistine. But before the last kling of this extraordinary instrument dies away, it may be worth while to record its history, and give for the first time what is probably a true clue to its origin.

About four years ago Senator Jerome, of New York who, because of his immaculate life, admirable gravity, and personal resemblance to a famous picture by Murillo, has always been known as Saint Jerome—was one day pouring forth in a speech a grand series of moral axioms, which, however admirable, "had not," as Heine says, "novelty for merit," when all at once Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, the licensed clown, jester, and mischief maker of the Senate, called to a point of order. And on being asked what it was he replied: "Mr. Speaker, I want the Senator from New York to stop ringing that d—d old Chestnut bell of his."

The mot was new and it spread "like wildfire" over the Union. Wherever the Frenchman of 1840 would have cried connu, the American roared Chestnut. If an orator uttered a truism—if any body dared to say "be virtuous and you will be happy"—"Chestnut!" was sure to be heard. Woe to the narrators of old Joes, for the nuts were cast at them, and they were abashed. Ere long the Chestnut Bell itself appeared. It was a small highly resonant apparatus of a tintinnabulistic or campanological nature, worn as an appendage to the button hole—it went with a spring, and its sound became a terror in the land. I am now in posses-
sion of six different kinds of Chestnut Bells—none of them are loud, but all are of piercing, insulting, aggravating, tone. It has happened that even clergymen when using platitudes or dropping into cant, have been called to silence by the dreadful bell.

It is usual in the United States whenever a new slang term appears for all the minor literati of the press to at once invent its origin. Consequently there were innumerable anecdotes, every one more anthetic than the others, telling how and when the term Chestnut came into existence. Of these I have made a collection, with the result of distrust ing them all. In such cases it is almost invariably "the oldest which is truest." The oldest in this case is Italian. In Northern Italy, especially in Florence, when a man would discredit or snub another, and intimate that what he says is untrue, or contemptible, or worn out, he puts his thumb between his fore and middle finger, and presents it. This is called making the Chestnut. In Naples they call it la fica, or the fig, but the castagna or Chestnut is the most ancient term. All of the American origins confine themselves to the Chestnut, but say nothing of the bell. For the bell is the real object, "Chestnut" being only the adjective which qualifies it. This part of the problem is specially interesting.

There has long been known in Bavaria, possibly in other parts of Germany, but I have only known it in the Bayerisches Land, what is called the Lügnermesser or Liar's Knife. This is a knife of wood exactly resembling those which are used by grocers in England to scoop butter or lard. There is a hole in it in which hangs a hawk's bell, and on the blade is an inscription of which the following is, though not a translation, a toler able imitation:

Who liftes thy Knys 
Nor ringes y Bell, 
Ne'er in his Lyfe 
A Lye did tell.

The most remarkable of these knives which I have ever seen is in the possession of Miss Mary B. Reath, of Philadelphia. Another was in the great Art Exhibition at Munich in 1888. A third is in the Artists' Club of Munich. Whenever a member tells a doubtful or a worn-out or commonly known story, and tries to pass it off for new, some one rings the bell. All three bore inscriptions in old Bavarian which were, however, so peculiar and requiring so much explanation, that it is hardly worth while to give them here.

The ringing of the Liar's Bell is a kind of shutting off or condemnation, and as such is manifestly derived from the "bell, book, and candle," the form of excommunication of the Church of Rome, ending by closing the book against the offender, extinguishing the candle, and ringing the bell. ("Reliq. Antiq., i, 1, Gawaine and Gavin, 3023—Halliwell"). Also to bear the bell, to carry off the prize, to be unsurpassed as a liar. For a bell, a whetstone, a knife, and, in America, a hat have here or there been substituted.

It is very strange that Friedrich in his "Symbolik der Natur," says of the chestnut that it is a type of the unchangeable, of the old which ever persists in remaining—which is the very spirit of all that is hackneyed, "the reason for this being that its leaves remain so long unchanged." "And as most races name their national fools from some popular dish, as Jack Pudding, in England; Hanswurst, in Germany; Pickle Herring, in Holland; Jean Potage, in France; so the Italians call a silly, stupid, would-be witty fellow a Marone, which is a large kind of chestnut." But the real ancient meaning of the nut is Beharrlichkeit, obstinate endurance, like that of an old story which holds its own for ever. Therefore the Greeks called it the Euböic acorn, and consecrated it to Jupiter, he being of all the gods the most unyielding.

It is also to be noted that the Greeks and Romans carried little silver bells, the tinkling of which drove away witchcraft and evil spells—which latter certainly include old Joe Millers, so well known to possess a kind of dire and intolerable fascination. I have a fac simile of one of these ancient chestnut bells, with its strange incantation, which I carry in my dressing case as a warning. I trust that the reader will not conclude, from what I have written, that I need it!

C. G. Leland.
In August, 1888, a well-known English novelist received the following letter:

"Coventry, August 21, '88.

Dear Madam,

I am wanting to address our young people, in response to their request, by way of a lecture upon the art of composition and the means essential to secure a forcible and interesting style of expression. I have thought that the only way by which I could add any considerable interest and usefulness to an evening's pleasant intercourse upon such a topic would be to secure, if at all possible, a personal testimony of the experience of one or two of our most skilful and honoured authors.

To that end I have taken the very great liberty to write to you and solicit your generous help. May I be permitted to ask whether in early life you gave yourself to any special training with a view to the formation of style, and also whether you can give us any information of your own methods that would aid us to realize, in some degree at least, the secrets of your own great powers in the use of a clear and forcible English.

I write to you because your finely conceived novels are cherished friends of my own, delightful companions which give me more pleasure than I can well say; and also because I feel in asking such a favour, that you must be so accustomed to people getting truly attached to you by reason of your beautiful stories, that you will very readily forgive the request even though you cannot grant it. But if you are able to spare a few minutes to do me this kind service, I can assure you of the gratitude of many beside myself.

Pray excuse this long letter, and if I am giving you any trouble, or ignorantly making an undue demand on your time, do more than forgive me, take no notice of me, and you will be appreciated and understood by

Yours most faithfully and respectfully,

George Bainton."

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But in May, 1890, she received the following letter from her correspondent:

"Dear Madam,

May 2, '90.

Some time since I wrote to you concerning a lecture I was about to give to a number of young men upon the art of composition, and asked your aid. You most generously responded to my appeal, and gave me the privilege of using your kind words of counsel and experience in the event of my being desirous to put the lecture into printed form. I thought you would like to see the extract from your letter thus incorporated into the lecture—a lecture I have expanded into book form and published through Messrs. Clarke & Co., Fleet St., under the title 'The Art of Authorship.' The little volume now issued is simply the lecture amplified—matter growing under my hands until it far exceeded the limits of the pamphlet I at first intended.

For your valued aid I again thank you most heartily, and am

Very faithfully yours,

Mrs. Louisa Parr."

George Bainton."

The author gave the Correspondence to this Society. She denies having given Mr. Bainton leave to print her letter, and considers that its appearance in a collection of letters headed "The Art of Authorship," and published as a book by Mr. Bainton, is a breach of faith.

On receiving these letters it was decided to investigate the case a little and to appeal to a few of our members, whose names were mentioned both in the book and in public advertisement as "personal contributors," and ascertain if they thought likewise.

It will not be possible to print all the replies in full, but here are a few extracts:

Mr. Alfred Austin says:

"I answered Mr. Bainton's enquiries concerning how I formed my style, from motives of courtesy and good nature, and I hear of the use he has made of what I wrote with surprise and regret."

Mr. Hall Caine:

"The man wrote to me to say that he was about to lecture on style to his young men, who were enthusiastic readers of mine, etc., etc., and would take it as an honour, etc., if I would write them a letter on my personal aims and endeavours, early efforts, etc., with much of the same sort. Of course I was drawn by the silly subterfuge, and when, some time later, a second letter asked for permission to print my answer in a pamphlet that was to contain 'the text of the lecture,' I was once more made victim. It was not until the book appeared that I realized that the man had
written to everybody, that his 'young men' were all fudge, that the book was the thing, and that, thanks to the folly of folks like myself, he had got it cheap."

Here it becomes evident that, at any rate to novelists, Mr. Bainton employed an almost invariable form—the letter, in fact, which we began by quoting. For Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mrs. Kennard, Mr. George Meredith, Miss F. M. Peard, Mr. F. W. Robinson, John Strange Winter, Mr. Edmund Yates, and Miss Charlotte Yonge all were ignorant that Mr. Bainton intended to print their remarks; all believed that their assistance was being asked by a clergyman and a stranger for his young people, and none had an idea that they were being victimised by a circular letter.

This simplicity is the more excusable that in the specimens before us as we write, Mr. Bainton distinctly says he is applying to "one or two" authors. Unless one knows him personally beforehand, how is the ordinary gentleman, how is the ordinary lady, to have an idea that by this statement Mr. Bainton may mean one or two hundred authors?

Space will not allow that we should print more than brief extracts from these authors' letters.

Mr. Rider Haggard says:—

"Some years ago Mr. Bainton, or some person, wrote to me saying he was going to give a lecture, and asked my opinion on certain literary matters. I replied, and, if my memory serves me, stipulated that if he printed anything, I should have a proof. The other day I received a printed slip, which I took for and corrected as a proof. On further examination of covering letter, however, I found it was an extract from a printed book forwarded for my perusal.

"I think it quite unjustifiable that matter obtained for one purpose should be used for another without reference to its author."

Mr. Bainton does appear in Mr. Rider Haggard's case to have gone through the form of obtaining permission to print his remarks, although he disregarded the stipulation that his request evoked. But in some cases he appears to have gone more directly to work.

Mr. George Meredith says:—

"I received a letter some weeks back from Mr. Bainton, enclosing two printed pages of his book, with his thanks to me for 'my kind permission' that he might make public use of my private remarks to his young men, through him, at his request, upon styles in writing. I am not aware of having even granted the permission. It would not have been in accord with a system I hold to—which is, to spare the public any talk upon my methods and doings. If I wrote the words of the grant, I must have done so heedlessly, and I shall require to see them in my handwriting, before I can attach any belief to the statement made by Mr. Bainton. The one object of my writing, was to be of service to an audience that he, 'a stranger to me, wrote of as being hungry for literary instruction.'"

Mr. George Meredith is not singular in his belief that, albeit Mr. Bainton says so, he never received any permission.

Miss Charlotte Yonge believes the same. So does Professor Huxley. Miss F. M. Peard writes:—

"I am more surprised and annoyed than I can say at hearing of the use Mr. Bainton has made of my answer. I imagined him to be a clergyman rather at his wits' ends for subjects for parish entertainments or lectures, and that he was merely getting up the subject in the abstract. It did not even occur to me that he would use my name in talking about it, much less that he would drag it into print. You will see that he speaks of 'an evening's pleasant intercourse.'"

Miss Peard encloses Mr. Bainton's first—and only—letter to her, which is almost the exact counterpart of his letter to Mrs. Parr. Miss Peard, like Mrs. Parr, is one out of "one or two," and she also is appealed to because her books are Mr. Bainton's cherished friends. Mr. Bainton is evidently a man of lively sympathies.

Mr. Grant Allen says:—

"I was not aware Mr. Bainton meant to publish in book form. Mr. Bainton only mentioned that he wished for the information for an apparently private lecture to young people. I was much annoyed at the use Mr. Bainton made of my letter (which he printed incorrectly). The details I gave were far more personal than I should have dreamt of making them had I expected them to be published. What is perfectly allowable in answer to a private question about one's own methods may seem like impertinence and bad taste if obtruded on the general public, which never asked to know how one writes one's books or articles."

Mr. R. D. Blackmore writes:—

"When I complied with Mr. Bainton's request I was not aware that he intended to publish or even print my words. His letter suggested that he wanted aid in a lecture to young people and would use my
reply for that purpose, and (as I naturally concluded) for that purpose only. Now that I know the nature of Mr. Bainton's book I do object to the use he has made of a reply procured through the goodwill due to a clergyman and for clerical purposes."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert writes:—

"When I complied with Mr. Bainton's request I was not aware that it was that gentleman's intention to publish my letter in book form. His first letter to me suggested that he wanted aid in compiling a lecture. I consider that he was not justified in publishing my letter without my express permission. His action appears to me to amount to a breach of faith."

Mrs. Lovett-Cameron says:—

"I certainly had not the smallest idea that he intended to publish the letter which I wrote to him. He informed me that he was about to give a lecture to young people, and I understood most clearly that it was for this purpose alone that my letter would be made use of. I do most strongly object to the use he has made of my letter, and consider that in publishing letters written to him for private use only Mr. Bainton is guilty of a most unwarrantable breach of faith."

On the other hand, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Sir John Lubbock have no objection to the use Mr. Bainton has made of their letters, while Mr. T. Marion Crawford writes as follows:—

"Two or three years ago Mr. Bainton wrote requesting me to give him an expression of my opinions in regard to the course to be followed by beginners, who would acquire some practical skill in the use of the English language. I believe that was the substance of his letter. Mr. Bainton stated clearly that he wished to make use of my communication. I gave him permission to do so.

I cannot say that I particularly object to the use he has made of it, though I do not think it was quite fair to issue the opinions of authors in book-form, after winning their confidences for a benevolent purpose; but I do most utterly and strongly condemn the great discourtesy of issuing such a book without sending proofs of the matter to each author (and I know one author of high standing whose permission to print Mr. Bainton did not trouble to ask for at all). I think far more of that than I do of his having picked our foolish brains to make profit for himself.

In my own case, probably a glance at proof sheets would have caused me to amplify one of my statements—that when I was a very young writer "I found myself slipping into the Rhoda Broughton school"—in such a way as to give a would-be witty reviewer less chance of misrepresenting my meaning and making merry over my comprehensive phrase.

For myself I would be the last to discuss criticism, however flippant or unjust; but as Miss Broughton may have seen the much-quoted article, and perhaps have felt some annoyance through reading my meaning with the writer's eyes, may I say here that I meant no disrespect for the strong, vigorous, and fascinating author, whose books have always
charmed me, and whose portrait hangs near me each day as I work—but very much the reverse.

Miss Broughton would probably join her contempt to mine for the host of imitators of her style, whose work is a weak reflection of her manner without any of her genius or her strength—the "school" to designate which her name is commonly employed—and entirely agree with me that if, as an inexperienced writer, I felt myself drifting toward this justly despised group, it was well for me—and perhaps for others—that I should absolutely set myself to work out a style of my own rather than become even a successful imitator of another.

It seems to me that cheap sneers at this kind of effort are a little unworthy of a great literary Review.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
John Strange Winter.

NOTES.

I. Copyright.

UNDER this head, and that of "The First Principles of Literary Property," in the first number of The Author, I find one or two statements which, if not in terms erroneous, are capable of misleading or unduly alarming readers who do not know any law.

"Literary property," it is said, "is subject to the laws which protect all other property." That it is recognized and protected by law as something of value is quite true; and probably this is all that the writer meant. But "the laws which protect property" differ greatly according to the kind of property. Land is not protected in exactly the same way as goods, and a trade mark and a copyright are again protected by means different from those in use for tangible property, and differing in details from one another. Let not the unwary reader therefore imagine that he or she can have a literary pirate dealt with as a thief. Copyright is not, in the legal sense, a thing capable of being stolen.

It is asked, "Does anybody take the trouble to secure his copyright in a public lecture?" (meaning, by the process of giving notice to two Justices of the Peace as provided by the Act 5 and 6 Wm. IV, c. 65). The answer is, probably not. But there is an excellent reason for not doing it which the author of "Notes on Copyright" seems to have overlooked. The common law gives a sufficient remedy without the help of the Act, as was decided by the House of Lords in 1887, in Professor Caird's case in Scotland (Caird v. Sime, 12 App. Ca. 326). It is a question of fact whether the delivery of a lecture implies authority to the hearers to republish it. Whatever may have been the opinion of the framers of the Act of William IV (which expressly preserves the general law, only giving the benefit of special new sanctions to lecturers who fulfil the formalities of notice to two justices), no such authority is presumed, as a matter of law, from the mere fact of a lecture being delivered to a more or less numerous audience. If there be any presumption it seems to be the other way. In truth the right to restrain the publication of an orally delivered lecture is not copyright at all. It is distinct from and antecedent to copyright, like the right to restrain publication of one's private letters. As that right is unaffected by the original letter having become the property (for all purposes short of publication) of the person to whom it was sent, so the lecturer's right is unaffected by his lecture having been orally delivered to a particular audience or any number of audiences. The commentator goes on to say that "a lecturer is powerless to protect himself against unauthorized re-delivery." I am not aware of any authority for this statement as regards an unpublished lecture, and am not at all disposed to agree with it. As for the exception of university and certain other public lectures and discourses in the Act of William IV, it has, by its express terms, only the effect of leaving them in the same condition as if the Act had not passed. Caird v. Sime shows that at least some university lectures are efficiently protected by the general law. Therefore a person acting on the commentator's opinion that sermons "seem to be clearly public property" would be more likely to make practical acquaintance with the nature and operation of an injunction than to make his fortune by unlicensed reprints of pulpit eloquence. When the writer adds that "there is seldom any very great demand for sermons, university or college lectures," he is so far right that in these, as in other kinds of literary production, the successful and popular authors are a minority. Still, both sermons and lectures are known to become fairly successful books. It is the fact that the greater part of Sir Henry Maine's works (for example) was first delivered in the form of lectures. An uncontrolled right to print the matter which afterwards became "Village Communities" from notes taken in Maine's lecture room at Oxford would have been a right of no small value. And the fact that no attempt was ever made to exercise such a supposed right is some evidence that no one at the time imagined it to exist.

I have made these remarks only for the purpose
of preventing misapprehension as to the existing law. But I wish to add that I am wholly adverse to the proposal of creating a new kind of performing right in the recitation of verses or prose already printed and published, and therefore already enjoying the protection of ordinary literary copyright. Where is this kind of thing to stop? Why should not Sydney Smith have had an exclusive "performing right" in his jokes and anecdotes? The author of "recitations" who wants to keep them to himself has only not to publish the text, a precaution quite consistent with privately printing any number of copies that may be convenient. He can then make his own terms with anyone who desires to use it.

Frederick Pollock.

II. Charges for Corrections.

I suppose all authors have their grievances against publishers. I have had mine. Yet, taking all in all, I must say that I have been well treated by my English publisher. My advice to young authors is—find a respectable publisher and stick to him.

But I have had a long-standing grievance against printers, and I wonder whether The Author can help me. Is there no means of checking the charges for corrections?

I know that in good printing offices there is a man specially appointed to check off charges for corrections. But, in spite of that, there must be something wrong in the system. The estimate one receives from a printer seems at first sight very reasonable. But when the bill comes, there are always high charges for corrections, for extrasmall type, for foreign matter, for reading and putting to press, &c., so that one has oftento pay twice as much as the original estimate.

Much seems to me to depend on the judgment and the good-will of the compositor in making corrections. If a few words are put in by the author, surely, with a little management, they could be squeezed in; some other words might be left out, or two paragraphs might be run into one. But if, instead of that, ten or twenty pages are disturbed, of course the bill is very much swelled. One line too much on any one page is looked upon as high treason in every printing office. But surely it would matter less than twenty shillings for re-making twenty pages.

I know quite well what compositors will say. Copy your MS., or have it copied and carefully revised, and then the charges for corrections will be next to nothing. My answer is, I am willing to pay what is reasonable for my own careless writing, and for my changing my mind at the last moment. But I do not like to see corrections treated as mere "fat."

F. Max Müller.

III. American Rights.

Before the collaboration of an American citizen can procure copyright, the following conditions must be borne in mind.

1. The American collaborator must not receive a lump sum for his share of the work, but must receive a portion of the royalty, i.e., he must have a continuous interest in the sale of the work.

2. He must be a bona fide collaborator. Some people suppose that it is sufficient for an American citizen to write a paragraph, or even a sentence only, put his name on the title page with that of the author, and that the copyright is secured. It is not so. In case of such a book being "pirated," he might be called to swear what he wrote before a judge, who would order the "pirate" to take out of the book the paragraph or sentence, or whatever the American wrote, and then advise the "pirate" to help himself to the rest. The collaborator must be able to swear that he is the author of the book quite as much as the European one, that there is not in the book a single sentence he did not approve of and sign, whether he actually wrote it or not.

3. The European author must have a contract with his American collaborator, in which the above conditions are set down; and a copy of it must be in the hands of the American publisher.

I think that all the good American publishers would tell you that I am right.

At any rate, these are the conditions on which I have published my "Jonathan and his Continent" in America; and the "pirates," knowing it, have not touched it—to the comfort of

Paul Blouët.

IV. The Raising of the Dead.

I have received the first number of The Author, and, on looking through it, it has occurred to me that our members might possibly be interested in the following personal experiences bearing on the question as to whether a book that has practically fallen dead can by any possibility be revived.

The work to which I refer was, on its first appearance, absolutely ignored by the London literary organs of opinion, and the sales in consequence fell, after the advertisements had ceased to appear, to about ten copies a year. This continued
for three years, during which time I left no stone unturned in my efforts to bring the book into notice. I sent copies to the number of thirty or more to such of our most eminent thinkers and writers as I deemed most likely to give it a favourable reception; at the same time sending second copies to the editors of the most important literary journals, soliciting a second inspection, and explaining in justification that the work had not been run off at the point of the pen, but had occupied ten years in preparation, and four in actual construction and writing. But the eminent writers, as was only to be expected in the case of a work sent to them in forma pauperis, replied by courteous acknowledgments merely; while my efforts to get a second hearing from the editors completely failed—with the exception of the editor of The Spectator, who, with his usual fair-mindedness, and a generosity which I shall not soon forget, at once gave me a long and complimentary review, expressing at the same time his surprise that the work had been allowed to fall through. But it was too long after publication to be of any service; the sales fell lower and lower; and it seemed as if the book would now slip quietly into oblivion.

Meantime one or two of the well-known writers, to whom I had sent private copies, had evidently glanced into the work, and had become sufficiently interested in it to express the opinion that something further ought to be done to try and revive it. After some consideration, and with the consent of the publishers, I determined on my plan of campaign, which was this: to bring out the unsold copies as a new edition; to reduce the price from 14s. 10½d. to 5s.; to write a fresh preface; and, most important of all, to concentrate and mass together in large advertisements the best extracts I could select from the various scattered notices which in the interim I had succeeded in extorting from more or less unwilling editors!

The effect of this new move was immediate and decisive. The whole unsold edition of some 700 or 800 copies went off at the rate of forty or fifty a month until it was exhausted; the demand increasing rather than diminishing at the time when the last copies were sold out.

The above recital, in view of the common tradition that a book, once practically fallen dead, cannot again be revived, seems to me to have some interest for young authors struggling against adverse fate; and it may perhaps be worth while to ask here to which of the above circumstances the resuscitation of the work was principally due. My own feeling is that it was due not to the reduction of price, for purchasers of that class of work are not much affected by its price, in the first instance at least; nor yet to the press notices taken singly, although these no doubt were exceptionally strong; but rather to their being massed together so as to catch the eye in large and glaring advertisements. At any rate it was on this theory that I acted at the time, and the event, it must be admitted, fully justified my anticipation. Now, that a work of a serious character, on a wide and all-important subject of human interest, and professing at least to add another story to the hitherto existing superstructures of thought on the same subject; that a book of this kind, I say, should have to save itself from extinction by methods suitable rather to the sale and success of some "Pears' Soap" or "Holloway's Pill," must give rise to considerations on the curious conditions of literary success at the present time well worthy the attention of all thinking minds.

J. B. C.

LITERARY PUZZLES.

THE Ballad of Bold Turpin is to be found in a volume called "Gaieties and Gravities," written by one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses." The "one," I believe, was Horace Smith. It was published in 1825, when Dickens was a boy of fourteen, by Henry Colburn, of New Burlington Street. It occurs in a sketch called "Harry Halter the Highwayman," in which two other efforts in verse also occur—the volumes, indeed, are crammed with verses, sprightly and jolly, and full of mad rhymes. The song, for instance, called "Bachelor's Fare" follows that of "Bold Turpin."

Funny and free are a Bachelor's revelries,  
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;  
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,  
Troublesome children and clamourous wife,  
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,  
Charms in variety fall to his share,  
Bacchus's blisses and Venus's kisses,  
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife like a canister, chattering, clattering,  
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,  
All bespattering, bumping and battering,  
Hurries and worries him till he is dead.  
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,  
Young ones are new devils raising despair;  
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,  
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days, once sweet holidays,  
Soon are embittered by wrangling and strife.  
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,  
All perplexing and vexing one's life.
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,  
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;  
Polly is squalling and Molly is bawling,  
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,  
Turning your temper and spurning your rule,  
Girls through foolishness, passion or mulishness,  
Parry your wishes and marry a fool.

Boys will anticipate, lavish and dissipate,  
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;  
Then tell me what jollity, fun or frivolity,  
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

QUESTIONS, CASES, AND ANSWERS.

Now that authors have a medium to voice their woes and, let us hope, their victories, we may look forward to many questions of interest being thrashed out. And, in order to set the ball rolling ever so little a distance, may I crave space to point out how—as it seems to me—authors can combine and gather strength even in their hours of ease?

In short, what is wanted is an "Authors' Club." There are many clubs in existence which are partly intended for literary men and largely patronised by them; but in every instance where the club is accessible to the mass, other interests have been introduced to the prejudice of literature and the literary profession. In one case, it may be the egotistic actor; in another, the æsthetic or impressionistic painter; in a third, that blight on society—the man who wishes you to remember that he is a tenor. These introduce an element which many authors feel to be jarring, if not actually antagonistic. The general desire is for a Lotos Eater's Land where neither jar nor antagonism is possible; what is really sighed for is "The Authors' Club."

Is not the profession strong enough to support such a club? Cannot the Society of Authors provide the men who will help to make it a success? Who will adopt the idea and give it their personal support and service? The financial details could easily be arranged, if a strong committee were appointed; and if the matter be mooted now, by the time that the evenings draw in and the days grow chill, "The Authors' Club" should be a fait accompli. A. M.

The following case is submitted with the conviction that it is not by any means an isolated one. A gentleman proposes to the Editor of a Magazine to write a short article on a new book, and the proposal is immediately accepted in writing. The article is sent in, and at the request of the contributor (who is leaving England for some months) the Editor shortly afterwards forwards him a proof of the article and a cheque at the current rate of remuneration. A letter of inquiry from the writer some months afterwards as to why the article has not appeared elicits no information, and it turns out that the article is not published. Has the contributor any claim in this case for the loss of that part of the remuneration which, it need hardly be said, may be indirectly of quite as much pecuniary consequence to him as the money-payment? In the case of a daily paper a review is, as we all know, liable to be crowded out by press of matter. But is the case of a magazine, that does not in a general way review books, on precisely the same footing?

As an aggravated instance of the business methods described under "Questions and Answers," No. 3, at page 9, of the May number of The Author, I offer the following personal experience. I sent a short story to the Editor of a fairly reputable and outwardly prosperous London periodical, no doubt regarded by its numerous readers as a marvel of enterprise and cheapness, enclosing, as I always
do, a stamped directed envelope for the return of
the MS. if not required. I received neither manu-
script nor answer of any kind. I wrote repeatedly
after waiting some months, when to my surprise I
heard quite accidentally through a friend who
recognised my nom de plume that my story was then
actually being published in the magazine I had sent
it to, and which I do not always see. I waited a
month or two and wrote for payment. I wrote
two or three times more, but from first to last
I never had a reply to a single communication. I
then got the Secretary of the Society to write, and
he very kindly did write a pretty strong letter con-
taining a plain threat of the legal proceedings;
that produced an interview with the editor, an
apology, and a cheque. The whole affair took
about a year. Now does anyone believe that if I
had not by the merest fluke found that the story
had been printed, I should ever have had the
money to this day? I do not. I may add that
others have had similar experiences in the same
quarter, and the periodical in question continues
to be a marvel of enterprise and cheapness.

M. O. H.

What is the true position of affairs in such a
case as this? An author (young, struggling, and
inexperienced) fires off a composition—say a short
story—at the editor of a magazine. He either
writes with it to say he "encloses a MS. and hopes
it will prove suitable," or writes his name and
address on the back of it, and sends postage
stamps for its return.

The editor "begs to accept it, and encloses a
cheque from the proprietors for £5."

A few years later, less young, and perhaps less
struggling, the author wishes to republish some of
his former efforts in a volume, or has a chance of
re-selling them, but is confronted with the difficulty
that he really does not know whether he has the
right to with regard to a story originally disposed
of as indicated above. He asks himself and other
persons, "Who has the copyright?" Has the
writer been employed by the proprietor of the
magazine?

Have they a joint ownership?
Has the author sold the copyright right out?
Or has he only sold "serial rights?"

Ought not all books to be dated on the title-
page with the year and month of publication?
Ought not reviewers to state the price of books
in reviewing them, and if not, why not?
Is a contributor on the staff of more magazines
than one justified in proposing an article on the
same subject to them all contemporaneously, and
if more than one accept, selecting the acceptance
which pleases him best?

Ought a reviewer to write more than one review
of the same book?
Ought a publisher's advertisements in his own
magazine to be charged to the author? And can
a publisher charge such advertisements to the
author without first obtaining his consent to an
expenditure which goes into the publisher's own
pocket?

In answer to your query I am detailing briefly
my own experience, and I understand that many
other authors have suffered similar treatment.

In 1882 I sent an article to "_______"
(a well-known monthly): it was accepted. It
appeared 17 months afterwards. I was paid, however,
directly it appeared.

In 1885 I sent an article to "_______"
(another well-known monthly), and I heard no
more of it. It may have appeared, or it may have
been lost. I have never seen it in proof, and I
have never been paid for it.

In this year I sent a short story to a journal with
a fair reputation and position. They cut it down,
and in so doing cut out a small episode—of itself
unimportant—to which reference happened to be
made twice later on in the story. That is, they
made nonsense of my work. They did not pay
until three months after printing the story.

In 1889 I sent a story to a daily paper. They
did not accept it or refuse it, or acknowledge it.
One day I saw it in print, and three months after-
wards I received most inadequate payment for it.
It appears, however, that I have no remedy.

A Scribbler.

I sent a story to a weekly journal. They printed
it without acknowledgment almost directly after-
wards. I wrote a second—not knowing the fortunate
fate of the first—and sent it to them. Then
I heard that the first one had been printed. I
wrote to ask for payment. They did not answer.
I wrote again. They did not answer, but printed
my second story. Months afterwards, with no
apology, I received a cheque for both of them.
If these people had accepted my first story in the
usual manner, I should have looked for it, and
if I had been paid for it at the rate I eventually
received for the two, I should have never sent them
the second story. I can get more from a daily
provincial paper and get my money promptly, as
well as have proofs sent to me for correction. The
paper was "_______."

A. E.
**AT WORK.**

This column is reserved entirely for Members of the Society, who are invited to keep the Editor acquainted with their work and engagements.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti is at present engaged upon an annotated edition of Shelley's "Adonais" for the Clarendon Press. It will contain a considerable amount of prefatory matter, and a long series of notes. Mr. Rossetti is also engaged upon a series of articles, bearing the title "Portraits of Robert Browning," which are appearing, with copious illustrations, in *The Magazine of Art*.

Mrs. Brightwen, who is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Selborne Society, is issuing a small book, entitled "Wild Nature Won by Kindness." It will be illustrated partly by the author, and partly by Mr. Carruthers Gould, and will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. T. Bailey Saunders has in the press "Counsels and Maxims," being the second part of Arthur Schopenhauer's "Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit." It is to be uniform with the "Wisdom of Life," the first part of the same work (Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co., 1 vol., 2s. 6d.). His translation of Schopenhauer's "Religion: a Dialogue," and other Essays, is going into a second edition.

Mr. H. G. Keene, C.I.E., is engaged in editing an Oriental Biographical Dictionary. The work—founded on materials collected by the late Mr. Thomas Beale, an assistant of Sir H. Elliot's—was originally brought out in Calcutta under the auspices of the Government of the North-West Provinces. As the editor was at a distance from the press, and his time was much forestalled by his official occupation, a good many clerical and typographical errors escaped attention; but the book was found useful by scholars, and is now scarce. Mr. Keene's edition, besides containing corrections of these errors, will also include considerable additional matter. It will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., and the price, to subscribers, will be 15s.

In the new edition of "Chitty on Contracts," now being issued under the auspices of Mr. J. M. Lely and Mr. Nevill Geary, there will be found (p. 665) a recently settled agreement for publication on commission, the author retaining his copyright. The agreement was settled by the Society of Authors.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge has in preparation a story entitled "The Slaves of Sabinus." The scene is laid in the time of Vespasian, and the book will be published in the autumn season. The seventh series of the "Cameos of English History," by the same author, is now appearing.

Mr. W. A. Copinger, F.S.A., the author of "The Law of Copyright in Works of Literature and Art," has now in hand a Bibliography of the various editions of the Latin Bible in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with full collations, and fac-similes of pages of the principal editions.

The life of "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania—a translation from the German (Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—contains numerous extracts from the illustrious lady's poetry, which have been gracefully rendered into English by Sir Edwin Arnold.

"Thomas Dain, the Memoirs of an Irish Patriot, 1840-1846," is also announced by the same publisher. The author is Sir Charles Gavan Duffy K.C.M.G.

M. Jusserand, author of "English Wayfaring Life," and an honorary foreign member of our Society, has revised and enlarged his work, "Le Roman au temps de Shakespeare," and a translation of it has just been issued (Mr. T. Fisher Unwin).

Miss Jane E. Harrison, author of "Myths of the Odyssey, &c.," has written an introductory essay, with archaeological comments, to Miss Verrall's work upon Ancient Athens (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.).

The Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D., of Cheltenham, has just published "A Winter on the Nile" (Hodder and Stoughton, price 6s.), containing the record of a tour up the Nile as far as the Second Cataract, with a sojourn at Luxor and a description of recent discoveries and antiquities at Bubastis and the Fayoum.

Marion Crawford's new book, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," will be published this month (Macmillan).

Mr. Edward Clodd's "Story of Creation" will be issued in a cheaper edition next month by Messrs. Longmans. An Italian translation will also be published in Rome shortly.

Mr. Edmund Gosse announces the first three volumes of an International Library, under his editorship (William Heineman). One is from the French, one from the German, and one from...
the Norwegian. A search is to be made on all hands and in all languages for such books as combine the greatest literary value with the most curious and amusing qualities of manner and matter. If such a search is only rewarded by a modicum of success a large body of readers should be placed under a great debt to editor and publisher.

A new edition of Lamb's "Adventures of Ulysses" will be issued shortly, edited by Mr. Andrew Lang.

The Open Court—a Chicago journal—is at present publishing a series of papers by Mr. T. Bailey Saunders, constituting a short critical review of recent theories on the Origin of Reason.

Miss Mary Rowsell is engaged upon a biography of Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby (the Lady of Lathom), (Vizetelly & Co.). The book is to form one of a series of Romantic Biographies. Miss Rowsell is also dramatizing her novel "The Red House."

Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G., Her Majesty's Consul at Oporto, author of "Portugal: Old and New," "Beyond the Seas," "Sylvia Arden," is working upon the final revise of "Round the Calendar in Portugal," a book dealing chiefly with rural life and rural themes in that country. The work is copiously illustrated by Miss Dorothy Tennant, Mrs. Arthur Walter, Miss Alice Woodward, Miss Winifred Thomson, Mr. Tristram Elles, Mr. Ambrose Lee, and the author.

Mr. William Sharp has written a memoir of the great critic to be prefixed to Sainte Beuve's Essays, which are announced by Mr. David Stott, as a volume in a new series, entitled "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors."

The latest volume of the Camelot Series, "Northern Studies," is by Mr. Edmund Gosse; the latest volume of the Canterbury Series, "Great Oder," has been selected and edited by Mr. William Sharp (Walter Scott).


"The Roll of the Highland Clans." This is a sheet somewhat similar to "The Roll of Battle Abbey," about 34 inches by 24 inches, on which is an inner scroll bearing the names of the principal cadets, the badge, and coloured specimen of the Tartan of each Clan. It has been prepared by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny, and is subscribed in a limited edition by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, at a guinea.

Dr. Beattie Crozier, whose book, "Civilization and Progress," met with such success last year, has in hand a book dealing with the Labour Question. The book will be a sequel to "Civilization and Progress," and will be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co.

Mrs. Kennard has begun a new novel in London Society, entitled "A Homburg Beauty." Her story, "That Pretty Little Horse-breaker," will run upon the Syndicate System with Mr. Tillotson, at the end of this year.

"John Strange Winter" will also employ the Syndicate System over her new novel. This will run as a serial in various newspapers from September to December.

Mr. H. J. B. Montgomery, author of "The British Navy in the present Year of Grace," is publishing some reminiscences of the Naval Service in the Naval and Military Argus. These will shortly appear in book form.

The names of subscribers to Mr. W. F. Smith's "Rabelais" are rapidly coming in. It is expected that the book will go to press almost immediately. The agent for The Author is Mr. A. P. Watt.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "A Conference of the Powers," which appeared in The United Services Magazine in this country, was also published simultaneously in America, Australia, and India.

Mr. Bret Harte is engaged writing a short story for a syndicate of newspapers.

Henry Herman is about to issue shortly "Between the Whiffs" (Arrowsmith). The book is a collection of theatrical anecdotes which have appeared in various journals.

William Werlah is writing a fifty thousand word romance for Lippincott's Magazine, which will probably appear in the August number. The title of it is "Roy the Royalist." It is mainly a romance of adventure, but in part historical. The interest centres round the siege of St. Jean d'Acre (1799), and among the characters introduced are Bonaparte, Sir Sidney Smith, and Ahmed Dgezzar, the famous Pacha of Syria.
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The suggestions offered in these pages contain, first, some of the elementary principles which guide honourable men in the administration of literary property. The writer next advances three cases, as illustrating the methods adopted by the Society. A copy of this pamphlet will be sent to any member of the Society by application to the Office, including two postage stamps.

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c. It advises authors as to the best publishers for their purpose, and keeps them out of the hands of unscrupulous traders.

d. It publishes from time to time, books, papers, &c., on the subjects which fall within its province.

e. In every other way possible the Society protects, warns, and informs its members as to the pecuniary interest of their works.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

The F. Council of the Society has been strengthened by the accession of the following names:— Lord Brabourne, Sir Henry Bergne, K.C.M.G., Messrs. Alfred Austin, R. D. Blackmore, James Bryce, W. Martin Conway, P. W. Clayden, Oswald Crawfurd, Marion Crawford, Eric Erichsen, G. R. Sims, and Edmund Yates. Of these gentlemen Mr. W. Martin Conway joins the Committee of Management.

The Third Annual Dinner of the Society was held on Tuesday, July 8th. The Chair was taken by Prof. Jebb. There were 200 present on the occasion. A full report will be presented with the next number.

A lady who wishes to be anonymous has offered to present to the Committee the sum of £30 annually for three years, to be expended in such a manner as may appear to be for the best interests of Literature. This offer of pecuniary assistance is a new thing of this year. It shows that the work of the Society is being understood and appreciated. Another sign of advancing opinion is that on the foundation of The Author a good many members came forward to give it a start. It is astounding how much may be effected even in such a Society as ours by means of the little cheque. We have never yet gone begging, but—. Meantime, there would be no pecuniary anxieties if we had two thousand members instead of six hundred, and if everybody would remember the modest annual obligation.

Amid the general mingled chorus of denunciation, exasperation, disappointment, satire, and disgust, caused by the loss of the International Copyright Bill, there has hitherto been lacking—what it specially behoves The Author to supply—some recognition of the noble efforts made by the leading men, the men of culture, in the Eastern States. These men have never rested, and are still active, in advocating by every means in their power the passage of the Bill. They include all the authors of America, all the honourable publishers, and a great number of editors. The opponents of the Bill are the ignorant Western farmers, who know nothing about literature, literary property, authors' rights, or anything else except their own local interests. The education of these men is a slow process; they take a great deal of time to grasp new ideas; the existence of authors is not suspected by them; the existence of authors' rights is absolutely unknown to them. But they are gradually being educated.

Let us consider our own case before we throw stones at the Americans. It is now five years since
this Society began its endeavours to educate the British world into the perception of the fact that there is such a thing as literary property and that it is a very real thing. We are not Western farmers. Yet we have not learned to grasp this one central fact any more than these honest members of Congress. Still the old ideas cling; still those who talk of literary property as if it was a real thing, like turnips, are regarded as madmen. Still the leading articles talk of the dangers and uncertainties of publishing. Still the old belief remains, that authors must take whatever their employers choose to bring them; still that old Bogey, "Risk," is trotted out to frighten us; still men continue to talk about the "generosity" of their publishers—as if writers were beggars, humbly holding out their hands for doles, instead of honest men demanding their just share in the proceeds of the work of their hand and brain. These ideas will slowly pass away. But meantime since they linger in this country, and are every day traded upon for their own purposes by interested persons, we cannot be surprised at an equal ignorance among the narrow-minded and half educated people who form the greater part of Congress.

Consider, again, a special case, recent and treated further on in these columns. There is a certain great Society called the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Its President is the Archbishop of Canterbury: its Vice-Presidents are other Archbishops and Bishops: its Publication Committee are all clergymen.

Now, not one of these illustrious men seems as yet to have grasped the simple truth that an author may be sweated as well as a needlewoman; and that in the purchase of literary property there are elementary laws of morality based on the Eighth Commandment. Not one, so far as I know, up to the present moment of writing, when their Society has been called upon to compare its methods of publishing with these simple principles of truth and equity, has, so far, by its silence, refused to do so, has boldly declared that he will no longer preside—or vicariously preside—over a great Corpora- tion, which, unless certain ugly allegations can be explained, seems to be little better than a Society of Sweaters for the greater glory of Christ.

With this illustration before them can the authors of Great Britain expect from an ignorant Western farmer a keener thirst for righteousness than they have found at home among the Societies of the Anglican Church?

As for what is said on International Copyright by newspapers in the Eastern States, read the enclosed from the New York Evening Post. It refers to the pirated edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

"A certain man went from Edinburgh to America and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his sheets, and electrotyped him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And a certain Doctor of Divinity passed by on the other side; and when he saw him he went over, and came where he was, and said unto him: 'How is it with thee, my friend?' And he answered him: 'I am in sore distress, for that I have been robbed of nearly all that I possess.' And the Doctor of Divinity spake and said: 'My heart is heavy for thee, my friend; but hast thou yet anything left?' And he answered him again, saying: 'Yea, the half of what I had is left me; but I am in fear lest my enemy return and carry off the rest!' 'Nay,' said the man of God, 'but if others are to have a cast at thee, I may as well come in for my share; but, for that I have great compassion on thee, I will leave thee a portion of what these wicked men have spared.' And, so saying, he took what pleased him of the man's goods, and having prayed upon him, gave him his blessing and went and prayed in the temple. Likewise a certain Pharisee, who was also a haberdasher and a man of letters, passed that way, voyaging from Washington by way of Philadelphia; and he came and looked on the man and saw that he was helpless, and heard his groans. And he also inquired of him what ailed him; and when he had heard his story he beat his breast and cried aloud: 'This is flat burglary, to take all that thou hast, and to leave next to nothing for me! Verily, I must protect myself against such wickedness, and must circumvent the doers thereof; since it is expected of me that when circumventing is to be done, I shall be there!' And with that he seized on the balance of the man's stock, and blessed him in the name of his peculiar god, and went his way. But a certain Government having on his breast a breastplate whereon was writ in letters of gold, 'In God We Trust,' came where the man was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and opened his wounds, and rubbed into them salt and vinegar, and set him on a wild ass of the desert, and put a bunch of nettles under the tail of the beast, and cried unto him: 'Away with thee, thou foreigner! What rights hast thou that I need respect? I care not twopence for thee or thy wrongs; and if ever thou darest come again, I will repay thee!'"
The point and moral of the correspondence to the readers of The Author should be that in future they should not allow themselves so easily to be drawn. Why should authors alone, of all professions, be asked to explain their methods? Why should they, when they are asked, be so ready to reply? For my own part, I fell into the trap, like my neighbours, but fortunately wriggled out again and did not explain my methods. In future, let us behave with greater reticence. Now what would be thought if some enterprising gentleman were to write to all the barristers in practice in the following terms?—

Dear Sir,

I must speak at last. There comes a time when silence is culpable. I have long considered you the most eloquent orator as well as the most accomplished and learned lawyer that at present adorns the Outer or the Inner Bar. I read nothing at all but your speeches; my wife reads nothing at all but your speeches. She takes them after early dinner; moreover, I have for a long time given my mother-in-law, who lives with us, and is now in declining spirits, nothing at all to read but your speeches; my children learn your speeches by heart. My youngest—Teany Wheeny, three—is now learning her alphabet out of your speeches. They are, in fact, deeply alphabetic. I am going to give a little lecture—just a little lecture—to one or two young people. I wish to call my lecture the “Art of Demosthenes, or the Ciceronian Bag of Tricks.” I desire above all things to strengthen it by a description of your own Bag of Tricks, oratorical and legal. Will you therefore kindly tell me where you picked up your method of oratory, and how you manage to seem to know so much law?

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient admirer and respectful worshipper,
Theophilus Swipe.

Now who would expect a barrister to answer this letter, or to take the least notice of the writer? Yet the authors, when they receive a similar letter, reply all together en masse, without, apparently, any exception.

There was, I learn, an exception. It was an American man of letters, and one of great distinction. He positively did not reply. It is not generally known that a certain fable of Aesop referring to a fox and a crow and a piece of cheese, was written for authors, who have so far failed to observe the moral. The following is a close translation of the fable in its first form.

Amid the leaves—the leaves of bay—
   The leaves they use for crowns—
The author sat, the livelong day,
   Above the common clowns;
Well skilled was he the crafty rhyme
   And artful plot to mix;
And in his hand he held, meantime,
   His precious Bag of Tricks.

“Oh! Master, Master, greatest, first—”
He heard, and blushed to hear—
“All other hands with envy burst—
I’ve seen ’em—that I swear.
Day in, day out, the week about,
Thy great works through and through,
I read and read—I do, indeed;
So do my children too.

“Tell me, sweet author, whom I love—
Ah! head so fitly crowned!
Thy place so rightly set above,
Tell me, sweet author, if thou wilt,—
Oh! condescend to tell—
How are thy tales romantic built?
How canst thou rhyme so well?

“Thy art, thy secret, and thy craft,
Confide—confide to me.”
The author smiled—the author laughed;—
Yet never a word said he.

“Oh! by the crown of glory grand
That on thy pale brow sticks—”
That crown to feel, he raised his hand
And—dropped his Bag of Tricks!

There is no moral to this fable in the original. But La Fontaine’s will do—

“Mon bon Monsieur,
Apprenu que tout flatteur
Vit aux dépens de celui qui l’écoute.’

The Daily News, which has always been on the alert to watch any step in the movement for International Copyright, reports a decision which may lead to very valuable results. It was delivered on June 25th, by Judge Shipman, of the United States Circuit Court. Three suits were begun some time ago by Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, and the Scribners, their American agents, against an American firm which had published a pirated edition of the “Encyclopaedia Britannica” from photographic plates, charging infringement of the American copyright laws because the republication contained articles written by Americans and copyrighted in this country by them. The defendants entered demurrers based on the general ground
that the publishers of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," in employing American authors to treat of American topics and then publishing their articles under copyright, thereby laid a trap for the American public and American publishers, and therefore a court of equity could not interfere to protect such a fraud. Judge Shipman overruled the demurrers, and declared that the assignments in no way permitted other parties to infringe authors' copyrights. This decision has been hailed with delight by the advocates of International Copyright, who regard it as the most serious check the piratical publishers have yet had. There are three photographic editions of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" now selling at about a seventh of the price of the authorized edition. The decision is likely to alarm the publishers, since, if sustained in further judgments, Messrs. A. and C. Black will bring suits against them for heavy damages.

"I have never yet had any disagreement with my publisher," said a well-known man of letters the other day. "Therefore, I have not joined the Society." The remark and the inference alike illustrate a common disposition to look on the Society as one which exists for the purpose of patching up or even of creating quarrels and grievances with publishers. That is not the case, of course, only one is well-nigh tired of repeating the fact. It suits certain persons who regard us with natural hostility to keep this delusionalive. The Society has no quarrel with publishers as such, and never has had any. It maintains continually that the services which publishers render to Literature are solid, and must be substantially paid for. The Society exists, however, mainly for the purpose of maintaining the rights, the sacredness, and the reality of Literary Property. Therefore it fights the battle of all authors, and should be supported by all who approve of its principles.

Briefly, they are these:

1. Literary property is created by the author, and belongs at the outset to him.
2. Literary property must be held as sacred as any other kind of property.
3. Literary property is ruled by the demand for a book just as colliery property means the sale of the output. And as the value of a colliery depends first on the output in tons and their price, so the value of a book can only be estimated with reference to the number of copies sold.
4. The author must not part with his property without due consideration, nor without understanding exactly what possibilities, as well as what certainties, he gives and what he receives.
5. What the author is entitled to, is, after payment of the cost of production and the publisher's agency and labour, all the remaining proceeds. This proportion of the returns is the property which he has to sell for a lump sum down, or to receive year by year.
6. The publisher has to be remunerated for his agency and labour out of the returns of the book in a certain proportion, which should be a fixed proportion recognised by both contracting parties and understood by both.

These principles have long been recognized by the French after a good fight, carried on by the Société des Gens de Lettres, an association of which ours is a successor and an imitator. But how, it may be asked, if publishers will not agree to the adoption, once for all, of an equitable arrangement? It is the task of the Society to create such a consensus of opinion on the subject as will cause all houses which desire to maintain a good name to fall in with the Society's views. It will also cause all authors of ability and reputation to insist upon equitable agreements. How, it may be asked again, about the unfortunate beginners and those who have no name? The scheme to be put forward by the Society will cover their case as well. But they must, first of all, be protected. And for this reason our pages are full of stories of the scoundrels who deceive and rob the literary beginner. Consider. Is there to be no protection for the weak? Is a pickpocket to get off with impunity because he has only stolen a girl's purse? The Council of this Society does not hold that opinion.

There are many who still maintain that sharks and thieves should be free to do as they please—devour and destroy—rob and lie with impunity, because ignorant and young literary aspirants ought to take care of themselves, and because most of their work is rubbish. In no branch of the industrial community should thieves be permitted to exist. And even if good quality of work were to be the condition of protection, we should have to protect a whole hundred because one of them—an unknown one—may have in him the gift of authorship. As a curious illustration of the growing change in opinion on this subject, it may be mentioned that in one of the most popular penny papers of the day, a paper which circulates by the hundred thousand, there lately appeared an article on "Bogus Publishers," written by one who knows the gentry and has served under them. The article might have been written in this office,
so true it is, and so complete in its details. Was it conscience or was it revenge which forced this experienced person to reveal the secrets?

"We have taken your new MS. on the old terms," said a certain small publisher recently. "Of course, however, you will not join the Society of Authors. In fact, we put a black mark against the name of every member of that Society." The writer of that work is a member. If this remark has been made to anybody else, let me hasten to point out that if this publisher were to put all the black marks he has got against all the names of all the authors, no harm whatever would be done because in such a case we should immediately find other publishers who would do the work of production and distribution quite as well, and in this case perhaps much better. Fortunately the public cares nothing who publishes a book; it is concerned solely with the contents. Plenty of men—hundreds and thousands of men—are willing and anxious to step into any trade by which they can make money. But to the marker in black—the black marker—we would point out very seriously that the Society itself can do a great deal more harm to a publisher than he can do to any individual member. We are now, he should understand, by no means a small, harmless, or a feeble body.

One does not like even the appearance of boastfulness, but the following little fact illustrates something approaching to power. There is a certain firm in this city of which it is sufficient to say that all the worst things ever alleged against the publishing trade may be brought together, and, with the greatest truth, alleged against this particular firm. We have for a long time kept work out of their hands, and we intend to go on doing so until they mend their ways. It was reckoned the other day, by one who has had the chief conduct of this business, that in the space of eighteen months or two years over £2,000 worth of work has been kept from these people, and that without reckoning on the chance of a big success among the authors kept from them. Now as writers learn more and more to distrust their own ignorance and to seek advice of those who know as to whom they should trust, this branch of our business will naturally increase and multiply.

My statement in last month's Author that there are fifty men and women who make a thousand a year by writing novels has been questioned. I have, therefore, taken the trouble to draw up a list, which, however, must not, for obvious reasons, be published. I find that I can enumerate almost off-hand more than fifty—Americans and English—who are called novelists by the world, and make over a thousand a year by writing, though the whole income may be sometimes derived from other kinds of literary work. I know the facts partly from experience acquired in the offices of the Society, partly from information. A note in the St. James's Gazette asks whether these works are worth the money. This question denotes some confusion of ideas. For what is the actual worth of a book? You cannot measure it at all by money. A successful novelist is one who holds the attention, commands interest, awakens emotions, amuses or terrifies, calls up tears or laughter, and brings brightness into millions of dull lives. This great power is not to be valued by money at all. If the St. James's critic asks whether the books really produce by their sale all this money, that is a very different question. They really do—and a very great deal more.

Here is an interesting little proposal. A "Graduate of Oxford," modestly hiding his philanthropic name, has conceived a theory that there are many poets, as yet unrecognized, who would like their "best" verses—only their best, mind—to be published. He invites them, therefore, to send him two or three short poems not exceeding in all 120 lines. With their best verses is to be forwarded a guinea. In return the contributor will receive two copies of a handsome volume in which—oh! Joy and Glory!—his own best verses will appear. It will be like bringing out the best china, or wearing the best clothes, or sleeping in the best bed room, all these things being among the innocent pleasures of our ancestors. "These," will say the glorified bard, "are my best verses; others I have, second best, for home consumption, and even third best, for washing day, but these are my best."

If the poet is to be made happy, what shall be said of the benevolent Graduate? His handsome volume contains, we will suppose, 20 sheets, or 320 pages, with, at the rate of three pages apiece, 107 contributors. He must print 214 copies at least. The cost of the volume will be about £35. Grateful to their Graduate, the poets will contribute £107. Net profit to the Graduate (besides gratitude, warmth of heart, and glow of virtue) £72. Who will say that he is overpaid?

The Society does not, as a rule, work for people who are not members, but there are occasions on which it is necessary to break this rule. One such occurred the other day when a young writer sent up a grievous case. He had been writing steadily for a certain firm, until their obligations amounted to a considerable sum. He therefore
wrote for a cheque. He received no answer. He wrote again—and again. There was still no answer. He wrote therefore to the Society. The firm were informed that if they preferred legal proceedings to paying their just debts, they could have them. They preferred, however, paying the author in full, with the statement that they had not received more than one letter of application. Now the firm will probably never take any more work from the young man. But this is the very best thing that could possibly happen to him. He will now try to get employed by some firm which does pay.

I give, after these notes, a brief résumé of a pamphlet addressed to the Publication Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. I have received other instances of their treatment of authors, even more flagrant than those quoted in the pamphlet. No answer has been vouchsafed to this pamphlet either by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Society, or by the Publication Committee. As this worthy body will not meet till October, further action in the matter is deferred until then, when I hope to parade a few more facts to delight the world with the "Christian" methods of dealing with other people's property.

Among the "warnings" which we publish every month in The Author, and every year in the "Annual Report," is one which cautions writers against signing any agreement, in which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, without consulting the Society. A little circumstance which happened a year or two ago, and was related to me the other day by a very well known man of letters, illustrates the necessity for this warning. It is what mathematicians call an extreme case—that is to say, we have never at the Society come across one quite so "extreme." Here it is:—A person had produced a MS. on a certain subject which she—it was a lady—wished to publish. She accordingly took it to a man whom she believed honest, and asked him if he would produce it. He agreed to do so if she would pay the whole cost of production. He sent an estimate of this. It amounted, according to his showing, to £120 for so many copies. She showed the estimate to a friend, who submitted the MS. to a printer. He offered to print and bind as many copies for the sum of £16—of course it was a very short manuscript. This was done and the work published. We have often seen the "cost of production" set down at double. But to multiply the actual cost by seven and a half shows an amount of enterprise which we could not previously expect.

WALTER BESANT.

"THE LITERARY HANDMAID OF THE CHURCH."

This pamphlet appeared in the third week of June. A copy has been sent to the President and all the Vice-Presidents of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The following is an abridgment of its contents:

"The Publication Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, in their Report for last year, announce that they will 'gladly receive any suggestion' which may enable them to make 'the venerable Society the most efficient literary handmaid of the Church of England throughout the world.'

"A Publication Committee has to do with Literary Property. It is therefore desirable first of all to lay down certain preliminary observations on the nature of Literary Property.

"(1.) First of all, it is very real property; it is subject to the laws which protect other people's property. It is what mathematicians call an extreme case—perhaps the most extreme case of all, that is to say, we have never at the Society come across one quite so "extreme." Here it is:—A person had produced a MS. on a certain subject which she—it was a lady—wished to publish. She accordingly took it to a man whom she believed honest, and asked him if he would produce it. He agreed to do so if she would pay the whole cost of production. He sent an estimate of this. It amounted, according to his showing, to £120 for so many copies. She showed the estimate to a friend, who submitted the MS. to a printer. He offered to print and bind as many copies for the sum of £16—of course it was a very short manuscript. This was done and the work published. We have often seen the "cost of production" set down at double. But to multiply the actual cost by seven and a half shows an amount of enterprise which we could not previously expect.

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he will take no more. If he pays an author a sum of money down, it is considered by this person only as an advance on what may become due to him afterwards if his work succeeds. He will not publish bad work, or work that will not succeed.

To have that publisher's name at the foot of a title-page is a hallmark of excellence. To be in his hands is to rest easy in the assurance that he will do the best for the book and be honest, that is, just, with the author.

"Where is that publisher to be found? Surely, we should look for him first in the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is a Society whose President is the Primate of all England; whose Vice-Presidents are all the Archbishops and Bishops; whose General Literature Committee contains nine clergymen out of twelve members; and whose three Secretaries are also Clergymen.

"There, if anywhere, should we expect to find the upright publisher.

"The second kind of publisher is he who belongs to a house well established and desirous to be considered as honourable. The distinction, let us remember, between the 'honourable' houses and those which are not honourable is well known and perfectly understood by all who have studied the business of publishing. Now when we divide publishing houses into those which are honourable and those which are dishonourable, there cannot, surely, be a doubt, or a question on which side we ought to place the Literature Department of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—the 'Literary Handmaid of the Church.' The gentlemen who form the Publication Committee shall themselves, if they please, when they have inquired into the conduct of their own business, answer that question, each in turn, after the manner of the House of Lords, every man his hand on his heart—

"'Upon my Honour.'

"The third class is that of the knavish publisher. These gentry, of whom there are many, are those who rob and cheat the ignorant author in every account that they produce, who cheat and lie in their statements of the cost of production, of the sums spent in advertising, in the moneys they have received, and, in fact, in every way that can suggest itself to the ingenuity of man.

"The fourth class is that of the sweating publisher.

"The Select Committee of the House of Lords, on the sweating system of which the Archbishop of Canterbury, President of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, was a member, reports that the first 'evil of the sweating system is 'A rate of wages inadequate to the necessities of the workers or disproportionate to the work done.' Let us accept this definition, and apply it to this class of publishers.

"The sweating publisher, then, is one who grinds down the faces of his unfortunate authors, who offers a miserable sum for work which is going to bring him in a hundredfold profit—who scruples not to toss an author a ten-pound note for his labour, and without a pang of shame or remorse makes £50 or £100 or £500 profit for himself; who knows no law but the cruel law of supply and demand, and recognises no other right in an unfortunate author but his right to receive meekly the highest sum that he can obtain.

"There are many of these people abroad. They deal largely with the productions of women. The sweater, it is well known, works more comfortably by means of women. They are helpless, they are ignorant of business, they are yielding; if they cannot be frightened they can be cajoled. And literary women, again, are timid about their own work, not knowing what amount of stability they have achieved or what is the extent of their popularity. Therefore the sweater can do what he pleases with them. If they venture gently to remonstrate, he bullies them; if they weep and entreat, he threatens. He enjoys making them feel that he is their master; he is never so happy as when he has them at his feet, humiliated and submissive. The sweater is always a bully as well as a sweater.

"He has got all kinds of excuses for his sweating. His first excuse—in fact, the words are seldom out of his mouth—is that there is perfect freedom of contract between himself and his authors. 'It is take it or leave it. Here is a sum of money, there is the MS.' That is all. There is no other consideration.

"Freedom of contract! It is freedom of contract when the wretched seamstress toils all day long—a day of sixteen hours—for 11d. or less. She is free to take it or to leave it. It is freedom of contract when the poor woman who writes for her bread submits a manuscript which has cost her weeks and months of labour; yes, and that of a kind which requires, before it can be produced, a pure heart, a lofty soul, a brain rich with knowledge and a glow with ideas, fancies, and a imaginings, and a trained hand. Such a woman is a most precious gift and blessing to the generation in which she lives and works. She may be a most potent force in the advancement of humanity. But she is also a most sensitive, and delicate instrument. And she has to deal with a sweater!

"He will toss her £10, £20, £30, £50, whatever it may be. And out of her book he will make to himself a profit of ten, twenty, fiftyfold.

"Freedom of contract! No greater mockery, no greater cruelty than to speak of such a woman driven to such necessities, as free to choose—free to accept or to reject. She is not free, she is the slave of the sweater."

After these preliminary considerations, the pamphlet quotes three several cases and describes the treatment received by the author in each, and the sums received.

In the first of these cases the Society bought, outright, the copyright of a small biographical work for the stupendous sum of £12! There was also a promise, as affirmed by the author, of future payment should the book prove "a success." What constitutes a success? The book is now in its seventh thousand—perhaps by this time in its eighth or ninth. The Secretary, while denying the promise, owns in his letters to a profit of about six times that of the author! This he states without a word of shame. Just as if it was a right and proper thing, a thing in accordance with the highest Christian ethics, that the Society should make this enormous proportion of profit!

In a second case, the author, a lady, wrote ten books for the Society. She received, on an average, £50 a-piece for them. They were historical books and works of fiction. Taking one of the books as an example, it is shown that if 6,000 copies have been sold this just and generous Society has made a profit of about £330 to the author's £50, i.e., £33 5s; so that taking the whole ten books the profits of this Christian Society seem to stand at sums of £2,739 to £415—the actual sum—given to the author.

"Who are the authors who write for this Society?

"I turn next to the list of authors. Setting aside the clergymen who have written religious books and still keeping to the department of belles lettres and fiction, I find among the writers hardly one single name of those who at present..."
stand in the first rank, of those in the second rank 'half a
dozen. The rest are wholly unknown and obscure. Why is
this? Why does not this venerable Society, with its enormous
prestige, its immense clientele, its unparalleled power of selling
books, command the services of the best writers? Have all
the authors of Great Britain and Ireland abandoned the
Faith of their Fathers? No bribe or rumour of so deplorable
an apostasy has reached my ears. How, then, can we
account for their absence?

"Is not the reason proclaimed—shouted aloud—by the facts
quoted above? Does the needlewoman continue in her
bondage when she has found a door of escape? Does she
return to her old employer unless she is compelled by famine?

"Let us, however, consider another imaginary scene. I see
before me a Society which has a department devoted to the
publication of books of all kinds; it defends, in the first in-
stance, the tenets and doctrines of the Christian religion, and
in the second place those of the Church of England. Besides
these books it publishes, on terms and methods prepared
with the most scrupulous attention to justice and righteous
dealing, a vast mass of general literature. It is an honour to
write for the Society; it is a voucher of the value of the work,
only to have the name of the Society on the title-page; no
books have so wide a circulation. Hither come the historians,
the scholars, the poets, the essayists, the novelists, the writers
on science, art, music, everything. All the 'best men
come to this Society. Its concern for literature contains all
that is best and noblest of the work of each generation.
Those who are authors by profession long to get into the lists
of the Society. If a clergyman of the Church writes such a
book as Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' it is to the Society that he
goes with it quite naturally, and as if it was the only thing
to do. If another writes such a book as Green's 'History
of the People,' it is to the Society that he offers it. If a
novelist has a finished work, it is to the Society that he takes
it. This Society leads all other publishers, and is an example
for them; fair and honourable dealing is rendered necessary
to all by the bright and shining example of the 'Literary
Handmaid of the Church.' Nor is the money received the
only thing. This Society, while it continues to defend the
Church, regards literature from a broad and comprehensive
point of view. The Church is better served by those who
write for men, than by those who write for girls."

This "Reply" to the invitation of the Publication
Committee of the S.P.C.K. has created a certain amount of interest, as was to be ex-
pected from the nature of the subject and the position of the venerable Society concerned. The
principles laid down in the pamphlet as to the Ethics of Publishing are simple, and will probably
command general acceptance by all but persons interested in keeping up the old fictions.

Among other letters received upon the subject is
one from a Bishop which so remarkably and so
fully (though in small space) illustrates a common
attitude of mind that I venture to quote from it.
His Lordship writes as follows:

(1) "I do not find any reason to suppose that
the publishing department of the S.P.C.K. is
act otherwise than other publishers."

One is sorry, indeed, that the Bishop thinks
so badly of other publishers. The pamphlet
shows some of the prices given by the S.P.C.K.
and some of the profits made out of the unfortu-
name authors. Now, the good Bishop would boil
with indignation were he to read or hear of
sweaters in other trades. Yet he can find no tear,
no sympathy, for the sufferings of the man or woman
who writes and is sweated.

(2) "Nor am I convinced that there is any
injustice in a publisher who has purchased
an author's copyright making a larger
profit on the particular work than he seems
to have paid for. All publishers risk losses
by books that do not pay, and take their
chance of profit or loss. The author will
not share the loss. He has made his own
bargain and receives the money. I do not
see that he is entitled to claim a share in
the gain unless indeed that is part of the
bargain."

The Bishop has here confused two or more
points of importance which should have been kept
separate. Let us divide the word.

a. No risk need ever be incurred by the S.P.C.K.
Let us repeat this over and over again, be-
cause of all the Bogies, Spectres, and Ghosts
ever raised by interested persons this is the
hardest to lay. No Risk. No Risk at
ALL NEED BE INCURRED BY THE S.P.C.K.
In the old days, in fact down to very recent
times, the business of publishing was specu-
lative and risky. It is so no longer. That
is to say, the area of the reading public is so
vast; the book trade is so enormous; the
demand is so varied; the knowledge of
markets and the demand is so much in-
creased, that no publisher who knows his
business need ever undertake a risk. In
other words, having regard (i) to the
literary worth of a MS. (ii) to the subject;
(iii) to the name of the author; (iv) to his
other words, having regard (i) to the
literary worth of a MS. (ii) to the subject;
(iii) to the name of the author; (iv) to his
own machinery—the publisher who knows
his business knows very well before he
consents to publish a book that he can
"plant" such a minimum number of copies
as will repay the cost of production, in-
cluding a certain profit for himself.

b. In the case of the S.P.C.K. their machinery
for the disposal of books is unrivalled.
They have shops and agents all over the
country; they have an immense number of
subscribers; and they have the invaluable
reputation of publishing only books that
are doctrinally "sound." Another reason
why the S.P.C.K. need never actually pub-
lish a book which results in a loss.

c. "The author will not share the loss."

First, there is, as I have said above, no
loss except such as is caused by an error of
judgment.
Next, apply this principle to other branches of production. A man makes a beautiful desk. He takes it to a shopkeeper who sells desks. The shopkeeper says, "My friend, this is an admirable desk. It should be worth three pounds to you. But as I was a fool yesterday, and bought a desk which is too bad for me to sell again, I can only give you thirty shillings. You must share in the loss."

The Lord Bishop's ears shall not be shocked by hearing the reply of that cabinet-maker.

The principles laid down by this Society are few and simple. For our part we contend that they are based upon a commandment which is read in the Churches every Sunday once and sometimes in the week.

It is contended by the defenders of the Society that they give away their books largely. Perhaps they do—but perhaps their gifts are not so very large. In one of the cases quoted the Secretary did not claim to have given away any away: he only owned that the profits made by the Society amounted to something like six times the sum paid to the author. Now to repeat the Archbishop's own definition, "The first evil of the sweating system is a rate of wages inadequate to the necessities of the workers or disproportionate to the work done." Six times the author's profit! Six times! My Lord Archbishop, late of the Committee on the Sweating System, will you produce that sweating cabinet-maker, that sweating shoe-maker, that sweating shirt-maker who sweats his workmen to the tune of a profit six times the men's wage? And there are other cases behind even worse than those quoted in the pamphlet which shall be produced in good time.

It remains to be said that as yet no reply at all to this pamphlet has been issued by the Publication Committee, nor has any answer been received by the author from the President of the Society.

THE GERMAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

As at present constituted the Deutsche Schriftsteller Verbund originated from a fusion of the old Schriftsteller Verbund (founded in 1878) and the former Schriftsteller Verein, a fusion which took place some three years ago, and it comprises now about 700 literary men and women of Germany, Austria, and German Switzerland.

Its objects are:

(a) To look after the members' interests as to their calling in general.

(b) To support them in case of need and in old age, as well as to provide for those they may leave behind.

The constitution of the Society under the Presidency of Herr Robert Schweichel in Berlin, is similar to that of the English Society of Authors, but it is at the same time sub-divided into branch societies at Berlin, Breslau, Hamburg, Leipsic, Frankfort-on-Maine, Munich, Stuttgart, Vienna, Prague, and Gratz.

Rather important factors in the working order of the General Society are:

(a) The "literary bureau," a kind of agency established with a view to placing literary work of the members, to providing situations (in editorial offices, &c.), and to find out pirated reprints.

(b) The "Syndikat," under a lawyer, to give advice gratis on all questions regarding their literary interests.

(c) Courts of Arbitration, settling any disputes between the members who, it must be remembered, consist of editors as well as contributors, and even as regards publishers, I should think he would be a rash man who would not readily submit to it.

The official organ of the Society is the "Deutsche Presse," which comes out weekly.

All this may look satisfactory enough, but I am afraid I must add that all is not yet in such perfect working order as it might be, and I feel sure, one day—will be.

As a special feature of our Society, however, I should like to mention also the facilities for social intercourse afforded thereby, and which by drawing kindred—or may be sometimes even the reverse—spirits of the same calling together, constitute perhaps the greatest advantages of all. There are not only frequent meetings all through the year of the members of the different branch societies—some having even special "Vergnügungs" Committees for arranging entertainments, excursions, &c.—but once a year a particular place is chosen, to which a goodly number of the members always flock from all sides for several days' fête, and of course for the transaction of some important business of the Society. The place chosen for this summer is Breslau, and if you, or any of your members, should like to have any further information on the "Schriftsteller Tag" of this summer, I should be happy to give it as soon as the programme is out. If any of the members of your Society should be anywhere near Breslau at the time and care to be present at the gathering, I feel sure they would be heartily welcomed by my friends in Germany.

Wilhelm F. Brand.
A HARD CASE.

No. III.

This was certainly a hard case, but it was also one where the author's negligence largely contributed to his own mishaps. For this was a publishing transaction undertaken without any agreement at all.

The publisher approached the author with regard to the production of a technical work. According to his proposal the author was not only to contribute to the work, but was also to obtain and edit the other material necessary, and to pay towards the cost of production of the first edition £150; it being understood that all other monies necessary for the issue should be found by the publisher. Any profits that might result were to be equally divided between the author and the publisher. These terms, however, were never embodied in any agreement.

It is easy to see what they might mean. When the cost of production is left entirely in the publisher's hands, he can make it as high as he likes. He can make it as low as he likes. He can advertise to what extent he chooses. He need not even advertise at all. He can receive money for advertisements to be inserted in the work—it was an annual of the nature of an almanac, appealing to a very large body of scientific men, and especially likely to be used as a medium of advertisement by many tradesmen—and he can settle the scale at which such advertisement shall be charged for. He can print as many, or as few copies as he chooses. He can, in fact, if he pleases, put off the author's chance of a share of profits indefinitely, because it is in his power so to manage matters that there shall never seem to be any profit to share. He can, almost without fear of detection, add what sums he likes to the various items of the cost of production; he can receive from tradesmen and from advertisers whatever commission they may choose to give him: he can, in fact, so arrange a system of secret profits for himself, that he shall receive at least six times as much as the author, even should he allow the author ever to receive anything at all. Of course he would always and in all cases do such things at the risk of a law-suit or a criminal prosecution, and, if the author had provided himself with an agreement, having in it a clause giving him the right to demand an audit of the account, with the examination of the actual charges incurred by the publisher, it is clear that the publisher—though as unjust as the steward of Scripture—would not be able to render "cooked" accounts.

Whether or no some such "cooking" took place in the case before us, cannot be certainly stated, but the publisher asserted that the first three annual editions only just covered the expenses, so that there were no profits to divide, while it came to the author's ears that considerable profits had really been made. He then directed his solicitors to apply for a statement of accounts.

Then a strange thing happened. The publishers wrote repudiating the author's claim on the ground that they had nothing to do with the matter at all! They were, they said, only issuing the annual on commission for another gentleman—naming one of their own employés, whose Christian name was partially, and surname entirely identical with those of the head of the firm—and that to him all application for redress must be made. They reminded the author that all the correspondence concerning the business had been transacted between himself and this gentleman, who had, it appeared, represented himself as the firm.

Shortly afterwards the publishers went into bankruptcy. The trustees then communicated with the author, telling him that the accounts of his publishing transaction with the bankrupts were open to his inspection, but refusing to recognise his claim against the estate upon the grounds alleged by the bankrupts.

Considerable profits were then found to have been obtained upon the first three editions. The employé, whom the publishers declare to be their client, and responsible to the author for the author's share of profits, then wrote and denied his liability. He asserted that the book was issued by the firm, and not by himself, and that it was ridiculous for the firm to attempt to set up such a plea. He promised to give the author every assistance in his power, and, further, said that the accounts opened for inspection did not reveal the true state of the case, but that the profits were really larger than they were there made to appear.

There was nothing to be done. The offenders were bankrupt, and the author had no agreement whereby to substantiate his claim.

The want of a proper agreement has often, to our knowledge, been the source of great loss to an author in various ways, but this is the only case that has come before us in which the author was not able to prove with whom he had made a contract, having no written contract at all to show.

This book, treated with such a contemptuous want of formality, seems to have been a fairly valuable property. Would the author have allowed a pig-stye of his to be hired of him without knowing who his tenant actually was, and without taking the trouble to record on paper the terms of the transaction?
It remains to be stated that the author, who only came to the Society when he thought it might help him, retired when he found that nothing could be done for him. This was, in fact, a Hard Case for the Society. There have been many such, of writers who keep aloof till they are in trouble, then get proposed and elected, pay the first year's subscription, sometimes entail upon the Society legal expenses amounting to many years' subscription, and then resign.

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LA FÉDÉRATION DU LIVRE.

To the Editor of The Author.

I have read the "Literary Handmaid" with much interest; the correspondence in the Guardian I had seen at the time. I hope the Authors' Society will keep up the discussion, and give an eye also to other Religious Societies, which I do not imagine to behave much better to their authors than the S.P.C.K. This question of the duty of charitable or religious institutions, as employers of labour, is not new; it must be thirty years or more since the Bookbinders' Union appealed to the dignitaries at the head of the Bible Society not to cheapen Bibles to such a point as to make them hateful to the starving folders and sewers. But in those days good people were afraid of labour questions and the operatives got no satisfaction.

Has it occurred to you that in this matter the author, the printer, the binder—and even the ink and paper-makers—are more or less in the same boat? The unprincipled publisher, who grows rich by grinding the faces of poor authors, also has his binding and printing done cheap by the houses which the Workmen's Unions call "unfair." And these employers of cheap labour undersell liberal publishers, and make it more difficult for them to deal fairly by all grades of book producers.

Now as authors—I won't say are—but are supposed by an indulgent public to be—a superior race of intellectual beings, would it not be appropriate for them to take the initiative in organizing the industry with which they are connected de fond en corble, in a reasonable and righteous manner? Should we not have a better position, as regards the public, when trying to convince the "Literary Handmaid" that the labourer is worthy of his hire, if we spoke on behalf of all those who get their living by assisting in the manufacture of books as well as in the interests of the writers? Is it even fair for the author to take a high moral ground and lecture the publisher on his duties unless he himself is careful not to have any share in the profits of iniquity?

But unless there is some concert and co-operation between authors and operatives, through their respective organizations, how can the most scrupulous writer be secure against a partnership in the very evils, perhaps denounced in his book? At present there is nothing to prevent authors who, by position or principles ought to be most secure against such dangers, from falling a victim to them. There must be something rotten in the state of the book trade when it is possible for the works of a great and honourable writer to be printed at—what the mass of workmen call—an "unfair" house; or when the journal of a certain most illustrious Authorress (who does not depend for maintenance on her pen) narrowly escapes causing a strike among the women sewing it. (The book referred to was on extra thick paper, and the firm of binders employed by the publisher refused to pay extra on this account; the sore fingers produced by the hard work required in a short time are still well remembered in the trade.)

On the other hand, supposing the printing trade to be hampered by any unreasonable or ignorant prejudices among the operatives, who could mediate with more effect than writers, who have an interest in cheap printing, controlled by the conscientious desire to secure fair wages throughout the trade?

Some slight approach has been made in Paris towards recognizing this natural solidarity among all workers in the book industry. I do not know whether the Société des Gens de Lettres is in any relation with the Fédération du Livre, which last year had between 5,000 and 6,000 members in Paris, including, besides ordinary compositors and bookbinders, highly-paid lithographers and various classes which have not yet learnt to act together in England.

In the printing trade the State is not a better employer than the Church, and while State, Church, and competing private publishers continue to enforce the "Law of elevenpence ha'penny," what avails it for one eloquent author to lift up his voice against it?

No doubt some people will say, authors have enough to do to fight their own battles without troubling about the operatives, who can take care of themselves.

But it is often easier to do a big thing than a small one. Suppose there are six sets of workmen employed in turning out a book, including the humble functionary who writes it. Each of the six has to do with an employer or entrepreneur, with an interest in keeping down his wages; and all six, author included, are more often defeated...
UNAUTHORIZED PUBLICATION OF SERMONS.

I.

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK in your June number criticises my note on "Copyright in Lectures" which you published in May. I hope you will permit me, as the writer of the note, to point out that the common law only gives protection to lecturers so long as their lectures are not published by being publicly delivered. This protection is afforded by the Courts in a practical way by issuing an injunction against infringers. But directly there is publication (as when a clergyman preaches a sermon in church or a public lecture open to all without condition is delivered) the common law protection is at an end, and the lecturer is left to such protection as the statute gives him. I am glad of an opportunity to make this distinction clear, although as my note only referred to public lectures I did not before allude to the common law rights in unpublished lectures.

Sir Frederick Pollock cites the case of "Caird v. Sime" (12 App. Ca. 326) but it was there held by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Watson (Lord Fitzgerald dissenting) that Professor Caird's lectures to the students of Glasgow University were not public but private, and that, therefore, he was entitled to a "perpetual interdict" against their publication. Moreover, Lord Watson in his judgment remarks: "On the other hand I do not doubt that a lecturer who addresses himself to the public generally without distinction of persons or selection or restriction of his hearers has, as the Lord President observes in this case, abandoned his ideas and words to the use of the public at large." The preamble of the Statute 5 and 6, Will. IV, c. 65, runs:—"Whereas printers, &c., have frequently taken the liberty of printing and publishing lectures delivered upon divers subjects without the consent of the authors, &c., to the great detriment of such authors, &c." This, I suppose, was true. As Lord Watson puts it in "Caird v. Sime," the purpose of the Act is to secure their right of property to the authors of such lectures, notwithstanding their having been published by delivery. Nor are all University, &c., lectures private, for, as Lord Watson was careful to add, "there may be lectures delivered within the walls of such institutions which do by their delivery become public property just as there may be others which do not." It was pointed out by the Copyright Commissioners, 1878, that these are denied statutory protection. It was, as Lord Fitzgerald observes in his dissenting judgment in the same case, thought desirable by the House of Commons of the day that these lectures should remain public property, and that their authors should be denied statutory copyright.

My authority for the statement that "a lecturer is powerless to prevent unauthorized re-delivery," is in the Report of the Copyright Commission, 1878, pp. xvi, xvii. "The present Act of Parliament," the Report runs, "which gives copyright in lectures, seems only to contemplate one kind of copyright, namely, that of printed publication, whereas it is obvious that for their entire protection lectures require copyright of two kinds, the one to protect them from printed publication by unauthorised persons, the other to protect them from re-delivery." The Report goes on to suggest that an author's copyright should extend to prevent re-delivery. If the Commissioners are right, I am correct in stating that "there is no such thing as" performing right "in a species of literary production in which this may be really valuable."

Sir Frederick Pollock further remarks:—"Therefore, a person acting on the commentator's opinion that sermons 'seem to be clearly public property,' would be more likely to make practical acquaintance with the nature and operation of an injunction than to make his fortune by unlicensed reprints of pulpit eloquence." But I contend that it is a fact that the piracy of pulpit eloquence is a systematic, and, perhaps, a profitable trade. Lord Eldon, in Abernethy v. Hutchinson [3 L. J. (Ch.) 214], distinguished the case of a clergyman as one in which there was no remedy by injunction, and Copinger remarks (Law of Copyright, p. 35), "it would appear that sermons by Clergy of the Established Church,
in endowed places of public worship, are deemed public property.” The Bishop of Peterborough, to whose case I referred, in complaining of the unlicensed publication of his sermons by the Editor of the Contemporary Pulpit, remarked (Times, June 14th, 1888):—“I am aware that for this kind of literary assassination an unhappy preacher has no redress; he is completely at the mercy of penny-a-liners and enterprising editors who make ‘pernicious nonsense’ of his discourses, and then vend them for their own gain.” A story is told of the late Canon Henry Melvill to the effect that, on one occasion, he paused in the middle of a sermon, and exclaimed, pointing an indignant finger at a reporter, “There is a thief. He is stealing my property.” Sir Frederick Pollock writes with authority, but it is more than singular that an injunction was never sought by any injured and outraged preacher; and I venture to think that the explanation is to be found in the fact that sermons, like public lectures, are, in Lord Eldon’s phrase, “communicated urbi et orbi by the mere act of delivery.”

W. Morris Colles.

II.

The point is certainly unsettled. I have little doubt that a generation or two ago Mr. Colles’s opinion was the commonly received one. But, in addition to disclaiming any pretension of writing with authority myself (which would be superfluous if I were writing for lawyers only), I may point out that there is no real authority on the other side. The opinion of the Copyright Commissioners could not be referred to in a Court of Justice, and the dicta in Caird v. Sime are extra-judicial, not being at all necessary to the decision. It may be a long time before we get a legislative declaration, and meanwhile case-law can be improved only by those who have the courage to dispute current opinions. Many opinions quite as current as this, and having more show of authority, have been overruled in our own time. There would be a fair chance, to the best of my judgment, of inducing the Court of Appeal to throw on the unauthorized reproducer the burden of proving an unlimited dedication to the public. I do not know why authors should acquiesce more than other men in that view of a doubtful point which is least favourable to themselves, and I only wish the Bishop of Peterborough had been advised to stand in the breach. At all events the author who publishes a revised text of his discourse has the protection of ordinary literary copyright for his additions and corrections.

F. P.
plexed, and occasionally angry, correspondents, who ask, "Did you really say this?" "Can it be possible that you said that?" and of having to write to each one an assurance that I never said "this" or "that," and an explanation—sometimes a long one—as to what I really did say.

I know that these complaints of mine will fall—so far as enterprising editors are concerned—upon deaf ears. Preachers are their natural prey and diet. But, as a matter of common honesty, I think it only due to any intending purchaser of this particular "Magee Extra" to apprise him that, if he expends upon it the sum of sixpence, he will get for his money a good deal more of the "Extra" than of the "Magee."

I am, Sir,
Faithfully yours,
W. C. Peterborough.

Palace, Peterborough, June 11th.

IV.
[Reprinted from The Times, June 25th, 1888. By permission of the Bishop of Peterborough.]

To the Editor of The Times.

Sir,

The editor of the Contemporary Pulpit alleges that "misunderstanding has been caused" by my not having "communicated with him" on the subject of his "Magee Extra," about which I lately wrote to you. I confess that I see no reason why I should have communicated with him on the matter. The injury of which I complained—namely, the publication of a volume of sermons as mine without my consent or knowledge and without any correction or revision from me—was done and could not be undone by means of any communication of mine to the doer of it. It seems to me that it would be as reasonable to expect me to "communicate" with a person who had assaulted me in the street in order to prevent any misunderstanding that might arise from my giving him into custody. Might I suggest to the editor of the Contemporary Pulpit that previous communication, in either of these cases, from the intending assailant to his intended victim, would be the more reasonable course of the two? It would prevent some pain to one of the parties concerned, and a good deal of trouble to both.

I hasten, however, to correct, as far as possible to make amends for these "misunderstandings" that I have caused. I was "mistaken," it appears, in thinking "that my sermons were reprinted from the Contemporary Pulpit." That periodical, it seems, is none of your "penny dailies," nor six-penny weeklies ever. It is nothing less—so please you—than a quarterly, which "publishes every quarter full reflexes of the best preaching of the day"—obtained in my case, at least, by printing off a bundle of uncorrected newspaper cuttings—edited with no greater pains or cost than is implied in the use of the scissors and the paste pot. I admit and apologise for my ignorance as to the rank and dignity of this youngest of the "quarterlies." Possibly, however, some of the editor's elder brethren may think that, under the circumstances, and for the credit of the family, some apology is due to them from him. I was also wrong, I am told, in believing that the editor was guilty of the weakness of allowing me to revise the proof of even one of my sermons. As a matter of fact, I did not assert this. I gave him the benefit of the doubt, and said that this was done either by him or "by some other editor." I admit, however, my mistake in crediting him with even this small amount of fairness and courtesy, and I apologize accordingly.

Having now, I trust, sufficiently explained my "mistake," I proceed briefly to comment on the remainder of the editor's letter. He is evidently a person who, in conducting his business, is in the habit of "supposing" a good deal. For (1) he "supposed" (he does not say why) that I revised all the reports of my sermons for newspapers in which they appeared. (2) He "supposed" that the necessarily hurried and rough correction of reporters’ errors and mistakes of the Press, which alone is possible in such a case, was really equivalent to the careful revision and to the supply of omitted passages which a preacher might not unreasonably desire to make in a re-publication in a permanent form of newspaper reports of his sermons. (3) He "supposed" that I had no "intention of publishing these sermons myself." For, as he assures us that it is his rule in such a case never to publish, and as he certainly never said a word to me on the subject, he must have either taken for granted that I had no such intention, or he must have "supposed" that it was my business to notify such intention to every religious editor in the country, and that failing such notification they were free to publish the sermons on their own account.

In the next place, I observe that this editor measures out his civilities to preachers in the same way that railway servants are sometimes accused of measuring theirs to railway passengers—namely, according to their rank. To a "more eminent preacher" than myself, it seems, "any terms" for the right to publish his sermons revised and corrected by himself. To second class preachers like myself he offers no terms whatever,
and no opportunity for revision or correction. He roundly claims the right to republish our sermons as a literary speculation, uncorrected and unrevised, when and how he pleases, unless, indeed, we inform him beforehand of our intention to publish them for ourselves. How he treats third-class preachers I hardly dare to imagine. It may be that he does not publish their sermons in any shape. If so, I should be infinitely obliged to him if he would henceforth put me in the third class. Probably, however, if we had the opportunity of interviewing the eminent preacher above referred to, he would tell us that, having been offered the uncomfortable alternative either of devoting much valuable time and pains to revising and correcting his sermons for another man's profit, or of allowing them to go forth unrevised, he chose, as the least of two evils, the latter course. So should I, were I given the choice, of which, however, it appears I am not worthy.

The editor adds that "it is impossible for him to yield to any further claim of mine." Let me assure him that I made and make no claim upon him whatsoever. I fully anticipated, as I said in my former letter, that any claim of mine on him, either for justice or mercy, would "fall on deaf ears." Preachers are, as I said, "the natural prey and diet of religious editors;" and I have never heard that the carnivorous animals are much affected by the sufferings of the creatures upon which they dine.

All that I claimed was the right to disclaim all responsibility for the "bald, disjointed trash," which he has published as mine, and to warn intending purchasers of it as to what they would get for their money.

One word more on the general subject. I make no complaint of reporters. They do their best, often under very difficult circumstances, and it is no discredit to a country reporter if he is not as deft and practised as one of the staff of The Times, nor so well skilled in divinity as to qualify him for detecting doctrinal misstatements in his reports, which nevertheless may be distressing to a preacher. Nor do I in the least complain of the editors of local newspapers for publishing such reports. I am not so absurd as to expect that editors of newspapers should send me, even if it were always possible to do so, the proofs of my sermons or speeches, and still less that they should find space, to the exclusion of other matter, for sermons in extenso. I am quite content in this respect to share "neighbours' fare," and to suffer, as every public speaker must, the passing annoyance of some misquotation, which I can correct, if I care to do so, in the next day's paper, or the suppression of what I might wish had been published, but which the editor, probably quite rightly, thought might not interest his readers. I know that all such reports will, in a day or two, find decent interment and oblivion in the common grave of speeches and sermons, the back files of old newspapers.

But it is quite another matter when some religious editor exhumes the mangled corpse, labels it as mine, and displays it in an exhibition, "admission sixpence," in order that he may turn what I suppose he calls an honest penny at my expense. To protest against this may appear to the editor a "claim" so outrageous that he "declines to comment on it." To me it appears a perfectly just and reasonable protest against a practice which I had rather not describe by its proper name.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. C. Peterborough.

The Palace, Peterborough, June 22nd.

THE INAUTHORATED CORPSES.

Two Congresses, fifteen Legislatures, one House of Commons, and several hundred newspapers had sat upon the question of International Copyright for years; and nothing beyond pirated editions were ever hatched of it. As the honourable member for Lower Idaho pointed out in Congress: "If we can hike down the fruit of the centuries from the moss-gnarled trunks of an effete civilization over the sea, why in Paradise should we pay a dollar for a book when we can hook it for a dime? Let the good work go on." In England every vestryman knew that there were no votes to be obtained from authors, and no one could quite understand what it was the gang wanted, or why they should actually own what they had "made out of their heads, y'know," and the situation crystallized itself into a round game of grab. The American publishers began by giving an English author ten pounds for advance-sheets of a book which they brought out for fifty cents. Then the Sad Sea Wave Library would undercut the first firm, and produce a thirty cent edition; and last of all the "Bowery Bloodsucker Serials" would set a muzzy German to abridge and adapt the book and would issue the mutilated fragments for a dime or ten cents. When a man had taken some trouble over his book and put perhaps one or two ideas into it, and was feeling happy, his friends would post him American variorum editions of that book to make him happier. Later
on the American publisher discovered that it was not worth while to pay the author for advance-sheets at all. The syndicates established an agency for appropriation, and their agents moved among the English printing-houses and turned the handle of a printing press four or five times more than was necessary, and went away with the advance-sheets. That was called Enterprise, and it made both the British and American reading public laugh.

Then the authors borrowed some writing-paper and wrote a petition to Parliament asking that the fight might be made if not a fair, at least a free one. They respectfully prayed that all the laws were on one side, but, they said, if the matter of copyrights were left to be fought out by such instruments as your petitioners' resources allow they would ever pray, &c. Parliament being then extremely busy with a new scheme for Local Self-Government in Cornwall (which county had discovered that it was Phoenician and not British), said, “Let it be law as it is desired,” and it was law.

Three days after it came into effect, the London representative of the great “publishing” firm of Fibbs and Glew met an author-man by appointment in the former's rooms.

“How is the Legend of the Spotted Death getting on?” said the representative, with a grin.

“Gone to press,” said the author. “What are you going to do about it?”

“Nothing much. One of our men photoed the MS. page by page in the office, with a button-hole camera. I've mailed the enlarged films to America, and I guess we've got the drop on your English firm this time.”

“But I'm going to knock the thing about in proof a great deal,” said the author. “There's more bad work in the last chapter than I care to think of.”

“I can't help that,” said the representative. “We must be first in the market if you wrote a revised edition of the alphabet with twenty-six misprints. However, we've dealt with you from way back. Here's a tenner. Take it or leave it.”

He turned to his desk to get the money. When he faced round he was looking directly down the barrel of a .440 Derringer. His hands stiffened above his head, the bank note in the right fist.

“Who has the drop now?” said the author. “It's a fair fight at last—with such resources as we can command. Keep your hands up, please.”

“Don't be an ass,” said the representative. “This isn't a theatre.”

“Quite right. It's a court of law. Understand, I'm not in the least angry with you. You had a perfect right to steal my work, which is about all the property I have or ever shall have. You were entitled to insult me with the sort of "tip" his uncle gives to a boy going to Eton, as well as to make hay of my sentences to suit your convenience. There was no law, and so you reverted to the primitive man. Quite right. Now you're going to learn the law just as a horse-thief in Idaho learns it—through fear of death and physical pain.”

He took the bank note from the uplifted hand. “Lie down on the hearth-rug with your hands behind you. I'm going to take all the money I can find in the office. Drop!”

The representative obeyed, and the author made investigations which repaid him for two years' sales of unauthorized editions.

“Now it's not safe,” he concluded, “to leave you with a fighting hand. I should be within my right if I killed you as your countrymen kill horse-thieves. And let us be moral. Why do they kill horse-thieves?”

“Because,” said the representative, his face on the hearth-rug, “the assumption is that when you steal a horse you dismount a man, and the man may die in the wilderness.”

“Exactly. How do you know where I wish to ride on these my books, and why do you try to dismount me before I dismount myself?”

“There was no law,” said the representative.

“The law has come now. It's primitive for the nineteenth century, but I think it will work. Hold your right hand over the fender-rim; I don't want to spoil your carpet. There! Through the right wrist. That will cripple you for life. If you can shoot me with your left next time we meet, well and good. Then you can go on stealing without fear. Let me tie your hand up. We must all learn the Law with pain and sorrow. Good bye!”

The author departed while the representative lay fainting with his head in the fender. He came of a nation eminently just at heart, so he brought neither a civil nor a criminal suit against the author, but went to the very best doctor and the best gunmaker in all London, and made arrangements to bring out an edition as soon as possible of that author—in boards—limited to one copy.
LEAFLET No. III.

ON PAYING FOR PUBLICATION.

THOSE who pay for the publication of their works are young poets, travellers, novelists, essayists, and clergymen who bring out their sermons. The number of poets who at the present moment can dispense with the ceremony of pre-payment for publication is certainly small, probably not more than eight or nine. And there appears no indication of an immediate increase in their number. The handsome illustrated books of travel appear also, for the most part, and judging from the agreements sent to this Society, to be largely paid for by the author, who is asked to "guarantee," that is, to take and pay for, at a certain price, so many copies. The greater number, however, of those who pay for the production of their books are novelists. Now in the year 1889 there were 828 new novels published and 353 new editions of novels. (Let us here remark that both writing and publishing of novels ought to be in a healthy condition since so many new editions are called for.) Out of the 828 new works of fiction at least one-half are children's books or goody books, of which the output is enormous. Of the remaining half between two and three hundred are three volume novels; the rest are either six shilling one volume novels, or shilling stories. In any case at least two-thirds, and perhaps three-fourths, of this long list of novels are books paid for by the author.

The following is the invariable process. The author has written the book—perhaps with immense pains and trouble; perhaps he has "dashed" it off at odd moments when there was nothing else to do. In any case the MS. is at last ready. The writer of it now begins to send it round. He looks at the advertised lists of books. He selects a firm: if he is wise, he begins with a big house: and he sends off his manuscript. He then waits with a beating heart for a reply. Presently he receives a polite answer declining the work. He tries another publisher with the same result. And a third—being rejected again. At this point he generally commits a fatal error. For, if he were a wise man, he would argue that (1), these firms all ardently desire to publish good work which they can sell; that (2), the fact of their refusal to publish his work shows that it lacks at least commercial value, if not literary merit; and that (3), he should now revise it and submit it to some third person, say one of the readers for this Society, for an independent opinion as to the cause of these repeated failures. But he does not take this line at all. He says, "Perhaps, if a great house will not take my MS., a smaller house will." Now, there are small houses of various kinds. Most of them mainly live by bringing out books which are paid for by the authors. Some of them do this work, which can hardly be called the highest class of publishing, honourably and honestly. Others, to put it mildly, do not. He goes to one of these and he pays for production.

Whether the author pays a large sum or a small sum need not here be considered. The question is, why he pays anything at all.

Consider. There are many authors and many publishers. But there is only one public. It is true that there are many branches of the public. One branch, for instance, likes sporting books, and another likes religious books; some like love stories and others like murders. Still only one public, wherever the author goes—for all publishers alike.

Let him ask this question then. If this public should refuse to buy this MS. if published—say—by Longman or Bentley, of what other publisher would they buy it? and for what reason? In other words:—If a MS. is offered to all the respectable houses in vain, it is refused because all the respectable houses are agreed in thinking that the public will have none of it. Where, then, is that other public which will demand it when it is published elsewhere?

In this Society, cases by the score—by the hundred—have been examined in which the author has had to pay for the production. Nay, in looking down the lists of new books advertised in the papers, we are able to name the books which are paid for because we know the houses which publish in this way. Seldom, indeed, does a case come before us in which the writer gets any of his money back. Never does he get any κόσος at all. He
The Author.

gets contemptuous reviews, his friends snigger at his failure, he writhes under the shame and pain of the plain truth: and when his accounts come in there prove to have been no sales.

Only yesterday I read a letter from a young lady. She had paid £50, being deluded by glowing hopes, but not actual promises, of large profits to divide. The sales amounted to £1 2s. 9d. Sometimes, however, there are absolutely no sales at all.

Literary vanity is, of course, at the bottom of this folly. All the writer asks for is to be in print, only to be printed; if he can obtain this, as he always can on such terms, he will pay anything and sign anything. No rebuffs, no reader’s opinions, no rejections can persuade him that his MS. is worthless, and that, whatever he pays, he will meet with nothing but disappointment, vexation and shame. He is quite sure that his work is brilliant and certain to succeed.

There are instances on record of books, afterwards successful, having been refused by one publisher after the other. The famous and leading case of Vanity Fair is one. These instances do mightily comfort the rejected author. He feels himself a possible Thackeray if only he can get printed. Mistakes, he says, have occurred before now. Readers are fallible. Mistakes may occur again. And perhaps the reader is also himself a novelist. We all know that jealousy is a common as well as a hateful vice. Or perhaps the reader knows some private enemy of the author and bears a grudge. What more likely than that the jealous reader should wish to smother a dangerous rival? Or perhaps the perfidious reader has not even taken the trouble to look at his work. Anyhow, since the best firms are so foolish as to refuse to make money by his work, some other shall have the chance. He will get it printed even though he has to pay for it. And so the output of worthless books is increased by one more, and the reviewers grow more and more savage over the swelling flood of rubbish, and the noble art of fiction is degraded and insulted. Will not the readers of this paper join in dissuading, by all means in their power, their friends from paying for production?

Editor.

Questions, Cases, and Answers.

“Some years ago I wrote a biographical paper for a magazine. It was accepted and published. When I wrote for payment I had no reply. I wrote another paper also on an historical subject for a weekly newspaper. The editor returned it, asking me to enlarge it. This I did, and he printed it. But he never paid me.

“I recently sent an article of a similar character, on which I had expended a considerable amount of trouble and time, to a monthly magazine. The editor has now lost it. I have kept no copy, and must write it again. Is there no redress?

“A publisher lately signed an agreement in which he covenanted to bring out a written work in a certain series at a certain price. He has printed the work and now refuses to bring it out, alleging that he believes it would be a failure. He offers the author the printed sheets for the price of setting up the work. What should the author do?”

If such a thing should now occur of an editor accepting a MS., publishing it in his paper, and refusing payment, the author has only to bring the case before the Society and he will get redress. But the Society cannot take up old cases.

As for losing a MS. most editors find it necessary to warn authors that they will not be responsible for losing MSS. If contributors could see the piles of MSS. offered to every editor they would not be surprised at this stipulation.

The third question is one for a lawyer to consider. The proposer of the case should sent up all the agreements and letters to the Secretary.

“When an author has paid for the publication of a book is it fair on the part of the publisher to sell the remainder of the edition as waste paper without consulting the author, without giving him the choice of buying up the remaining copies, which he would assuredly in many cases be glad to do at a price even above that of waste paper?

“If the publisher is entitled to do this can the poor author lay no claim to a share in the proceeds of this melancholy transaction?”

The reply to the last question is that the agreement generally contains a clause giving the publisher such power. It is for the author before signing the agreement to make a stipulation that he shall first be consulted. If he has paid for the publication all the copies should be his own, and the remainder of the stock should be sent to him as soon as the sale is finished.
Up to the present, authors have always felt that to have an MS. published in a magazine was to ensure payment according to the scale of the magazine. This prop appears about to be knocked from under them. An enterprising publisher has now hit upon the ingenious plan of getting work into his magazine for nothing. His method and the generosity of his soul are shown in a letter addressed to an author. He says that he has been in consultation with the editor of the —— Magazine since he received the writer's MS. The Editor is willing to insert this story as a serial, if it is illustrated. This the Firm would be willing to do at their expense, "if you are willing to make over the story to us free of charge." Should the Firm, in the future, think to bring out the work as a volume, they should perhaps be able to offer some small sum. The pages of the magazine, he says, are full for twelve months to come, but the Firm will retain the MS. and insert it after that period if the writer wishes. "It would have the effect of placing your name before the public at all events."

He goes on to say, "The Firm feel that the publication is such a speculation, that considering that a great deal of money will have to be spent upon illustration and advertising before its publication, no payment can be offered to the author until the work appears in book form." The letter concludes with these words: "We have really only made the offer to insert the story in the magazine so as to try and give you some encouragement to continue writing."

Observe upon this:—1. The publisher, considering the vast sums he spends on illustrating and advertising his magazine, cannot pay for the work at all. The same reasons apply to all other contributions. Therefore, we suppose, he has a good reason for paying nobody. 2. The author is to give him the copyright of the work. If he chooses, he is to give her "some small sum," whether it succeeds or not. Even if it turns out to be a great success, he is not bound to give the author anything. 3. This noble offer is wholly disinterested and prompted by nothing but a disposition to help a struggling author! Generous, large-hearted, whole-souled Patron of Letters! One other observation presents itself. How enviable is the lot of the editor of such a magazine!

"Do warn," a lady writes, "all young authors of the folly of doing all or nearly all their work for one editor. Editors die, or, as in my case, take up another paper or magazine, and the faithful old contributor finds her position changed."

"Ten years ago I did an immense amount of work for a certain paper, which we will call the Strand Circus—essays, stories, &c. It was then edited by the eldest son of the proprietor, and I was given to understand that it would be worth my while to work away at the Strand Circus, to study its interests, and not go roving here and there with MSS. Therefore I declined offers of work from other papers, and never sought new openings. All went well for many years. Then the father died; his son had to take over other work, and a new editor was appointed." The sequel may be guessed. The warning, however, is serious. Let no young author be contented with one magazine or journal. In every fresh opening he should find another pillar of support, and another body of readers and friends.

Bad authors create bad publishers. This fact, once fully apprehended, should be an incentive to the production of good work. But perhaps the statement wants explanation. A correspondent furnishes an illustration.

"A lady once wrote to me 'as a successful author'—I had at that time published one indifferent novel, which had been gently reviewed—asking my advice under the following conditions. She had published three novels at her own expense, not one of which had attracted any attention. What did I think she had better do now? The style of her stationery, as well as this confession, pointed to her being wealthy, while the literary style of her letter proved that she had no idea of writing at all."

"This experience directed me in certain inquiries, and I discovered how the idiotic three volume novels which are found in circulating libraries at
THE AUTHOR.

Seaside places get beyond the MS. stage. They are written by well-to-do women who are ready to pay £200 to get a novel published.

"Does not the existence of 'authors* of this kind account in some measure for the existence of low class publishers? May we not go even further and call this fact a justification of their existence? Honourable publishers refuse books which are foregone failures; they will not allow their names to appear on the title-page of such rubbish. Where, then, are the poor rich things to go with their MSS. and their money, save to such a friendly gentleman, who will kindly take £200 for publishing a book which costs less than £100 to produce?"

My correspondent is a little too hasty. It is not only the rich woman but the poor woman as well who is responsible for the existence of these persons. It is any one, man or woman, who believes that a MS., refused by those who only publish books certain to be in demand, will be accepted by the public when they are issued by those who publish any rubbish brought to them. In another part of this number we deal with the question of paying for publishing at greater length.

"I think," says a correspondent, "that you do not realise that small authors really get a great advantage in selling their copyright. In this way we get the money at once, without waiting for a year, and we have no risk or anxiety as to whether the book will sell or not." Well, if there is any risk or anxiety on that score the publisher will not buy the MS. at all. At the same time there are very few writers who would not rather take a lump sum down than the same or a little more spread over a term of years. The hardship is that the lump sum down is too often such a very little lump indeed. One fair and honest way would be for the publisher to buy an edition of so many copies, a new arrangement to be made when these were gone.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

My remarks arise out of one made by Mr. Max Müller:—"Find a respectable publisher and stick to him." It has been the ambition of my literary life to do so, but I shall have to postpone it, I fancy, to another and a better world! I began full of hope ten years ago, determined to give the public the best work of which I was capable as a novel writer. I loved the work and spared no pains to make it good. I sent what I had written to a firm of leading publishers, who accepted my novel. Terms—half profits. I accepted the offer with joy, thinking myself fortunate that I had not been asked to take any risks. My book was well launched and excellently reviewed by all but the Athenæum, Academy, and the Saturday Review. The Athenæum called it "a wealth of nonsense," whereupon I asked the editor—when I told him it had been accepted on its merits by the firm in question, who, he admitted, would not have accepted "a wealth of nonsense"—how he permitted such an unjust criticism in the pages of a journal supposed to guide literary opinion. The Academy critic cast odium on his paper by uttering an opinion on the book and the writing which a subsequent critic in the same paper emphatically contradicted. He spoke of the book as "beneath criticism," while my next critic in the same referred to it as a book of "distinct merit." The Saturday Review danced upon it.

The result of this handling by the three leading papers then, was, that the short three months' existence enjoyed by a three volume novel, by an unknown author, was insufficient to sell the number of copies published, and my publishers, while admitting that I had written a good book, found me a non-financial success, and bade me go elsewhere. The consequence of their decision was that other firms fought shy of my next book, which took three years in finding a publisher and was refused by twelve, one of whom took twelve months to consider it, and finally refused it "regretting—! It was published at length and favourably reviewed. But all this came too late. The three years lost in finding a publisher made me practically once more a beginner after the lapse of five years between my first and second book. I lost heart after this, and tried no more "leading firms," since I found it was not good work they wanted so much as quick financial returns.

Last year, ten years after my first work appeared, I went casually and as a stranger into a first class library in a fashionable watering place. I asked for a small shilling story I had just brought out—not by a leading firm. Of course it had never been heard of, so I humbly said, "It is by the author of— naming my books. "Oh," exclaimed the librarian, brightening up, "I know those books well, they are among the best read in our library." This after ten years!

Moral:—Would it not be well for leading firms to be a little more patient with the slow sales of an unknown author's work ripening into "profits." My difficulty has been not so much in not being able to find a publisher I could stick to, but in finding one who would stick to me. I think I have proved that the adhesive properties are not lacking in..."
THE AUTHOR.

consequence of bad work, or work that is short-lived. Where is the remedy for such a case as mine?

Editor's Note.—Perhaps the author is wrong, and the three leading literary papers were right. That is to say, they were probably right when they condemned the book from a literary point of view, and in regard to style or artistic construction. In such matters these papers do not often go wrong. But there are readers in plenty who regard neither style nor artistic construction. For them the story—that is the leading situation—is everything. And the leading firms do publish many books every year the sale of which is necessarily slow.

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CHESTNUT BELLS ENCORE.

A PROPOS of Chestnut Bells. We often see the hand-bell in grotesque sculptures of the middle ages used in a manner which clearly indicates that it is intended to impose silence, or an intimation that what one person is saying is not believed in, or is ridiculed by another. Thus on the grand portal of St. Stephen's Church, Vienna, there is a spirited stone-picture of a rollicking witch and a reprobate priest (perhaps a sorcerer), engaged in a tussle, he holding her by one leg, while she with the right hand pulls his head back by the capote, and with the other rings a bell in his ear—as if to silence his love-making, and say, "Yes, I have heard all that before—enough—shut up!"

A copy of this will appear as a vignette in my work on gypsy sorcery now in the press. On more than one bas-relief of the fourteenth century, we see a goat dressed as a monk, and in one instance, a sow, ringing a small bell. The allusion here is to telling coarse tales, since in modern German phrase doing this is called ringing the Sauglocke, or sow-bell, and I possess an outrageous little old work bearing that name, with the picture of a bell on the cover depicted in a manner "which could convey little joy to either moralist or Christian."

The Lumpenglock, or blackguard's bell, is a term applied in Germany to the bells in steeples, rung at eleven o'clock p.m., as a signal to close all the beer-houses. So we are told of that veteran roisterer, the Herr von Rodenstein, that when he died—

"The blackguard's bell in the old Town Hall,
Began of itself to ring."

A man who is always telling coarse and rude tales—or a Zotenreisser—is commonly said to be continually ringing the sow-bell. And I think it very probable that at a time when symbolism entered into everything, there was something of all this implied by the bells on the cap of the professional jester or fool. There was mockery in their sound, as in the words of their wearer, and both were like the ring of the chestnut bell, and the tinkling of brass pots of yore—all synonyms for vain repetition and idle chatter.

It may be here observed that the primary object of church bells was not so much to call the faithful together to worship, as to drive away and avert evil influences, especially devils, concerning all which there is a deeply learned chapter in Southey's Doctor. The primitive Christian church bell was very truly what Mr. William Sikes called a "tinker," since it was precisely of the shape, material, and make of the same which, in America especially, is hung to the necks of cows. Their object is to keep the cows from straying afield too far—that of the chestnut bell to recall men from wandering in discourse.

When I was a schoolboy, I once invested my last cent in the purchase of a black letter Latin folio—the "Moralization of the entire Bible," by Petrus Berchorius, all of which I perused faithfully and admiringly many times. By the way, my copy had belonged to Melancthon. It just occurs to me that the spirit of the old monk Pierre Bercher is living again in these disquisitions on the true inwardness of the chestnut bell, and the esoteric mysteries of the Sauglocke. "Oh, good old man—even from the grave thy spirit" comes over thy disciple, into the year eighteen hundred and ninety, prompting him to find preaching in pebbles and sermons in grains of sand; of which "making great amount of small things," all that can be said is that it is better than making no account of or be-littling great ones, which is the vice of our day.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

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THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

THE enrolment into a single company of so numerous and influential a body of English writers as composes the Society of Authors, may perhaps be profitably utilized in a manner which, if it be a little outside the scope of its foundation, would interest and benefit every reader and writer of the English language.

There has never yet existed in this country any academic body, any authoritative company of educated Englishmen qualified to pronounce judgment upon moot points connected with the writing of English. It has been questioned whether the formal institution of such an Academy would be
for the lasting benefit of literature, and I doubt myself if the *ex cathedra* pronouncements of an official Board of Letters would ever carry much weight with Englishmen. We are too impatient of law and precedent; but in a humble way some useful work might surely be done. An expression of the consensus of opinion of so influential a body as our Society, can never be without influence and effect, and a resolution of the doubts and uncertainties that exist on many points in syntax, spelling, prosody, and phraseology would be welcomed by every educated man and woman in the land inside and outside of our own circle. I venture to suggest therefore that the *Society of Authors* should from time to time hold an inquest upon some one or other of the aforesaid moot points, and that their deliberation should issue in the shape of verdicts to be arrived at by unanimity, or by a large majority of votes; the verdicts to be published to the world at large in the columns of *The Author*.

There is another and perhaps a still greater service which our Society and its new organ might confer upon English letters, and that is by their sanction of the admission of useful provincial words into general usage. Many an admirable English word has no circulation beyond a limited district, many a word expressing ideas that can only be rendered elsewhere by a clumsy paraphrase. More competent persons than myself could cite many local words, which, if they were made general, would enrich the language. I will give but one example at present. In parts of the West and of the North of England *backword* signifies a refusal to comply with a promise made or to fulfil some intention declared. The following telegram was recently offered at a London Post Office: "Dine with me on Saturday. A sends me a backword." The telegraph clerk refused "backword" as a single word, properly observing that it was in no dictionary, and the recipient of the message—a cockney—had no notion of its meaning. Now surely such a word deserves to pass into circulation, to enjoy the approval, to be stamped with the mint mark of some academic body, and to become at once current coin of full weight and value in the realm of English literature.

Oswald Crawfurd.

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**THE CIVIL LIST.**

I.

The following is the Memorial which it was proposed to submit to Mr. W. H. Smith:

"**This Memorial Sheweth as follows:**—

"(a) It was enacted by section 5 of 1 Vict., c. 2. That your Memorialists respectfully submit that further Legislation is urgently needed on the grounds and for the following purposes:

"(b) Section 6 of 1 Vict., c. 2, declared that it is the bounden duty of the responsible advisers of the Crown to recommend to her Majesty, for grants of pensions of the Civil List, such persons only as have just claims on the Royal beneficence, or who by their personal services to the Crown by the performance of duties to the public, or by their useful discoveries in science or attainments in literature and the arts, have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign and the gratitude of their country.

"(c) The Select Committee appointed in 1837 to inquire into the then existing pensions, classed them under the following heads:—(1) Army; (2) Navy; (3) Diplomatic; (4) Judicial and Legal; (5) Political; (6) Civil and Revenue; (7) Colonial; (8) Services to Royal Family and in Household; (9) Rewards for Literary and Scientific Attainments; (10) Royal Bounty and Charity; (11) Compensation for Forfeited Estates; (12) Miscellaneous.

"The said Select Committee also reported as follows:—The operation of the Superannuation Acts, the system of retired allowances, the military and naval pensions for good services, the pensions granted by 57 Geo. iii, c. 65, for pensions holding high political offices, and the pensions for the diplomatic and consular services, have to a great extent superseded one of the original purposes of the Pension List. These Acts have also substituted a strictly-defined and regulated system of reward for a system which depended on the arbitrary selection of the Crown or the recommendation of the existing Government exposed to the bias of party or personal consideration.

"(d) The said regulated system of reward has since the passing of 1 Vict., c. 2, been confirmed, amended, and extended by the following statutes:—The Superannuation Act, 1859; The Naval and Marine Pay and Pensions Act, 1865; The Colonial Governors’ Pensions Act, 1865; The Superannuation Act, 1866; The Diplomatic Salaries Act, 1869; The Political Offices Pensions Act, 1869; The Colonial Governors’ Pensions Act, 1872;
The Superannuation Act, 1876; The Pensions and Yeomanry Pay Act, 1884; The Pensions (Colonial Service) Act, 1887.

"(c) Notwithstanding the said Statutes, and the Report of the said Select Committee, pensions on the Civil List have been granted for services performed in the (1) Army; (2) Navy; (3) Diplomatic Service; (4) Civil and Revenue Services; and (5) Colonial Service.

"(f) It appears from the Returns of all Persons now in receipt of Pensions charged on the Civil List’ (1889), that of the £25,221 13s. 4d. (the total annual charge of the pensions payable at the date of the said Return) £8,625 was payable at the date of the said Return in the following proportions for services in the (1) Army (£2,710); (2) Navy (£1,335); (3) Diplomatic Service (£900); (4) Civil Service and Revenue (£3,455); (5) Colonial Service (£225).

"And your Memorialists respectfully submit that further Legislation is urgently needed for the following purposes:—

"(a) The restriction of the grant of pensions on the Civil List within ascertained limits.

"(b) The allocation of pensions amounting to not less than £800 in each year to those who by their useful discoveries in Science or attainments in Literature and the Arts have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign and the gratitude of their country, or their widows and children.

"(c) The increase of the Royal Bounty Fund and the Civil List Pension Fund so that her Majesty may be enabled to relieve distress and reward merit in a manner worthy of the dignity of the Crown.”

The Memorial speaks for itself and requires little further elucidation here. It places on record the following facts:—(1) That notwithstanding the wording of the Civil List Act, and notwithstanding the Report of the Select Committee, pensions on the Civil List have been improperly granted; (2) That of the £25,221 13s. 4d. (the total annual charge of the pensions payable in May, 1889), £8,625 was paid to the classes of persons not contemplated by the Act or the Report of the Committee.

Mr. W. H. Smith further remarks in his letter to Mr. S. S. Sprigge, which we published last month, “that the figures in the Memorial, accepting them as fairly correct, show that the practical administration of the Fund is almost identical with the distribution proposed by the Societies, namely, one-third to services rendered to the Sovereign, and two-thirds to the representatives of Science, Literature, and Art.” From this it appears that the First Lord of the Treasury defends the grant of pensions on the “Civil List” for services performed in the Army, Navy, Diplomatic, Civil and Revenue, and Colonial Services on the grounds that these are “services to the Sovereign.” The Act, however, only empowers the grant of pensions for “personal services to the Crown,” and it is, we imagine, merely idle to pretend that this expression was ever intended to have any such meaning as that which it is now sought to give it. It was no doubt one of the original purposes of the Pension List to reward all these classes of public servants, but as the Report of the Select Committee (cited in the Memorial) points out, various statutes have been passed “substituting a strictly-defined and regulated system of reward” in all these cases for a system which depended on the caprice of the Crown and of Her Majesty’s advisers. It was clearly not the intention of the Act or the desire of the Committee—and it is necessary to remember that it was a Select Committee of Inquiry into this very question appointed in deference to a loudly expressed public opinion—that any pensions for these services should in future be charged on the Civil List. We think, then, that we have fully established the irregularity of all these pensions, and we regret that the First Lord of the Treasury, who admits that he enjoys “that discretion which must in such cases finally rest with some one responsible minister,” has attempted to evade the conclusion.

Mr. W. H. Smith further remarks that “to make such changes as the Memorial suggests would necessitate a new Act of Parliament.” This we are not prepared to deny. The Memorial prays for “further legislation” for certain specified purposes. We feel some diffidence in making any rejoinder to Mr. Smith’s expression of opinion that there has not been “any such expression of dissatisfaction either in the House or outside of it as would justify the proposal.” But we think it due to ourselves to say that the Incorporated Society of Authors and the Institute of Journalists do not stand alone in objecting to the present administration of the Civil List Pension Fund. The press has almost without distinction or exception condemned the existing system in no measured terms, and we are not aware that a single voice has been raised in its defence. If the Fund were administered strictly within its proper limits, it would, it is universally admitted, be impossible to satisfy the just claimants. Restrictions, it appears, already exist. It will be seen from the correspondence published in the current report of the Executive Committee that literary pensions can only be granted to the writers of “historical novels and technical and useful books,” owing
to the unexpected existence of certain regulations, or, as Mr. Smith defined them in the House of Commons, "notes on practice." The Society has already placed on record a protest against the permanent exclusion of any class of Literary, Scientific, or Artistic production from the just claims on the Royal beneficence contemplated by section 6 of 1 Vict., c. 2." The Society has already demanded that "the regulations, if any, under which the Civil List Pension Fund is administered should be communicated to the public." The case for reform is now complete. It cannot be left to private secretaries to draw up rules which vary the meaning and affect the application of an Act of Parliament. It is high time that genuine regulations were framed, if necessary by statute, which should restrict the grant of pensions not upon an artificial theory but in accordance with public opinion. Mr. Smith "fears that Parliament would be very unlikely to agree to an increase of the sum annually set apart for the Pension List." We, on the other hand, believe that if the necessity were shown to exist, the popular representatives would ungrudgingly support such a use of public money. And there is only too little doubt as to the urgent character of the necessity. It is the unanimous testimony of every First Lord of the Treasury that he is year by year deluged with applications for pensions which he is unable to grant. Many of those cases which now, perhaps, "lie forgotten in the cupboards of the Treasury," were, we do not doubt, sad and saddening, although no whisper of them reached the unofficial world. There are moreover, few years that pass by without the country being startled by the announcement that a pension has been refused to some distinguished man of letters or his surviving widow and children.

Ellen Isabella Tupper, daughter of Martin Tupper, a pension of £75 (very good). Rosamond Burnard, daughter of Gen. Sir H. W. Burnard, a pension of £75. The daughter of a soldier has no business in the list at all, unless that soldier was also distinguished for service, art or literature. Henrietta Elizabeth Wood, widow of the late J. T. Wood, a pension of £75. Augusta Thérèsa Motteram, widow of the late Judge Motteram, a pension of £75. Lady Wilde, a pension of £70. Pensions of £50 each to Mrs. Caroline Blanchard, Mr. John Absolon, Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, Dr. William Spark, Mrs. Kate Livingstone, Miss Catherine Shilleto, Mrs. Jane Eleanor Wood (widow of Rev. J. G. Wood). Pensions of £25 each have been granted to the Misses Eliza and Mary Maquire, daughters of the late Dr. Thomas Maquire, of Trinity College, Dublin, and of £20 each to the four unmarried daughters of the late Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.R.S. General verdict. On the whole, a great improvement on many recent lists.

A NEW GUIDE TO BOOKS.

A GUIDE to Books should be found in any review. That is to say, the reader should be able to depend upon the review which he reads regularly to guide him in the ordering of books from the library. And, no doubt, the reader of the Saturday Review, for instance, would find no difficulty in understanding what is promising in the way of new literature. But one can very well understand that there may arise cases in which the most perfect review may fail to inform the reader as to the best books on special subjects. For instance, the Saturday Review may be acknowledged by its best friends to be weak in the Department of Surgery, or of Pure Mathematics, or of Electricity. Therefore, a certain compilation which will first appear in the autumn may prove of great use to specialists, if not to the general reader. The object of the editors is to "place at the service of the reader the opinions of those who may be trusted to give sound advice upon the books which are of value in each department of knowledge." A great many people—specialists—have promised to assist. Among them—members of the Society—we find the names of William Archer, Courthope Bowen, James Bryce, John Earle, Richard Garnett, J. W. Hales, E. Ray Lankester, J. Norman Lockyer, Erikr Magnusson, Max Müller, Sir Frederick Pollock, Burden Sanderson, J. R. Seeley, Sir Henry Thompson, Andrew Tuer, and Sir Charles Wilson.
MR. BAINTON ON HIMSELF.

To the Editor of The Author.

Sir,

I deeply regret I should have been the cause of so serious an amount of feeling and annoyance as the correspondence in your paper reveals—a correspondence which comes upon me as a most painful surprise. I must ask your correspondents to believe me when I say that my fault or folly, whichever it may be, was wholly unintentional; and that however carelessly I may appear to have acted in certain instances, I have had no other than the purest purpose in view, and have been moved by no mean or dishonourable motive. Unfortunately the book in question was quite an after-thought. When preparing my address I had no idea of so extended a compilation. I simply desired my lecture to be issued in pamphlet form, shou11 it seem likely to answer the purpose for which it was designed. My fault has been in changing the form of publication without first acquainting all my generous correspondents of what I purposed doing. But I acted under the impression that this was not necessary after having solicited their consent to use their words in print. That in this I committed a serious over-light I now learn to my bitter cost, and I deeply regret it should have happened. But that I have been guilty of the unfairness, the wilful discourtesy, and other outrageous sins which some of your correspondents—and especially yourself—are anxious to fasten upon me, I most earnestly and indignantly deny.

After the first portion of the address was given here in the Old Grammar School, to a united meeting of the Young Men's Associations of the City, and largely reproduced in the columns of our local papers, I was repeatedly urged to put the matter I had already prepared into print. Through lack of time long delays intervened before I could make any attempt to compile a promised second part of the same address, or before I could do anything towards remoulding what I had roughly sketched out. When I did the contributions with which I had to deal were so many, and the interest attaching to them so great, that my MS. quickly exceeded the limits of an ordinary pamphlet. It was then, and not till then, the idea of the book occurred to me. Had I for a moment conceived that I intended to print their remarks. That is not correct. I wrote to almost every person you name, to almost every correspondent in your columns, asking permission to use their words in print. Only in two instances am I uncertain of having done so. To Mr. Allen, then in Italy, I wrote twice, to make sure he should receive my request, and neither letter was returned. Several like Mr. Allen did not reply. Was I wrong in assuming that such silence meant either indifference or consent? If Mrs. Parr, Mr. Gilbert, and others had the opportunity to refuse and did not, where is the breach of which they speak? Surely if they had felt so serious an objection to the use of their words they would at least have given expression to it. But though opportunity was afforded they did nothing of the kind; they left me, therefore, free to act as I thought best, and I interpreted silence as consent. The majority did reply, and gave the consent I asked. How then can they have been ignorant of my intention to print their remarks? One of the most eminent of your correspondents assures you I acted in his case with perfect frankness and consistency throughout. In no instance have I sought to be less open and frank. Why should I? What had I to gain by such concealment with one person more than another? Whatever you or others may affirm to the contrary I am at least guiltless of any intention to deceive.

Memory does not serve some of your correspondents with any great fidelity. Miss Yonge may perhaps recall her assurance that I could make the use I asked of what she had written, when I remind her that such consent was given upon condition that no mention should be made of a statement concerning a recent writer. I was careful to respect her wish. Mr. Blackmore too was asked and consented to the use of his letter in print; and only a few weeks since, May 3rd, 1890, wrote in acknowledgment of a copy of his printed letter, "Am glad to hear of the appearance of your book, which I hope to procure at the first opportunity. With all good wishes for its success, &c." Yet this gentleman "objects" to the use Mr. Bainton has made of the reply procured through the good will due to a clergyman, and for clerical purposes. Mrs. Kennard also joins in the protest that she did not know, though her letter was printed with her consent; while writing on May 5th, 1890, she says, "My poor remarks scarcely deserved such prominence as you have given them, and I am grieved over the compliment you have paid me, &c." To Mr. Rider Haggard I owe a special word of explanation and apology. The proof he requested when consenting to my use of his letter would have been submitted, but for a statement I saw at the time that he was travelling in the East. I trust he will accept the expression of my sincere regret that for this reason his desire was not complied with.

THE AUTHOR.
To the Editor of The Author.

Sir,

Mr. Bainton has only himself to thank for our change of tone towards him.

Many may have wished him success—as I did—through misconception of his purpose. Who could foretell from a page of his book what the nature of the volume was to be? It proves to be a piece of patchwork, collected from fifty quarters; and the patches, though not exactly pilfered, were procured for a very different use.

If Mr. Bainton had said at first—"I am writing to all the English authors I have heard of, to ask them how they do their work; I shall use their replies for my own pupils first, and then (if I see my way) make a book out of them"—how many answers would he have got?

Later on, when he had obtained replies (by writing to scores of authors, as if to each exclusively and for a benevolent purpose), in fairness he should have explained to each the character of his forthcoming volume, instead of describing it as a mere expansion of his lecture. In that case, how many would have allowed him to pour on the literary world (instead of his Coventry class) their off-handed replies?

Faithfully yours,

R. D. BLACKMORE.

[Mr. Bainton's letter only shows the justice of those who complained of his conduct. He asked certain questions, the answers to be used for a lecture. That he admits. He then used them for a book. That he also admits. If a man prints a communication for one purpose which was intended for another it is not enough to write for permission—he must also obtain permission. A letter is a private document, unless the contrary is stipulated expressly. As for the spirit in which this Society is conducted, it is one of continued hostility to all who invade or attack the rights of authors. Having printed Mr. Bainton's reply, we can now leave the matter as between Mr. Bainton and his correspondents and between him and The Author to be judged by our readers.
—EDITOR.]

AT WORK.

This column is reserved entirely for Members of the Society, who are asked to keep the Editor acquainted with their work and engagements.

R. J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S., is editing Amedée Guillemin's work, "The Heavens."

Mr. J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S., has presented to the Royal Irish Academy a "Catalogue of Binary Stars for which orbits have been computed." The Catalogue, which will be published by the Academy, contains the elements of all the orbits hitherto calculated, the magnitudes and colours of the components, spectra, "hypothetical," and measured parallax, the relative brightness of each compared with a standard star, and data for computing the velocity in the line of sight, for use in the spectroscopic method of measuring the star's distance from the earth. The Catalogue is followed by a series of notes giving further details and the most recent measures of position of the component stars.

There has been a change in the Editorship of the Publishers' Circular"; Mr. J. A. Steuart is the new Editor. Mr. Steuart has in the press a work of Criticism and a novel, both of which will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marson & Co.
Mr. Charles Leland is now preparing a work on "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling." There will be an Edition de Luxe, 150 copies only, and all numbered. The publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, receives names of intending subscribers.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey has this year written the summer number for Household Words. It is a complete story called "His Match and More."

In last month's "At Work," two mistakes were left uncorrected. The name of William Westall appeared as "William Werlah," and Mr. Watt was announced as the agent for The Author under the heading of Mr. W. F. Smith's new version of "Rabelais." The author should not be in italics. It refers to the translation of "Rabelais," not the Journal.

Mr. E. M. Edmonds will contribute an English edition of the "Autobiography of Koloko Kenes," with an historical introduction on the Klephists for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series." His biography of Klugas, the Protomartyr of Greece (Longman), has already shown his knowledge of kindred subjects.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, "The Picture of Dorian Grey," which constituted the July number of Lippincott's Magazine, will shortly be issued as a one volume novel by Messrs. Ward and Lock.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson will shortly issue, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, "Father Damien: an open letter to the Rev. Dr. Ande."

A second edition is ready of Mr. Eustace A. R. Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts." It is a handbook to the principal health and pleasure resorts on the shores of the Mediterranean (London, L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand; and Paris, The Galignani Library, 224, Rue de Rivoli).

The article on "Alexandria," in Nos. 9 and 10 of Cassell's "Picturesque Mediterranean," is by Mr. Eustace A. R. Ball, who is also the author, under the pseudonym of Evelyn Ballantyne, of the article called "The Pit and Its Critic."

Rev. James J. Hillock has issued the third edition of his "Hard Battles for Life and Usefulness" (Houlston and Sons). Crown 8vo. £. 6d.

Miss Frances Armstrong begins a story for the young called "Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares," in the July Number of Newbery House Magazine.

Miss Blyth's new story is entitled "Adolphus Etherton; or, the Boy who was Always Amused."

Mr. Edric Vredenburg has recently completed a new story which will be published in the Weekly Times and Echo, beginning January 3rd of next year.


A new edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges" is being issued by the same publishers. Volumes I and II are now ready.

Esmé Stuart commences a new serial tale in the July number of the Newbery House Magazine.

It is now stated that Mr. Christie Murray is not lost at all. He has sailed for Samoa via Sydney with the intention of joining Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson.

The author of "Thoth" (Blackwood), and of "Toxar" (Longman) is Professor Nicholson of Edinburgh, a member of this Society.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

AUBYN, ST. ALAN. A Fellow of Trinity. Chatto and Windus. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. (Shortly.)

AUTHOR OF "THOTH." Toxar, a romance. 1 vol. 6l. Longmans.


CONWAY, W. M. Climbers' Guide to the Central Pennine Alps. 18mo. 10s.

CROMMELIN, MAY. Midge. Trischler and Co. 6s.


FARRAR, F. W. The Passion Play at Oberammergau, 1890. W. Heinemann. 4to. 27. 6d.

JAMES, C. T. C. The New Faith. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. Ward and Downey.

"JOHN STRANGE WINTER." Dinna Forget. Trischler and Co. Paper, 1s. cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

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OLIVER, CAPT. P. Madagascar; or, Robert Deury's Journal during Fifteen Years' Captivity on that Island. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.


ROBINSON, F. W. The Keeper of the Keys. Hurst and Blackett. 3 vols.

RUSKIN, JOHN, D.C.L., LL.D. The Seven Lamps of Architecture. New cheap editions. George Allen. Small post 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

— Aratra Pentelicis. Seven Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture.


WESTALL, WILLIAM. Strange Crimes. 1 vol. 6l. Ward and Downey.

WHISTLER, J. McN. Gentle Art of Making Enemies. W. Heinemann. 4th thousand. 10s. 6d.
This pamphlet is a reply to the invitation issued by the Publication Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in their Report of last year, for any suggestions, which they "will gladly receive," on the best way of making "the Venerable Society the most efficient literary handmaid of the Church of England throughout the world."

The suggestions offered in these pages contain, first, some of the elementary principles which guide honourable men in the administration of literary property. The writer next advances three cases, as illustrating the methods adopted by the Society. A copy of this pamphlet will be sent to any member of the Society by application to the Office, including two postage stamps.

This book, compiled mainly from documents in the office of the Society of Authors, is intended to show a complete conspectus of all the various methods of publication with the meaning of each; that is to say, the exact concessions to publishers and the reservation of the owner and author of the work. The different frauds which arise out of these methods form a necessary part of the book. Nothing is advanced which has not been proved by the experience of the Society.
RABELAIS.

A New Translation. By W. F. SMITH, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Saint John's College, Cambridge. Issued to Subscribers in a limited Edition of 750 copies, all numbered, of which 500 copies are for this country and 250 for America. In two handsome 8vo vols. Price 2s. the set. The aim of the above translation has been to render more accessible, to explain and illustrate a book which has exercised a wide influence on the French language as well as on European literature. A system of marginal reference has been introduced. Great attention has been paid to the historical aspect of the book, and points bearing on the political and religious affairs of the times have been carefully noticed. As the work must be presented as a whole, and as certain passages and parts can no longer be presented in English, these have been left in the original old French, where they can be read by such as desire it. The work will be accompanied by a life of Rabelais, a notice of the translators, Urquhart, and Motteux, a map of the environs of Chinon, the part of France where Rabelais was brought up, notes on the language and style, and on other points. It will be, in fact, an entirely new and complete presentation of the great French master.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January, 1890, can be had on application to the Secretary.
2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.
4. Literature and the Pension List. By W. Morris Colles, Barrister-at-Law. (Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C.) 4s. 6d.
5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. Squire Sprigge, Secretary to the Society. 1s.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. The work is printed for members of the Society only. 2s. 6d. (A new Edition preparing.)
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. Squire Sprigge. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. The book is nearly ready, and will be issued as soon as possible.

Other works bearing on the Literary Profession will follow.
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CONDUCTED BY

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Published for the Society by

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LONDON, E.C.
1890.
Boston, Sept 17th 1878

Mrs. Mabie, Todd & Co.

Gentlemen,

I have heard one of your firms to have a point in mind. Through Mrs. Mabie, Lewis & Co. of this city.

You may like to know that I have used this pen constantly for more than twenty years.

From the days of a book opened called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" 1859-8 until last Friday without exception always with perfect satisfaction. I have written with it half a dozen or more volumes, a large number of Essays, etc.

And thousands of letters.

I feel it as to an old friend and I hope you will do the best you can for it, though I have to this mean time bought another of your make. "Corregata," marked C.

I do not know whether you care for this testimonial, but I feel as if the pen while her carried out do much of my thought and brought back to much in various forms in which was entitled to this certificate of honorable sense. Same, Gentlemens truly.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

It has always been our custom to publish the proceedings at the annual dinner of the Society as a pamphlet, and send it round to our members, in order that those unable to be present on the occasion may benefit, equally with the guests, from the speeches, and may resolve not to absent themselves on a future occasion.

There is a dearth of matter for Literary Notes and News in the month of August. The Author for this month has therefore been made to consist wholly of the proceedings at the dinner. We have received communications, which in the natural course of events would have been inserted in The Author this month, but have decided to delay their appearance.

Several of these are so interesting, and so distinctly have reference to our aims and objects that it would be the greatest pity to attempt to discuss them now.

It is not fair upon any question of interest to submit it to the public—especially to a public largely made up of working litterateurs—at this season of the year.

PAYING FOR PRODUCTION.—The following cutting from some unknown journal was sent to me:

"According to Mr. Besant's thinking, authors should not pay for the printing and publishing of their own books.

"I am loth to mention names, but I can assure Mr. Besant that a great many of our now most popular authors did pay for the printing and publishing of their first books, including Mr. Besant and his clever partner, the late Mr. James Rice."

This is one of the little paragraphs which contrive to tell the truth and to suggest a falsehood.

It is perfectly false to say that my late partner and myself ever were such fools as to "pay for production."

It is perfectly true that with many of our novels—certainly the first three—we chose to print and bind the work ourselves, and placed it ready for publication in the publisher's hands. He sold it on commission, which, in honest hands, is a very good way of publishing a book though it involves some knowledge of practical publishing and a good deal of trouble. The way to work it is:

1. To arrange with a printer and bookbinder.
2. To find a commission publisher and arrange about terms.
3. To make the time of payment to the printer fall at the time of receiving the first publisher's return.

The advance or prepayment of money is thus avoided. What the author risks is the difference between the sales and the printers' bills.

As in the case of those persons who insist on publishing what all the respectable houses refuse, it is perfectly easy to work in this way, I have always been amazed to find that they still fall into the trap of so much down towards "cost of production."

The Committee wish to impress upon members of the Society, who are kind enough to interest themselves in obtaining new members, that only...
such persons are eligible for membership who have at any time published work which may fairly entitle them to be described as authors, or those who have been or are at present engaged in journalistic work.

In last month's issue of The Author by an oversight the names of Professor Max-Müller and Augustine Birrell, M.P., were unfortunately omitted from those who have consented to join our Council.

A document called a Memorandum, in reply to a certain pamphlet which is exercising the mind of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge by sweating Christian authors, has been received. It shall be published in the September number with a few remarks; meantime, it is sufficient to say here, that it does not answer a single point raised in that pamphlet, that it gives no figures, that it explains nothing, that it admits everything, and that it ends by denying everything.

THE ANNUAL DINNER
OF THE
INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF
AUTHORS
WAS HELD AT "THE CRITERION"
ON
Tuesday, July 8th, 1890,
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Alfred Austin.
James Baker, F.R.G.S.
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E. A. R. Ball.
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Mrs. Brookfield.
Oscar Browning.
General Burton.
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Miss Childar.
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Edward Clodd.
W. Morris Colles.
F. Howard Collins.
W. M. Conway.
Miss Roalfe Cox.
Mrs. Roalfe Cox.
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John Eric Erichsen, F.R.S.
Professor Michael Foster, F.R.S.
G. W. Forrest.
H. Gilzean-Reid, P.I.J.
Mrs. Gilzean-Reid.
Dr. Ginsburg.
Dr. Goodchild.
Edmund Gosse.
Mrs. Edmund Gosse.
Mrs. Egmont Hake.
Egmont Hake.
Professor Hales.
Captain Harding, R.N.
Henry Harland.
Isaac Henderson.
W. L. Hetherington.
Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
J. Hollingshead.
H. M. Holman.
Miss Eleanor Holmes.
At the conclusion of dinner:—The Chairman (in proposing the toast of “The Queen”) said: Ladies and gentlemen, the toast which I have the honour now to propose to you is ever the first where British subjects are assembled, and is ever received with sincere loyalty and reverential attachment,—sentiments justly inspired by a reign which has given to this Empire, in the fullest measure, the blessings of constitutional freedom, and which, in every sphere of thought and action, has been auspicious for the fruitful rivalries of peace. (Cheers.) I ask you to drink to the health of our most gracious Sovereign, the Queen.

The toast having been duly honoured—

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, the next toast which I have the honour to propose to you is that of the “Incorporated Society of Authors,” and I rejoice that I can commence by offering congratulations. During the past year, as the
Report shows, the prosperity of this Society has not only been fully maintained, but has been increased in a marked degree. There has been a very large accession to the number of members; in every sphere of work which the Society has entered, it has received fresh encouragement to persevere; and amongst the new forms of activity which it has developed, there is one which is especially deserving of mention. The Society now possesses a monthly periodical of its own in a journal entitled The Author, which was published for the first time in the month of May, and the second number of which we have had in June. It is an organ for the record and discussion of everything that concerns the profession of letters; it is also designed to be the medium by which the Committee of the Society of Authors may keep the other members informed of their proceedings. The inception and editing of this Journal is a new benefit which the Society owes to a member of its Council, to whom it has been indebted for so much else—Mr. Walter Besant. (Cheers.) I think one may say that the establishment of this Journal is a formal expression of the fact that this Society is now the recognised guardian of great and constantly growing interests. (Hear, hear.) It is well known to all of you that on the list of this Society’s members are found some of the foremost names in every branch of literature, science, and art; and therefore in its corporate capacity the Society may claim that representative character which the appearance of this Journal indicates. (Hear, hear.)

Literary property is no inconsiderable element in the wealth of the nation; and yet hitherto the producers of this wealth have, for various reasons, been too often careless of their rights, and sometimes unable to defend them. This Society was formed for the purpose of diffusing clearer knowledge regarding the nature and the value of literary property, and also for the purpose of adopting all possible means which may render such property more secure.

In pursuing these aims there are, broadly speaking, two principal provinces of endeavour which such a Society as this is called upon to enter—One is that of the relations which exist between authors and publishers; the other is the Law of Copyright. As regards the relations which exist between authors and publishers, the desire of this Society is simply to see those relations placed on a thoroughly intelligible and equitable footing (hear, hear), a footing equitable for both the partners in the joint enterprise. The Society wishes to see literary business conducted on principles similar to those which regulate business in other form. Simply to state this is to say that this Society has no quarrel whatsoever with any honourable publishing firm. (Hear, hear.) On the contrary, the work which this Society is attempting must be not less welcome to such firms than it is to the authors themselves, for that work tends to eliminate from the publishing vocation any persons who may be likely to discredit it. It also, by securing the fruits of his labour to the labourer, encourages the deserving, and so seeks to elevate the standard of literary produce.

It is fully and cordially recognised by the members of this Society—recognised with a pride natural to Englishmen—that the general history of publishing in this country has been marked by integrity, in many cases by enterprise, and in very many cases by generosity. (Hear, hear.) On the other hand it is undeniable that many authors are incapable of appreciating the merits of a bargain proposed to them by a trained man of business who regards the matter from a commercial point of view; and it is also undeniable that the details of the publishing trade have too often been surrounded with a needless amount of technical obscurity. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) We fully recognize that publishing is a useful, it may be a fine art, but we deny that it ought to be a mystery. (Hear, hear.) Now what have been the principal causes of such mystery as has existed? The first cause concerns what is termed the cost of production, that is to say, of printing a book and introducing it to the public. The Society has contributed to the elucidation of this subject, which is well within the range of the capacity conventionally described as “mean,” by publishing a little work for the use of its members, called “The Cost of Production.”

The other great cause of the haziness to which I have alluded is of a subtler character: it is in fact the time-honoured doctrine of “risk,” which might be described as the fundamental dogma of bibliopolitical orthodoxy. The classical adage that “books have their fates” has been extended into the doctrine that the fate of most books is very nearly a toss up, and that, if a publisher has the intrepidity to take his chance of heads or tails, such heroism deserves a golden reward. (Laughter.) Well, we are very far from denying that, down at least to the early part of the eighteenth century, the business of the publisher was in fact very often an extremely hazardous one. But why was it so? Because the reading public for most books was then comparatively small; because circulation was not assisted by such agencies as Book Clubs or Literary Institutes; and because, for both those reasons, the publisher found it difficult to feel the pulse of the book-market. But before the end of the eighteenth century a considerable change had already occurred in that respect; and at the present
day it is affirmed by competent persons, who have investigated the subject, that a publisher very seldom indeed brings out a book with the danger of losing much by it. A certain margin of uncertainty must of course always exist; but the authors of these original researches say that the amount of speculative element in the publishing trade has been greatly exaggerated. And yet how strange, how almost pathetic it is to reflect on the large part which this dreaded monster “risk” has played in literary destinies! There was a time when the average author, after receiving from the publisher that modest recompense which was appropriate to those who ventured nothing, beheld almost with awe the publisher pass within the veil, bound for those mysterious regions, “far in the unapparent,” where, like Hercules or Sir Calidore, he was to meet single-handed that appalling bogey “risk,” and to conquer or to fall. It must be our best comfort to reflect that by far the larger proportion of these daring publishers have survived the ordeal. And surely in their turn they will permit us to say that writers desire a revelation of this monster “risk” which shall be less in the manner of Milton and more in the manner of Dante. It it not enough for us to know that he floats many a rood. We should like to have some more exact measure of his dimensions. (Laughter.) Before leaving this topic of the relations between author and publisher, I would only add that, when an author submits to the Committee of this Society a proposed but still unsigned agreement with a publisher, the Committee does him a service if it points out a flaw, but it does him a service also if it tells him that there is no flaw—that he has no just grievance, and that he is getting as much as he can fairly expect. (Hear, hear.)

Now I will touch very briefly on the question of copyright. As you are aware, the International Copyright Act of June, 1886, enables this country to enter any International Copyright Union which may be established. But before this country can do so on equal terms it is desirable—it is even necessary—that the various existing Acts affecting Domestic Copyright should be amended and consolidated. (Hear, hear.) The draft of a Bill for that purpose has been prepared by a Committee of this Society, of which the chairman is Sir Frederick Pollock. (Applause.) As regards International Copyright, the case of course in which it most directly affects British authors is that of protection for their works in the United States. (Hear, hear.) It was naturally with a certain feeling of disappointment that we lately learned that the House of Representatives in Congress had thrown out, by a majority of 28—by 126 votes against 98—the Bill which would have afforded such protection. But under our disappointment it is no small alleviation to know that everything that is soundest in American opinion deplores that result (hear, hear), and anxiously desires a correction of a state of things which is felt to be unworthy of a great country. (Hear, hear.) The present situation has been clearly described in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, by Mr. Edmund Gosse. (Applause.)

Among our guests this evening, the educated opinion of the United States on this subject is represented by some gentlemen who have been strenuous supporters of that much-needed measure of justice. One among them I may be permitted to mention—one who for a long series of years has been an indefatigable worker in that just cause—Mr. George Haven Putnam. (Applause.) We greet him and them, not as the champions of a defeated cause, but as the champions of a cause which in our hope and belief is destined to no uncertain and no distant victory. (Cheers.) The true interests of literature in the largest sense are always international; and it is a source of peculiar gratification to us that our meeting this evening should be graced by the presence of a representative of the German Society of Letters, to whom we offer a respectful and cordial welcome. (Cheers.)

And now, ladies and gentlemen, before I sit down, it is my privilege to give you a message, which I know you will receive with deep interest and gratification. It is from the venerable and illustrious President of this Society (general cheering), whose recent restoration to health has caused rejoicing, not only throughout the British Empire, but wherever the English language is spoken. Lord Tennyson desires to assure you with what sincere pleasure he learns of the continued and increasing prosperity of this Society, and how glad he is to know of the excellent work which it is doing, in trying to make literary property more secure. (Hear, hear.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the toast of “The Incorporated Society of Authors.” (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Sir Frederick Pollock, in acknowledging the toast, called attention to the practical work of the Society in matters of foreign and colonial copyright, and pointed out that the best and most certain way to make the Society still more useful to its members and to the world of letters, was for the members to exert themselves to procure recruits and diffuse knowledge of the Society and its operations.

Mr. Alfred Austin (in proposing the toast of “Literature, Science, and Art”) said: Professor Jebb, ladies and gentlemen, when somewhat to my surprise, and certainly very much above my deserts, I was invited by the brilliant and vigorous man of...
letters, who is the Chairman of this Society, to propose this evening the toast of "Literature, Science, and Art," my first impression was that it would be difficult for any man, and for me well nigh impossible, to rise to the height of so great a task; but on further reflection it occurred to me that perhaps I was taking the toast, and myself as well, a little too seriously, and I remembered that in days less decorous, but perhaps more convivial than these, there invariably appeared in the programme of a festive evening the toast "Our noble selves." Well, sir, in an assembly consisting for the most part of men of letters, of men of science, and of artists, what after all is the toasting of "Literature, Science, and Art," but the ancient toast "Our noble selves"? So far as science and art are concerned, I almost think that that toast is superfluous. Science certainly has received abundant homage in this way: it has been hailed, justly no doubt as the master of the modern world, and art too it seems to me, still enjoys the favour of princes, and the deference and adulation of critics. But I feel sure that literature stands in poorer case. Whatever we men of letters may think of ourselves, I fancy the present age thinks very little of us, most people in the present generation it seems to me, being of opinion that the writing of great works is a thing no longer worth doing, or that writing is a thing that anybody can do. In the face of such an attitude towards letters, is it not natural, nay indeed, is it not necessary to ask ourselves the question—What is literature? But the moment we propound that question we find ourselves confronted by two principles, two opinions, that are a little hard to reconcile. Is literature whatever people may choose to write and publish, or is it that finer breadth of knowledge, that finer spirit of thought, that finer form of expression, which, as we all know, is the secret of only a minority of those who write? In a word, is literature something refined, elevated, fastidious—allow me the word exclusive—or is it on the other hand something broad, comprehensive, familiar; and in which anyone, if so he chooses, may share? The man who in these days seeks to be the champion of exclusiveness, or indeed of superiority in any form, sets himself a difficult, an invidious, and certainly a most unpopular task. Yet in an assembly like this—an assembly consisting of men who are proud of literature, proud of being men of letters, and to whom the only patent of nobility that they would think of for a moment, is literary distinction—perhaps I may be allowed to add, in which, so far as I can observe, any belief in any other form of aristocracy, is well nigh dead—it may still be desirable to maintain an aristocracy; it may be a natural, but withal a recognisable aristocracy of letters. Of course, by "aristocracy," I mean the influence and recognition of what is best, and I think that in this age an aristocracy of letters might well be maintained. But, sir, if it is to be maintained, is it not the fact that it must be imbued with a deep reverence for tradition. Whatever position we men of letters may occupy in the present age, we at least have had great ancestors, and the greatness of those ancestors, it seems to me, compels us in our turn, whether we succeed or whether we fail, at any rate to try to be great, or they will reproach us if we fail to do so. But what was it that made the distinction of those ancestors? Surely it was the manner in which they presented their thoughts, the methods by which those great writers contrived to insinuate their thoughts at once, and to make them abide for ever in the minds of men. In a word it was the style, style, which is the most aristocratic of all things, because it implies absolute self-respect on the part of the writer, and a most perfect consideration and deference for those whom he addresses; surely without style, before these days, no one would have supposed that there could have been such a thing as literature at all. Nevertheless, I suppose we shall all be of opinion that even the claims of style may be pressed too far. Everything in this world most readily and most rapidly tend to degeneration and to decay, and it is conceivable that a select class of writers, animated by a passionate attachment to style, may end by caring for nothing else.

Now, substance without form is better than form without substance; and it is not possible that in our search for that harmony, that common ground, of which I spoke, between the champions of easy going comprehensiveness on the one side, and fastidious exclusiveness on the other side, with regard to literature, is it not possible that we may now have come upon that very thing of which we are in search? The barbarians destroyed the Roman Empire, but in that very act they renovated the world and sowed the seeds even on the fields they devastated, of the love of literature in the future. And may we not be seeing at this moment something akin—something analogous? I think the masters of style whom I see around me to-night will concur in the observation that in this age there has been a tremendous irruption of barbarians into the domain of literature; but instead of reviling them should you not receive them with open arms? They bring with them I suppose the modern spirit. Their baggage may be sometimes rude and occasionally perhaps a trifle scanty; but at any rate it is new and it is their own. Nor do I think there is any fear of their overwhelming you, the masters of style. At any rate they will not overwhelm you permanently nor for ever keep back from mankind
that in you which deserves to be perpetuated and when the fear of their onset, the onset of these barbarians, has passed away, style, like Shelley's cloud, will "silently laugh at its own cenotaph," and changing, but never dying, will arise after a time and re-assert its perpetual fascination.

Therefore I am sure I shall most faithfully carry out your behests if in proposing the toast of "Literature, Science, and Art," I regard literature in no narrow spirit, but in the broadest possible signification, heartily sympathising with all those, whether they may be masters or apprentices, whether poets or novelists, historians or artists, dramatists or journalists, who aspire to be regarded as men of letters.

Many of us are of opinion that the state of English Society with its infinite variety and easy, endless gradations, is the most satisfactory, as assuredly it is the most natural that the world has ever seen. And is not this infinite variety—are not these easy, endless, elastic gradations represented in literature? It is no question of high and low; it is no question of superior and inferior; it is only a heterogeneous but harmonious company, animated by a common animation, and marching on to a common end under the banner of a generous brotherhood.

And here, sir, I think I might cease to occupy your attention, were it not that I find that in this toast science and art are coupled with literature, and I should gladly testify, however inadequately, to the close kinship which subsists between literature and science, and between science and art.

Many persons in these days have expressed grave anxiety lest science, with its hard-headed temper and practical spirit, should prove to be the enemy of literature. Surely, sir, there never was a more idle or more unfounded fear. Astronomy, I suppose, is the oldest of the sciences; but surely the definite and helpful discoveries of Kepler and Copernicus, or of Newton and Galileo, have in no degree diminished the magic and mystery of the stars. But there is a still more helpful relation between science and literature. It is more than 250 years since Harvey published his celebrated treatise on the circulation of the blood, but I suppose that neither lovers nor men of letters discourse less effectively or less fervently about the heart than they did in days of old when Helen was killed, or Dido was abandoned.

With regard to the connection between literature and art, I prefer that Professor Conway should discourse upon that subject. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I propose to you the toast of "Literature, Science, and Art," coupled with the names of Professor Hales, Professor Erichsen, and Professor Conway. (Cheers.)
has now become not the handmaiden but the master of every technical art, of every manufacture, and has contributed largely to the comfort and happiness of mankind. We shall find if we look back to physical science, greatly advanced as it was, that the professors of it had not the remotest conception of the enormous strides it was destined to take in days antecedent to railways and locomotives—still more was it impossible, in the wildest dreams of science, to think of locomotives not only running along a level plane but ascending mountain sides, tunnelling through Alpine chains for many miles, carried aloft on gigantic structures many hundred feet high above arms of the sea, and founded upon bases that were buried a hundred feet below the surface of the tide. If we look to the other sciences, to electricity, for instance, which at that period was simply a toy to amuse schoolboys, or to instruct the audiences of mechanics' institutes, we find now, beating gas as an illuminant, that other great power which has been created almost within our own time, that it has in the electric telegraph connection in every part of the world, that by telephone it conveys, not only the voice, but the very tones of that voice, to a distance of hundreds of miles, that by the phonograph it records on almost indelible tablets the accents in which those words were spoken. And if we go to other departments of Science—to that with which I am the most conversant—we shall find that by those inestimable chemical agencies pain has been rendered a thing of the past, that surgery has been deprived of its terrors, that procedures which appalled the stoutest, the most heroic breast, are now submitted to by the most timid person with complacency and without a murmur. These great triumphs of science are enduring; they are permanent, and can never be lost to mankind. There is no such thing as retrogression in science; science never moves in circles, but ever in advance; year after year some fresh position is conquered, often it is true, after a hot conflict, though happily not a sanguinary one; and once having been obtained, it is never lost. There is no finality in science. Art may be final—it may be final, if not in its conception, at all events in its perfection; but science is illimitable alike in its conception and in its execution. What our ancestors knew we well know, and we know much more than they did. What they could do we can accomplish, and more—more than they ever dreamed of accomplishing. The same will be the case with our successors undoubtedly. They will stand in the same relation to us that we now stand in in regard to our predecessors.

Great as the triumphs of science have been, there are yet, in all probability, greater triumphs still in store for science. Any day may bring forth a discovery that may revolutionize the world. We are ever on the threshold, as it were, looking over boundless plains of research, great fields of knowledge which may yield most fruitful results. Whatever may happen in the future, if we may judge from the past, we may be sure that nothing but benefit from science will accrue to mankind—that his social condition will be improved, that his intellectual status will be raised, and that he will have a wider horizon of knowledge constantly spreading before him in the field of science.

Professor Conway: Ladies and gentlemen, I will only detain you for one moment, and during that moment I will express my astonishment at "Art" having been included in this toast. I have been debating in my own mind during the course of dinner for what reason it has been done, and it was not until I heard the words of the Chairman with reference to the art of publishing that I understood why art should be included in our toast list. Unfortunately, I am no representative of that art. The only art I know is the art of listening, and I hoped that I should not have been called upon for an after-dinner speech.

Professor Michael Foster (in the absence of Mr. George Augustus Sala) then proposed the toast of "The Guests." He said: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry— it is not necessary for me to say—that I am not George Augustus Sala. Why George Augustus Sala is not here and where he may be at the present moment I do not know; but I am very sorry that he is not here—sorry for those whose health he was about to propose, sorry for those who were about to listen to him, and sorrowing still more for myself who have to put my diminutive feet into his somewhat roomy shoes. (Laughter.) Who I am does not, I think, concern you to know; it is sufficient to say that I belong to a large class, to those who cannot say "no" when Walter Besant asks you to do a thing, and I do it under circumstances of great difficulty. Just before dinner in the room down below, when we were expecting the time when the clock would strike half-past seven precisely, I was talking to one of our distinguished members, and he drew the conversation towards speeches after dinner, and I thought then that I had no speech before me. I do not like to quote his exact words—in my scientific memoirs I always quote the exact words of authors—in this assembly I feel a diffidence in doing so, but I will give you the effect, and it was that instructive speeches after dinner are detestable. Now I must unfortunately, be instructive, because I have to propose to you "The Guests," and although they are known to all the world they are...
not all of them known to all of you. In the first place, there is Mr. Gilzean Reid, who is the President of the Institute of Journalists, which is a kindred Institution with similar aims and identical objects. If that is so Mr. Gilzean Reid is not a guest but a brother. Then there is the German Society of Authors, represented by Herr Brand, who has already been referred to by the Chairman, and on the principle that *bis dat qui cito dat* and therefore *qui bis dat cito dat*, the toast will get to him all the earlier if I ask you to repeat what has been said. Then we come to a whole group which, in the instructions that Mr. Walter Besant has kindly given me, is spoken of as our American friends, and here again I must commit an act of reduplication. The first name I have to mention is that of Mr. Geo. Haven Putnam, the greatest friend of American Copyright. I have further to mention Mr. Harry Harvey, who is well known all over America—and perhaps I might venture to say in the obscure little island of England—as Sydney Scott. Then there is Mr. Bailey Aldrich, an American poet, whom an English poet dares to welcome as his guest. Lastly there is Mrs. Chandler Moulton, the American poetess, with whose poems all of us are familiar. Then I come to one of whom, perhaps, though she is last is not least. Arriving at King's Cross this afternoon I had an opportunity of a hurried word with a lady who is not distantly connected with your Chairman. I spoke to her of the interest attaching to ladies dining in public with gentlemen. She said she always thought that ladies were in the way; she then rushed into a cab before I had time to say that that way was in all cases a shining way. But perhaps Walter Besant will allow me to say that with all respect for the great deeds that you have done of late, I am inclined to think that the great work of this Society of Authors has been that they have instituted the practice of ladies dining in public with gentlemen. (Applause.) I do not know how the ladies have stood the severe baptism of smoke, as my friend near me calls it, to which they have been subjected; but I trust that in spite of that and in spite of the speeches to which they have listened and to which they are listening, they have passed a pleasant evening. (Hear, hear.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I propose to you "Our Guests," mentioning particularly the names of Mr. Gilzean Reid, the President of the Institute of Journalists, Herr Brand, and Mr. George Haven Putnam. (Cheering.)

Mr. Gilzean Reid: Mr. Chairman, Professor Foster, ladies and gentlemen, I can assure you that I shall not occupy your attention very long. A friend has reminded me that this is only the three hundred and thirty-ninth time that I have responded to the toast of the Institute of Journalists, and you may rest assured that I am as anxious to get rid of it as you are to get rid of me. I must protest against being classed as a guest. I may claim in one respect to be an author, as I wrote a book which had a circulation of 1,400, which was sold to the public at 6s., and which brought me the handsome recom pense of £2 12s. 3d. I also wrote another book which had a circulation of 100,000, and which never brought me a farthing profit. And therefore I think I can claim to be one of yourselves. We have not present here to-night George Augustus Sala, and I always feel that a meeting of literary men is defective without his genial sparkling picturesque personality, which has added lustre to a great profession. (Hear, hear.) Let me say we, the Institute of Journalists, are entirely in sympathy with the Society of Authors, and you may rest assured that we shall continue, as we have been doing, to work together for common and beneficial ends. There are many common ends to which we can co-operate, and to which we have co-operated with this Society of Authors in seeking to promote an equitable distribution of the property in literature, and we have agreed to co-operate in trying to establish an equitable international scheme of copyright, and I hope we journalists shall also co-operate in exposing those publishers—for a few still remain—who, whether they be artists or not, know something about being artful dodgers. (Laughter.)

Let me say that our Institute has made considerable progress. A few years ago we had only a handful of members; to-day we have between two and three thousand; and I can fairly say that our membership represents nearly all that is best and certainly all that is thoroughly representative in Journalism. A friend has hinted here that the times have changed. In the days of Queen Anne Acts were introduced to restrain and repress and tax newspapers. The press of the country was even then becoming too powerful for the powers that were. But a great change has taken place since that time.

Within the last few months another monarch, good Queen Victoria, has given the journalists of the Empire a royal charter, which enables them to define their position, to secure privileges, and to establish a scheme of administration and education; and we shall work on as we have worked with this Society of Authors, and other kindred institutions, so that we may establish that which will be in truth a real and healthy brotherhood of the pencil and the pen. (Cheers.)

Herr Brand: Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to thank you for inviting me to this charming assembly to-night. I shall not fail to report it in the proper quarters, hoping that if any of you were ever to come
to our assemblies, you would be made to feel welcome in the very heartiest manner as we have been made to feel welcome amongst you here to-night. I am afraid we could not offer you such a splendid banquet, but we would try to make up for that in the extension of our festivities. Our annual assembly actually extends over three whole days and part of the night as well. (Laughter.) It is chiefly devoted to the transaction of the business of the Society, but still there remains some time left, as there was last summer in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, for a festival performance at the Opera one night; for an excursion to the Rhine; for an excursion to Wiesbaden, and for a few other entertainments. With those exceptions the time was strictly devoted to business. This summer, next month, the gathering will take place at Breslau, and if any of those present here to-night should be there, we shall offer them a hearty welcome. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Haven Putnam: If I remember my Scriptures, directly Daniel was able to get safely out of the Den of Lions he made a speech; but I do not think he was asked to make a speech before he got out. (Laughter.) I am conscious of being a publisher; however, I am not come here to speak these words to-night in the role of a publisher; but only because my business happens to be associated with international copyright. On behalf of the associated trades of authors and publishers of the United States, who have been doing very hard work under circumstances of some little discouragement and difficulty, I have to express to this Society that it is their fixed intention to carry on that work with the hope that in the future international copyright will be put in a proper position of solidarity, and that the relations of authors and publishers will be put on a proper footing. I need only say with regard to the work already done, and in connection with the discouraging vote in the House of Representatives a few weeks back, a great deal has been done in the United States. As you Englishmen know, we have used English books very largely during the last century, and not paid for them. A great many of the States have instructed their representatives to vote in behalf of authors, both English and American, and the middle States, and the greater portion of the States of the North West, voted solidly in support of that Bill. So that we have won over communities, and the work of winning over communities will still go on, and will not be so long a task as people here dreaded. I look forward to the day when all these difficulties between authors and publishers will be settled on a mutually remunerative basis. Publishers will soon I expect have an association of their own, and we shall hear of the grievances of publishers against authors, and we shall then have our own organs on the other side. But these are practically, as between honest publishers and honest authors, matters of detail. I look forward to the day when authors all over the world will be receiving the highest remuneration. Then authors will become princes of finance, as well as princes of literature.

Mr. Oscar Wilde: Ladies and gentlemen, I confess that I am of opinion that in the case of authors while speech is silver, writing is gold, and that on the whole those of us, who claim at all the distinction of being men of letters, should not get up after dinner and make serious speeches, except for the purpose, so necessary in a great religious country like England, of conveying in a certain popular manner the sense of the tediousness of eternity. But on the other hand when I was invited by the Committee of this Society to propose the health of our Chairman this evening, I felt that no incorporated author could attempt to draw back. This is, ladies and gentlemen, our third banquet. We had first Mr. Bryce, and I think it was a privilege to us to have as guest on that occasion a man so loved and so honoured amongst the people of the largest English-speaking country in the world, as Mr. J. Russell Lowell. Lord Pembroke, an author and a man of culture, and one whose name being so intimately connected with English literature, going back indeed to Elizabethan days, conferred distinction upon our Society. And to-night we have to welcome as our Chairman Professor Richard Claverhouse Jebb, who is known, not merely in England, but certainly in Germany, France and Holland, and everywhere where Greek and Latin literature is read, as a scholar and a man of letters. (Cheers.) I must confess, sir, if you will allow me to address you personally, that I think that you, in confining yourself to the wide sphere of University life, have chosen the better part. The man of letters, on the whole, should live in a University and with University surroundings. We have constantly before us the irresistible temptations of modern life, and now and then a dreadful rumour appears in the papers that many of our most popular writers are tempted to abandon literature for other things. I remember the pang that shot through many of us when we read in the Times one morning that Mr. Walter Besant was going to become a member of the County Council. Subsequently there appeared a statement that Mr. Rider Haggard, desiring to find a fuller scope for the mendacity of Allan Quatermain, intended to seek distraction on a political platform, and that charming and graceful writer, the author of “Obiter Dicta,” has lately joined the minority in the House of Commons. Yes, sir, you have chosen the better part. A scholar—a man of letters—should not live in
the turmoil of modern life. With us Ariel comes too rarely and Caliban criticizes our books.

You have written, sir, upon Homer. Alas! in our life there is nothing that is Homeric except the uncouth Thersites. Sir, we look upon you as one who has realized the ideal and as one who has devoted himself to literature. When I was at Oxford I was always consoled for the extraordinary and, as it seemed to me at the time, the deliberate dullness of my tutor, by the fact that one could loiter in the grey cloisters at morning listening to the voices singing, and lie in the garden on the grass and see the sunlight reflected on the towers and gilded panes, or wander up the staircase of Christ Church beneath its vaulted ceilings, and stroll across the College of St. John's and see the house that Laud built for his pleasure. You, sir, have surroundings no less lovely and beautiful; and those are the surroundings that a man of letters should have. Nor is it a question of surroundings merely. The great eras in English literature have been those when the Universities have been in immediate touch with the literature of the times; one imperishable thing we have in our literature—the work of Milton, which shows what I mean.

I remember, sir, having the pleasure some years ago of reading a book of yours upon the Attic orators, a book, I need hardly say, distinguished by the highest scholarship; and in those days it seemed that the literary man was also able to make a speech. I am inclined to think that now that is the one thing we should never do. But as I have touched upon the definite work that you have done, not merely for your own University, but for all of us, allow me to remind the company present of other things you have done also. That great scholar, Richard Bentley, seems to me to have left the mantle of his critical insight to that scholar who now holds the position of Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and who has written a monograph on his great predecessor that is a little masterpiece of style and method. It is said sometimes of those scholars who deal critically with minute work that they deal merely with words. Sometimes I think that words are the only reality, and I wish that the English critics whom we have now working amongst us would expend upon the linguistic criticism of the English language one-twentieth part of the care and trouble that a scholar of Oxford or Cambridge gives to the language of the Greek or the Roman. What is the mission of criticism but to preserve language pure and uncorrupted, to test every new intruder, to keep the old words from getting old-fashioned, and to always keep before the eyes of the writer that language is precious material. Our ordinary books have passed into uncouth realism or into what is not literature at all, and when one remembers what the Universities do for us in keeping alive the Greek and Latin languages and Greek and Latin modes of thought, and then takes up some ordinary and possibly evening newspaper, one is tempted to think that the only dead language is the English language. (Laughter.)

And finally, sir, you will allow me to remind the audience of authors who are present here to-night that your work is not merely confined to perfect scholarship, to the delicate traditions of the most perfect literature of the world, but that by your quick insight into modern culture you have been the link between the life of our own time and the life of the Greek; and that you yourself have also contributed to modern literature a work that no one would ever dream of parting with—that beautiful translation of Sophocles that enables us to hear the imaginative voice of music that once stirred the people of Athens. There is an Italian proverb “traditori tradutori.” I think the translation of the work of the creator of Oedipus Tyrannos shows, so far as we are concerned, that our withers are unwrung. There have been beautiful translations in verse of Greek and Latin things and one, a gentle and most courteous man of letters, Lord Carnarvon, whose death we all deplore, did recently into verse a translation of the “Odyssey,” but your translation, sir, is a classic. And so, sir, let me felicitate you in that you have chosen the better part: let me felicitate the University that has had so distinguished a son: let me felicitate the Society of Authors in that we have as our Chairman one who is not only a perfect scholar but also a brilliant man of letters.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the Chairman of the evening. (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman: Let me ask permission to thank you most sincerely for the kind words you have spoken, words which I felt to be most deeply sympathetic, and to thank this distinguished company for the very kind manner in which those words have been received.

Allow me simply to say from my heart that it has been felt by me as the greatest possible honour and pleasure to be here this evening. I thank you.
This pamphlet is a reply to the invitation issued by the Publication Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in their Report of last year, for any suggestions, which they "will gladly receive," on the best way of making "the Venerable Society the most efficient literary handmaid of the Church of England throughout the world."

The suggestions offered in these pages contain, first, some of the elementary principles which guide honourable men in the administration of literary property. The writer next advances three cases, as illustrating the methods adopted by the Society. A copy of this pamphlet will be sent to any member of the Society by application to the Office, including two postage stamps.

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BY S. S. SPRIGGE, B.A.

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2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.
4. Literature and the Pension List. By W. MORRIS COLLES, Barrister-at-Law. (Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C.) 4s. 6d.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. The work is printed for members of the Society only. 2s. 6d. (A new Edition preparing.)
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. The book is nearly ready, and will be issued as soon as possible.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

I HOPE that readers of The Author will regard with favour the arrangement of last month's number, which contained nothing but the Report of the Dinner and the speeches pronounced on that occasion. For my own part I would gladly have a close season for magazines, journals, and new books of every kind. It would do the world every kind of good to rest from ephemerals during the months of August and September. There is plenty of old literature to read: no one can read anything like the number of good things that come out. If we would only rest! In a sense we do. The summer is the season for publishing in the magazines the papers which nobody cares to read. How if there were no publications at all?

The Authors' Dinner I regard as chiefly valuable because it is the only function in which authors, as a body, have ever come together. It is difficult to manage; it causes little frictions of the moment; there is always the usual excuse from the man you want most to get. He who is best qualified to speak on this or that point is sure to be ill or absent. Yet with all these difficulties we have met for the third time, and we have met very successfully in increasing numbers. Would it be possible, or would it be better for us—in our own interests—to meet in any other way? A conference has been suggested, or a conversazione, as a change from the dinner. As regards the former we should require certain very definite points of discussion, and there would have to be a very rigid chairman, and I think that reporters should be excluded. A conference of two days followed by a conversazionemight be a change for the better in our annual programme. I shall be very glad to receive any communications on this subject.

For reasons not wholly unconnected with laziness and a long holiday I have to defer the few observations I wish to make on a certain Memorandum recently issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge until next month. However, two letters on the subject which appeared in the Daily News and in the Guardian early in August, have perhaps explained my views as to the value of that document and have prevented my silence being misconstrued. Meantime, let us note one thing very carefully. There is not in the minds either of the Publication Committee of that Society or in the minds of those who were persuaded to sign this precious Memorandum, the slightest perception; not the least glimmering of perception; that literary property now exists. Yet they make thousands every year by literary property. And they obstinately refuse to inquire, as to their methods of acquisition, whether they are honest and honourable, or the reverse.

This prevailing ignorance of the existence of...
literary property and its rights has been also illustrated in other ways. Thus, a man who has long been connected with literature writes to a journal that he has been more "generously" treated by the S.P.C.K. than by other publishers. More generously! But the question is not one of generosity, but of justice. When will the world understand this? Are authors to stand, hat in hand, the tears of gratitude running down their hungry cheeks, when these high-minded Christian gentlemen bestow their doles?

The awakening, however, even of the religious mind is illustrated by a recent fact. A lady writes that another religious publishing society—nonconformists, these—have sent her word, that although they bought certain books of hers outright, and she has no claim, in spite of their success, they recognise the equity of her case. They have therefore sent her a substantial cheque for past years and promise her a royalty in future.

This, you see, concedes the first principle to be observed by all honest men in the acquisition of literary property, viz., that the price paid for it, or the rent for the use of it, must depend on the actual sale of the book and not upon the amount fixed by the avarice of a sweater or the necessities of an author. But this is a Society managed by humble nonconformists, not by high-minded Churchmen. And a second lady, herself one of the unfortunate victims of the S.P.C.K., writes that she has just negotiated with another religious publishing house for the production of a book. She has received the same sum which she has been accustomed to get from the former liberal and honourable house, but accompanied by a very reasonable royalty in addition. We are waking up, after all.

Why is it that religious societies are always doing things of which private firms would be ashamed? I have, still further, received the particulars of a case which I set down as it was told to me. If I had time to investigate the case fully I would publish the name of the Society. The accountant of a certain society discovered that another officer, by an elaborate system of secret book-keeping, had turned the society into a firm trading for his own advantage! He proceeded to expose the whole business after an immense deal of trouble in unearthing the intricacies of the method. The result was that the committee, on the offender saying that he had now repented, with prayer and tears, and had turned over a new leaf, passed a vote of confirmed confidence—and dismissed the accountant! It seems incredible, and there may be another side to the story, but the documents, which I have received and read, appear to leave no doubt on the matter.

Here, again, is another case which speaks for itself. It is an advertisement cut out of a paper. In this case the name of the truly conscientious Society is given at full, for the admiration of the world:

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"For further particulars apply to the Secretary, (Junior Division C.E.T.S.), 9, Bridge Street, Westminster, S.W."

This Church of England Society calmly proposes, in fact, to keep for nothing all the things that are sent in to them. It "reserves the right to publish any competition, whether it gains the prize or not." Now if an enterprising butcher was to offer a prize of twenty pounds for the best pig, "reserving the right" of keeping and selling for himself all the competing pigs, whether they gained a prize or not, what would be said of that butcher's impudence? How would his brother butchers speak of the offer? In what light would it be regarded by the proprietors of pigs? Yet, because it is only literary property that is concerned, the respectable Committee of the Junior Division of the Church of England Temperance Society does not scruple to imitate that enterprising butcher. The committees of religious societies always, I believe, begin with prayer. Would it be possible for the Archbishop to draw up a form of prayer suitable for those committees which have to do with publishing?

Some kind person has sent me the prospectus of a Society which really does seem to meet that "long-felt want" which calls for every new association. One need not mention it by name, because an association with such benevolent aims cannot fail to make rapid way. It is, in fact, the much-desired Ghost Society. There has never been a time when people have more ardently desired dramatic success. There has also never been a time when so few people have possessed the first elements of dramatic success. They may now, however, by joining this Association, whose terms of membership ought to be very high, be able to gratify their laudable ambition.
THE AUTHOR.

They can have their manuscript plays corrected, revised, and put into practical dramatic form for them—no doubt by Messrs. Sims, Pinero, Henry Jones, Pettitt, and other leading dramatists. The Society is also about to issue a monthly paper, "supported by tales of the Association," which is a very odd form of support. They are also going to find engagements for ladies and gentlemen who wish to go on the stage, and they will teach people to play the violin or the harp, to sing, to become eloquent, and to compose music; in short, a most excellent Ghost Society. One department is, no doubt only for the moment, omitted. They do not yet propose to correct literary work and make it fit for publication. But here is a very great field lying open for the first comer. If only those who are now so foolish as to spend their money in paying for their own productions, receiving in return nothing but a nasty, spiteful notice in the papers, would only lay out that money in buying MSS. worth printing and put their own names to them, how much better it would be for all parties! For the author would get properly paid, the person with the money would get the glory, and the public would be spared the trash that is now offered them. We look for the development of this new Society in the direction of literature. Perhaps we might do a good turn to our own members by creating a new Branch—the Ghostly Branch—of the Society of Authors; or it might seem better adapted—a more natural growth—to the S.P.C.K.

An American paper, the Critic, has lately been preparing a list of the Forty living Immortals—the Academy—of the United States. Here they are, divided into the States or countries of their residence:

New Jersey. Stockton, Whitman.
Pennsylvania. Furness.
Columbia District. Bancroft.
Michigan. Winchell.
Georgia. Harris.
Italy. Story.

The same paper is about to prepare a new list, containing the twenty who shall be considered the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood.

In a lecture entitled "Literature as a Profession," Col. T. W. Higginson has made some remarks which are quoted in the Critic of New York. Among them are the following:

"Here, as nowhere else, the author stands free and dignified in his profession, with no class above him. How does a literary man stand to-day in England? So long as he is not raised to the peerage, he takes rank below the meanest man who has been: and if, like Tennyson, he consents to join it, he has the extreme felicity of being followed in that body by a prosperous London brewer. The separation of set from set makes its mark in all the literature of England. Why is it that the American magazines have marched in solid column into England and displaced the English magazines? It is because the American magazine is a magazine. It is a place of comprehension. It brings people together."

Here are two interesting points. The first is the wonderful inability of the American mind to understand what rank means. As regards precedence the best English poet, if he had no title, would have to walk behind the lowest birthday or jubilee knight. But what Englishman in his senses would rank the birthday knight above the poet? What does it matter to the author and his position whether a brewer or a brewer's clerk receive a title? His own position remains the same. It is that acquired by his reputation alone. The next point is more serious. The lecturer says that the American magazines have displaced the English magazines in their own land. Is this so? Does the statement approach the truth? If it is true, or nearly true, it is a very great reproach on English writers and a great blow and discouragement. Well, we have the Contemporary, the Nineteenth Century, the Fornightly, the National, the Universal, the New Review, Blackwood's, Macmillan's, the Cornhill, Longman's, Temple Bar, and a dozen others, all of which are well known to be flourishing, more or less—some, exceedingly—all supposed to be good properties, and all taken in and read in every part of our great Empire. The American magazines have come over here. One or two have succeeded, and deservedly. But to the detriment of the English magazines? I believe, not at all. If this had been the case, it would have been proved by a falling-off in prices paid to contributors, when the Society would have heard of it. But no such thing has happened. Some magazines there are which are in a bad way, and have been in a bad way for years, because, when a magazine takes a turn for the worse, it seems unable to recover itself, but goes continually down till it reaches the point of extinction.

On the other hand, the success of one magazine
may create such a demand as will make room for half a dozen more, and this, I take it, is the reason of the English success of the American magazines.

I wonder if it is too late to speak with admiration of a paper in an August magazine. The "Perilous Amour" of Mr. Weyman, in Temple Bar for that month, stood out, as regards interest, workmanship, and freshness, above and beyond everything else of that month—I mean, of course, everything else that I saw.

In August we received a letter from Lord Monkswell, who has charge of our Copyright Bill, informing us that the great length of the Bill made it for various reasons inadvisable that it should be introduced at so late a period in the Session. Both his lordship and others whom he kindly consulted on the matter, recommended that it should be held over until November. This little delay is quite unimportant; the more so when we remember the many long years through which authors have waited for some attempt at the remedial legislation, which is now only some three months away. Of course it is the attempt only, and not the legislation, which is so near.

The ingenious hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha, seems to have thought that there were certain plights from which the extremest knight-errantry could not extricate a man. At any rate he tilts no lance on the author's behalf, but commends him simply to God. The passage runs as follows:

"Tell me, your worship, print you this book upon your own charges, or have you sold the copyright to some publisher?"

"I print it on my own account," said the author, "and think to gain a thousand crowns by the first impression, which will be of two thousand copies, which they will sell at six reales a piece in a brace of straws."

"Your worship is mighty well up in the account. It is well seen that you know nothing of the ins and outs of publishers. I promise you that when you shall find you laden with the bodies of two thousand books, your own body shall be so wearied that it will affright you, especially if the book be a little dull and is nothing piquant."

"So then, your worship," said the author, "would have me give my copyright for three maravedis to a publisher, who will think he does me a kindness in giving me so much? I do not print my books to achieve fame in the world, for I am already known by my works; I want profit, for without it fine fame is not worth a farthing."

"God give your worship good fortune," said Don Quixote, and passed on.

"I cannot," says an eminent author and dramatist (who surely wants a holiday badly), "use my own judgment in a literary contract without being pounced upon and bullied by a trades union of authors." Now this is meant for us, and is not fair. We have pounced upon nobody, we have bullied nobody, nor have we ever attempted to pounce or to bully. We have never set ourselves up as a tribunal to which authors, eminent or otherwise, should apply before acceding to a publisher's terms, unless they wish to do so. We may have excellent reasons for thinking that they would be very wise if they did come to us, but we leave it to them: and more and more come daily. As for this particular author, he has never applied to us for advice and has therefore never received any. But a trades' union, I believe, dictates to its members that they should accept certain terms only, upon certain conditions only, and members cannot continue to belong to the union unless they do as they are told. We have never attempted or wished to take up this position. We simply say to all authors and to this our eminent member among them:—"Complaints have been made and are still being made by men of letters that they have not obtained fair terms for their work, that they have been led to sign contracts to which they never would have assented had the meaning of those contracts been apparent to them, and the ultimate division of profits foreshadowed; that in short in the business side of the literary profession they have been at a disadvantage. Therefore the Society offers to make clear to its members the meaning of any proposal submitted to them, so that they may be, perhaps for the first time, in a position to understand whether they should take an offer or leave it." That is not the same thing as preventing an author from using his own judgment about a literary contract. Let those who have judgment exercise it, but what is to become of those whose judicial faculties are small, or who from absence of technical knowledge, or data from which to make deduction, cannot tell a good bargain from a bad one, when it terms are submitted to them? Must such an one always go to the wall?

Mrs. Craik and Mr. Richard Jefferies are both to be honoured in the same way. There has lately been placed in Tewkesbury Abbey a medallion portrait of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Tewkesbury was the home of John Halifax, and the last place visited by the author before her death. Salisbury Cathedral very fitly has been selected as the right place to do similar honour to the memory of Richard Jefferies, a Wiltshire man and
THE AUTHOR.

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The poet of the Wiltshire Downs. As regards the latter, subscriptions may be sent to myself, and I shall be very grateful to any who will help to erect this monument to the great naturalist and writer.

The following seems to me a remarkable story of perseverance. A young author writes:—

"My story, '——', has only been rejected twice, as yet. My first story, published just three years ago, was rejected thirty-six times before it was finally accepted. Another story of mine was only taken after forty-two publishers had refused it. So, you see, I cannot despair about '——'. Besides, she is the only child of my brain that I have left to see settled in the world, all my other MSS. having been accepted, with the exception of a four-act drama."

One can only wish every success to the four-act drama. This author has worked his way to success against discouragement that would almost have dashed the ardour of the Bruce's spider.

Probably he could have spared himself a good proportion of these refusals, if he had been advised earlier of the most suitable direction in which to seek for a publisher. At the Society, we are often asked to "recommend a publisher," and it is possible that a mere glance at these books would have enabled us to save this author at least two dozen refusals by pointing out the publishers to whom it would be useless or unwise to apply.

We are glad to learn from their organ, The Journalist, that the Institute of Journalists thinks, like ourselves, on the matter of International Copyright, and that the Committee of Management propose to take such steps towards its establishment as may seem expedient. The question was brought to their notice through a resolution, passed on the motion of Mr. James Baker, by the Bristol Branch of the Institute. The motion was to the effect that "this meeting pledges itself to do all in its power to hasten the passing of a just and equitable copyright convention between this country and America, especially urging that in such a convention no injustice be done to the printers and paper-makers of this country; and that copies of this resolution be sent to the Institute of Journalists and the Society of Authors."

Charles Gibbon, who died last month at Yarmouth, while still a middle-aged man, was a most prolific novelist. He wrote over thirty novels, some of which, "For Lack of Gold," and "The Queen of the Meadow," for example, enjoyed considerable popularity.

At present in America, as everyone who enjoys any circulation in England knows, there is nothing to prevent the unauthorized publication of English books on the other side of the Atlantic. But it seems to me that Miss Braddon has, in this case, some chance of an indirect remedy, or has, at any rate, an opportunity of some sort for some sort of reprisal, though blood would hardly wash out the
insult of being publicly accused of having invented the title of "Tiger-Head; or, the Ghost of the Avalanche." Miss Braddon's enormous and well-deserved popularity with all classes makes her name very valuable to the go-ahead Editor of the *Sunday Mercury*, and it is her name and not the story that is selling the periodical. Would it not be possible to send out to America an earnestly-worded repudiation of the literary honours thrust upon her? If this were sent to *The New York Tribune*, and *The New York Herald*, and the Sunday papers, most of the other journals might be trusted to copy it, without being requested to do so. This might damage the boom of the *Sunday Mercury*. Charles Reade was victimized in the same way, and, if I mistake not, Wilkie Collins was also.

Here is a very interesting communication, based entirely upon the question of "What is trade-custom?"

Without expressing any opinion on the case, we cordially echo our correspondent's wish that the customs of the trade could be made comprehensible to the intelligence of the author.

"A publisher makes the following agreement:—

"Messrs. X. and Y. agree to pay a royalty of so much per copy on all copies sold after the sale of the first— copies of the said work, the publishing price of which shall be so much. The royalty on copies sold in America shall be one-half."

The figures are omitted in charity to the publisher and pity for the author.

"In a few years about 1,000 copies are sold in America, and the royalty is duly paid; but these copies are not allowed to be reckoned among 'the first'—so that the author has to wait till that number, plus the copies taken in America, are sold before he gets his royalty of ——; i.e., the publisher, by paying in advance the stipulated royalty on the 1,000 copies sold in America, avoids the payment of the full royalty. Is this the 'custom of the trade'? It certainly seems an infraction of the agreement."

"I found, too, by sad experience," continues the letter, "that it was the custom of the trade to distribute a large number of presentation copies, without consultation, and to advertise in such a way that in one year the cost of advertisements alone exceeded the receipts from the sale of the book. Having stopped this, I still had to submit to items like the following:—(The published price being, say, 3s. 6d.) 101 sold as 97, at 2s. 6d., less 5 per cent., trade allowance (besides, of course, publisher's commission); or 52 (America) sold as 48, at 1s. 4d. All this may be quite fair and necessary in a business way; but I think publishers should let authors know of these customs of the trade before the latter put a price on their book. Few new authors realize that in this way they can only expect (not counting advertisements), at most, one-half of the published price, and that six months after the whole year's account is made up."

Our correspondent raises many questions in his letter, with all of which we hope at one time or another to deal. For the present I note only that this author has been made to sign an agreement, the nature of which he has not understood. For example, he is to receive nothing till the publisher has sold so many copies. How much will the publisher have made when the author's time begins? The author does not know. Yet he signed the agreement in the dark. When his time arrives, how much will the publisher make for his share? He knows very well, but the author does not. In this case the agreement was such, that the publisher would make, on a rough estimate, at least £150 profit before the author got anything. He would afterwards make about twice as much as the author.

There is given, later on, a *resumé* of an enquiry commenced last spring, into the position of the English author with reference to the Colonial book market. That this market is an ever-increasing one is plain. In the Colonies there are not only more people to read than formerly, but, in proportion, many more now who do read, and in both directions this increase will go on.

The Society will do its best to deal with this problem. We shall probably first memorialize Government to enforce the existing protection, and shall then consider whether there is any direction in which more protection could be obtained, and whether we have any chance of obtaining it. Local Copyright Acts might perhaps be procured in the interests of the English owners of the copyrights, if the representations were made in the proper direction.

At the present it may seem that great importance is being attached to a small matter, but our Colonial readers are no small matter, and it would be a thousand pities if, through supineness now, we lost a splendid market in the future.

In the meantime, let everybody see that his book is duly and promptly entered at Stationers' Hall.

I beg to invite suggestions as to a future plan.

WALTER BESANT.
THE POET'S SEAT:
AN IDYLL OF THE SUBURBS.

"Ille terrarum mihi praefer omnes
Angulus RIDRT."—Hor. ii, 6.

IT was a towering tree of yore,
A lordly elm, before they lopped it,
And weighty, said those five who bore
Its bulk across the lawn, and dropped it
Not once or twice, before it lay,
With two young pear trees to protect it,
Safe where the Poet hoped some day
The curious pilgrim would inspect it.

He saw him with his Poet's eye,
The tall Maori, turned from etching
The ruin of St. Paul's, to try
Some object better worth the sketching;—
He saw him, and it nerved his strength
What time he hacked and hewed and scraped it,
Until the monster grew at length
The Master-piece to which he shaped it.

To wit—a goodly garden-seat,
And fit alike for Shah or Sophy,
With shelf for cigarettes complete,
And one, but lower down, for coffee;
He planted pansies round its foot,—
"Pansies for thoughts," and rose and arum;
The Motto (that he meant to put)
Was Ille angulus terrarum.

But "Oh ! the change (as Milton sings)—
The heavy change!" When May departed,
When June with its "delightful things"
Had come and gone, the rough bark started,—
Began to lose its sylvan brown,
Grew parched, and powdery, and spotted,
And, though the Poet nailed it down,
It still flapped up, and dropped, and rotted.

Nor was this all. 'Twas next the scene
Of vague (and viscous) vegetations;
Queer fissures gaped, with oozings green,
And moist, unsavoury exhalations,—
Faint wafts of wood decayed and sick,
Till, where he meant to carve his Motto,
Strange leathery fungi sprouted thick,
And made it like an oyster grotto.

In short it grew a Seat of Scorn,
Bare,—shameless,—till, for fresh disaster,
From end to end, one April morn,
'Twas riddled like a pepper caster,—
Drilled like a vellum of old time,
And musing on this final mystery,
The Poet left off scribbling rhyme
And took to studying Natural History.

This was the turning of the tide:
His five-act-play is still unwritten;
The dreams that now his soul divide
Are more of Lubbock than of Lytton;
"Ballades" are "verses vain" to him
Whose first ambition is to lecture
(So much is man the sport of whim!)
On "Insects and their Architecture."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AND THE
COLONIAL BOOK MARKET.

IT may be remembered that at the end of last
year we published a communication received
by us from the Secretary of State for the
Colonies, informing us that steps should be taken
in accordance with our representations, to prevent
the introduction of foreign reprints into the Straits
Settlements. Shortly after this Mr. Rider Haggard
sent to us a copy of his novel "Jess," which was
circulating largely in an unauthorized edition in
Africa, and pointed out the advisability of making
an enquiry into the matter, with a view of finding
out how far such practices were generally pre
valent in the Crown Colonies.*

It is evident that our novelists have a large and
ever-increasing market in the Colonies, and that
some steps ought to be taken to prevent such
robbery and secure the profits to them. At the
same time it did not appear so very clear what
those steps should be.

We therefore addressed the following questions to
prominent book-sellers in our various Colonies, in
the hope that we should thus learn how much the
author is at present injured by these reprints, which
are mostly American, and how far anything could
be done to prevent the injury:—

"(1.) Are pirated editions imported freely
into the colony?
"(2.) Is there any legislation to prevent this
importation?
"(3.) Are such books openly exposed for
sale?
"(4.) To what extent in your opinion do
pirated books and American reprints
damage the books of the English trade?
"(5.) What in your opinion would be the
best steps to take for the protection of
English and Colonial authors?"

* The cost of this production was twenty cents, and it was
the meanest Americanism we ever saw.
The result of the answers we have received, as yet, is as follows:—

Pirated editions are imported freely into Africa generally, into some parts of India, and into British Guiana, but not to any extent into Australia or New Zealand. In some colonies, what legal protection the law affords, is enforced, and in some it is not. For there is imperial legislation to meet the point. If the books are registered at Stationers' Hall, an import duty of 20 per cent. on the published price is collected by the Custom House for the good of the owner of the copyright. This, of course, is legislation for the regulation of the abuse, not for its prevention. It is very significant, however, that in Australia and New Zealand, where the Custom House officials levy the duty carefully, pirated editions are by no means rife.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Registrar of Canterbury College, Christchurch, N.Z., for the following information—

"Lists of English copyright books are sent by the British Customs House to Wellington, and thence distributed to the collectors of customs at the different ports. I have this morning inspected the latest; it is dated May, 1889. The collector of Customs informs me that quite recently a quantity of music from America was destroyed under his directions, because of infringement of English copyright."

From Auckland, New Zealand, we have received almost the same information, our correspondents believing that the existing law is sufficient if strictly carried out. Instances are given of the efficient working of the law.

A correspondent writes from Dunedin to the same effect, adding that no bookseller worthy of the name would import reprints to the prejudice of the publishers of the old country.

In Adelaide the law is enforced. The Principal Librarian of the Free Public Library at Sydney considers that the protection extended to authors and publishers by the Custom House is adequate. He has not received in seven years of office fifty such unauthorized books. In Melbourne we are informed that pirated editions are but seldom seen, and our correspondent is of opinion that the English owners of the copyright have sustained no damage from them. In Brisbane the Act seems to be a sufficient protection, for but few American reprints have been seen there, and the fact that they are prohibited seems to be distinctly understood.

In India, we hear from Calcutta that pirated editions are sometimes extensively imported. Our correspondent also casually throws out a horrible suggestion. He thinks that copyright books are sometimes printed in secrecy in India. This, of course, is quite beside the question, but it is a matter for grave apprehension.

The Honorary Secretary of the Library at Simla Station informs us that pirated editions are freely imported into India, and that such legislation as exists to prevent this is not put in force.

We learn from Bombay that the Custom House is very strict in preventing the import of pirated books, and that hardly any such editions find their way into British possessions.

In Madras pirated editions are imported, but only rarely. They are always cheap American reprints. But in Madras the law is recognised, for one of our correspondents points out that the importation into British India of pirated editions, which infringe any law in force in the territory, can be punished by forfeiture and fine.

Neither in Australia, New Zealand, or India, are these books openly exposed for sale, and the damage done to authors in the first two colonies by their sale is, of course, very slight.

In Africa the tale is different; we print the following letter from the biggest book-seller at Cape Town, as it so clearly sets out the points at issue:—

"As the question of the prevention of American reprints is an important one and damaging to a honest book-selling establishment, we beg to reply to your queries, at the same time assuring you that you will have our heartiest cooperation. We may, however, tell you that we tried some two years ago this very same question, and we, as the largest publishers and importers of books into the Cape Colony, would have petitioned Government, but wanted the assistance of the London publishers. We were already in correspondence with the firms of Macmillan & Co., Hurst & Blackett & Co., but we are sorry to say the matter has been allowed to drop. We have no doubt that, with the assistance of your Society, this evil will now be remedied, and those authors, whose works are stolen, will be protected from the American's avarice, which is allowed free play simply and only through the absence of an International Copyright Act. We, in the Cape Colony, are somewhat similarly placed to the injured authors with respect to the neighbouring States; for instance, books we publish are being sold in the Orange Free State and the South African Republic with impunity, without our being able to stop it, also for the want of an International Copyright Act.
“(1.) Pirated editions are imported into the Colony in places like Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, as long as they pay the 20 per cent. Customs duty. These reprints, we learn, are imported direct from America.

“(2.) There is no legislation to prevent this importation as long as they pay the duty.

“(3.) Such books openly exposed for sale: it was not so very long ago there was a book-seller in Cape Town who had his windows simply swamped with these pirated American books, exhibiting books of authors like Rider Haggard's, Edna Lyall's, Mrs. Wood's, George Macdonald's, Ruskin's works, and others, selling them at 1s. 6d. per vol., whereas we had, of course, only the honest English edition at 6s., as the cheapest to sell.

“(4.) The extent to which the pirated books and American reprints damage the books of the English trade is made evident by reading the foregoing paragraph. Moreover, this illicit trade is specially damaging in the Cape, where the majority of the population are not 'reading people,' and may be induced to buy a book for cheapness sake, when they would not purchase it otherwise."

At Cape Town, therefore, in which town, by-the-bye, it was that the pirated copy of "Jess" was bought, the English author's property is greatly damaged by these illicit editions, and the law, even when enforced, is found powerless to check the evil. From Natal we have much the same story.

From British Guiana we learn that the Custom House exacts on American editions, which are freely imported, the duty of 20 per cent. on the published price of all registered books.

Here the penalty does not, in any way, stop the abuse. The impost is cheerfully paid, and the sale goes on to the detriment of the owners of the copyright.

From the Straits Settlements we learn that the American reprint has been rife there. The Chaplain of Penang, who is also honorary librarian of the Public Library, informs us that there were few books, except the pirated editions, to be bought on the Island, and that the question of purchasing these volumes for the use of the Library had been frequently before him. But from Singapore we have the following significant letter:—

"We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 29th ult., and in reply beg to inform you that pirated editions are not sold in Singapore at all. All the firms here have agreed, in response to an appeal from the Colonial Government, not to keep them in stock."

We say significant, for our attention was first called to this matter in reference to the Straits Settlements, so that before making this inquiry into the prevalence of the abuse in the Colonies generally, we were able to direct the attention of the Colonial Office to Singapore in particular: and the fact that action in Singapore has been so successful is encouraging to future effort.

We invited, in our letter, suggestions for the remedy of the evil where it existed, and, with great unanimity, the Colonial book-sellers point out that the most certain remedy imaginable would be to issue cheap authorised editions for the Colonial market. A Colonial edition of more expensive books is already issued by several publishers, and the plan has proved successful. One book-seller tells us that he could have sold perhaps 100 copies of Stanley's "Darkest Africa" at the English price of 42s., whereas he is confident that he will dispose of over 2,000 copies of the 16s. edition, which has been prepared for Colonial use. It is suggested by most of our correspondents that this plan should be tried for cheaper books, that, in fact, the 3s. 6d., 5s. and 6s. novel, as each appears in England, should be accompanied by a 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., paper-covered edition for the Colonies. It is too much to expect that people will give the large sums asked for the English edition, when they can buy the American copies for 25 cents.

In New Zealand and Australia present legislation seems sufficient, and the English author does not appear to have been really damaged in India, but in Africa something must be done. Either the law is not enforced, or else the demand for these books is so large that, after the 20 per cent. has been paid to the Custom House officers, a handsome profit can be made by their sale of them.

The present law is not too neat in its working. The lists supplied to the Custom House are often a year old and more, which means that the pirate has a year's clear run before an official notice reaches the colony that the book is a registered property, and that a duty of 20 per cent. is due to the owner of its copyright. Now the edge is taken off the sale of a novel in a year. Again, the lists are made up from the registrations at Stationers' Hall, but very few authors trouble themselves to find out if their books are duly registered. They generally do get registered, but often not at the moment of publication, so that, during the first rush for the work, the book will often be unprotected in the Colonies, even though the Custom House officials should happen to be furnished with the latest lists.

Lastly, if all goes well, the pecuniary return is a pitiful one. It was from this source that Charles
Reade received 16s. 4d. as the result of two years’ sale of “Never too late to Mend.”

There is no doubt that English authors ought to secure a better hold on this enormous market.

The result of this inquiry will be laid before our Committee at once, and a sub-Committee formed to decide upon the best course. We know from experience that we can depend upon the courteous co-operation of the Colonial Office.

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A HARD CASE.

No. IV.

An author, already favourably known to a good if small public, wrote a story and took it to a literary gentleman, who had offered him friendly assistance in his search for a publisher. This gentleman approved of the story, and, on his recommendation, a publisher offered to bring the book out on the half-profit system. The agreement was a perfectly informal document, drawn by the intermediary on a sheet of writing paper. Under it the author gave up all his rights in the book in return for a half share in future profits.

Let us stop here and consider what that means. The author gives up his work entirely to another person, a joint-adventurer, on the understanding that all profits shall be shared between them, and from the moment that he does so he ceases to have any voice in the management of the transaction, and any control over the expenditure. He is considered to have done his share of the task. His has been the simple and easy part, the writing of the book. Why it is a thing, some people say, that any educated gentleman can do, if he can get credit for pens and paper; and a thing, moreover, which is constantly done by people of no education whatever. The author is at no expense. It is true that the work may occupy all his leisure time for a year. It is true that if he had devoted that time, to (say) digging, he would have earned perhaps fifty pounds, and that there are still more people who can dig than spell. Indeed we do not ourselves think that writing even a very bad book is so simple a matter, but let it be conceded that the author’s lot’s a very happy one, and let us suppose that he has just written a book. He expects to be repaid in money and in increased reputation. If he does get money so much the better, but if he only gets fame from any one venture, that will mean money from his next venture. Now comes in the daring publisher and proceeds to take the risk. He can take it how he likes, either fighting—like Colonel Quaggs—or with sugar—as Orpheus C. Kerr took the oath—but how he takes it is a matter for his own private consideration. And this is the fact with which we find fault. The publisher can produce so small an edition that if the whole sold, there would still be a loss on the book. Then, one may say, where are his own profits to come from? There won’t be any for him, but that is a most unchristian, as well as an empty sort of satisfaction for his partner. He can produce so large an edition that it never can sell, so that the results of all the sales that do take place do not cover the printer’s bill. He can advertise once a month in a circular privately sent out to a few customers, or daily in The Times, and take a column of it. He can bind the book in anything. There is or was a book in a well-known local library, bound in the skin of the Red Barn murderer; between anything so expensive and unique as this and a paper wrapper, there is a large choice for the publisher to whom the total management of details is left, and the chance of there being a profit depends greatly on the publisher’s choice.

It was in this way that the entire management of the book in question fell into the publisher’s hands; he could produce it entirely as he pleased, all the details of publishing were left to his discretion.

But alas! he appears to have had no discretion. He employed good artists and first-class printers, and he ordered an enormous first edition of this costly book, an edition he would hardly have been justified in ordering, if the book had been written by one of the most popular writers of fiction. Doubtless he relied on the splendid work put into the production to largely assist in the sale, for, in spite of the expense incurred over illustration, the book was announced at a popular price. The fact that the name of his firm was and is one honoured in book-land, would also be a great help to the author.

Then came a series of delays in the publication, quite incomprehensible to the author, for neither the publisher nor the common friend gave him a hint that there was any definite reason for these delays. The book was announced for this month and for that month; now it was to stimulate the weary palate of August, now to satisfy the hungry cravings of Christmas, but still it never appeared. But at last an explanation of some sort or another leaked out. The publisher was at variance with his partners, who repudiated, as a firm, this and other contracts, into which he had entered in their name. Certainly this one partner had signed the agreement, given all the orders and effected all communications with the author, but the idea that, when doing so, he was not in a position to speak for his firm never occurred to the author. The
THE AUTHOR.

legal side of this question was never discussed. It is possible and even probable, that the firm would have been obliged to carry out the undertaking, but the author was advised to try and get away from his original arrangements and find a fresh publisher.

The position now was this.

An enormous and splendidly illustrated stock lay in sheets at the printers, and an enormous bill had to be paid for it, before the printer would let it out of his hands, and the copyright of the work had been assigned—at any rate, for this enormous number of copies—to a man who could not meet the bill himself, and whose firm repudiated their liability. This was awkward, but further complications were yet to follow.

The publisher's creditors proceeded against him, and chose to consider this luckless novel one of his most valuable assets. So much money had already been spent upon it in the way of illustration, and the chance that it would achieve a large sale seemed so good, that they were probably right in so appreciating it. But that meant that the author could not get his book from the printer without much trouble and legal formality. For if the copyright was undoubtedly partly the author's, it was undoubtedly partly the publisher's, and if the author redeemed his stock and sold it for his own benefit, he might be held to have injured the publisher's estate. On the other hand, the author had many grounds upon which to base a large pecuniary claim against the publisher, and some to substantiate a breach of contract. Their joint property had been damaged by the continual delay; large orders which had been given for the book were not, of course, executed, and perhaps would not be repeated later, while many advertisements, some representing a tolerable sum of money, were lost for good. This was a side of the question which, we are happy to allow, the publisher's representatives saw most clearly. Their behaviour throughout to the author was very considerate, and a definite understanding was at last arrived at, that no obstacle would be put in the way of the author if he chose to treat directly with the printer for the stock.

Now things began to look smoother, when there appeared on the scene another claimant to rights over the unfortunate book. It appeared that the publisher had assigned the copyright of the work for this enormous first edition to another publisher at the actual cost price of the work! Of course he had no power whatever thus to assign a copyright, which was not unconditionally his, to a third person, who was unknown to the author, and to do so without the author's sanction: but, setting this point aside, consider his interpretation of his agreement. He was to give the author half-profits. Avowedly to effect this, he took the book, gave nothing for it, but promised “as remuneration,” to give the author one-half of any receipts over and above his disbursements. Then he sells the book for the exact sum he had disbursed, or, at any rate, for the exact sum he is stated to have disbursed.

This assignment was set aside by the author, who was advised that he need not be bound by such an arrangement, and the hard case had a happy termination. With the co-operation of the first publisher's solicitors, the author recovered his stock from the printers, and came to an arrangement with the second publisher (who had already advertised the book and taken orders for it), to publish it for him.

The book has been so far a success.

A SOCIETY OF AUTHORS FOR AMERICA.

I.

[Reprinted from the New York Tribune.]

London, July 19th.

WHY is there no Society of Authors in the United States? I shall, perhaps, be told there is one, but is there one answer ing to the Society of Men of Letters in France, or to that which exists in England? The work this Society has done here is most useful, and it would be hard to praise it too highly, if you consider that it has been done by authors who are themselves both busy and successful. They give many hours a week to the cause of Literature, and to the interests of their fellow-authors. They have made the Society what it is; a body with purely practical aims, using practical methods to attain them. It takes a long time for the English—and, perhaps, sometimes for others than English—to grasp a new fact, or comprehend the real object of a new enterprise.

There are people, as The Author tells us, who look on the Society as one which exists for the purpose of patching up, or even of creating quarrels and grievances with publishers. It is nothing of the kind. The Society has no quarrel with publishers as such, and never had any: that it exists mainly for the purpose of maintaining the rights, the sacredness, and the reality of Literary Property. With the honest publisher the Society has no quarrel; with the dishonest publisher it has, and it makes no secret of its desire and intention to keep the author out of the clutches of the dishonest publisher. As success in that laudable
effort will increase the business of the honest publisher, and the Society ought to be on good terms. The honest publisher, like the author, owes, or will owe, a debt of gratitude to all who are concerned with it.

It has some 600 members, with Lord Tennyson as President. On its Council are—besides Mr. Besant—Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Marion Crawford, Mr. George Meredith, Prof. Michael Foster, and many more men of leading and light in the world of letters. It has offices in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has legal counsel, solicitors, a committee of management, and a monthly organ. And it has principles. These have just been restated in a brief and convenient form, and I cannot do better than quote them:

1. Literary property is created by the author, and belongs, at the outset, to him.
2. Literary property must be held as sacred as any other kind of property.
3. Literary property is ruled by the demand for a book, just as colliery property means the sale of the output. And as the value of a colliery depends first on the output in tons and their price, so the value of a book can only be estimated with reference to the number of copies sold.
4. The author must not part with his property without due consideration, nor without understanding exactly what possibilities, as well as what certainties, he gives and what he receives.
5. What the author is entitled to is, after payment of the cost of production and the publisher's agency and labour, all the remaining proceeds. This proportion of the returns is the property which he has to sell for a lump sum down, or to receive year by year.
6. The publisher has to be remunerated for his agency and labour out of the returns of the book in a certain proportion which should be a fixed proportion recognized by both contracting parties and understood by both.

To some of these the publisher may demur, but they are principles which the French Society of Men of Letters have established in France. There is, I apprehend, no country in the world where the rights of Literature are better understood or settled on a more practical basis than in France. The English Society of Authors is, in fact, an imitator of the French, and will perhaps end by doing for the English author what has been done for the French.

Both in England and America a public opinion on this subject has yet to be created. Recent events have shown that in America there is a great body of opinion which is hostile to the whole idea of literary property. Mr. Payson of Illinois and Mr. Mills of Texas seem to deny its existence. That they represent the majority of the American people I do not believe. It is enough for them to have carried with them a majority of the House of Representatives. They and their majority have brought such discredit and disgrace upon the American name as many years of honesty and honourable dealing will not altogether efface. Judge Shipman, of the United States Circuit Court, has done something to efface it—all honour to him, strange as it still seems to be proclaiming honour to a Judge because he will not admit it to be legal to steal.

The question of copyright, domestic or international, may seem aside from the main subject, but all questions of literary property are inextricably interwoven and cannot be separated. They all have the Eighth Commandment for their basis. Until the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" case, it had been supposed that the American Pirate put forth no pretension to rob any other than the foreign author. It was then seen that he claimed the right to rob the native author also; the American man of letters was to be his spoil just as much as the British. There can be—outside of the courts, and the courts are always a last resort—no complete remedy for such a state of things, and no redress of grievances, other than by the creation of a sound public opinion, and that is one of the aims of the Society of Authors. Very different, I may remark, is the handling of the copyright business in the Society's Journal from that of Mr. Wemyss Reid, whose heavy-handed invective attracted some notice at the time. Mr. Wemyss Reid would fain hold all America responsible for Mr. Payson and Mr. Mills. The Society urges, on the other hand, a recognition of the noble efforts in behalf of copyright made by the leading men, the men of culture, in the Eastern States. These men, it tells its British readers, include all the authors of America, all the honourable publishers and a great number of editors. The opponents of the Bill were Western farmers, who knew nothing about literature, literary property, authors' rights or anything else except their own local interests. And The Author boldly says that the views of the British world, with respect to literary property, are not much more enlightened than those of the ignorant Western farmer.

Education, however, and most of all the education of public opinion, is a slow process, and the Society of Authors meanwhile busies itself with the most practical and pressing necessities of its clients. Any respectable author may join it on payment of a yearly subscription of $5. Once a member, he becomes a client, and may have his business transacted for him without further charge.
It is the cheapest advice anywhere to be had, and it is also the best. The relations between author and publisher undergo a change at once. It is no longer the case of a business man dealing with one who, as a rule, is not a man of business, and knows nothing of the mysteries of manufacturing and publishing printed books. The Society does know, and knows how to make its knowledge useful to the author.

He has only to send to the Committee the form of contract prepared for him by the publisher. He will be told whether it is a fair one or not, and, if not, in what particulars it is unfair. He will be told what it costs to manufacture his book if he is himself to bear, or to share, the cost of publication. If he is to be paid by a royalty, he will be advised what percentage upon the selling price of the book he ought to receive. He will be warned, if need be, against the dishonest publisher. If the publisher he has selected be honest, his negotiation with him is still a matter of business, and he needs all the help he can get toward looking after his own end of the bargain. Legal advice is of little or no use. Few lawyers have taken the trouble to master the intricacies of publishing, or are aware of the pitfalls and traps in which some of these publishers' forms of contract abound. The author who goes to this Society may or may not be able to command good terms. But at least he will know whether they are good or bad, and know exactly what the contract is which he is asked to sign. Legal advice is of little or no use. Few lawyers have taken the trouble to master the intricacies of publishing, or are aware of the pitfalls and traps in which some of these publishers' forms of contract abound. The author who goes to this Society may or may not be able to command good terms. But at least he will know whether they are good or bad, and know exactly what the contract is which he is asked to sign. A case came to my knowledge the other day. An author submitted two contracts to his solicitor: one of the few who are supposed really to understand the subject. He approved of both, and advised his client to sign both, with, in one case, a trivial technical alteration. Not quite satisfied, the author sent them to the Society; with this surprising result, that he was advised to object to many of the clauses, and did object. The publishers in both cases were among the best, and assented readily enough to the modifications proposed. The effect of them was that in both cases the agreement ultimately signed was far more beneficial to the author than those first submitted to him and sanctioned by his solicitor.

The organ of the Society gives singular instances of the adventures which have befallen the authors in quest of publicity. The latest case is the most extreme,—that of a lady who handed her manuscript to a publisher, and was told that the cost of printing a specified number of copies would be $600. A friend sent it direct to a printer, who offered to print and bind that number of copies for $80! Perhaps this publisher was one of that firm, elsewhere described in The Author, as one "of which all the worst things ever alleged against the publishing trade may be alleged with the greatest truth." The paper adds: "We have for a long time kept work out of their hands, and we intend to go on doing so until they mend their ways."

An earlier statement shows that the dishonest publisher is not such a rarity that the author need not beware of him. There are, according to this estimate, not more than a dozen publishers in all London with whom publishing is anything but a system of robbery. If the condition of things in America be in any degree analogous to this, the foundation of a Society of American Authors is a pressing need. And even if the American be, as we are bound to suppose, vastly more virtuous than his British brother, there are other reasons which make the need for such a Society hardly less imperative. I have touched on but few of them, and it is for the American at home to consider the whole subject for himself. But I may repeat what I have said before, that, perhaps even more than the author, the honourable publisher has an interest in suppressing his dishonourable rival.

G. W. S.

II.

(Reprinted from the Brooklyn Times.)

Mrs. Katherine Hodges, the authoress, of this city, has a grievance against her publishers of long standing and grave nature. To ventilate that grievance a meeting of authors took place yesterday afternoon in the green room of Historical Hall.

Dr. Ingersoll, who was voted to the chair, said that the gathering had been called to assist those who seemed to have been wronged and to prevent others from falling into the same trouble. He then called on Mrs. Hodges to recite the story of the wrong that she had suffered at the hands of her publishers.

The authoress said: "In the urgent need for an Authors' Protective Union or for some means by which this class of bread-winners may be protected in their rights, as are all other wage-workers save the author, perhaps the best argument I could offer would be some experiences of my own in dealing with publications. The book, 'Fifty Years a Queen,' was published on my account by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and Chicago, in the last days of April, 1887. A few days after it appeared, Mr. Robert Belford, manager of the New York branch, told me in his office, 386, Broadway, that he had on that morning received an order for 100 of the books from one house and..."
had the morning before had an order from another house for 200. When the publisher's first statement was rendered in September, 1887 (four months after this conversation), I was astonished to see that the total receipts up to that date were given as $101.88! I remembered the sale of 300 books mentioned by Mr. Belford in the first days of May, the price of which alone would aggregate more than the whole sum of money stated, and that four months had passed since that time, from May to September, these months including the Jubilee celebration, when the book had a good sale. My surprise was followed by doubts. This statement of September, 1887, also gave the issue of the book as one edition of 1,000, which seemed to me to be as doubtful as was the statement of money said to have been received by the publishers.

"In this dilemma, and in order to explain, if possible, the seeming discrepancy between facts and figures, I made an appeal for information and learned from an undoubted authority that instead of 1,000 copies of the book being made Belford, Clarke & Co. had issued no less than 3,000.

"On February 1, 1888, a further statement was furnished by the publishers, in which the receipts were stated as $101.88, and the number of books as 1,000, as in the first account. In February, 1888, however, as I have since learned and can conclusively prove, these publishers (without my knowledge), surreptitiously issued the book in paper covers under the title of 'Great Britain under Queen Victoria,' and altered my name as author."

Mrs. Hodges here produced the two issues of the book to illustrate her remarks. (The alteration was thus: In the genuine edition the proper name of the authoress is given—Mrs. Katherine Hodges; in the paper covered and spurious edition the book is stated to be by "Mrs. K. Hodge.")

"Of this paper covered edition," resumed the speaker, "they put out an edition of at least 4,000 copies at 50 cents a book at retail, and in May, 1888, they issued (as Mr. Belford now acknowledges) 4,000 more in paper covers, cheaper form, &c., which were sold to Butler Brothers, also under the altered title, obviously with fraudulent intent. In all I have traced nearly 20,000 copies of my book issued by the firm in question, and I believe that they have issued a great many more. They have not paid me one dollar. They have appropriated the whole work, and in the present defenceless condition of authors, who are without any protection whatever, the chance of gaining redress which people who labour in other channels may resort to for remedy in cases of spoliation does not exist. This case, it seems to me—and I know of other cases similar to mine—proves the necessity for immediate action for the protection of authors, and adequate action at that. That there are honourable publishers, honest men who would scorn to rob persons so entirely at their mercy as the authors, no one can doubt. To such men the protection to authors would be welcome and gratifying, while in cases of the unscrupulous classes of publishers who make it a practice to pilfer when they can, the author would have his safeguard as others have, and even those men in whom morality must be at low ebb would be made better, higher and more human by the utilization of this portion of the Lord's Prayer: 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

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AN AUTHOR'S HOME.

A REFUGE for brain workers in need has been started within the last year by Miss Fisher, of Brooklyn, New York.

This lady owns a large house, and having only an invalid father occupying it with her, she conceived the idea of sharing it with some authors who are in need.

Miss Fisher wisely thinks it more humane to help the author before he quite breaks down, rather than subscribe to a monument to him after he has been starved to death. About half a century ago, Mr. N. P. Willis tried to establish such a home. The terrible sufferings of Edgar Poe and his wife made such an impression on him, that he appealed to several of his contemporaries to help him in founding a refuge where literary workers and others of refinement, whose pursuits had been of an intellectual character, might find a temporary home and rest, to help them to "tide" over a season of difficulty or illness, without any publicity. He did not succeed. Now, in its infancy, Miss Fisher's Home Hotel, it is hoped, will fulfil this mission. The object is to afford the guests of the Home a retreat until able to resume their labours, or to find a permanent home (for those who are unable to work) for the rest of their lives. This home is free to those who cannot pay; to others a merely nominal charge is made.

It has been asked in busy America, "How can gifted people come to such terrible want?" And yet it is said that Edgar Poe worked hard as a newspaper slave from morning until midnight, while his devoted wife lay dying on a bed of straw with his only coat covering her shivering body. The poem which has made his fame, "The Raven," brought him only ten dollars—about two guineas.

A case was lately cited of dire poverty of an author in a wealthy city like New York, which seems almost too horrible to tell. An aged pro-
fessor and his wife, dreading the poor-house, committed suicide together, bequeathing to Columbia College (N.Y.) his valuable writings, notes, and researches, the study of a lifetime. A writer in the Woman's Cycle (from whom I collate these facts) tells me that an aged and well-known author whose books are read by every youth in America, has said that the future was appalling to him. "After a lifetime devoted to authorship, I see nothing for my old age but want and privation."

These cannot all be divided into Mr. Gosse's helpable and unhelpable folks. As we know, in the terrible contradictions of society, there are scoundrels who pay their tradespeople, so also do those, whose experience outruns popular "saws," understand that there are practically honourable people who are breaking their hearts because they cannot do so.

Miss Fisher's home is supported by many patrons, but those who have helped it most generously with money are, Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Russell Sage, and Mrs. Whittlow Reid, wife of the American Minister to Paris.

In Paris, an author's home has been founded by the publisher, Galignani. He left a sum sufficient to build a home for those who had been less fortunate than himself, without depriving them of their independence or self-respect. This home shelters one hundred people of both sexes, who have each a sleeping room and a dining room. Fifty of this number are to pay one hundred dollars a year for lodging and board, the remaining fifty pay nothing, but they must belong to the literary or artistic profession. Ten must have been publishers, twenty savants, and twenty literary men or artists. Once inmates of the house they are as free as if at an hotel; they come and go as they like.

Ralph Waldo Emerson calls the scholar and thinker one beloved of God; with a few Miss Fishers and Galignanis we may come to think him not ignored of men.

THE WORD "SLANG."

It would seem as if by some strange law of development, or non-development, all men, but especially philologists, are incapable of understanding that a word may be derived from several sources. The fewer words a man possesses, the more meanings he makes them carry—as it is said in Egypt that the poorer the peasant the more water jars must his wife bear. In jargons and slangs with limited vocabularies such as Chinook, pidgin English and English Gypsy, a single word has very frequently from ten to twelve or more meanings, which is natural enough, when the whole language or dialect contains less than five hundred words all told. Thus in English Gypsy a dozen Hindi terms with entirely different meanings, become one word, e.g., shukär, which means dry, sweet, gently, forcibly, loud, &c.; that is to say, it is derived from words which separately mean dry, gentle, and so forth. So it would be difficult to decide whether bully, boss, the master of a house of vile character, comes entirely from bully and boss (Dutch bas, master), or whether it does not owe something by association, to the Yiddisch baal-habos, which means precisely the same thing (baal, master, bas, house) and which is very widely disseminated in foreign slangs.

This is all curiously enough illustrated by the word slang itself. According to Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, slang is of Norse or Northern origin, and meant originally to revile or abuse. And so far as abuse goes, I see no reason to differ from him. In popular parlance, when one man "slangs" another, he "gives him a bit of his mind," in the gypsy sense in which to give means to hit a hard blow. And it therefore "follows perforce as a matter of course," that this is the sole source and origin of the word! So in my boyhood, having learned that the Mississippi came from a small rivulet which ran out of Turtle Pond, I speculated on the dire consequences which would ensue—such as the desolating dessication of the entire valley of the Mississippi—should any small Indian boy take it into his head to dam the rivulet.

For to return to slang, it has other meanings besides abuse. One of these, and the one most familiar to Alltheworld, as well as Mrs. Alltheworld, his wife, is that of vulgar, or at least unlicensed, synonyme. Some of these plebians in quarantine rise eventually to the pratique of aristocracy (excuse mixed metaphors) but I speak of those which are—like the good knight in the old German tale, ascensionem expectans—waiting to be hanged and to rise to heaven. Now, to abuse a man is one thing, but to call him by a fond nick-name which may be highly complimentary—as, for instance, a gom—is quite another, both being however "slanguage" of the most decided description.

Now, it is worth noting that slang, in the sense of vulgar synonyme, has long been popularly regarded as a gypsy word, and that the gypsies themselves claim it. And though they be no philologists, the accuracy with which these people distinguish between words which belong to their own tongue, and those which do not, is very remarkable. Having taken down as they came, by chance here and there, about four thousand
English gypsy words, chiefly from old people, I have been astonished to find what a vast proportion of these, especially those now obsolete, are Hind-Persian, especially the former, and how very few really English slang words have crept into Romany.

One especially gypsy use of the word slang is its application to all matters connected with the stage, or with "shows," requiring theatrical language, which they in common with the vulgar regard as "a way of talk" quite different from that of common life. Hence, being "on the slangs" in common parlance means connected with exhibitions, and also licensed to hold forth in any way whatever. In this sense, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, or the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon (I am not so sure as to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury), are all "on the slangs"—and long may they waver there as credits to themselves and their country!

Now, be it noted that the word "swangi" means in India just what slang (the old form) does in gypsy—all which is of the shows, showy, and of theatres, theatrical. As for the conversion of W to L, it took place innumerable times in India, just as it takes place now, ever and anon, in England, when it comes easier. The better philologer a man is, and the more familiar with strictly correct language, the more foreign and forced does the change from swangi to slang seem, but to a gypsy it is the most natural thing in the world. It is within the memory of man that at one time there were few side or small shows, or even large theatres in which gypsies were not to be found, and the terms current among actors, such as cully, gorger, and mash, indicate their influence. By the way I have been reproved in print, for extravagance in declaiming that mash is gypsy, but I earnestly reply with the exquisite logic of the American darkey, "I wish I had as many dollars as I can prove dat to be true."

It may be remarked—"to top of faith"—that slang of yore meant abuse, and that its connection with things theatrical, and as a canting jargon, is subsequent to the incoming of Gypsyness to England. And for a supernaculum to the topping-off, that the fact that slang is in these senses possibly not known to Continental gypsies, goes for little, considering that English Gypsy has retained a vast number of Indian words—such as Kushé and Koshko (good), which are rarely, if ever, heard out of England.

Charles G. Leland.

GO SLOW.

ALL here, give ear, to whom I sing,
Whatever your degree,
Don't go to fast in anything,
However fast you be.
If people try to give you tips
Because "they love you so,"
Don't let your heart approach your lips—
Go slow, my friends, go slow.

If girls with curls above their brow,
And roses on their cheek,
Smile innocently when you bow,
Or listen when you speak;
If one of them, in times of grief,
Desires to share your woes,
Avoid the dangerous relief—
Go slow, my friends, go slow.

If folks that hoax should call on you
To stand for Parliament,
And ask you for an I.O.U.
For cash they say they've spent,
Or talk to you of "bulls and bears,"
Like people "in the know,"
And undertake to get you shares—
Go slow, my friends, go slow.

If men, again, pronounce your verse
Too precious to be lost,
And try to dip into your purse
"To meet production's cost";
However pleasant they appear
In Paternoster Row,
That whistle will be bought too dear—
Then, most of all, go slow.

H. G. Keene.

INSCRIPTION FOR A MEMORIAL BUST OF FIELDING.

[From The Atlantic Monthly, August, 1890.]

He looked on naked Nature unashamed,
And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine,
In change and rechange; he nor praised nor blamed,
But drew her as he saw with fearless line.

Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
English in all, of genius blithely free:
Who loves a Man may see his image here.

James Russell Lowell.
CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

A Club of Critics.

Can it be that a plan for the foundation of a club of critics is really and seriously under consideration, or has the suggestion merely been thrown out by an enterprising daily paper on the chance of eliciting an interesting correspondence? I have now read this statement in half-a-dozen different places. The much-maligned critic, who is generally a very good fellow, and, in letters at any rate, almost always knows what he is about, has three or four good clubs open to him already; he has to share them with his victims but, if they do not mind, it is difficult to see why he should.

It seems to me, also, that it would be very hard to define the qualifications for membership, for the critic of to-day is the criticised of to-morrow. Again, is the expert in Greek art or German music to compete for a vacancy with the man who can appreciate the qualities of a prize-fighter or the legs of an horse?

Mr. Robert Buchanan says that his night is made hideous by journalistic birds of prey, and begs that a Trades' Union of critics may boycott the slanderer and blackmailer. If a slanderer is to be blackballed at the critics' club, and if everybody who falls foul of an author's work is to be held to have slandered that author, where are the members of the club to come from, and how is the Committee, who elect, to be constituted?

That the blackmailer exists is a serious suggestion (has Mr. Robert Buchanan made it seriously?), but I am unwilling to believe in the venal critic. I remember that Mr. Lang, in his very humorous lecture, "How to fail in Literature," pointed out that the writers who affected to believe that the critic had gone out of his way to slander them, in spite of their poor opinion of his manners and his morals, never approached him with gifts.

A. B.

II.

American Cookery.

August 7th, 1890.

I think that my experience of cookery at the hands of the Americans caps that of Mr. Rider Haggard and "A. R. H. M." The recipe is as follows, the cook being one "Smith, D.D."

Take the whole of Clodd's *Childhood of the World*, garble all the passages which tell against the doctrine of man's total depravity (which doctrine the aforesaid Smith's act is designed to further establish), add thereto a few chapters from Cox's *Gods and Herons*; strain all the juice therefrom; pour in some pious reflections on the fall of man, and on echoes of the Hebrew revelation in Greek mythology; mix well together, so as not to know "t'other from which," and serve up cold under the title of "Myths and Herons; or, the Childhood of the World." Edited by Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D.

This is how they served up Sir George W. Cox and

Your obedient servant,

Edward Clodd.

III.

The Society's Readers.

I have read "Leaflet No. III" on the subject of "Paying for Publication," which appeared in the last issue of *The Author*, with interest and with some amusement. After describing the process—too familiar to all writers—of the rejection of a MS. by successive publishers, and the subsequent determination of the author to pay for its production himself, you condemn the conduct of such an author as foolish, and suggest the proper course for him to follow. You say, "If a MS. is offered to all the respectable houses in vain, it is refused because all the respectable houses are agreed that the public will have none of it." You tell the poor author to ask himself these questions, "If this public should refuse to buy this MS. if published—say, by —— or —— of what other publisher would they buy it? and for what reason?" In short you imply that a MS. is always rejected by respectable publishers because it is worthless, and you consequently suggest to the author that instead, after such rejection, of rushing recklessly into print at his own expense, he should revise his MS. and submit it some third person—"say one of the readers for this Society, for an independent opinion as to the cause of these repeated failures." Now, sir, it is this last sentence which tickled my fancy in an especial degree for reasons which I shall now mention.

Some little time ago I had ready for publication the materials of a book. I submitted them to various well-known publishers, with the usual result—they were declined with thanks. I then, instead of determining to pay for the production of them, adopted precisely the course you recommend. I took the MS. to the Incorporated Society of Authors, of which I have the honour to be a member, and requested to have the opinion of "one of
your readers.” In due course the opinion was given to the effect that it would be unwise to publish the book, as it was not likely to have a sale. Thereupon, I suppose, I ought to have concluded that, in your own words, my work “lacked at least commercial value, if not literary merit,” and should have thrown it behind the fire. However, with the folly which characterises the race of scribblers, I had one more try and found in Messrs. ______ a firm willing to produce my book at their own risk. Subsequently at my request they permitted me to alter my arrangement with them and pay for the production of the book myself, but this change, though advantageous to me, does not affect the question with which I am dealing. Now what has been the result? The first edition of 1,000 copies was exhausted in less than three weeks, and the demand for the second edition is most encouraging. In a word, the book, which your reader condemned, is a success—and your reader has proved himself just as fallible as the majority of publishers’ readers; and no wonder, as the sequel will show. Calling a few days ago at the office of the Society, I could not resist the temptation to draw the attention of the courteous Secretary to the passages in “Leaflet No. III,” on which I am commenting, and to point the moral. This gentleman said he could not understand how my book had been misjudged, for he had submitted it to one of Messrs. ______’s most experienced readers. He could only suppose that the reader in question, being a seriously minded man, had been misled by the title—“Four years in Parliament with Hard Labour”—and finding the contents not so grave as he had been led to expect therefrom, had condemned the work in consequence of the inconsistency between the inside and the outside.

I own that I was not much impressed with this suggested explanation, but I certainly was struck with the discovery that the readers for the Society should be none other than the very same publishers’ readers to whom in the ordinary course and without the intervention of the Society, the work would be submitted by the author.

Surely when you advise an author who has had his MS. returned by publishers to submit it “to some third person—say one of the readers for this Society—for an independent opinion as to the cause of these repeated failures,” no one would suppose that these independent third persons would be of the very class of men, possibly the very men themselves, by whom the MS. had already been examined and rejected! It is clear that if the Society desire to set up, what I think might be a useful tribunal, namely, a Court of Appeal from the judgment of publishers’ readers, which may gain and retain the confidence of authors, such a Court will have to be composed of persons other than than those who at present seem to constitute it.

Do not suppose, however, because I have given a quite recent instance of a case in which the advice of the Society, if followed, would have prevented the publication of a successful book, that therefore I can see no good in the existence of the Society. On the contrary I acknowledge that the Society has by its disclosures of the practices of dishonest publishers done an excellent work—a work which will benefit authors and improve and strengthen the position of respectable publishers. If it proceed on these lines and receive the support to which it will then be entitled, it will become not merely a prosperous but also a powerful body—a body able to make good terms for authors because it will be able to say how the constant output of new literary work on which publishers in a great measure subsist shall be divided among them.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant, C. W. Radcliffe Cooke.

House of Commons, August 6th, 1890.

EDITOR’S NOTE.—We think Mr. Radcliffe Cooke expects too much of us, although we appreciate the compliment. Our readers are not infallible, nor have we made any such claim for them. We think also that the reader for a publisher is in a position to give the surest prognosis that can be given as to the future of a book.

This was our meaning when we invited authors, after continued rejection, to submit their MSS. for an “independent” opinion. From a good publisher, such an author receives, as a rule, only a few words regretting the inability of the firm to undertake the work. Sometimes the answer comes back so promptly that the author cannot believe his claims have been properly considered. From others he receives invitations to provide the expense of production. From some he receives a letter of high commendation by return of post, with an effusive offer to publish at once on the half-profit system, if the author will pay—say £90—in three installments. Whom is he to believe? What is he to do?

We try to tell him. But we are not infallible. In this case our reader’s opinion proved completely wrong. We are, however, quite certain that this reader has kept from publication, at the author’s risk and expense, a mass of stuff which would never repay the author, and would only have swollen the mass of worthless literature.

IV.

BLACK BEAUTY.

There are cases so strong that any comment weakens them. Permit me, therefore, to tell the story of “Black Beauty,” and to leave you and the British public to admire it. This book, written
THE AUTHOR.

by Miss Anna Sewell and published by a reputable English firm, made its way to this country early in the current year, was placed on the shelves of the public and private circulating libraries, and made a reputation for itself and accomplished a good work among young equestrians, and among the owners of costly horses. In time, its influence would doubtless have been felt among the teamsters and the drivers of public conveyances, but, early in April, Mr. George T. Angell, the President of the American Humane Society, published an edition of his own, and boldly announced that he should give away several hundred copies, and should sell the remainder of the 10,000 issued at twelve cents a copy. He added the words, "The 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the Horse," to the English author's title-page, and he wrote a beautiful preface, running over with benevolence, and stating, in substance, that this was the book he long had sought, and mourned because he found it not, and he kindly italicized certain passages which he considered were not strong enough in plain Roman type. The importers, booksellers, and librarians shrugged their shoulders, but wisely saved their breath, about the only thing which the present state of the law has left them to save.

A MORTIFIED YANKEE.

Boston, May 22nd, 1890.

We were unaware that "Black Beauty" was so valuable a property, but the manner in which the possessor of the copyright has been treated is deeply remarkable. For here we have not a story of the doings of the pirate-publisher, but of the practical philanthropist, yet we doubt if the late Mr. Charles Reade, in his wonderful store-house of notes, possessed a more bare-faced example of robbery.

Here is a really valuable property—of somebody's—appropriated by a man who has not the slightest claim to it, and sold at such a ridiculous price that no legitimate edition can possibly live in the market with it. "It is highly improbable," says the Boston Herald, "that 'An Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the horse will be written, or even attempted, in the country now, since the publication of the American edition of 'Black Beauty.' The proper price of the book should be 50 cents, and even in the present ludicrous condition of the book trade would be at least 25 cents for the imported edition. This would remunerate the author, the publisher and the bookseller; but the American edition, being frankly stolen, pays nobody, and inspires the person who buys it for 12 cents, for the good of the horse, with a disinclination to pay more than 12 cents for any other similar book. Twelve cents from the purchaser means 12 mills for the author, or $12 a thousand, and American authors, not being donkeys, do not write books for that price, even for the good of the horse. If 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had been sold for next to nothing, does anybody suppose that the hundreds of later anti-slavery novels which powerfully affected public opinion would ever have seen the light? Would even 'Dred' have been written, had not its author expected a fair recompense?"

It is impossible to attribute any but the very best and highest intentions to the publishers of the American edition, but to do evil that good may come is invariably unwise. "The ten commandments will not budge," as Mr. Lowell says, and giving away conveyed copies of "Black Beauty" destroys the chance that an American will write a better book in behalf of the horse. True, it is possible that there is a combination of saint and clever writer somewhere in the country, and that he may be willing to work for nothing, and to bear all manner of abuse by way of compensation, but few will believe in his existence until he actually appears.

Here is Mr. George T. Angell's logical reply:

"To the Editor of the Herald:—In the Herald's review of 'Black Beauty,' the book which the American Humane Society is distributing free of charge, the statement is made that the author receives no remuneration. I answer:

"(1) The authoress died unmarried shortly after the publication of the book.
"(2) Her mother, a widow, died soon after.
"(3) So far as we are aware no one but the English publisher gets a sixpence from it.
"(4) He has already sold 103,000 copies in England.
"(5) Its immense advertisement and circulation in the United States will give it a large sale in Upper and Lower Canada, where his copyright holds good, and will attract increased attention and sale both in Great Britain and all British colonies.
"(6) The publisher can better afford to make a present to the American Humane Education Society than the American Humane Education Society can afford to make a present to him.

"Boston, May 7th, 1890."

Was there ever such a condition of hopeless mental confusion, for it is fair to suppose that his action has been entirely dictated by a confused idea that good would follow his evil deed. The Society of Authors, in spite of its actions and printed disclaimers, has often been accused in the press or cherishing savagely unjust views concerning publishers, but Mr. Angell—in his own argot—"goes us one better." Stealing does not matter a cent, says President Angell, for we are only robbing a
publisher. This is the doctrine of "'eave 'arf a brick at him," with a vengeance.

Mr. Angell holds out to the publisher, as though perhaps to show that he was acting for the best all round, the immense sale that his work will have in certain Crown colonies where the copyright restrictions hold good. In view of the letters whose substance has been reproduced later in this number of *The Author*, we are doubtful if any of our colonies are very safe from American enterprise, but certainly we cannot believe that there will be much demand for this book at its proper price north of the American frontier line, while it is being given away with a pound of tea on the southern side.

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THE LIBRARY OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

We have great pleasure in giving publicity to the following communication, which has been received at the office:

The loss which the University of Toronto has sustained in the destruction by fire of its valuable Library, has aroused a widespread feeling of sympathy in the Mother Country.

In order to give practical effect to this feeling a Committee has now been formed in order to collect and forward to Toronto gifts of books. The Committee will also gladly receive any contributions in money to be expended in the purchase of suitable books.

Many possessors of books will be willing to contribute. The Committee are happy to state that the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, the British Museum, and other public bodies, as well as many private firms and individuals, have already offered to contribute books. The Committee are also happy to state that the Allan and Dominion Steamship Lines and the Canadian Railways have generously offered to carry the books free of charge.

It will be a convenience if those willing to contribute would, first of all, send to the Executive Committee a list of such books as they may be willing to give, with a view to the avoidance of the unnecessary multiplication of copies of the same book.

A plate will be prepared for insertion in each volume, upon which will appear the name of the contributor of the books or of the money expended upon the purchase.

The Committee will be glad to afford every information, and trust that all willing to contribute will communicate with the Executive at 13, King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, E.C.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE (Chairman of the Executive Committee),
ALEX. STAVELEY HILL, ESQ., Q.C., M.P. (Hon. Treasurer),
SIR GEORGE BADEN-Powell, M.P. (Hon. Secretary).

There has been gathered together a Committee, chiefly consisting of lords and noblemen, to collect books. Among them appears the name of James Bryce, as almost the solitary man of letters, though science is well represented. In any other country such a Committee would have contained none but men of letters and of science.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

On July 29th, Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation of Labour, addressed the following letter to Speaker Reed:

DEAR SIR,—By direction of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labour, it becomes my duty to inform you, and I take pleasure in so doing, that the organised working men of this country feel a deep interest in the enactment of an International Copyright Law by the Congress of the United States.

In favouring such a law, however, we do so provided it contains a clause which shall protect the compositors and all other wage-workers in the printer's trade, as well as the authors and manufacturers, and believe that House Bill 10,254, introduced by Mr. Wm. E. Simonds, representing the First District of Connecticut, covers all the points in interest.

Seldom if ever have all the interests in an industry been so thoroughly united in the advocacy of a measure as represented in the Bill referred to. No injury is contemplated, or can occur, to any of the people of our country. It can be followed with but one, and that a good, effect upon all.

We earnestly ask you to give the Bill such assistance as will bring it before the House, and secure its passage, and that I may hear from you to that effect.
THE AUTHOR.

AT WORK.

This column is reserved entirely for Members of the Society, who are invited to keep the Editor acquainted with their work and engagements.

The first volume of Mr. York Powell’s new series, “Scottish History from Contemporary Writers,” has appeared. It is entitled “The Days of James IV,” and is edited by Mr. Gregory Smith, and published by Nutt. The object of this series is to send the reader to the best original authorities for information.

Mr. Walter Besant’s novel “Armoreal of Lyonnaise,” which ran in the Illustrated London News from January to July of this year, will be published by Chatto and Windus in October.

“Fantasia,” by Matilda Serrao, is to be translated from the Italian by Mr. H. Harland (Sidney Luska) for the “International Library,” edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and published by Mr. Heinemann.

Professor J. S. Nicholson’s romance “Thoth,” which is now in a third edition, has been translated into German, and will shortly appear in the Berlin National Zeitung.

A new serial story by Mr. Marion Crawford will begin in an early number of the English Illustrated Magazine. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish “A Cigarette Maker’s Romance,” by the same author, this autumn.

Mr. C. F. Keary’s novel in letters, “A Mariage de Convenance,” is to appear shortly in cheap form in Mr. Fisher Unwin’s novel series.

Dr. W. H. Russell has finished his book on “A Visit to Chili and the Nitrate Fields of Tarapaca, &c.,” and it will be published shortly by Messrs. Virtue and Co. Mr. Melton Prior has furnished some sixty illustrations.

“Mademoiselle,” a 1 vol. story by Miss Peard, will shortly be published (Walter Smith and Innes).

Mrs. Oliphant’s story, “Kirstein,” was concluded in last month’s number of Macmillan’s Magazine.

Mr. Leland’s “Memory and Thought” is now appearing in a series of six manuals in New York. The publisher is T. P. Downs.

Dr. Goodchild has in the press a sequel to his clever and fanciful little book, “Chats at Sant Ampelio.”

The poems of Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton) form the latest volume in the Canterbury series issued by Walter Scott.

This column is reserved entirely for Members of the Society, who are invited to keep the Editor acquainted with their work and engagements.

The Rev. Frederick Langbridge has nearly completed a volume relating for children the lives of Samuel, Saul, and David. The book will form a number of the “Stepping Stones” Series, published by the R.T.S. The same Society will also issue immediately the Fourth Part of “What to Read,” edited by Mr. Langbridge. Mr. Langbridge has just completed a story called, “I Bide My Time,” which will run as a serial in the Church Monthly during the first half of 1891. In conjunction with Mrs. Lysaght, Mr. Langbridge has written a somewhat sensational story, called “The Burden of Cassandra,” which, previously to its issue in volume form, will appear as a feuilleton in the Bristol Observer.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.


AUSTIN, ALFRED. English Lyrics. Edited by William Watson. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. Macmillan and Co.

BLACK, WILLIAM. The New Prince Fortunatus. Cr. 8vo., cloth. Sampson Low.

BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON. Louisiana; and That Lass o’ Lowrie’s. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. Macmillan and Co.

CAMPBELL, LADY COLIN. Darel Blake. 1 vol. Trischler and Co.

CLODD, EDWARD. Story of Creation: A Plain Account of Evolution. 1 vol. Longmans and Co.

COBB, THOMAS. For Value Received. 3 vols. Ward and Downey.


CROMMELIN, MAY. Midge. 1 vol. Trischler and Co.

DICKENS (CHARLES) and COLLINS (WILKIE). The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices; No Thoroughfare; The Perils of Certain English Prisoners. Crown 8vo. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

These stories are now reprint in complete form for the first time.


ESLER, E. RENTOUL. The Way of Transgressors. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. Sampson Low and Co.


HUME, FERGUS. The Man with a Secret. F. V. White. 3 vols.

JAMES, HENRY. The Tragic Muse. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. 31s. 6d. Macmillan and Co.


LYNGTON, Mrs. E. Sowing the Wind. Chatto and Windus. 1 vol. 3s. 6d.


MARTYN, Edward (Sirius). Morgante the Lesser. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1 vol. 6s.

MERCER, Dr. Charles. Sanity and Insanity. 1 vol. Walter Scott.


NICHOLSON, J. Shield. Tova: A Romance. Longman and Co. 8vo. 6s.

"Nomad." A Railway Foundling. 3 vols. Trischler and Co.

OLIPHANT, Mrs. The Mystery of Mrs. Blencarrow. 1 vol. Spencer Blackett.


PAYN, James. Mystery of Mirbrige. 12 mo. 2s., bds.

— Notes from the "News." Chatto and Windus. Crown 8vo. 1s.


PRARD, Mrs. Campbell. The Romance of a Station. 2 vols. Trischler and Co.


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SIME, George R. The Case of George Candlemas. Chatto and Windus. 1 vol. 1s.


TYTLER, Sarah. French Janet. Smith, Elder and Co. 1 vol. 2s.

WARDEN, Florence. City and Suburban. F. V. White.

WESTALL, W. Two Pinches of Snuff. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 2s., boards.


OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The maintenance, definition, and defence of literary property.
2. The consolidation and amendment of the laws of Domestic Copyright.
3. The promotion of International Copyright.

The first of these objects requires explanation. In order to defend Literary Property, the Society acts as follows:

a. It aims at defining and establishing the principles which should rule the methods of publishing.

b. It examines agreements submitted to authors, and points out to them the clauses which are injurious to their interests.

c. It advises authors as to the best publishers for their purpose, and keeps them out of the hands of unscrupulous traders.

d. It publishes from time to time, books, papers, &c., on the subjects which fall within its province.

e. In every other way possible the Society protects, warns, and informs its members as to the pecuniary interest of their works.

WARNINGS.

Authors are most earnestly warned—

1. Not to sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

2. Not to enter into any correspondence with publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends, or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, to bind themselves down to any one firm of publishers.

4. Not to accept any proposal of royalty without consultation with the Society.

5. Not to accept any offer of money for MSS., without previously taking advice of the Society.

6. Not to accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility without advice.

7. Not, under ordinary circumstances, when a MS. has been refused by the well-known houses, to pay small houses for the production of the work,
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NOW READY.

This pamphlet is a reply to the invitation issued by the Publication Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in their Report of last year, for any suggestions, which they "will gladly receive," on the best way of making "the Venerable Society the most efficient literary handmaid of the Church of England throughout the world."

The suggestions offered in these pages contain, first, some of the elementary principles which guide honourable men in the administration of literary property. The writer next advances three cases, as illustrating the methods adopted by the Society. A copy of this pamphlet will be sent to any member of the Society by application to the Office, including two postage stamps.

THE METHODS OF PUBLICATION.

BY S. S. SPRIGGE, B.A.

READY IN OCTOBER.

This book, compiled mainly from documents in the office of the Society of Authors, is intended to show a complete conspectus of all the various methods of publication with the meaning of each; that is to say, the exact concessions to publishers and the reservation of the owner and author of the work. The different frauds which arise out of these methods form a necessary part of the book. Nothing is advanced which has not been proved by the experience of the Society.
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PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January, 1890, can be had on application to the Secretary.

2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.

3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.

4. Literature and the Pension List. By W. Morris Colles, Barrister-at-Law. (Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C.) 4s. 6d.

5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. Squire Sprigge, Secretary to the Society. 1s.

6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. The work is printed for members of the Society only. 2s. 6d. (A new Edition preparing.)

7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. Squire Sprigge. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. The book is nearly ready, and will be issued as soon as possible.

Other works bearing on the Literary Profession will follow.
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MANCHESTER: 8, MOULT STREET.
The Author.

THE ORGAN OF THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS
(INCORPORATED).

CONDUCTED BY

WALTER BESANT.

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ALEXANDER P. WATT, 2, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.

1890.
Boston, Sept 17th 1878

Mrs. Marie, Todd & Co.

Gentlemen,

I have sent one of your books to have a point corrected through Mr. Hotham, Savile St. of this city.

You may like to know that I have used this firm constantly for more than twenty years from the days of a book of mine called "The Cabinet of the Beak of Life", 1857-8 until last Friday without finding an error or defect satisfactory. I have written with it half a dozen or more volumes, a large number of essays, etc.

and thousands of letters.

I feel that it is an old friend and I hope you will do the best you can for it.

Scotch, I have in the mean time bought another of your socks - "I've got a friend" - made by you.

I do not know whether you care for this testimonial, but I feel as if the firm were doing much of my thought and brought back to me these forms in whom was united to this certificate of esteem.

Scotch, I have seen today.

Wm. Wendell Homer

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST will be sent, free and post paid, on application to Marie, Todd & Bards, 95, Cheapside, London.
NEWS AND NOTES.

IT is very much to be regretted that the International Literary and Artistic Congress, which has been sitting from October 4th to October 11th, should have been managed with so little consideration for its success. Nobody knew that it was going to be held; nobody knows, now, who invited the Congress to assemble in London. They have received the hospitality of the Lord Mayor, who has proved himself ever ready to welcome every kind of work and every good worker. But that is not enough. English authors have been conspicuous by their absence. How could they be expected to attend? They knew nothing about the Congress. The Society of Authors was not informed until a few days before the Congress met. Nor were they officially informed even then, but heard casually through the Mansion House. Two or three of the members, however, joined, at this last moment, the Reception Committee. But the Society was absolutely ignored by the managers of the Congress. As a natural result, not a single English author took part in the proceedings of the Congress. The proceedings will be briefly reported in the next number.

At the Church Congress, which has just concluded, Archdeacon Farrar read a paper on the "Ethics of Commerce." He began by saying that he would purposely take only the most obvious and elementary side. This is well. Men require to have always kept before them the elementary side. The Decalogue is extremely elementary, yet it is found most useful to hang it up, written large, in every Church. "Human beings," he said, "do not constitute a mass of dead, impersonal force, to be treated only in accordance with the laws of supply and demand; every living soul has rights, indivisible, inalienable, eternal, which cannot be trampled and crushed into the mire as though politicaleconomy were some monstrous Juggernaut which must be dragged along in triumph. . . . As for the law of honesty . . . what are we to say . . . of bargains made by skilled preying on the ignorance or the necessities of others; . . . of betraying a confidence fraudulently gained by pretense of simplicity? . . . I might expose the dishonourable customs which in many casestaint what should be, and often is, the eminently respectable trade of the publisher; I might speak of the sweating publishers who, without a blush, toss to the author perhaps a hundredth part of what, by bargains grossly inequitable, they have themselves obtained. . . . There are many reasons why the conscience of England should be awakened on this subject. In the words of a
living historian, 'When men live only to make money, and the service of God is become a thing of words and ceremonies, and the Kingdom of Heaven is bought and sold, a fire bursts out in higher natures. Show me a people whose trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people whose trade is a sham.'

Dishonest trade may be the buying or selling of things adulterated, bad, not what they pretend to be; or it may be selling at such a price as to give an unjust profit to the seller, over and above what he has given to the producer. He then becomes a Sweater. Now there will be found on p. 139, certain examples of profit made by the S.P.C.K., which do not, indeed, touch the hundredfold spoken of by the Archdeacon, but they are double, treble, tenfold, and even twenty-fold! Other traders sweat for their private gain. These traders sweat for the promotion of Christian Knowledge. Which is worse—the poor wretch who only degrades himself, or he who traffics in the sacred name of religion?

My answer to this "Memorandum" of the so-called Committee of Inquiry of the S.P.C.K. will be found on pp. 141–148.

The Standard has recently published a long string of letters concerning a so-called Society of Science, Letters, and Art. It is an interesting exposure of human folly and human cunning. This precious Society confers upon a member the privilege of calling himself a "Fellow," of wearing a gown and a hood, showing a diploma, and even wearing a badge, like an omnibus cad. As for any qualifications necessary to secure these privileges, there appear to be none; and as for any joy to be got by wearing the badge of the Society, this writer cannot understand where it comes in. Certain schoolmasters, it is stated, find it to their advantage to call themselves F.S.Sc., and on prize-giving days to wear the hood, which appears to be a very splendid thing. The Society, however, holds examinations. Well, so does the College of Preceptors, so does the Society of Arts; there is no reason why one Society should not hold examinations as well as any other Society, if they can persuade people to believe in their certificates. It does not appear that this Society of Science, Letters, and Art, does anything else at all to justify its existence. It is said to publish no balance sheet, and the evidence is overwhelming that it offers its membership for sale, although the President—they have got a President, as well as a Secretary—parades the fact that a form of election is gone through. One need not, however, be too hard upon the S.Sc.L and A. It does pretty much what all Societies do which permit their members to put letters after their names. How many antiquarians, geographers, geologists, astronomers, would belong to the Societies representing and supporting these sciences if it were not for the letters which they allow their members to use. Schoolmasters, writers, lecturers, and people generally anxious to make themselves known, always try to make up for the absence of a degree by the addition of these letters. To be an F.R.G.S., F.R.H.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.L., seems to the outsider world a proof of distinction. Why not, therefore, F.S.Sc.? It means nothing, nor do any of the letters, except the plain old-fashioned M.A., R.A. (whether Royal Academy or Royal Artillery), R.E., L.L.D., D.C.L or F.R.S. The poor schoolmaster who cannot use one of these legitimate titles might as well call himself F.S.Sc. as F.R.G.S. And if it helps him in his business, he will, I suppose, continue to do so. As for the hood, it seems to be believed that only a University can confer a hood. That is not so. All that a University can do is to confer a certain kind of hood; and, indeed, if a man chooses to make and to wear an Oxford hood when he does not possess an Oxford degree, what pains and penalties does he incur? I once saw a reverend gentleman mount the reading desk in quite a splendid hood, of the Oxford colour, but ampler, fuller, more magnificent. I did not remember to have heard that he was an Oxford man. He was not, in fact. He wore, I was told, the hood of St. Bees or of St. Augustine. Perhaps, after all, it was the hood of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art. Five guineas would have been cheap for such a hood.

When a daily paper has exhausted all the subjects of the day, there remains, at the bottom of the basket, one—the novel of the period. The editor can always have a fling at the novelists. In every paper, once a year at least, and generally twice a year, there is the leader on modern fiction by a leader writer who never reads any modern fiction. His view, of course, is pessimistic. In the same way, when a man has attained a certain position—no matter in what line—he considers himself qualified to address his fellow-creatures on the choice of books. This gives him also an opportunity of "slating" fiction of the day.

Mr. Frederick Harrison, I learn from the following extract, has been lecturing us on the Choice of Books, and has naturally seized the occasion to fling mud at the novelists. Let him speak—

"But assuredly black night will quickly cover the vast bulk of modern fiction—work as perishable as the generations whose idleness it has amused. It belongs not to the great
creations of the world. Beside them it is flat and poor. Such facts in human nature as it reveals are trivial and special in themselves, and for the most part abnormal and unwholesome. I stand beside the ceaseless flow of this miscellaneous torrent as one stands watching the turbid rush of the Thames at London Bridge, wondering whence it all comes, whither it all goes, what can be done with it, and what may be its ultimate function in the order of Providence. To a reader who would nourish his taste on the boundless harvests of the poetry of mankind, this sewage outfall of to-day offers as little in creative as in moral value. Lurid and irregular streaks of imagination, extravagance of plot and incident, petty and mean subjects of study, forced and unnatural situations, morbid pathology of crime, dull copying of the dullest commonplace, melodramatic hurly-burly, form the certain evidence of an art that is exhausted, produced by men and women to whom it is become a mere trade, in an age wherein change and excitement have corrupted the power of pure enjoyment."

Let us add a few words of question and of comment. Mr. Harrison not only watches the ceaseless flow of this miscellaneous torrent, but he carefully examines the bulk of the books which form the torrent. He reads masses of modern fiction. He must, else how can he speak with so much authority and precision on the subject? Unless, that is, he has evolved from his own brain the "lurid and irregular streaks of imagination" and all the rest of it. Most of us do not read all the fiction, and therefore we must accept his judgment so far. He complains, however, that he does not know whence it comes or whither it goes. Let us tell him. Three-fourths of the "torrent" consists of feeble, harmless, and imitative stories, the production of which is paid for by the writers in the vain hope of getting money out of them. Very few copies are printed, still fewer are bought; they would be absolutely unheard of if the reviewers did not notice them; they die as soon as they are born. As regards the remaining fourth part, I suppose I may be allowed to consider again. For literary purposes there are only four centuries to think of. First, the sixteenth. Where is the fin de siècle in the last decade of that century? Shakespeare wrote fifteen of his plays in that decade; Ben Jonson began; Kit Marlow ran his brief course; Raleigh, Peele, Greene, Spenser, Lyly, Drayton, Harrington, Stow, Cervantes, Tasso, Montaigne, Du Bartas, Malherbe, all adorn this last decade. Where is the fin de siècle here? Let us pass on to the years 1690-1700. What futile rubbish is this!

Lastly the age... the age... Alas! when was there ever an age which was not corrupt, ruined, hopeless? The present time is more especially lost and hopeless on account of the fin de siècle. Let me protest against this fin de siècle cry. It means that because the century is coming to an end, art, thought, invention, science—everything is senile too, in sympathy with the dying century. Let us consider again. For literary purposes there are only four centuries to think of. First, the sixteenth. Where is the fin de siècle in the last decade of that century? Shakespeare wrote fifteen of his plays in that decade; Ben Jonson began; Kit Marlow ran his brief course; Raleigh, Peele, Greene, Spenser, Lyly, Drayton, Harrington, Stow, Cervantes, Tasso, Montaigne, Du Bartas, Malherbe, all adorn this last decade. Where is the fin de siècle here? Let us pass on to the years 1690-1700. What do we find? Any weariness, any decay, any senility? Not so—Dryden, Wycherly, Congreve, Steele, Dennis, Price, Swift, Burnet, Defoe, Bentley, Tom Brown and Ned Ward (a savoury pair), Garth,
Philips, Rowe, Buxton, John Locke, Tillotson, Jeremy Taylor, Colley Cibber, Tom D'Urfey, Boileau, Racine, Calderon, Bossuet, Fenelon, La Fontaine, Fontenelle—all adorned the last years of the seventeenth century. Pass on to the years 1790–1800. Was there here any decay, any senility? Burns, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Bloomfield, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Cooper, Priestley, Paley, Cumberland, Dibdin, Sheridan, Ferguson, Monk Lewis, Mary Godwin, William Godwin, White of Selborne, Ritson, Thomas Percy, Gifford, Erasmus Darwin, Anne Seward, Dugald Stewart, Jeremy Bentham, Hannah More, Frances Burney, John Aikin, Letitia Burbauld, Roscoe, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Porson, Edmund Burke, Boswell, Campbell, Rogers, Mrs. Inchbald, Malone, D'Israeli, Sir James Mackintosh, Charles Lamb, Landor, Schiller, Goethe, and a whole crowd of French writers wrote; why, so far from being a time of decay the last decade of each century has proved a period of great intellectual vigour—a time of youth and spring, as every time should be. Let us have done with the fin de siècle rubbish. There is no more connection between Art or Science and the age of the century, than there is between the news of this hour's post and the clouds in the sky.

Last month I asked a foolish question. It was foolish because the wise man should not, speaking generally, ask a question to which there is no answer. In this case, perhaps, one was justified; one put, wisely, a foolish question. I asked why religious societies allow themselves to do things which individuals with any self-respect would not dare to do. I now ask another foolish question. Why is it that men professionally connected with religion are generally so extremely irreligious? There is no answer to this question. But I will illustrate it by a case in point. There is a certain religious publisher—who found a lady with a MS.—from whose clutches may the Lord preserve us!—who had a MS.—they are as plentiful as blackberries. This MS., however, was a saleable MS. He consented to publish it, and to give her half the profits. Further, he agreed that a fresh arrangement was to be made for a second edition. The man, however, was too foxy to set down this in writing. He allowed the lady to make a note of the agreement, and forgot to send it to her in writing. Two or three years afterwards the author discovered that there had been a new edition published without reference to herself and without sending her any accounts. She wrote and got no reply. The religious person took no notice of her letter. She wrote again and got at last a letter and a statement of accounts. It was as follows:

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The letter deplored the heavy loss of the firm on the book, said nothing about breaking the agreement, and offered the lady ten guineas to finish up the business. She accepted the offer, and the book is now running triumphantly in its seventh or eighth edition. It may be argued, of course, that she need not have taken the offer, considering the nature of the account rendered. I think she was right to get anything she could. I have had an estimate made of the cost of the book. It comes out as follows:

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<th>Publishers' bill.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cost of production</td>
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Supposing the other items of engraving and advertising to be correct, we reduce the cost of production from £111 16s. 6d. to £67 3s. 4d., a difference of £42 11s. 8d. ! And yet they talk of the heavy loss to the firm.

Mr. Radclyffe Cooke's letter in our last number has very naturally called forth a reply from the reader concerned. He says, "May I be permitted to say that while I certainly claim no infallibility, I think Mr. Cooke has a little mistaken the gist of my 'opinion.' I said that if certain alterations were made I thought the book, especially if got up in an attractivestyle, would be accepted, and would obtain a sale. I am glad that it has obtained a success greater than I looked for."

Mr. Radclyffe Cooke himself writes:

"The Editorial Comment does not meet my point, which is, that if you invite authors whose MSS. have been rejected by publishers' readers to submit them for an independent opinion to one of the readers of the Society, that opinion cannot be independent if the readers of the Society and the readers of the publishers are identically the same persons."
THE AUTHOR.

What is an independent opinion? A. B. receives a MS. from a publisher. He is asked to give an opinion on the MS., especially as to its commercial value. He does so. He does not give a long critical opinion for the author, but merely a note for the publisher. The author receives in polite language a plain No. Suppose—which is possible, but not likely—the same reader received afterwards the same MS. from the same author, he would state at length his opinion of the faults in style, the errors of taste and judgment, and the other defects which—always in his opinion—might militate against the work, either from a literary or a commercial point of view. He would give, in fact, such an opinion as might be of assistance to the writer.

Publishers, in fact, do not give authors a critical opinion on the MSS. submitted. Considering that they have to refuse ninety-nine per cent. of MSS. offered, it can hardly be expected that they can act as teachers and coaches in the art of literary composition. The author receives his MS. back with a courteous letter giving no reason, or perhaps only general reasons. This is the practice. I have seen one or two carefully drawn readers' opinions, calculated to help the aspirant, but these are rare. What the Society gives is such an opinion. The reader is asked to consider a MS. partly as a schoolmaster considers a set of Latin verses, and partly as a publisher would consider it, namely, from the commercial point of view. He is asked to give his opinion partly on the artistic, dramatic, and literary worth or demerits of the work, and partly on its chances as a saleable article. As a writer or a critic of experience he can do the former; as a publisher's reader he can do the latter. This part of our work, therefore, if it is properly carried out, may be very useful indeed, and in many cases has proved very useful; for instance, a recent work was altered in accordance with the suggestions of the very reader quoted above, and has proved a very considerable success owing to these very alterations.

And many young writers in consequence of the "opinion" they received, have either abandoned further effort in a hopeless direction, or are working intelligently and earnestly in the right direction. Needless to add, that these opinions have kept many young writers out of the hands of the gentry whose readers never fail to "report so favourably that they are prepared to offer the following liberal terms."

Our friends, the knavish publisher and the sweating publisher, are never weary of procuring misrepresentations of the Society and its objects and actions. I saw the other day an apparently harmless paragraph, beginning about a certain literary man of eminence, but ending with the slander which was the sole reason of its existence. It was inferred, not actually stated, that the Society advocated the breaking of agreements, and regarded keeping them as "the basest way of evading a moral obligation." A similar slander was admitted some months ago into a monthly magazine, and I daresay, will be admitted in a good many other papers whenever a tool, or a fool, or a busybody can be found. Let our friends meet such charges with the assurance that the Society has always proclaimed the necessity of keeping agreements—indeed, the law takes care of that. But that, if the Society has any influence at all, it is persistently directed to encourage the examination of agreements; to awaken jealousy and suspicion as to literary, as well as any other kind of property; and to make writers insist upon knowing what they concede to their agent, as well as what he proposes to give them. It is this persistence, not any exhortations to break agreements, which makes certain tools and busybodies active, and it is a sure and most satisfactory sign of influence that they are active. It is not until the wasps' nest is disturbed that the wasps try to sting.

I have received from a Victim certain papers connected with a now defunct "Association." It perished perhaps under the weight of its own vast labours, which were concerned with the advancement of literature, art, science, music, the drama, and "&c." As regards the literary department, which was managed by a gentleman calling himself the Hon. Sec., it undertook for the small sum of one guinea a year: 1. To reply by return of post to questions of all kinds; 2. To read and report on MSS.; 3. To publish works at the expense of the Association; 4. To offer MSS. for sale; and 5. To give commissions to members. Here were inducements for young, and even for experienced writers. The Association would publish their work at its own expense, all out of the yearly guineas! If the work was not good enough for the Association, it would be sold to publishers, who, it is very well known, are content with the leavings of such a Society, and deeply grateful for getting them; and it would, besides, give commissions—what writer would not leap at the chance of getting commissions? A benevolent Association, truly. In one case mentioned in the prospectus, a writer whose work had been refused by seven publishers in succession, got, through the instrumentality of the Association, the sum of £157 10s., cash down, for it! The oddness of the amount carries conviction with it. The commission offered to members
was noble. It could be obtained in this way: the Association ran a sixpenny monthly magazine, which was written entirely by members. Now, any member who should procure twenty new subscribers to the magazine might receive twenty copies of the magazine for £4 a year, which of course he would sell for sixpence a copy, to his twenty subscribers, pocketing £2 a year by the transaction. His yearly subscription was also remitted to such an active worker. Never was such a disinterested Association!

The Victim was a young writer who hoped to obtain in this Association the opening which up to that time he had failed to find. He became a member—he sent up a guinea for membership, and six and sixpence for subscription to the magazine; he also sent a MS. This was immediately read by the official reader of the Society, and as an acknowledgment of its worth, the writer was promoted from a simple member to a "staff member," that is, "one whose contributions can be accepted and paid for immediately proofs are passed by the Editor." Here was success! and after the nasty envious editors of the other magazines had all with one consent refused this writer's works! He submitted accordingly more MSS. He was informed that one was accepted for the magazine, and would be shortly published and paid for; that another was under consideration; and that they were "sparing no efforts to place" a third, but as yet, unsuccessfully. The result may be foreseen. He lost his money, his time, and his MSS. Nothing was placed, nothing was published; and in course of time the "Association" disappeared.

There have been several other associations or societies of a similar character during the last few years. Considering the comparative safety of the enterprise, one is astonished that there are not more. One of them called itself the City of London Publishing Company. Among other little dodges of this concern, they proposed to publish a volume of poetry, a copy of which was to be bought by every contributor of a one page poem for half-a-guinea. The aim of the projectors was, of course, to make unknown poets known to the public. I never heard anything more of this volume. The Company succeeded the Charing Cross Publishing Company, and took over, I believe, the valuable business of that eminent house. The Literary Guild started in the same year, and with the same address as the City of London Publishing Company, but I know not if the two were the same concern. The objects of the Guild were to afford to amateur and non-professional authors the same advantages of popularity and price enjoyed by established writers. The prospectus promised to "introduce them"—one does not know how—"to the reading public," and "to open to the inexperienced the road to one of the most agreeable and remunerative of the professions." Through the agency of the Guild, members, we are told, might publish on exceptional terms—and so on. The Guild, in fact, was an agency, whether connected or unconnected with the City of London Publishing Company does not appear. I do not know if the Guild still exists. Its members were entitled to affix the letters M.I.G. after their names. That, indeed, was a most valuable privilege. But the Company during its existence succeeded in persuading a good many to believe in them, and published no fewer than a hundred and fifty books, and not one in the whole list that anybody ever heard of!

The London Literary Society was the longest lived of these bogus publishers. It lasted for eight or nine years. The manager of this Society, in fact, the chairman and the committee, and the secretary, all in one, was a gentleman, now unfortunately bankrupt. He had some genius, as shown in the invention of a certain clause in the letter which he invariably sent on the receipt of a MS.

He said, "Sir or Madam,—Our reader has reported so favourably on your MS. that we are prepared to offer you the following terms. We are willing to produce the work shortly . . . and meet all demands for sales, through the trade, up to 10,000 copies, at the publishing price of—provided you pay us £ —-(generally double the actual cost of production), "and give us one-half the profits." The notion of modestly limiting his liability to 10,000 copies caught the flats right and left, because they immediately sat down and calculated how much they would get on a sale of 10,000 copies at least. The London Literary Society (Manager, Playster Steeds) is now defunct, but a business of the same kind, including the favourable report of the reader, the offer to meet all sales up to so many thousand, and the proviso of the cheque down, is still carried on by a firm called Digby and Long. We have in the office a letter signed J. Baptiste Long for J. Playster Steeds. That gentleman when passing his examination in the Bankruptcy Court, stated that Long had been his clerk. Messrs. Digby and Long wrote to the Publishers' Circular, on November 15th, 1888, protesting that their firm had never had anything to do with the Literary Society.
Lastly, we have a little legal document connected with Digby and Long, in which the Christian name of Long is given as J. Baptiste Long, so that, after all, there would seem to be a kind of a sort of a succession or connection, apart from the similarity in the conduct of the business.

To make an end of these so-called companies, there was the Amateur Authors' Association, hailing from Windsor. The "manager" of this precious concern vanished with all the MSS. There was another man called Bentley who advertised for MSS. Many were taken in, thinking of the well known firm in New Burlington Street. This person also vanished with all the MSS. There was quite lately one McGuire, who vanished under circumstances detailed in the first number of The Author. There are doubtless others contemplating the same career. Let us be on the watch for them.

One thing is truly astonishing, that respectable people—people of decent position—should be found to give their names in support of these schemes. Thus the Literary Society had quite a long list of apparently respectable people who were called patrons. They thought, I suppose, that to figure on such a list, gave them a position in the literary world. As regards authors, it is quite certain, that credulity will never cease. It is as lasting and as full of life as the roguery which feeds and thrives upon it.

It seems cruel to disturb the innocent faith of a guileless world, but really one is jealous. Why should publishers, alone of all trades, professions, and callings, bear upon their front the seal of perfect sincerity and honesty? We are always exhorting everybody to extend to this class of community exactly the same confidence—that, and no more—that is offered to every other trade or calling. Yet no sooner does a man call himself publisher than the simple folk rush into the trap that he has spread for them. The other day an advertisement appeared in one of the morning papers to the effect that a "literary firm" was ready to give clerical work to ladies in their own homes. Applicants were instructed to write to "Publisher"—the advertiser knew the sainthood which clings to that venerated name—and to enclose a stamp for reply. In two days 1,100 letters reached the address. The advertiser, unfortunately, did not apply for them. His courage failed. One or two of the letters were opened. Finally they were all opened by the Post Office and sent back to their writers. Now here is a case in which an active detective should have rooted out the whole business. The man should be caught and prosecuted. To call himself a publisher, indeed! To trade on the character for disinterestedness and generosity which belongs to that body! It was a touch of genius, however. I would advise him next time to "go one better." He should advertise the address of the "S.P.C.K." He would then get a million answers, so great is the admiration of the world for that venerable Society and its publishing department.

I have read in one or two papers that I am endeavouring to establish an Authors' Club. This is news to me. I am endeavouring no such thing. It is true that an Authors' Club has been spoken of, and that it may be attempted in friendly union with the Society, not as a part of it nor in opposition to it. The Society exists for the purpose of advancing and protecting authors' material interests, not for social purposes, and if authors will only be good enough all to belong to it—at present we number only 600 instead of 1,000 at least—there can be no doubt of efficient safeguarding. One difficulty in forming such a club would seem to be the fact that a club implies a certain uniformity of social level. Now authors belong to a great many social levels, and though there can be no reason why they should not, as members of the same profession, meet together in friendliness, we do not see that other professions do so. There is a Law Institute which is a kind of club, but it is really a society for protecting the material interests of solicitors. There are military clubs, but then all military men are supposed to be on the same social level. At the same time, for country or suburban members—even for town members—it would be a very useful thing if the Society could have near it a set of rooms with a library of reference, convenience for writing, facilities for getting lunch or afternoon tea, and so forth; in fact, a house of call and convenience. And this has certainly been suggested and advocated by several persons.

Mr. Brander Mathews has sent me the little book of the Authors' Club in New York. The objects of the club are stated in the prospectus to be for "literary and library purposes, and the promotion of social intercourse among authors." It is to consist of not more than 300 men—no ladies. All the members are to be actual authors; the subscription is four pounds a year and five pounds
THE AUTHOR.

entrance; the club is to assemble fortnightly; the committee elect; the fortnightly meeting means, I believe, a dinner; and there are about 250 members. I understand that the club rooms are generally empty except at the fortnightly meeting. This seems as if American authors were not exactly clubable among each other. Whether we have an Authors' Club or not, what we want most is a Members' House of Call—and perhaps some day we may get it, though our annual guinea subscription would not go very far towards supporting it.

An interesting experiment in publishing is about to be tried, which we shall follow with great curiosity. It will, if successfully carried out, as there seems every hope that it will be, reveal practically what we have advanced and maintained from estimates and the piecing together of information, namely, the need of exact information as to the proportion of publishers' profits on successful works compared with author's. I would suggest to the inventor of this scheme that the greater reticence he observes about it for the present, the better it will be for the scheme. Once successful, all the world may know and follow the example. Once divulged, every kind of opposition, hindrance, and secret spokes will be set for it.

An entirely new profession has lately come into existence, and though in these days every honest way of making money is immediately thronged, and this way will certainly prove no exception, it is in these columns freely offered and given away. There are as yet only two ways of practising it, but of course the wit of man will speedily multiply those ways. First, you write to as many well-known men as you can; you ask them, as if you were thirsting for knowledge, for an opinion on any point that happens to be under discussion at the time. When you have got answers from most of them, advertise autograph letters from W. E. G., or anybody else, containing his opinion on such and such a subject. Price of this unique autograph letter—two guineas. An industrious man who knows how to choose and to change the subject may do very well indeed on this lay.

The following lines seem to show that the practice is of great antiquity. We may yet chance somewhere upon a collection with the autographs of Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.

Nomina facta manu venatur odora viri vis;
En, sibi vir proedam destinat ille suum;
Nescit ut accipiter flecti, miserescere tigris,
Sic quoque venator solvere nescit iter.
Et licet a fugiens se victima torqueat usque,
Haud mora; mox proprios sanguine tincta jacet
Tum spolia assiduus retulit venator opima,
Collectasque novo nomine ditat opes.

To which the following is tendered as an imitation:

The autograph hunters are keen on the scent,
The autograph hunters have singled their prey;
As a hawk cannot swerve, or a tiger relent,
So these never turn them nor stop on their way.
And though he may wriggle and though he may run,
The quarry will presently lie in his gore;
And the autograph hunter, his victory won,
With exult o'er the fallen with one name the more.

A scrap-book library is being formed in the Brooklyn Library to utilise the material relating to topics of interest which would be lost in the files of the daily papers. Its nucleus was the gathering of a large number of excerpts from the newspapers by one Wilcox, a war correspondent. The librarian, Mr. Bardwell, got his assistants to sort the scraps, and they were arranged by subjects and pasted on sheets of uniform size. They are not bound, but are on heavy manilla paper, and additions can be made at any time. Those relating to any particular subject are put together in a box, which is properly labelled, and the subjects are arranged in alphabetical order. For some subjects several boxes are needed, as biography, for instance. It is as easy to find any particular topic in the boxes as in an encyclopedia or dictionary. Besides 50 volumes already made up, with about 350 clippings in each, there are three times as many not yet pasted and prepared for use, making a total of over 75,000 clippings. This seems a thing to be imitated.

Mr. Howells made an onslaught in the August number of Harpers on the literary critic, and especially on the anonymous critic of the newspapers. The Boston Herald has taken up the case. Here the writer declares that so far as America is concerned there are not more than
half-a-dozen journals whose critical judgments of current literature carry weight and credit for more than book-advertising. "Literary criticism in the United States was never at so low as ebb. Mr. Howells is justified in what he says of the anonymous American critic. He is dreadful in his blunders, in his bad manners, and in the venom which is too often characteristic of his work. This is due to the fact that but little attention is paid to critical writing. It is thrown out of the magazines, it has but a precarious existence in the weekly papers, it lacks authority in the purely literary journals, and very few of the principal dailies employ critical writers who are competent for their task."

What about our own criticisms? In the matter of literary criticism there are two or three provincial papers a long way ahead of the London dailies, which have mostly got into the unholy habit of lumping all the books together, and dismissing each with a few lines. Of the weekly papers it cannot be said that they have in any way lost their authority. A good review in the Saturday, the Spectator, or the Guardian, is still excellent for stimulating the demand. Unfortunately the Spectator's notices are too often belated. I recall the case of a certain book which appeared in a certain month of May. By the month of November it had had a great run; but the first rush after it was over, the libraries could do without more copies, and people were borrowing copies instead of buying them. At this time appeared a notice of the book—long and laudatory—in the Spectator. It was too late—the world had already pronounced its verdict, and the book had practically had its run. Another point in which authors venture to disagree with the Saturday, the Spectator, the Athenæum, and the Academy, is the lumping of all the novels, all the theological books, or indeed, all the books of any one class, into one article, and reviewing them each with half-a-dozen lines. Now if a novel is worth reviewing at all, it is worth reviewing seriously, and as a work of art. Certainly there is not an average of two novels a week which are worth reviewing seriously. Again, it cannot but be known to the editors that three-fourths of the novels are paid for by the authors—that can always be told by the name of the publisher: that these things are always the sorry rubbish refused by the better houses; that nobody ever buys them, and that to review them is labour, time, temper, and space absolutely thrown away. Does one review all the trash and daubs that hang on the walls of the Royal Institute or the Grosvenor among and between the good pictures?

An unadorned marble cross has been set up over the grave of Wilkie Collins in Kensal Green Cemetery with the words, "Author of 'The Woman in White' and other works of Fiction" placed underneath the name and usual dates. A few yards away lies Sydney Smith, and not much farther distant, Leigh Hunt.

On May 7th of this year a MS. was sent to a certain journal for the editor's consideration.

On June 5th, exactly four weeks later, the editor says that he thinks he can shortly use it. On this understanding the author allows the MS. to remain until September 28th, when he sends a reminder on September 26th. The editor writes that he may be able to use it for a Christmas number. Again on this understanding the author allows the MS. to remain.

On October 2nd the editor instructs a secretary to write that he will not be able "for some time" to give "any further information" about the subject. He therefore sends back the MS.

This is five months after receiving it. Is there any other business in the world where the common courtesies of civilized life are so little regarded as in literary matters? Here is an author—not unknown or obscure—kept cooling his heels on the kerbstone for five months while the editor makes up his mind. Four months after promising to use the MS. he sends it back.

A writer in Life is responsible for the following story. It would not be printed here but for the fact that similar cases have been brought before the Society by victims. And it is a pity that the exact accounts in this case are not given, because it would seem as if the case might be really worse than the editor thinks. He says that in receiving the accounts for a certain work, written either by himself or by some friend, he made the discovery that 25 per cent. had been fraudulently charged on all the accounts, which showed a profit of £7 10s. Also he says that the book had run through three editions. Now, I do not know what kind of book that is of which three editions—3,000 copies—could be sold to produce a profit of only £7 10s., even making allowance for the fraudulent 25 per cent., or by what kind of agreement the result was arrived at. The author, on discovering the fraud, called upon that publisher and demanded a cheque for the whole amount, with interest. And he got it. This strong-armed person has now taken up the case of two ladies, who have given him a power of attorney to act for them. Let us await the result.
We have to deplore the death of one who has been a steady friend of the Society from its foundation, the Rev. Henry White. He published little, but his sympathies with literature and with those who make the literature of the day were deep. His loss will be widely deplored. The Church has few clergymen who can quite fill the place he occupied in public esteem and affection.

WALTER BESANT.

*THE METHODS OF PUBLISHING.*

This book may be regarded as a sequel to the “Cost of Production.” In that work, which was issued for the use of members only, men of letters learned for the first time what is the actual cost of composing, printing, paper, and binding, for the production of books of various kinds. The little book was the result of a great deal of trouble, investigation, comparison of estimates and consultation with printers. Even when finished it has been found incomplete in parts, and a new edition is under preparation.

Meantime, there has been accumulating in the offices of the Society since its foundation a great quantity of “cases,” generally of complaint and grievance. Nearly every one of these cases contains among its papers and letters an agreement signed by the publisher and the author. In this way the Society has been enabled to peruse agreements from nearly every publishing house in the country. In the same way it has also been enabled to learn the tricks and frauds which these agreements may be designed to cover in the hands of unscrupulous men. Now a signed agreement can only, as a rule, even when it can be clearly proved to be one-sided, unjust, and procured by misrepresentation, be broken and set aside by a costly and doubtful action in the High Court of Justice. Consequently, in many of the cases brought to the Society in which highly unjust agreements had been carried out to the letter, no redress could be obtained. When a man signs a document which he does not understand, he has only himself to blame if the agreement places him, bound hand and foot, in the hands of a robber. It is therefore apparent that prevention is better than attempt to cure.

This conclusion is the *raison d'être* of the book. Mr. Sprigge designs, by classifying agreements, quoting examples, explaining the meaning of clauses, and exposing the frauds and tricks that are carried on under cover of agreements, to educate his readers into a becoming jealousy of their property, whether it lies in fields or in written pages.

We have long lifted up a warning voice and cautioned authors against signing any agreement whatever, under any pretence or after any representations, without advice—and that, not from their own solicitors, or from any lawyer that offers, but from the Society whose business it is to protect them. We are now in a position to explain and justify this admonition. Authors may now read for themselves and learn in detail what is actually and daily practised, and what is the meaning of the various clauses by which they sign away, and part with, valuable property.

In other words—*Let no writer sign any agreement until he has learned what the publisher reserves for himself, and what he proposes to give the author.* In no other transaction affecting property would one party dare to present an agreement designedly drawn up so that the other party should understand nothing of what it means.

The book is very earnestly recommended to the attention of every person engaged in literature. It is designed as the most serious contribution to the defence of the author ever yet offered—most serious because it is the only paper which rests, not on argument, but on facts and figures. These facts cannot be denied, nor can these figures be disproved. They are all in the archives of the Society, and can, if necessary, be published at length with the names of the publishers concerned. Probably, however, they will not be anxious for this kind of publicity. The position of the Society in respect to this kind of information is absolutely unique. No publishers have it; no single individual possesses this knowledge; no other body possesses it; and the whole of it has been placed in Mr. Sprigge’s hands.

The book is divided into eleven chapters. The first two of these are devoted to the general consideration of literary property. The next four to the four methods under which all kinds of publishing may be classed, viz., the Half Profit System, the Royalty System, Sale Outright or Limited, and Publishing on Commission. Agreements of all kinds will be found set forth at length and analyzed in these chapters. The remaining five deal chiefly with certain common ways of trickery, with the statement of such safeguards as may protect the author.

One quotation only shall be made here. It is a short summing up as to the laxity with which literary property is generally treated:

“At present it would seem that too often the author does not, and the publisher cannot, real-
that literary property has an existence and a value.

"If a man believed his book was an actual property he would not deal with it by methods so vague, unsatisfactory, and unbusinesslike, under agreements teeming with clauses he does not understand.

"He would not dispose of his right over it without the formality of a written agreement. He certainly would not airily hand over to the publisher his rights in other property of a similar kind whose value he does not yet know, and for an indefinite number of years, simply on request.

"He would insist upon alleged expenditure being proved to him, before his account was debited with it.

"He would insist upon having accounts rendered at the right times, and his executors at his death would similarly insist.

"Lastly, if a man thought his MS. was a property in the sense that his watch is a property, what would he do if he found that, in spite of his letters, he could not get it returned to him by the tradesman who had it for inspection?"

"THE LITERARY HANDMAID OF THE CHURCH."

I.- The principles on which the Society's publishing business is conducted.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is not a General Publishing Agency.

The sole purpose of its publishing enterprise is to produce and circulate as widely as possible a wholesome literature, both religious and secular. This purpose is realised by putting on its publications as low a price as is consistent with giving a fair remuneration to Authors, and securing such a margin of profit as will protect the Society against a financial loss. The average yearly profit of its entire business has for many years been about £6,000, and is not a larger percentage on the capital employed than the vicissitudes of a very large publishing business require for its stability. Moreover, this profit is not really profit accruing to the Society through purchases by the public, inasmuch as the Society annually gives away in Grants of books several thousand pounds more than the profit, and in the ledgers of the Publishing Department credit is taken for all these grants, averaging some £12,000 a year. It will be thus seen that the sales and grants of books, taken together, so far from bringing in a revenue applicable to other purposes, take several thousand pounds annually out of the Society's income.

II.-Dealings with Authors.

1. Royalties (varying from one-tenth to one-sixth of the published price) are in ordinary circumstances paid to writers who are recognized as specialists in any particular subject, or whose names, inserted on the title-page of a book, would give it a distinctly greater commercial value than the book would have if published by the Society without such name. Some writers who would naturally fall into this class prefer a sum down in place of a royalty.

2. Commissions for most of the chief works of fiction, published every autumn, are given beforehand to writers of whose competence the Committee is satisfied, on the following conditions:—

"If the work be accepted by the Society, the sum of £ will be paid you for the copyright, which will then be the property of the Society. The Society will reserve to itself the right to use the author's name. If the Committee for any reason do not accept the work on behalf of the Society, one-half of the sum offered for the copyright will be paid to you; and you will have in addition the offer of the use of the standing type with a view to your making other arrangements for the publication of your work."

The payments made in this manner are certainly as high as, and probably higher than, those offered by other publishers for the same class of literature.

3. Besides these commissioned works, the Society receives unsought, every year, thousands of MSS. of small stories, which are offered without condition for the Society's approval and for publication. Such of these MSS. as the Committee may approve are paid for according to the Committee's view of their merit, but generally somewhat lower than the scale adopted in the case of commissioned works. The Society has had no reason to suppose that these payments have been disappointing to the writers who have contributed works to the Society.

III.-Royalties v. Copyright.

It has sometimes been suggested, and the suggestion is endorsed by Mr. Besant, that it would be better that all writers for the Society should be paid by royalty, but it is not difficult to show that the indiscriminate giving of royalties by
the Society would be inequitable, and even im-
practicable. With respect to the stories and small
works of fiction published with the advantage of
the Society's imprimatur, it has to be remembered
—whether the fact be satisfactory or not—that in
most cases the circulation of such books depends
at least as much upon the manner in which they
are printed, bound, and illustrated—arrangements
with which the writer has little or nothing to do—
as upon the merit of the writer himself. The fact
that this is so throws upon the Society's Com-
mittees a very grave responsibility for the character
of what is thus circulated by their agency, and at
the same time it materially affects the question of
the equitable mode of remunerating the authors of
these little works. Vast quantities of such books
are annually given away by the Society, or sold at
a reduced rate, thus swelling the apparent sales
diminished, but the anomaly would arise that a
be materially raised, and the sales proportionately
be to the extent of hundreds of thousands, would
be to the writer, by any appreciable royalty, a
success.

It appears evident that whatever strength may
seem to be afforded by this case to the charges
levelled against the Society is derived from a mis-
conception of the facts.

2. The second case is that of a writer who has
been contributing to the Society's list since 1861,
and who has, within the last three months, been
paid for a book which will appear next October.
During this time she has supplied some twenty
works to the Society, ranging from little tales at 2d.
and 3d. each, to books of three or four hundred
pages. The writer has received in all for these
twenty books £716 2s. 10d.—a very
small percentage on the money sunk on it for
thirteen years. No promise of future payments
was made to the author; but, in reply to his
inquiries, he was informed that the Society did
then (what it continues to do now) give, in the
shape of a gratuity, and not in any way as a con-
dition of purchase of copyright, occasional pay-
ments in cases where books turned out exceptionally
successful.

Much of Mr. Besant's pamphlet forms part of a
controversy in which the author has been long
engaged respecting the general system of pub-
ishing adopted both in England and abroad, and
into the merits of that controversy it is not
necessary here to enter.

With respect to his charges against the Society,
the author asked, through the Guardian of
January 23rd, 1889, for information from writers
for the Society as to their treatment. Three of
the answers he received seemed to him to call for
notice, and on these his specific charges rest.

1. The first and principal case is that of a writer
from whom only one book has been accepted by
the Society. This book was published—not, as
alleged, "two or three years ago"—but thirteen
years ago. The author received a small sum for
the copyright of the work (£12 12s.), because
the Committee of the time did not see their way
to estimate it at a higher figure. Probably the
Committee were unwise in yielding to the writer's
urgency to accept it at all. As the Committee
truly foresaw, it has not proved a commercial suc-
sess. During the long lapse of thirteen years the
apparent circulation has gradually mounted up to
5,520 copies, but a very large proportion of these
have not been purchased by the public, but have
been issued by the Society in grants for lending
libraries, &c., at home and in the Colonies. Even
crediting the bookselling account with the value of
all the copies both sold and given away, the total
apparent profit up to date is £57 8s. 10d.—a very
small percentage on the money sunk on it for
thirteen years. No promise of future payments
was made to the author; but, in reply to his
inquiries, he was informed that the Society did
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demands incases where books turned out exceptionally
successful.

It appears evident that whatever strength may
seem to be afforded by this case to the charges
levelled against the Society is derived from a mis-
conception of the facts.

3. The remaining case is that of a writer who
also continues to write for the Society. He has
written in all for the Society since 1873 twelve
small books, for which he has received £660.
He says that for his first work for the Society he
received £30, and seven months afterwards for

IV.—Mr. Besant's Specific Charges.

...
the same book an unsolicited cheque for £20. The memory of this gentleman seems to have misled him, as the Society's ledgers show no trace of such a cheque, and the inference drawn from its supposed payment must therefore be allowed to fall to the ground. The additional £30 paid in 1882 was not a gratuity; it was payment for bringing a new edition up to date. The charge that "half the sums expended in founding Bishoprics belong in all equity to needy authors" is of the same baseless character, as will be seen from the statement given above. Further comment on this writer's letter seems needless.

Such are the grounds on which the author of the pamphlet bases his somewhat sensational indictment, and they appear signally insufficient. So far as can be ascertained, the Society holds a prominent position among publishers for its fair dealing with authors, and enjoys their esteem and even gratitude. That works of all kinds are pressed on its acceptance by thousands of writers, and that out of the many hundreds of whose services use has been made, only three seem to have responded to the invitation to state a grievance, are facts which afford strong evidence of the injustice of Mr. Besant's accusations.


July 25, 1890.

II.

The Reply to the Memorandum.

I.—The Principles of the S.P.C.K.

This is the document which is tendered as a reply to my pamphlet. It contains a false statement on its very title. I made no charges in that pamphlet. I called the attention of the Publication Committee of the S.P.C.K. to certain well-known and recognized principles in the acquisition and the administration of literary property. I enumerated certain classes of publishers. I then detailed certain cases selected from a great many in my hands; and I asked the Committee to which class they themselves belong. It is to this question that we seek an answer in the Memorandum. But we seek in vain.

The "Memorandum" contains four sections. Let us take each in order. The first is called "The Principles on which the Society's publishing is conducted."

Principles? But there are none.

The S.P.C.K. is "not a General Publishing Agency." Well, they publish, for as much profit as they can get, every kind of book. If that is not a "General Publishing Agency," what is it?

"Its sole purpose is to produce wholesome literature." And make no profit? That can I not believe. If so, why was not that £7,660 profit, made last year, divided among the sweated authors?

"This purpose is realised by putting on its publications as low a price as is consistent with a fair remuneration to authors." What is "fair"? On what principles is this justice to authors? This is the gist of the whole question: what do they mean by "fair"? There is no reply. There is no attempt to reply. The signatories are so careless as to their words, so blind to the real point, or so determined to evade the real issue, that they refuseso much as to state the principles by which they are guided in deciding what is fair. Now we might very well lay the paper down at this point and refuse to read any more.

But there is much more to be noted, if only to show the condition of mind to which a body of apparently intelligent men may be reduced when they are bidden to sign such a paper as this.

"The average profits (we are told) amount to about £6,000." Well, but last year they were put at £7,660.

This seems, at first sight, a straightforward statement. But there is no such thing as a straightforward statement in the whole paper.

"An average profit of £6,000."

What is "profit"? The tradesman buys a thing for a shilling and sells it for eighteenpence. The sixpence over is his profit. The sixpence is his pay for storing and distributing, buying and selling. This a law universal in every kind of trade. In the publishing trade, if a book coststwopence to produce and twopence for the author, and sells for sixpence, the twopence is the publisher's profit. Out of this he has to keep up his establishment and make his own income.*

* Since they may attempt to deny this, I subjoin two publishers' accounts. They are the accounts of honourable men. One is that of the sale of one volume of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"; the other is an account of this year, also rendered by an honourable publisher. The practice of reckoning profit on this difference is, it will be remarked, the same to-day as a hundred years ago.

"State of the Account of Mr. Gibbon's 'Roman Empire.'"


£ s. d.

Printing 90 sheets, at £1 6s., with notes at the bottom of the page ... ... ... 117 0 0
180 reams of paper, at 19s. ... ... ... 171 0 0
Paid the Corrector, extra ... ... ... 5 5 0
Advertisements and incidental expenses ... ... 16 15 0

£310 0 0
The ingenious gentlemen of the S.P.C.K. have invented a new kind of profit. What they call profit is the remainder after the whole expenses of their establishment are met. Thus a partner in a house of business would say, "I have kept a whole army of clerks. I have kept up my country house and my carriages. I have paid for the boys at Cambridge and Rugby. There remain £6,000. These are the profits of my business for the year." In this case the Secretaries represent the partners. What remained over is not the profit, but the saving, of the year.

Thus they made last year by selling books, £85,013. (Report for 1889, pp. 92, 93.) They had to spend £22,812 in buying books to sell again, chiefly Bibles and Prayer Books.

They spent on producing books, £38,375. They paid editors and authors—poor authors!—£2,988 altogether for the whole year. Let us deduct the money spent in buying books.

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{£85,013} \\
\text{22,812} \\
\hline \\
\text{There remains £62,201}
\end{array}
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They spent on producing books

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{£38,375} \\
\hline \\
\text{There remains £23,826}
\end{array}
\]

1,000 books, at 16s.
Deduct as above
Profit on the Edition
Mr. Gibbon's two-thirds is
Messrs. Strahan and Cadell's third is

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{£490} \\
\text{s. 6} \\
\text{4} \\
\text{163} \\
\text{6} \\
\text{8}
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{£400} \\
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The next, an account of the present day, is as follows. The figures are not necessary, and for obvious reasons are suppressed:

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as the real profit for the year on the sale of the books. On the half-profit system the authors would have had £11,913. What did they get? Less than £3,000.

But, they say, large quantities of books are given away, "amounting to an average of £12,000 a year," so that there is a loss on the publishing business of many thousands.

Observe that if they lost a hundred thousand a year by giving books away it would not affect the question in the least. The grant of books belongs to another department. Whatever expenditure is made under this head is made out of the general funds of the Society, and from the income derived from all sources.

However, let us look into the allegation. What do they give away? Chiefly Bibles and Prayer Books, as appears from the Report. They issued during the year 561,869 Bibles and Prayer Books. The greater part of the annual grant consists of Bibles and Prayer Books. Now if they had not been given away they would not have been bought. Therefore the amount expended in giving Bibles and Prayer Books must be deducted from both sides. Did the Committee of Inquiry inquire into the meaning of their own assertion before they set it down? If they did and discovered what it means, what are we to think of them? If they did not, but signed the Memorandum without examination, what, again, can we think of them?

Suppose, for instance, £5,000 worth of Bibles and Prayer Books and other books bought by the Society were included in the £8,562 set down for grants in 1889, that amount would have to be taken from the £22,812 spent in buying books. Where then is the loss of "many thousands"?

II.—On Dealings with Authors.

We are told that "royalties varying from one-tenth to one-sixth of the published price are given to writers who are recognized as specialists, or whose names on the title-page of a book give it a greater commercial value, &c."

Did the Committee examine this statement before they made it?

Do they know how to examine into the truth of such a statement?

I will tell them.

They should first learn what is meant by a royalty of one-tenth, one-sixth, &c., that is to say, what it gives the author and what it leaves the publisher. They must, of course, bear in mind at the same time the legitimate gains of the publisher,
else they have no standard of right and wrong. Next, they should inquire into the reasons of the difference—why a tenth here and a sixth there?

They should then demand an exact list of the books published on royalties, and ascertain what considerations the royalty fixed in each case, what the publisher made by the transaction, counting the publisher's profit legitimately in excess of receipt over expenditure, not after "establishment charges" are made.

I should like very much to see this list. The variation of the royalty, without cause assigned, is accepted by the Committee of Inquiry without the least question. Why should there be variation in a royalty? The system of royalties means an admission that the work of an author is to be remunerated in proportion to the saleable nature of the book. The money value of a property—which is a separate thing from its artistic value—means plainly what it will fetch. Further, the price of a book is always regulated by the cost of production. Thus we have (1) price; (2) cost of production; (3) difference between these two. The royalty means that proportion of the difference which should be justly divided between author and publisher: why, then, should there be any variation? As an abstract proposition there should be none. But one can quite understand a house declining to publish certain books whose sale will be small unless so small a royalty is granted to the author as will leave the masters a remunerative profit.

But "recognised specialists." Take the excellent short histories issued by the Society, for instance—Roman-Britain, Saxon-Britain, Norman-Britain—all by specialists. Did they get a royalty? Not so. They got £50 each for the copyright. So that this statement must be received with reservations.

We then come to works of fiction. They confess that in these books their method is to pay "a sum " down for the copyright. They do not dare to allege that in their decision as to the amount offered there is any regard whatever paid to the profits which they mean to make on the book. The most they venture to plead is an allegation that their payments are "as high as, and probably higher than," those offered by other publishers.

Can anything be weaker or more unworthy of a great religious Society than such a plea?

Weak, because it is evidently signed without the least investigation. Into what publishers' books did the Committee look before they put their names to this assertion? What publishers have given them information as to their treatment of novelists? I can assure them, from my own knowledge, and most earnestly and truthfully—that the only publishers whose prices can compare with their own are the lowest class sweating publishers.

I declare deliberately, and with a full knowledge of what is done in every house in London, that none but the sweating publishers can be ranked or compared with the Literary Handmaid of the Church. I have given the prices paid to one writer. I have before me those paid to a great many others. It is the same dreary tale—from £20 to £50 for the whole copyright—sweater's prices. In my pamphlet I mentioned three authors only. They were meant to be representative, and the Memorandum impudently pretends that they were all I could get! They do represent, in fact, the great bulk of the unfortunate writers who have fallen into the clutches of this religious Society. What do they prove? This. That the Society habitually and deliberately pay the lowest price that will be taken, without any reference to the profit that they know will certainly be made.

Once more—He who buys a piece of work for the lowest sum which the necessities of the producer will allow him to take—knowing that he will make twice, three times, fifty times that sum for his own profit—is a Sweater.

Will the Committee of Inquiry deny this proposition?

Now, in the case even of untried and unknown writers, the Publication Committee know by experience that there is a certain minimum sale on which they can confidently reckon, provided that reasonable care has been exercised in the refusal of absolute rubbish. In the case of a popular writer they can reckon on a sale of many thousands. Will the Committee enquire into the case of those few popular authors whose works have been published by the Society, and ascertain what royalties have been paid to those authors, if any.

The section winds up with the allegation that the Society's authors are satisfied with their pay. That is not my experience. That is not what I learn from the dozens of letters I have received. The writers of these letters hate the Society. They loathe the Society. They say that they only write for the Society because they must. They tell me so in confidence, but they implore me not to let the Committee guess that they have done so—lest they feel the vengeance of that Committee—the Committee of the Literary Handmaid of the Church!

But even if all the authors in the world are contented with their pay, that would not make an injustice become just.

---

**III.—On Royalties.**

Here follows a very muddled passage. I gather from it, if it means anything, the following remarkable statements and opinions:
The sale of books depends partly on their get-up and appearance. This is perfectly true. The fact belongs to all books, not especially those published by the S.P.C.K. It is the part of the publisher's business to put out his books handsomely. He is paid for looking after this part of the work.

Therefore, says the Memorandum, an author must not have a royalty.

The connection of thought is difficult to follow.

2. "Vast quantities of books are given away." I have already considered the grants. They belong to another department, and cannot be considered in connection with the Publishing Department. "Vast quantities," however, is a vague statement. Last year books to the amount of £8,562 were given away. If £5,000 represents Bibles given, and £17,000 represents Bibles sold, we have it that about 6 per cent. of the books sold are bought by the General Department to be used in accordance with the objects of the Society. Therefore, says the Memorandum, the author must not expect a royalty.

3. If royalties were given, the price of the books would be raised. Indeed! Then how is it that in other houses where royalties are given the price of the books is not raised? In fact, the royalty system depends upon a proportion, not a price. It applies equally to a shilling book and to a six-shilling book.

4. If royalties are allowed, an author, by a few days' labour, would present the "anomaly" of obtaining—what?—the produce of his own labour! Here is, indeed, an anomaly. Here is a muddle of thought.

If with a few days' labour an author can produce a work which commands a large and continued sale—why not? It is his production—his book—his property. The "anomaly" is that the Society—a religious Society—should want to take away his property. That a body of Christian men should say, "You shall have none of this income. It is true that it is of your own making. We will take it. All shall be ours." Is it possible that the Committee of Inquiry should not understand the immorality of such a contention?

5. There seems to underlie this section a feeling that because the S.P.C.K. has exceptional powers of selling books—which I recognize fully—the books should belong to them. In other words, because the administration of property can be carried on advantageously, the property belongs to them. Or, again, because it can be sold for very large sums, it should be bought for very small sums.

I do not suppose that this view would be seriously advanced. But let us clear away the fogs, and show it in its nakedness. He who acquires property must pay for it in proportion to its value. Otherwise he is a sweater, or a thief, or both. He who administers property must be paid in proportion to the extent and value of that property. Thus, an honest publisher who administers a successful book is rewarded according to the extent of his sales. The book does not belong to him because he sells a great many; but he reaps the advantage by the proportion equitably allotted to him. As a matter of fact, the larger and more important is the house, the better, we commonly find, are the terms which a successful author receives.

6. There is another very odd confusion of thought lying on the mind of the writer of this Memorandum. It is one of contempt for authors. He cannot bear to think that a little story—a simple little thing—the delicacy, artistic finish, and simplicity of which he cannot for the life of him understand—should be able to bring in for the author an income for years. That it does bring in to the Society an income for years he knows very well—has he not bought it for a ten-pound note, out and out, of the trembling gentlewoman who wrote it? But that she should have the proceeds of her own labour—that she, whom he has sweated with impunity—should get rich, is beyond him. He cannot understand it. The thing cannot be right. Why, he has bought a whole six-months' work of her for thirty pounds over and over again!

IV.—Specific Charges.

We come next to what are called "Specific Charges." Again, I repeat, there have been no specific charges. A few facts, out of many, were advanced, and the S.P.C.K. were invited to give their own opinion on them.

1. As to the first case—not the most important, as they pretend, but the most obvious and glaring case—they acknowledge the sale of 5,200 copies. It does not matter to us whether the other department bought them or the general public. The book is now priced at 2s. I think, but am not sure, that it was formerly 2s. 6d. This means a trade price of 1s. 2d. very nearly. But the ready-money sales (about one-fifth of the whole, see Report, p. 93) are at 1s. 6d. each.

The cost of production is about 5d. a copy.

By sales—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total</th>
<th>s. d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4,400 at 1s. 2d. a copy</td>
<td>256 13 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,100 at 1s. 6d. a copy</td>
<td>82 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>£339</strong></td>
<td><strong>3 4</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE AUTHOR.

Hence:

\[
\begin{array}{l|ccc}
\text{Selling Price} & \text{\(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}\)} & \text{s.} & \text{d.} \\
5,520 \text{ at 5d.} & \ldots & 115 & 0 \\
\text{Paid to Author} & \ldots & 12 & 12 \\
\text{Advertising, say} & \ldots & 5 & 0 \\
\text{Profit of the Society} & \ldots & 206 & 11 \\
\hline
\text{Total} & \ldots & \mathbf{\text{\pounds}}339 & 3 \\
\end{array}
\]

\[\text{\textit{And this profit, \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}206\)—that is, seventeen times that of the author!—they call “not a commercial success”!}}\]

If these figures are wrong let us have the right ones, only let us refuse to have dust thrown into our eyes by taking savings for profit.

2. "No promise of future payments was made to the author."

My client says there was. On whose authority does this Committee of Inquiry rest their assertion? My client insists that there was. By what right, or after what investigation, does the Committee dare to deny the truth of this positive assertion? Is it on the word of one man? Why is he to be believed more than the author? Now there is one simple way of testing this fact. Have the Committee tried this way?

3. "The total profit"—we have seen the real profit above—"is \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}57 8s. 10d., a very small percentage on the money sunk in it for 13 years."

The italics are my own. This sentence actually belongs to the Memorandum.

Can it be possible that intelligent men should have been deluded into a statement so ridiculous?

Consider. The book began with 3,000 copies, say, and subsequently another 3,000 have been printed.

Thirteen years ago the sum of \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}70\), or so, was expended in producing the book and paying the author that noble—that princely—honorarium of twelve guineas.

The sale of 1,200 copies, which was certainly reached within a year, paid back this \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}70\). Observe, therefore, that \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}70\) was sunk in the book for the period of one year only. The interest, at 3\(\frac{1}{2}\) per cent., on that sum for that period was \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}2\) 9s. exactly. That would take a few more copies. Then the \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}70\) was back again in the Committee's hands to be invested in some other book. It has been used over and over again in the thirteen years. It has been sunk over and over again, invested, recovered, and re-invested in twenty books.

Yet the Committee of Inquiry actually advance the claim that this \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}70\), paid off—returned to the investors—twelve years ago, should be still paying interest!

In other words. A lends B \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}70\). At the end of a year B repays the amount with interest. According to these gentlemen, B ought to be paying interest to this day.

4. The second case, one of a great number, is met by the statement that the lady has received in all \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}716.\)

5. The third case is met in the same way. The author has received in all \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}660.\)

What has that to do with the question? The sweated needlewoman's pay of 11\(\frac{1}{2}\)d. a-day, spread over twenty years, mounts up to the prodigious sum of \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}300,\) and yet she is discontented.

Let us make a little estimate, taking a book by the third writer, who is a capital writer for boys—and very popular. I take a 3s. book by him. It is a very rough estimate, but the figures, I know by experience, are not far wrong.

Sale of 5,000—

\[
\begin{array}{l|ccc}
\text{Selling Price} & \text{\(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}\)} & \text{s.} & \text{d.} \\
4,000 \text{ at 1s. 9d.} & \ldots & 350 & 0 \\
1,000 \text{ at 2s. 3d.} & \ldots & 112 & 10 \\
\hline
\text{Total} & \ldots & \mathbf{\text{\pounds}}462 & 10 \\
\end{array}
\]

Cost of an edition of 5,000—

\[
\begin{array}{l|ccc}
\text{Cost} & \text{\(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}\)} & \text{s.} & \text{d.} \\
\text{At 8d. a copy, say} & \ldots & 170 & 0 \\
\text{Author, say} & \ldots & 45 & 0 \\
\text{Advertising, say} & \ldots & 15 & 0 \\
\text{Profit to S.P.C.K.} & \ldots & 232 & 10 \\
\hline
\text{Total} & \ldots & \mathbf{\text{\pounds}}462 & 10 \\
\end{array}
\]

If these figures are wrong let us have the right figures.

The Committee of Inquiry affect to believe that I have three cases, and three cases only, of injustice and cruelty to allege against the S.P.C.K.

In the first place, before I wrote a line, I had satisfied myself that the practice of buying their books at a miserable sweater's price, without the least regard to the profits which would accrue, is only departed from when the Committee find that they must—that they cannot get a book without some show of fair treatment.

The lady, whose case I brought forward, is typical of I know not how many others. Grasping in all their dealings, the Publishing Committee make even success an excuse for lowering their terms. I will show how. A lady wrote a book and submitted the MS. They accepted it, offered her \(\mathbf{\text{\pounds}}30,\) and published it. Probably they sold five or six thousand copies and cleared seven hundred. It was so successful that they invited her to do some work for them.

She completed a second work. She took the MS. to the office and left it with the Editor, or his
representative, explaining clearly that if they wanted it they must make an offer. What did they do? They seized the MS. Having appropriated this lady's property, without her consent, they set up the copy in type, and they sent her the proof with £20. Her success had actually lowered her price! And they seized on her property without her consent. Perhaps they measured her manuscript with a tape and found it a few pages shorter than the last. One would like to know, in both cases, viz., the first and the second book, what the Society made by the transaction. Meantime, it is quite certain that no private publisher would dare so to treat the property of other people.

There is another lady who has done a good deal for the Society. Her work is very fine, delicate, dainty, and of high tone. She is deservedly popular. What have her prices been? I have a list before me. She averages £25 to £60. Let us consider. I take one of her books, published at 2s. 6d. Let us suppose an edition of 5,000, all sold.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sold</th>
<th>£ s. d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4,000, at 1s. 6d. ...</td>
<td>300 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,000, at 1s. 9d. ...</td>
<td>87 10 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>£387 10 0</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cost of production, say 8d. a copy ... 166 13 4
Author, say ... ... ... 40 0 0
Profit of the Society ... ... ... 180 16 8
**£387 10 0**

Now, from an honourable house, that lady would have received at least a royalty of one-sixth, or 5d. on every copy. She would have made over a hundred pounds, and the publisher would have made rather more.

Are these enormous profits denied? Then here is a case which cannot be denied. It is a very pretty story, and, I daresay, has been placed in the hands of the President and the Vice-President by this time.

A. B. wrote for the Society four books. For the first book he received a royalty, which gave the Society only double what he himself obtained; for the second he received a royalty which gave the Society three times what they gave him. Let me explain that these amounts were, on their own showing, after deducting establishment charges—the true publishers' profit was very much greater.

Then there came the next two books.

The author was persuaded to leave the royalty to the Society, on the ground that a fixed sum hampered them. Presently he became very much dissatisfied with the result.

As he could get no satisfaction from them, he very properly brought an action, at the same time offering to submit the thing to arbitration.

They doubtless believed that he would not dare to go into court against so powerful a corporation. But he did dare. The case was set down for hearing before Lord Coleridge.

At the last moment they backed out. They consented to an arbitration.

The arbitrator ordered the production of the accounts. You shall now understand how far greed can be carried by a body of Christian gentlemen.

The first of the two books showed, after the precaution of knocking off establishment expenses, a profit of £63 to the Society, and £62 to the author, a proportion of 10:1.

The other book showed the same proportion, a profit of £1,246 to the Society, against £130 to the author.*

The arbitrator awarded a lump sum to be paid by the Society, together with all the costs of the action.

This is a very pretty case. It shows that the Publication Committee simply grasp at the highest profit they can screw out of the poor unfortunate author. If this case is denied or questioned the author is willing to publish his name.

Again, one of the ladies who has been writing largely for the S.P.C.K. has recently taken her work to another religious society. She receives from them the same amount which the S.P.C.K. gave, but, coupled with a royalty from the beginning.

Will the Church of England be too proud to learn from the Dissenters? A writer for a Non-conformist Society recently addressed the Secretary on the subject of the pay awarded her for the copyright of a certain book. Remember that she had no claim; she had sold her rights. The Society, however, reconsidered her case; they said that her work had proved a far greater success than when they bought it; they sent her a large cheque, and, in addition, placed the book upon a royalty system.

Again, in illustration of the unscrupulous manner in which they appropriate other people's property, here is a case:—

A. B. offered to prepare a book of a special character for S.P.C.K. In reply, the Secretary wrote that he did not think that it would be a commercial success, but he would consider anything submitted. As this alone would not justify the preparation of such a

* Taking the figures of the balance sheet, the establishment expenses amount to 27 per cent. of the whole profit. Therefore the whole profit on this last book would be about £2,000 against £130 to the author. Are these figures wrong? Then let them be set right.
work, A. B. sent two articles which he had written, merely as specimens of the manner in which he would treat the subject. This he was careful to explain. He received a printed acknowledgment, which was all that he did receive for three months. Then to his amazement his MSS. were sent to him with proofs, but not a word of explanation, beyond a note on the MSS. probably for the printer, "Set up for Dawn of Day." Dawn of Day is a halfpenny monthly of S.P.C.K., against which A. B. has not a word to say, but that he had not the most remote intention that his articles should appear in it. As the matter had gone so far, he did not like to seem ungracious and withdraw. The articles came out in driblets, with the connection of the subject broken, and without illustrations. When the first instalment appeared he ventured to ask for a cheque—he had parted with his MSS. for more than six months—adding a gentle hint which he thought that S.P.C.K. would esteem, viz., that anything that he could earn with his pen was devoted to a religious purpose. He had to wait, however, four months more, and then received the magnificent sum of three guineas for the two articles, and not a word of apology for their misappropriation.

For the shilling books which the Society issues it appears that they pay £10 or £12 down, and the authors have no means whatever of ascertaining their own success. There are no dates and no numbered editions. Some of them are selling for many years. Now to one who knows the large sums made by shilling books, this dealing seems to require the strongest and the plainest language.

A shilling book is generally produced at 2d. or 2½d.

Consider the figures—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sale of 10,000 at 6½d. ...</th>
<th>£270 16s. 8d.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10,000 at 2½d., cost</td>
<td>£ 5 s. 4 d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>10 o o</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertising</td>
<td>15 o o</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Society's profit</td>
<td>141 13 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£270 16 8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Committee of Inquiry state that the prices paid compare with those paid by other publishers. Well, I have myself written two or three shilling books which have had a good sale. Now, had they sold only 10,000 copies each I should have received royalties for each over £80, and my publisher would have made nearly as much. There are, perhaps, sweating publishers who give even less than the S.P.C.K. I know of one firm where the rule is to give £5 for a shilling book, £8 for an eighteenpenny book, and so on. But even this is equalled by the S.P.C.K. when they gave £12 12s. for a two shilling book of which they sold nearly 6,000 copies.

Enough of cases. We have seen enough also of the Committee of Inquiry.

In illustration of the concluding paragraph, I add one or two extracts from letters from authors who have written for this noble Society. One lady writes to say that she prays the Lord to awaken their conscience—words used not flippantly, but in deep, sad seriousness. Another—nay, a dozen others—sends her case and implores me not to let the Society know that she has done so. Clergymen have written to me begging me to persevere in throwing light—and yet more light—into this dark place! Author after author has written, all to tell the same tale of wretched pay and immense sales. Nay, in some cases, the greater the success the less is the pay. Witness the case already quoted.

In token of the esteem in which the Society is held by its writers, let me add a few words taken from a letter written by one of the most charming authors of the age. She says, advising a young writer about the S.P.C.K. —

"The Society, as a rule, makes books from copyrights bought outright. It pays them best. If the work is not very good, their clientele is so large that, with a smart binding, they can command sufficient sale to save them from loss. If they are fortunate enough to have caught a young genius, their profits are very large. The profit of their book trade is enormous"—we have seen what it is. "Their publications have not, however, stood high as literature, which has led them to make great efforts to secure writers of reputation, and as these will not part with copyright, they have to pay a royalty. Your friend's fate depends entirely on what she can command. They are notoriously close-fisted, and will not give her one farthing more than they can help"—no question of justice and honesty, then? "And if they cannot afford to part with her, they will give her anything she wants. If she thinks her book likely to continue to sell for years, I advise her to try for the royalty system, but if not, they have so many dodges for squeezing you at all corners, and it is so difficult to get behind the scenes, that I should think it better to struggle for a good sum down."

This is very pleasant reading. This is an appreciation of the S.P.C.K.—to the "Literary Handmaid of the Church"—by a woman of the very highest character. I will not, in this place, give her name.

Well, is there more to be said?

I pointed out in my pamphlet—and I repeat here—that the sweater is one who, knowing beforehand that he will make a great profit, pays only what he must. The S.P.C.K., which need never
THE AUTHOR.

lose by a book—and knows beforehand, within a few copies, the minimum of its sales—is proved by the cases I have alleged and by the admissions of the so-called Committee of Inquiry, to do exactly for authors what the other sweater does for needlewomen.

I pointed out in the pamphlet certain plain broad principles of honest publishing. They are not my invention. They are acted upon by every honourable house; they are reduced to a system in France. The Committee refuse so much as to consider them. They say that “part of the pamphlet” is part of a controversy in which I have long been engaged. It is not part of a controversy. These principles have never formed part of any controversy, because no honourable publisher has ever disputed them.

I pointed out that the S.P.C.K. frequently followed the plan adopted by all sweating publishers, of carefully concealing the date of the book and the number of the edition, so that the author shall not learn his own popularity. No notice is taken of this point.

I pointed out very carefully that the eighth Commandment must be read with reference to literary property. It must, by all honest men. The Committee of Inquiry pass over this point. Why? Can that also be part of a controversy with English clergymen and gentlemen of honour?

I pointed out that their list of authors does not include half-a-dozen authors of repute. I asked why the best authors never go near the, S.P.C.K. The Committee of Inquiry give no answer. There is no answer to give, except the answer that I submit, viz., that none who can escape the sweater’s yoke submit to it of their own accord.

Had the Committee of Inquiry inquired at all, they would have found out these cases for themselves. But they have not. To inquire means taking trouble; it also looks suspicious; and it needs a clear head because of the dust that would be thrown in their eyes. Such an inquiry would reveal very startling things to those who understand what is meant by honourable publishing.

So to all the real questions at issue, no answer.

What is an equitable division of profit between author and publisher? No answer.

On what principles are their authors paid? No answer.

How much has the Society made—profit, not savings—out of the lady whose case was advanced? No answer.

Why do the foremost living authors refuse to enter their walls? No answer.

Why do the clergy themselves—those who are leaders in literature—never go to the S.P.C.K.? No answer.

Why do not the Bishops themselves—let me add—go to the Society of which they are Vice-Presidents? To this question also there will be no answer.

Now, if the Publication Committee dare to brave a real inquiry, which they will not do unless it is forced upon them, I will tell the inquirers how to set to work.

They must send in outside accountants—professional accountants—who must be instructed to proceed after a uniform method. This will be quite simple.

They must construct a table as follows, and fill it in.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title of Book</th>
<th>Date of first issue</th>
<th>No. of Editions printed</th>
<th>No. of Copies sold</th>
<th>Money received for sales</th>
<th>Cost of Production</th>
<th>Advertisements</th>
<th>Amount paid to Author</th>
<th>Profit to the Publisher</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

The profit will be the difference between the cost of production (including the author) and the sales. That is publisher’s profit.

When this table is constructed, and not till then will the true nature of the transactions of the S.P.C.K. stand out revealed to the world. We shall then understand to its full extent what can be accomplished behind the shield of religion and under the secrecy of books undated, editions unnumbered, and accounts concealed.

W. B.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

If we were to take any four consecutive numbers of the *Athenæum* or *Academy*, and classify the books reviewed, noticed, or announced in those numbers, we should arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the books published during these four or five weeks. In the same way, if we take four consecutive numbers of the *Critic* of New York, we shall arrive at the books published in the States during the same period. There are now before us the numbers of that paper from August 16th to September 13th, but that for September 6th has somehow been mislaid. Let us see what books are reviewed in these four numbers. The
titles are written in the order of the reviews and notices as they come, and without any attempt at classification.


FitzGerald's Omar Khayyam. Macmillan.

George Ohnet's Pytre's Soul. Cassell.
The Blind Men and the Devil. Lee and Shepard.

50 cents.

Smitten and Slain. Nelson and Co.


Aline. Gréville. Appleton. 50 cents.


Defoe's Compleat Gentleman. David Nutt.

Hanley's Views and Reviews. Scribner.

Java, the Pearl of the East. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.


Molee's Pure Saxon English. Rand, McNalty and Co.

Hearne's Youina. Harper and Bros.

Hearne's Youina. Harper and Bros.

Molee's Pure Saxon English. Rand, McNalty and Co.

Italian Characters. Martenengo Cesaresco. Scribner and Welford.

Hearne's Youina. Harper and Bros.


Stevens.

Poetry. Three English and Three American Poets.

Kipling's Phantom Rickshaw. Lovell.

Payn's Burnt Million. Harper and Bros.

Throkmorton. Seawell. Appleton.

Stead's Passion Play. Merrill and Co.

Three novels from the French.

Here are forty-five books reviewed and noticed; of these nine are French or translated from the French, nine are American, the rest are all English. It may be that at this time of year there are fewer books of native production than earlier or later. But what should we think were we to find in an English review twenty-six books written by Americans to nine written by Britons—a proportion of one hundred to thirty-six, or nearly three to one? This, then, is one result of the present system, and a result which everybody can understand. The American author is ousted and starved to make room for the Englishman, who, poor wretch, is starved although he is received.

AN OLD MAN'S REJOINER.

In the domain of literature lofty considered (an accomplished and veteran critic in his just out work* now says), "the kingdom of the Father has passed; the kingdom of the Son is passing; the kingdom of the Spirit begins." Leaving the reader to chew on and extract the juice and meaning of this, I will proceed to say in melanged form what I have had brought out by the English author's essay (he discusses the poetic art mostly) on my own, real, or by him supposed, views and purports. If I give any answers to him, or explanations of what my books intend, they will be not direct but indirect and derivative. Of course this brief jotting is personal. Something very like querulous egotism and growling may break through the narrative (for I have been and am rejected by all the great magazines, carry now my 72nd annual burden, and have been a paralytic for 18 years).

No great poem or other literary or artistic work of any scope, old or new, can be essentially considered without weighing first the age, politics (or want of politics) and aim, visible forms, unseen soul, and current times, out of the midst of which it rises and is formulated: as the Bible canticles and their days and spirit—as the Homeric, or Dante's utterance, or Shakespeare's, or the old Scotch or Irish ballads, or Ossian, or Omar Khayyam. So I have conceived and launched, and worked for years at, my "Leaves of Grass"—personal emanations only at best, but with specialty of emergence and background—the ripening of the nineteenth century, the thought and fact and radiation individuality, of America, the Secession war, and showing the democratic conditions supplanting everything that insults them or impedes their aggregate way. Doubtless my poems illustrate (one of novel thousands to come for a

* Two new volumes, "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," by John Addington Symonds. One of the Essays is on "Democratic Art," in which I and my books are largely alluded to and cited as dissected. It is this part of the vols. that has caused the off-hand lines above—first thanking Mr. S. for his invariable courtesy of personal treatment. The Essays are remarkably fine specimens of type, paper, and press work—Chapman & Hall their English publishers—and jobbed here by Scribners, New York.
long period) those conditions; but "democratic art" will have to wait long before it is satisfactorily formulated and defined—if it ever is.

I will now for one indicative moment lock horns with what many think the greatest thing, the question of art, so-called. I have not seen without learning something therefrom, how, with hardly an exception, the poets of this age devote themselves, always mainly, sometimes altogether, to fine rhyme, spicy verbalism, the fabric and cut of the garment, jewelry, concetti, style, art. To-day these adjuncts are certainly the effort, beyond all else. Yet the lesson of Nature undoubtedly is, to proceed with single purpose toward the result necessary and for which the time has arrived, utterly regardless of the outputs of shape, appearance or criticism, which are always left to settle themselves. I have not only not bothered much about style, form, art, etc., but confess to more or less apathy (I believe I have sometimes caught myself in decided aversion) toward them throughout, asking nothing of them but negative advantages—that they should never impede me, and never under any circumstances, or for their own purposes only, assume any mastery over me.

From the beginning I have watched the sharp and sometimes heavy and deep-penetrating objections and reviews against my work, and I hope entertained and audited them (for I have probably had an advantage in constructing from a central and unitary principle since the first, but at long intervals and stages—sometimes lapses of five or six years, or peace or war). Ruskin, the Englishman, charges as a fearful and serious lack that my poems have no humour. A profound German critic complains that, compared with the luxuriant and well-accepted songs of the world, there is about my verse a certain coldness, severity, absence of spice, polish, or of consecutive meaning and plot. (The book is autobiographic at bottom, and maybe I do not exhibit and make ado about stock passions: I am partly of Quaker stock.) Then E. C. Steadman finds (or found) marked fault with me because while celebrating the common people en masse, I do not allow enough heroism and moral merit and good intentions to the choicer classes, the college-bred, the état-major. It is quite probable that S. is right in the matter. In the main I myself look, and have from the first looked, to the bulky democratic torso of the United States even for esthetic and moral attributes of serious account—and refused to aim at or accept anything less. If America is only for the rule and fashion and small typicality of other lands (the rule of the état-major), it is not the land I take it for, and should to-day feel that my literary aim and theory had been blanks and misdirections. Strictly judged, most modern poems are but larger or smaller lumps of sugar, or slices of toothsome sweetcake—even the banqueters dwelling on those glucose flavours as a main part of the dish. Which perhaps leads to something: to have great heroic poetry we need great readers—a heroic appetite and audience. Have we at present any such?

Then the thought at the centre, never too often repeated. Boundless material wealth, free political organization, immense geographic area, and unprecedented "business" and products—even the most active intellect and "culture"—will not place this Commonwealth of ours on the topmost range of history and humanity—or any eminence of "democratic art"—to say nothing of its pinnacle. Only the production (and on the most copious scale) of loftiest moral, spiritual and heroic personal illustrations—a great native Literature headed with a Poetry stronger and sweeter than any yet. If there can be any such thing as a kosmic modern and original song, America needs it and is worthy of it.

In my opinion to-day what is meant through civilized nations everywhere by the great words Literature, Art, Religion, &c., with their conventional administers, stand squarely in the way of what the vitalities of those great words signify, more than they really prepare the soil for them, or plant the seeds, or cultivate or garner the crop. My own opinion has long been, that for New World service our ideas of beauty (inherited from the Greeks, and so on to Shakespeare—query—perverted from them?) need to be radically changed, and made anew for to-day's purposes and finer standards. But if so, it will all come in due time—the real change will be an autochthonic, interior, constitutional, even local one, from which our notions of beauty (lines and colours are wondrously, but character is lovelier) will branch or offshoot.

So much have I now rattled off (old age's garrulity), that there is not space for explaining the most important and pregnant principle of all, viz.: that Art is one, is not partial, but includes all times and forms and sorts—is not exclusively aristocratic or democratic, or oriental or old dental. My favourite symbol would be a good font of type, where the impeccable long-primer rejects nothing. Or the old Dutch flourmiller who said, "I never bother myself what road the folks come—I only want good wheat and rye."

The font is about the same forever. Democratic art results of the democratic development from tinge, true nationality, belief, in the one setting up from it.

Walt Whitman.
(In the New York Critic.)
LEAFLET No. IV.

THE QUARRELS OF AUTHORS.

It has been the melancholy privilege of authors, for two hundred years at least, that everything which fortune brings to them, whether good or bad, shall sooner or later become known to all the world. This exclusive privilege will, there is reason to believe, shortly be withdrawn from them, partly because they have become too numerous for its general exercise, and partly because other people are beginning to think that their own lives are quite as interesting as those of authors. Hitherto people who are not authors have been contented to sit down and endure in silence. Think of what we know concerning judges compared with what we know concerning poets. Compare the personal interest attached to the names of Erskine, Mansfield, Wedderburn, with that which belongs to Pope, Dryden, Goldsmith. Who wants to know how a Q.C. lives, what letters he writes, what friendships and enmities he makes? Who, again, cares for a life of the ordinary physician? Yet quite small authors find their biographers, and even when one cannot reach the level which demands a special biography, there are countless volumes of reminiscences, autobiographies, and memoirs which serve to rescue the small fry from oblivion, and set them once more talking and acting, writing, feasting, and drinking for the admiration of posterity.

The world, I believe, first began to like memoirs of authors because they were the only articulate creatures, and they naturally liked to talk about themselves. Therefore the only memoirs were those written by literary men. Then they have always been such unlucky creatures—born with a most splendid birthright, a noble inheritance, which has always been snatched away from them. Their very misfortunes have lent interest to their lives. For another reason, their lives used to contain quantities of letters, and there is no reading in the world more delightful than the reading of letters. Consider the tons of books written about authors, the masses of recollections and memoirs of persons connected with literature. The world reads all; it makes little distinction; it receives the autobiography of Leigh Hunt with as much joy as if it had been that of Shelley, and it devours the Recollections of a Jerdan with as much avidity as the Confessions of Rousseau.

The literary calling, chiefly owing to this readiness of authors to talk and of the world to listen, has been so fully illustrated that there seems nothing new to be said about it. Within the memory of man, however, a great change has come over the profession. The Bohemian has well-nigh disappeared; the author has become respectable. He no longer thinks it due to the profession that he should behave, even while he is in the twenties, after the manner depicted by Henri Mürger, or, when he is past the twenties, like certain gentlemen of the pen in Thackeray. He is even, gradually and slowly, becoming a man of business. He actually demands the audit of his accounts, and he has begun to refuse signing agreements unless he knows what they mean. There are also signs that he is beginning to give up his old bad habit of quarrelling with his brother author. The last is a great step in advance. When an author is no longer ready to fall upon a rival writer; to overwhelm him with contempt; to sting him with epigram, and belabour him with abuse, there will be the greater hope of his rising to the level of acting with his brother as one member of a profession acts with another—for mutual protection and advantage. Hitherto, it may fairly be said that in no other profession has there ever been witnessed or allowed such unbridled license, such unrestrained insolence of speech, as has been claimed and practised by literary men towards each other. No one can even think of a barrister speaking of another barrister in such terms as are still sometimes used by one author speaking of another. Can we understand the Law Times opening its columns to a young barrister who desires to call his seniors quacks in law and humbugs in oratory? Does one physician charge another in the Lancet with ignorance? Does one architect, in the organs of that calling, accuse another of theft? No. He is
THE AUTHOR.

restrained, first by the unwritten law of the profession, which enjoins the outward signs of respect; and next by the simple laws of good breeding, which do not allow men always to tell each other what they think. Why, some of the very best things recorded of the "wits" are things which in any other class would not be tolerated for a moment. There is, one acknowledges with gratitude, a marked improvement of late years; yet even now, every editor is quite ready to admit from one literary man an attack upon another. It is not many months ago that there appeared, in a monthly magazine of high standing, an attack upon a living author by another, so scurrilous, so virulent, so full of rage and malice, that it ought to have been brought into a High Court of Justice. But I suppose it never occurred, either to the editor who admitted this article, or to the man who wrote it, that in no other profession would such an article by one follower of the craft concerning another have been admitted, and that a barrister would be disbarred if he dared to write such a paper on the professional character of another barrister.

In the old days literary men rejoiced and gloried in giving pain; they killed each other if they could, with abuse and contempt. They loved to dance and jump upon another man simply because he belonged to their own trade. The first reception of Keats, Byron, and Tennyson is well known. The savage ferocity of Macaulay remains gibbeted in that volume of essays which every schoolboy still gets for a prize. Nay, the old spirit is not yet dead; it is only growing gradually disreputable. Within the last twenty years we have seen actions brought for libel by Charles Reade, George Augustus Sala, Hepworth Dixon, Gilbert, Robert Buchanan, Keith Johnston, William Black, and Whistler—there have probably been others. Mostly, the libels which formed the cause of action were written by literary men, and in some cases by well-known literary men. Why? It is difficult to understand the pleasure or the profit of inventing deliberately, and then publishing, a malignant falsehood, concerning a man who is not an enemy. Is it envy, or is it sheer stupidity, or is it recklessness? Does the writer desire to pose as a champion of virtue? Possibly this desire has been generally the ruling motive. Vanity is also probably a factor. It is always grand to attack somebody ever so much bigger than yourself. Thus, this Society is accustomed to misrepresentation whenever the knavish publisher or the sweater can find an agent. But it was an author who wrote an article in the Contemporary, indignantly charging the Society with advocating the breaking of agreements—actually, the breaking of agreements! What did he do it for? Probably because it made him feel grand.

Are we to have no criticism, then? There is plenty of room for real criticism: it exists already, though, to be sure, not in large quantities. The true critic—he also exists, but in small quantities—does not call names; he does not suggest motives; he does not recklessly accuse of plagiarism; he does not account for success by any but the real reasons—especially that the author deserves success; he neither down-cries, nor depreciates, nor misrepresents. These arts he leaves for the baser sort.

One does not find the larger men playing the part of defendants in libel suits brought by authors. Can we imagine a case of Dickens v. Thackeray? This is how it might be reported.

"The defendant, a well known man of letters, has recently written an anonymous critique, the authorship of which is not denied, on a certain work by the plaintiff called Martin Chuzzlewit. In this review he spoke of the writer as a creature of low humour—rather of no humour at all; he said that the characters are dragged out of the gutter; that their language, their action, and their manners are entirely in accordance with their station in life, to which the author himself probably belongs; that some of the scenes, especially those in which a monthly nurse figures, are of a revolting indecency; that the book is throughout destitute of principle or honour; that the hero is nothing but a penniless adventurer: that the author laughs with wickedness and at morality; that he goes so far as to deride, in the person of a respectable undertaker, the solemnity and the awfulness of Death. . . . Counsel for the plaintiff, after reading the review and dwelling on certain extracts on which his client based his case, pointed out that the defendant was a rival of the plaintiff and jealous of his superior fame. For the defence it was argued
that authors are notoriously a highly sensitive set of people; that they naturally hate and suspect each other; and that the review was in every particular justified in the interests of religion, morals, and literature. The Judge summed up. . . . The Jury, without leaving the box, accorded damages of £10,000. The defendant, a tall man with a broken nose, appeared astonished at the verdict, and left the court promising to make mincemeat of his rival in spite of all the Courts in Christendom.”

The case reads prettily—but one feels that Thackeray could not have been the defendant. It is not every author, however, who tries to conduct himself according to the laws of good breeding. Nor is it every barrister—yet the barrister must, or else the Benchers will speak seriously to him. Cannot authors create a Bar of Opinion equally potent, though it has no power to expel from a profession which any may enter at any time or leave at any time without asking permission? Can we not beg them, while they are in it, to respect themselves in respecting their fellow-workers?

A MODEL AGREEMENT.

We have received from a member of the Society one of the most delightful agreements ever submitted to an author. We hasten to submit it to our readers with a few words of explanation. Here it is in brief:


Author to give. (1) Whole copyright; i.e., to part absolutely with his property. (2) Also to contribute £60 towards publishing. Certainly more than enough to cover the whole necessary cost of production.

Publisher to give. Royalty of 2s. 6d. a copy up to 250, and 3s. a copy afterwards.

What under the most favourable terms can the author get?

Here is his account, supposing that all the copies are sold:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s.</th>
<th>d.</th>
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<tr>
<td>250 copies at 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>194 ” 3s.</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Press, 50 ”</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Author, 6</td>
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**£60 7 0**

So that for all his labour the author may, on the most favourable circumstances, get a profit of 7s. ! What does the publisher get also under the most favourable circumstances?

Here is the account:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>£</th>
<th>s.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Paid by author</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>444 copies at 6s. a copy</td>
<td>133</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**£193 4 0**

Whole cost of production, including advertising, say 60 0 0

Royalties to author... 60 7 0

Profit to publisher ... 72 17 0

**£193 4 0**

So that if the book sells 500 copies, the publisher will make a profit of £72s. to 7s., or a proportion of more than 200:1 !!!!!

But, it will be urged, he is taking a great risk; he does not know how many he will sell. Why, it is all profit to him, whether he sells few or many. Let us suppose that he only sells 250. How does the account stand then? It will be found that the publisher has made a profit of £41 odd to the author’s loss of £28 15s. Corrections are here neglected, because there is a clause by which the author is to be liable for all corrections above a certain amount.

EXAMINATION IN VANITY FAIR.

1. What do you know of Mary Box, of Mr. Chopper (state his Christian name), of the Rev. Silas Hornblower? Have you any later information about this gentleman and his wife?

2. Where did Mr. James Crawley reside on the first night of his arrival at Brighton? What favourite accompanied him thither?

3. Who laid the odds, and what odds, against Kangaroo? What charge of unsportsmanlike conduct was brought against Captain Rawdon Crawley?

4. State the second title in Lord Southdown’s family.

5. Give the circumstances of Mrs. Major O’Dowd’s education. What was her favourite consolatory reading?

6. Discuss the relations of Sir Pitt Crawley and his tenantry, and state the results of Dr. Squill’s conversation with Mr. Clump.

7. What did Miss Sharp call her maternal stock before they were Montmorencys?

Andrew Lang (The Sign of the Ship).

Overheard outside the Senate House. “Scandalous! Disgraceful! Couldn’t answer a single question. We shall all be plucked. Like to set the examiner to answer his own paper.”
A HARD CASE.

V.

Through a Literary Agent.

In this hard case an author agreed to publish a novel upon the following "advantageous" terms:

a. The publisher was to take "all" the risk.
b. The author was to pay him the trifling sum of £50 to help him support the same.
c. The author was to pay £21 as a reader's honorarium! Happy reader!
d. The clear profits were to be divided into three equal shares, one of which was to accrue to the author and the other two to the publisher.
e. The publisher was to take the copyright.

A literary agent, who also had to be paid by somebody, introduced the author to the publisher.

Then the bill came in. Every item was excessive. The total cost of production as rendered was £181 11s. 11d., inclusive of the enormous reader's fee, and an independent estimate shows that 3,000 copies of the book could have been produced and advertised for under £100. The work was stereotyped. About 800 copies seem to have been sold, and these are set down as having realized £44 14s. 11d., or 12s. 4d. a copy. The sum is arrived at in this way. The book was published at 2s., but copies are accounted for at trade price (in accordance with the agreement), but 15 per cent. of all receipts has been deducted by the publisher, to justify which there is not a word in the agreement.

The probability is that at this period matters stood thus. The publisher had spent on the production of the book, if he produced 3,000 copies, from £90 to £100. If he printed a smaller edition, it would have cost much less. He had received from the author £50 towards the cost of production, and from the public £52 odd by sales. He certainly was already not out of pocket. The author was £50 to the bad, and his chance of obtaining his share of the clear profits is made smaller by the fact that although the sales have realized £52, the publisher has pocketed 15 per cent. of this unlawfully. The account, as rendered, shows a loss on the transaction of £86 17s., and probably there has been really a gain of £10.

It must be noted that if the whole edition of 3,000 copies were sold at the ordinary trade terms of 13 as 12 less 10 per cent, and the publisher then deducted 15 per cent. from the result, there would only be about £142 to place to the credit of the book. Allowing that the book really cost £100 to produce, there would then only be £42 to divide between author and publisher. This profit, according to the astounding terms of the agreement, would be divided in the proportion of three to one, the author taking the smaller share. The most then that the author could possibly gain is one-third of £42—or £14, if the whole edition sold. Yet he is asked to pay £50, any or all of which he may lose.

This seems to us a particularly hard case, because the author, so far from being careless, seems to have made a very proper attempt to get good advice. Feeling himself unable to understand the business side of the transaction he employed an agent. But what are we to say of the agent?

Imagine a man, whose business it is to know what a publishing transaction really means, sanctioning for his client such downright enormities.

First, he allows the author to get one-third only of the profits—that is disgraceful. Secondly, he makes him risk £50 on the chance of winning £14, which is surely odds that no one expects a comparatively unknown novelist to lay on himself. Thirdly, he has so little idea of the proper way to word an agreement that he allows the publisher to appropriate percentages to which he has no shadow of right. Fourthly, he sanctions the swelling of the cost of production by a monstrous fee of twenty guineas as a reader's honorarium. Fifthly, he is so satisfied with his handiwork that he assigns the copyright to the publisher, so that in case the book should be a success the wretched position of the author throughout the first edition might be maintained during the whole period of sale.

This is not the first occasion on which it has been forcibly brought home to us that a literary agent is not always the author's best friend. Sometimes we think the agent has simply been an ass, which is bad; but sometimes we think that he has deliberately handed over the author for slaughter, which is very bad indeed, seeing that he is occupying in the author's mind the position of guide and counsellor. Let authors understand that just as there are doctors and doctors, lawyers and lawyers, honest men and knaves, wise men and fools, competent men and incompetent, so there may be literary agents and literary agents—some competent and some incompetent, some honest men and some knaves. In the search for a Literary Agent it may save some trouble to ask counsel of the Society.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the Copyright Bill in Congress, it is plain that the copyright cause has gained greatly by the discussion of the last year. The essential question was never so generally and so well understood as now, and in its recent discussion there has been a refreshing persistence. The old argument—the most ancient, if not the most honourable veteran in a bad cause—that there can be no property in an idea, has been effectually disposed of. He appeared in Congress with his familiar air of conclusiveness and the what-do-you-say-to-that aspect with which he has bullied his way through the debate for many a year. But he has been neatly tripped and floored by Judge Shipman, and will be henceforth only a crippled pensioner upon good nature.

Nobody can say whether there can be property in an idea; but whether there can be or not, an idea can be made available only in a way in which there can be property. The good cause has never alleged any other kind of property, and that is the form which the law concedes. Whether the law concedes it as fairly and fully as it should is a question, but there is no question that it concedes it.

The American law having granted to Americans that kind of right, the right is not weakened or lost by mixing it with different things. My diamond does not cease to be mine and valuable to me because you throw it among a heap of pebbles that may be common property. The law says that the form which I give an idea is my property, and it does not cease to be so because the law does not say that something else is property. It may inevitably follow that by acknowledging my right, the law logically concedes that right in general. But whether this follows or not, the law protects my property in the form of my idea, and lays its hand upon you if you do not respect my right.

You cannot take my diamond and make it yours by placing it between two pebbles which the law ought to say, but does not say, belongs to others. Even if the law gives you a pound of flesh, it gives you no more and no less. Above all, not a single drop of blood. Judge Shipman came evidently from the School of Bellario. My diamond is mine, says the law; and whoever takes it without my permission is a—conveyor, says the law, and the judgment of the law is ratified in the higher court of conscience and common sense.

The great present gain of the cause is that it has been transferred to that higher court whose jurisdiction takes cognizance of moral convictions. A moral right exists independent of law. Such, also, is the quality of what is called natural rights. Alexander Hamilton was the chief of our practical statesmen. But it was Hamilton who said that the rights of human nature are written as with a sunbeam on human consciousness. Among all lovers of justice those rights exist, whether with law or without it, and those lovers do not justify an evident wrong by the plea that no law forbids it. But in truth the highest law forbids it. The absence of good laws from the statute-book is as significant as the presence of bad laws. Good sir, do you justify the King of the Cannibal Islands for dining upon your lamented grandfather because there was no law of the islands that forbade it?

G. W. CURTIS (Harper's)

"SING A SONG FOR SIXPENCE."

THE jackal sat up in a garret bare
And wrote in the midnight cold;
Undaunted though hunger and sickness were
Sapping his spirit bold.

He pent'd for liberty, knowledge, and right
A song that will live for aye,
To be to the world a beacon of light
Until the perfect day.

The lion reclined in his easy chair,
And drain'd a bumper of wine,
As he read with cautious critical air
Each bright and burning line.

He read and shouted "A triumph I see!"
I can easily make it go;
The fellow's starving; he'll sell it to me
For an odd pound or so."

The poem came forth and the people read,
By thousands editions ran,
Till the hearts of all were stirr'd, and they said,
"Tell us who is this man;
Where dwelleth the poet that we may crown
With a world's honour his head,
The people's idol from monarch to clown?"
Leo replied, "He is dead."

W. R. COLLES.
CORRESPONDENCE.

I

The following is from a well-known American woman of letters. Her name is not appended because she has not given permission to use it. For the same reason the title of her work is suppressed:

"I have just finished reading a sketch of your Society of Authors, and I feel such a deep and personal interest in it that I must write to you at once.

"I have tried in vain to arouse our women to action in the very line which you have so successfully adopted. Three years since, we proposed an Authors' Club of Women, similar to the one my life-long friend, Dr. Holmes, has presided over, but the women did not respond with enthusiasm. I have worked for years quietly and almost alone, hoping some day to have leisure to do what you have done. I have been defrauded and insulted by publishers, and calmly told that they had made thousands of dollars out of my work, and it is in constant demand. Last Christmas a Boston firm published a book with my name on the cover without my knowledge or consent. It was sold far and wide to my own friends, and liberally advertised with my name. When I called upon them for redress they denied having injured me, and I had no money with which to bring a suit.

"Other publishers said it was shameful, 'but the firm was rich, and would fight me cruelly if I attempted to obtain justice.' You can never understand the burning indignation with which I listened to the robber who said, 'Oh! yes, I used your name because it was the strongest to carry the book, you know.' Had I belonged to a Society, then, which would stand behind me, he would not have dared so to insult and to rob me."

No—he certainly would not. In this country things pretty bad are attempted, and very often carried out, but to advertise a book as by a certain well-known author, and to sell it anywhere with that pretence, would be very soon set right. But why does not the Authors' Club of New York undertake a thing of this kind? Is there no sense of justice in the States at all? Will honourable men sit down and suffer such a thing to be done? This rascally firm of liars and robbers would fight the poor lady "cruelly" if she dared to bring an action. Are there no good men and true who will band together and fight the firm "cruelly"? We are accustomed to be robbed in the States; we are aliens there; we have no rights; but here is an American lady—who is foully injured by having a Thing labelled with her name and sold as her work, and she can get no redress!

QUERIES.

"I find among certain books which have come into my possession one entitled 'The Life and Entertaining Adventures of Mr. Cleveland, Natural Son of Oliver Cromwell, written by himself.' My copy is the second edition in three volumes, printed for T. Astley at the Rose in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1741. The first edition, as stated on the title-page, was in five volumes. Can anyone tell me whether there is any foundation in fact for this work? Was there a natural son of Oliver Cromwell?"

"The Author is not a mathematical paper, but I venture to send it a kind of mathematical
question. It was suggested by a remark in the Saturday Review. How did they carry on the processes of multiplication, division, addition, and subtraction with Roman numerals? For instance, how did they multiply MDCCXC by LVII? And how did they divide MCXLVIII by VIII?"

"Can you tell me who wrote the following lines, and where the rest of the poem may be found? My husband has had the lines in his possession for nearly fifty years. He believes them to be modern Latin—"

"Siderum claros imitata vultus
Quid lates dudum, Rosa? Delicatum
Effer e terris caput, O tepentis
Filiiæ cœli!"

The same lady suggests that in cases where a lady is a Professor, a Doctor, or any other profession, the German termination—inn—might save a good deal of awkwardness. For instance, instead of saying Mrs. Doctor Garratt Anderson, we should say Doctorinn Garratt Anderson. Perhaps the suggestion is worth taking up.

"Was Browning's Poem, 'How they brought the good news to Ghent,' inspired by Turpin's Ride?"

"Browning once told me in conversation that he frequently received letters asking him on what incident or event in Flemish History the Ride was founded, and declared that it was not based on any."

"A monk made a bargain with the Devil. The latter was to pay all the former's debts, in return for which he was to have the monk's soul. The Devil duly fulfilled his part of the bargain, paid off every liability to the last farthing, and came to claim the other part. 'Not so fast,' said the monk. 'You were first to pay off all my debts. You now say that I owe you my soul. I cannot allow your claim, because, if I am indebted to you for my soul, I am not yet clear from debt, and you have no claim.'" Where does this story occur?

DREAMS AND THE IMAGINATION.

THE following questions have been drawn up by Mr. James Sully (author of "Pessimism," "Outlines of Psychology," "Illusions," &c., &c.) and sent by him to writers, especially those who deal with imaginative and creative work. The collection of trustworthy information on this subject is of the greatest importance, and therefore all our members are invited to reply to the circular, even though they have not received one from Mr. Sully direct. His address is East Heath Road, Hampstead. All the replies will be received and treated as confidential; they will, however, be used as materials by him in the scientific work in which he is engaged.

1. Do you frequently dream?

2. How would you describe your dreams? Are they distinct and elaborate, or shadowy and incoherent? Do visual imagery and language (whether heard merely or spoken) play an equally prominent part in your dreams? Are they in general characterized by some particular emotional effect, as terrifying, romantically lovely, humorous, &c.?

3. Are you able to exert any volitional control over your dreams? More particularly can you prolong a dream when you wish to do so, and can you afterwards pick up the thread of a dream and continue it?

4. Besides dreams proper during sleep (complete or partial) are you in the habit of developing visions in your waking hours by gazing into the fire, closing your eyes, or otherwise?

5. Have you for longer or for shorter periods been subject to illusions of sight or of hearing? If so, can you point out the circumstances which appear to favour their appearance?

6. When intently occupied with imaginative work, are you aware of a muffling of the senses as during the visionary state? Do the pictures that come before you at such a time resemble in their distinctness, vividness, and suddenness of presentation, dreams and visions?

7. Can you trace in your case any connection between the process of dreaming and that of artistic creation? For example—(a) Do you find that you dream more (or less) when busily occupied in some imaginative work? (b) Has the habit of dreaming increased since you took to fiction? (c) Did the faculty of weaving stories grow out of the childish habit of conjuring up faces in the fire or other form of day-dreaming? (d) Have you made any use of dreams or visions in inventing your stories?
"THE AUTHORS' MANUAL."* 

THIS book is noticed here in order to emphasize the fact that the Society has had nothing to do with it. Let our readers make a note of this fact. Let them next make a note of the fact that, although there is in this small volume information—various and mostly useless—concerning musical criticism, Volupuk (sic), the comic papers, Appuleins (sic), deipnosophy, and the works of Mr. John Dawson, there is nothing in it discoverable that seems likely to be of any real service to authors. Indeed, it seems that the book might as well have been called a manual for wire-drawers, or arch-dukes, so little practical good can it be to the real author.

To Mr. Percy Russell, who, it must be added, is the author of "King Alfred," "After this Life," "A Journey to Lake Taupo," "Australian Tales and Sketches," and of "A Manual of Literature," published by the defunct London Literary Society, "it has always seemed that the whole art of right reviewing lies in this little formula—find out what the book says and how it says it." Now his book, like the walrus, talks of many things. In it the reporter is encouraged to attempt to master "a reportorial style," which "cannot be acquired in a few months"; the paragraphist is exhorted to his own self to be true; and an example of style and truth is given in a paragraph from the pen of Mr. Percy Russell, which appeared in, and was paid for by The North Times, and was derived from Whittaker's Almanac and an Encyclopaedia.

The aspirant to leader-writing obtains more practical aid, for he is presented, presumably from the author's Commonplace Book, with some pithy sayings with which to begin his leader. And here they are, "As Lucian says in one of his famous dialogues—The beginning is indeed half of the whole." "Voltaire in one of his most satirical moods asserts," and "Sydney Smith has a story." An aspirant thus armed with apt reference to the classics, to French, and to Sydney Smith ought, certainly, to go far.

The Editor and the Sub-Editor, who receive counsel, as well as the journalist and the author, are urged to make their copy fit their columns, a thing which it is obvious was not likely to have occurred to them, until they saw its convenience recommended in a Manual. Mr. Percy Russell calls attention to "the complete parallelism that exists between the advice given," in his Manual, "and the things to be done." This appears to mean that when he has presented the reader with a precept, he will follow it with an example. Here is the example, given by him for the use of editors, to illustrate the right way to make copy fit. The original sentence runs thus:—"There are poems which the world will not willingly let die, and which will endure long after the dismal caterwaulings of the 'life-not-worth-living' school are buried in oblivion." This, we are told, should, if necessary, and exasperating

be edited into "long after the dismal caterwaulings of the 'life-not-worth-living' school of contemporary pessimist are buried in oblivion." When Mr. Russell says this is not a very good example, no one is likely to contradict him.

The second part of "The Authors' Manual" is concerned with book-literature, and tells us of ballads ("not to be confounded with ballades") of blank verse, as distinguished from poetry and the "Iliad," of punctuation, and of making a name in Literature. This last heading seems to make it clear that for "The Authors' Manual" we should read "The Aspirants' Manual," and in a chapter on "Proof-reading" we find a really sensible piece of advice to the aspirant. It is "If you want to be paid, say so." It only remains for Mr. Russell to inform the aspirant what he is to do when he has said it, and when he cannot get the money. Of course authors who are no longer aspirants continue on the rare occasions where they take money for their works, to warn these publishers beforehand. Many people used to say it to the "London Literary Society" constantly, with the result that they don't get it, and they keep on saying it with the same result to those upon whom the mantle of Mr. Playster Steeds has fallen.

S. S. SPRIGGE.

AT WORK.

This column is reserved entirely for Members of the Society, who are invited to keep the Editor acquainted with their work and engagements.

MISS ESMÉ STUART'S novel, "Kestell of Grey-stone," 3 vols., which has been running through All the Year Round, will be published immediately by Hurst and Blackett.

Professor Max Müller is preparing a new and completely revised edition of his "Lectures on the Science of Language." This new edition, the fifteenth in England, will have a new title, "Science of Language, founded on Lectures delivered
at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863." The stereotype plates from which the later editions were printed have been broken up. Large portions have been omitted, new chapters have been added, and much has been rewritten. The new work will contain 400 pages more than the last edition of the Lectures. A German translation of it will be published by Engelmann, at Leipzig.

The editor of Ruskin's poems is Mr. W. G. Collinwood. It is expected that the poems, which include a great many hitherto unpublished, will take three volumes.

"Thoth," Prof. Nicholson's romance, the predecessor of "Toxar," has been translated into German.

The authorised life of Ibsen, by Henrik Jæger, will appear shortly in an English version. The poetical quotations have been translated from the Norwegian by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, having spent six months in Japan, is contributing a series of illustrated articles on that country to the San Francisco Chronicle.

One of our members, who modestly hides himself under the initials of X. L.—perhaps a certain story called Aut Diabolus aut nullus may be remembered in Blackwood with these letters appended—has written a one act comedy drama, which he calls "It was a Dream." It was originally written in French, and under the name of "La Fin du Bonheur" was actually accepted by the Comedie Francaise. It has been produced with great success by Mr. Kendal at Birmingham, and is intended for his strongest piece in his American tour.

Dr. W. H. Besant has in the press a new edition—the fifth—of "Hydromechanics," Part I, and also solutions of the examples in his "Elementary Hydrostatics." These books will be ready about the end of the year.

Mr. Hume Nisbet will publish shortly, "The Black Drop" (Trischler and Co.), "A Colonial Tramp" (Ward and Downey), and "Bail up; a Romance of Bushrangers and Blacks" (Chatto and Windus). The second of these works is illustrated by the author.

Mr. P. H. Emerson, author of "Pictures of East Anglian Life," "English Idyls," "Idyls of the Norfolk Broads," &c., &c., announces "Wild Life on a Tidal Water" (Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.), with 30 Photo-Etchings by the author and T. F. Goodall, joint authors of "Life and Landscape on the Norfolk Broads." The price to Subscribers of the Edition de Luxe will be £2 12s. 6d., and after publication the price will be raised to £3 3s. The ordinary edition is limited to 1,000 numbered copies for Great Britain, and 250 for America. The price to subscribers will be £1 15s., and after publication the price will be raised to £1 5s.

Mrs. Lovett Cameron's new novel, entitled "Jack's Secret," which has been running as a serial in Belgravia, will be published early in November. The same author announces to appear soon, one of the short-long stories which form the principal feature of Lippincott's Magazine.


Mrs. E. M. Edmonds will contribute an English edition of the "Autobiography of Kolokotreas," with an historical introduction on the Klephts for Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Adventure Series." A biography of Rhigas, the Protomartyr of Greece (Longman), has already shown the author's knowledge of kindred subjects. [We regret that when this book was first announced the title should have been misprinted.]

I. H. Leney has just issued "Shadowland in Ellan Vannin; or, Folk Tales of the Isle of Man."

Professor Skeat has completed his shilling edition of Chaucer's "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales" for the Clarendon Press.

The second volume of Professor Skeat's "Principles of English Etymology" is far advanced, and will shortly appear. It deals with the "foreign element" of English, especially with words of Anglo-French origin, and such as are borrowed from various modern languages.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

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NOW READY.

This pamphlet is a reply to the invitation issued by the Publication Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in their Report of last year, for any suggestions, which they "will gladly receive," on the best way of making "the Venerable Society the most efficient literary handmaid of the Church of England throughout the world."

The suggestions offered in these pages contain, first, some of the elementary principles which guide honourable men in the administration of literary property. The writer next advances three cases, as illustrating the methods adopted by the Society. A copy of this pamphlet will be sent to any member of the Society by application to the Office, including two postage stamps.

\textbf{THE METHODS OF PUBLICATION.}

\textbf{BY S. S. SPRIGGE, B.A.}

NOW READY.

This book, compiled mainly from documents in the office of the Society of Authors, is intended to show a complete conspectus of all the various methods of publication with the meaning of each; that is to say, the exact concessions to publishers and the reservation of the owner and author of the work. The different frauds which arise out of these methods form a necessary part of the book. Nothing is advanced which has not been proved by the experience of the Society.
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PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January, 1890, can be had on application to the Secretary.
2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.
4. Literature and the Pension List. By W. MORRIS COLLES, Barrister-at-Law. (Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C.) 4s. 6d.
5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, Secretary to the Society. 15.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. The work is printed for members of the Society only. 2s. 6d. (A new Edition preparing.)
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. The book is nearly ready, and will be issued as soon as possible.

Other works bearing on the Literary Profession will follow.
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1890.
Boston, Sept 17th 1878

Mrs. Mabie, Todd & Co.

Gentlemen,

I have seen one of you
from time to time,
though Mrs. Mabie, Lewis
& Co. of this city.

You may like to know that
I have used this pen constantly
for more than twenty years.

From the day of a book of mine
called "The Anecdote of the
Breakfast Table" 1857-8 until
last Friday without variation
always with perfect satisfaction.
I have written with it half a
dozon or more volumes, a
large number of Essays, etc.

And thousands of letters.

I feel it as I an old
friend, and I hope you will
do the best you can for it.

Though I have in the mean-
time bought another of your
makers' "Corrogated" marked C.

I do not know whether
you can or that testimonial.

but I feel as if the few lines
you carried out do much of
my thought and brought back
so much in various forms in
which was outlined to this
Certificate of Honorable creams
was Gentlemen from truly,

Oliver Wendell Holmes

---

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NEWS AND NOTES.

READERS of The Author are most seriously warned not to forward MSS. to persons advertising for them, even though these advertisements appear in the most respectable papers. The practice is to advertise for MSS. on various pretexts—for descriptive articles, fiction, &c., and to promise payment. The MSS. are sent and are heard of no more. No respectable firm ever advertises for MSS. In a recent case a MS. sent in answer to such an advertisement, has been retained. No answer can be obtained by the victim, and the name of the advertiser is not given up at the office of the paper.

The Syndicate Branch of the Society has been undertaken by Mr. W. Morris Colles, author of "Literature and the Civil Pension List," &c., as Honorary Secretary. All communications on this subject should be made to him at the address of the Society's office.

In the Churches a very useful custom obtains of hanging up the Ten Commandments, so that first principles in the Conduct of Life should always be presented to the eyes of the congregation. Sunday after Sunday they have to read and to hear these first principles, whether they like it or not. It is reported, by those who have opportunities of knowing, to be a custom favourable to morality. In the same way we must, from time to time, advance the elements, the rudimentary laws, on which we rest every cause. Therefore we may be excused for setting forth, in this number, two or three truisms. They are as follows.

Literature, in all times, has had two sides—the artistic and the commercial kind. The singer expects to be paid, the poet is rejoiced at solid recognition of his genius. What is more, the artistic work of the highest genius in no way suffers from a careful attention to its material interests. Does anyone in his senses pretend that the work of Byron, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, lost anything in Art because these writers were good and careful men of business?

Let us not confuse these two sides of the literary profession. They are equally important, because unless the latter is looked after, the artist perishes. Both must be guarded jealously, the one because Literature is Art, and the other because the artist must be a free man—not the slave of the man who has the money, nor a hack, nor one who drives his
pen all day long for a daily pittance, nor a man continually fretted by a sense of wrong and injustice, real or fancied. When, therefore, we insist continually upon the necessity of safeguarding literary property, of understanding what is meant by an agreement before we sign it, we are working in the highest and best interests of literature.

Consider, again. In no other branch of Art is a voice ever raised against those who fight for its material interests. The sculptor, the actor, the singer, the musician, the painter—all alike are understood to be working honestly at their art, even though at the same time they are watching carefully over their material interests. No one accuses Meissonnier of bad workmanship because his pictures are worth a pyramid of gold. Yet, directly a serious attempt is made to put these interests on a proper basis as regards letters, there is raised at once an outcry about degrading Art, taking all the joy out of Art, destroying the nobility of Art, and the rest of it. To which, in the words of Mr. Burchell—Fudge! To be sure, these charges are always preferred by the writers whose works do not possess any pecuniary value, or by those who dabble and play with literature, content to issue, now and then, a critical essay or a volume of critical essays. To them, but not to the men and women whom the world loves, it seems a degradation of Art to insist upon the rights of property, and they pretend to regard a great writer as deprived of the joy and nobility of his work because he looks after his own interests. Again, in the words of Mr. Burchell—Fudge!

We mix up these two sides of literature. It is absurd to suppose that George Eliot was thinking of her commercial value when she wrote "Romola." Yet she thought very much of it afterwards. That is the way of it. The true artist thinks about nothing but his work while he is engaged upon it. The man who is not an artist cannot understand how he can ever think about the business side of his work at all. Yet he always can, and does, as soon as he is satisfied that there is a business side to his work. And to some minds—to most minds—the knowledge that there is this commercial value in it acts as a constant stimulus—a wholesome incentive; it gives the writer confidence and courage and self-respect; it makes him watch over his work with jealousy, lest its artistic standard be lowered. He takes this recognition, this popularity, this demand, as a proof that his work is good and artistic.

There is a certain sorrowful significance about this incessant and prying curiosity into literary prices which should not be overlooked. It is a time when the difficulties of getting on in any calling or profession are increasing daily. But it is not a time when simplicity of living is also increasing. Further, it is a time when women are longing for their independence, and rushing into every kind of work by which money may be made. Especially they long to enter the literary profession. It seems so easy. Anybody could write like—say Mrs. Gaskell—the thing is so simple, and there seem to be such splendid prizes. Think of a book like this or like that being worth thousands! Or, again, since journalism is itself a branch of the literary profession, the young country journalist is always dreaming of an exchange from his hard work and scanty pay to the splendour and ease of a successful novelist. Therefore he collects assiduously all the scraps—most of them pure inventions—about the prices obtained by this man and by that man, and dangles

Gosse on a cognate subject, by his permission. Indeed, whatever Mr. Gosse writes on the subject of the literary life commands attention by itself, apart from the fact that he is one of ourselves, of our inner ring, one who has spoken for us, and will again, one is assured, become, if necessary, our champion. Therefore I would not willingly differ from him in any particular, and in this paper of his, which is mainly a protest against the wretched gossip about authors' prices which is constantly published in certain journals I wholly and entirely agree with him. To observe the extravagant curiosity about money realized in literature and art disgusts one. And it is not only true, but most opportune, to point out that "such curiosity about literary prices is unwholesome, and because it tends to make money the standard in a species of labour where the rewards are in no degree analogous to the deserts." Nothing is more true; some of the finest work produced has wholly failed from the commercial point of view. Again, it is most true "that no great work was ever composed primarily for the purpose of making as much money as possible." Yet, in my judgment, he overstates a very good case when he arraigns authors with a want of modesty in the pursuit of guineas. It is not greed that actuates the author, it is an instinctive yearning for justice and fair play. Let us be fair to our own motives: once secure this justice and all will be secured. We ask for nothing more. But let us, above all things, keep separate the two sides of the literary life, the side of Art and the side of affairs—the soul that animates and the body in which the soul must live.

I have printed, in another part of this number, an article written for an evening paper by Mr. Edmund
them before his own eyes, and sticks them in his paper for all the world to read. In this curiosity I discern that of yearning after the impossible, which makes the literary aspirations of ninety and nine out of every hundred tragic and mournful.

There has been a special utterance on the subject by Mr. Andrew Lang. It contains one or two serviceable statements. Thus, he says, quite truly, "the author must conquer his casual disposition." It is what the Society insists upon in every paper and every report. Let the author bring to his literary business the same common sense that he brings to other business, and half the trouble will vanish. Again he says, "one has very little sympathy with authors who grumble at the publishers getting their share." No sympathy whatever. Let us only agree upon what should be the publisher's share. That settled, the whole of the trouble would vanish. One thing he says which seems to me mischievous, because everything is mischievous which is not based upon a knowledge of facts. It is this. "The publisher, I think, in spite of Mr. Besant, does incur a good deal of risk, not perhaps on one book or two, but on the general result of his business." Exactly the reverse is the truth. The publisher, who very seldom knowingly runs any risk at all, may lose—because in all trades there are mistakes made—on one or two books, but as the general result of a large business he is certain, as his business is now conducted, not to lose. This is a very delightful result, and one does not grudge the honourable House its income however great it may become. May such a House increase and continue in prosperity as in honour! Another point to which he takes exception is the assumption that the Society is inimical to publishers. This is an unwarranted assumption, calculated to injure the Society, and contradicted by every utterance of the Society. Suppose a novelist draws the character of a scoundrel attorney, is he therefore hostile to all lawyers? Is it fair to call his attention to the fact that some gentlemen have friends among solicitors? Yet this is what Mr. Andrew Lang does. He says, "extraordinary as it may appear, there are even cases of friendship between authors and publishers." I suppose there is not one upon the Committee of this Society who is not proud to number a publisher among his friends.

Lastly, I have had many letters from ladies calling indignant attention to one clause which I regret to see at the close of the paper. "As far as I can see, the authors who do suffer are those who should receive £3 10s. 6d. and only get 7s. 4d. . . . Their work is worth very little, and they get even less. . . . Generally, they are women easily 'put upon' and rather unreasonable." "Why," ask my correspondents, "should not even a woman demand and receive justice? Why should she take 7s. 4d. when £3 10s. 6d. is due to her?" Really, one cannot give any reason. And considering that the poor wretch who steals a handkerchief worth twopence is sent to prison as much as the bold burglar who robs a bank, there does seem no reply to this question.

We must maintain the sacredness of the contract, because that underlies every kind of trade, exchange, or service rendered. Without the keeping of agreements nothing could be done. All that can be done is to implore authors not to sign away their property, and to hope that sweating by certain publishers will speedily become as disgraceful as any other form of dishonesty. When, however, one reads of certain cases, it is difficult not to wish that a contract, obtained by studiously withholding the facts of the case from one party, should be set aside. For instance, here is one. A certain specialist, a very popular writer, was asked by a firm to undertake a book on his own subject. They named a price. He took it. Therefore he had no right to complain. The book proved an immediate and very great success. The publishers then asked him to produce another. Remember—they knew that the first had been an enormous success. They knew that the second would prove equally successful. It is said that they began, in fact, with an edition of 100,000 copies of the second book. This seems incredible, and perhaps is an exaggerated statement. Edition has followed edition. It is still, after many years, a living book. The author received £30 for the first book; and in spite of the full knowledge possessed by the publishers of what they had done with the first, and would do with the second, they gave him the same sum, £30, for the second. What is to be said of such a contract? That the author was a fool? Perhaps. But what were the publishers?

Piracy, with mutilation, is even more intolerable than piracy pure and simple. Indeed, as will be seen in another page, I think we should give up the use of the word piracy and write publishing-as-permitted-by-the-law. It is a long word, but at present there is no short equivalent. Here is a case of publishing-as-permitted-by-the-law, with mutilation:

"A few months ago I published a book on Bronchitis here in London, and made an arrangement with a publisher of Philadelphia for the production of an American edition. It appeared and was selling well when Wood and Co., of New
York, reprinting it entirely without a word of communication with me or my real publishers. This firm has, within the last year or so, published some fifty medical and surgical works or monographs; and, as far as I can learn, they have in every case been taken without permission. I have quite a collection of letters from men who have suffered in this way. We have no legal redress, but our Medical Associations on both sides of the Atlantic have promised to take up the matter, and will go to work pretty energetically."

Mr. Louis Stevenson has been interviewed by the Melbourne Argus. 'Tis the common lot. He is reported to have said a good many things of which one, at least, is important, as a contribution to the vexed question of plagiarism. Everybody knows how novelists are perpetually charged with plagiarism. It is, indeed, a difficult thing to refute such a charge. Given the facts, given the absolute coincidence, character for character, incident for incident—how could they occur, one asks, in the later work unless they had been copied from the earlier? To speak only of one who can speak no more. I once discovered an extraordinary resemblance between an incident in one of Charles Reade's books and an exactly similar incident in a book published some forty years ago before. The resemblance was so striking, the events were so exactly the same, that I at once, in my ignorance, set it down to intentional plagiarism. I am now convinced that I did Charles Reade a grievous wrong. How then did he contrive to reproduce so exactly that part of the earlier work? The following illustrations supplied in the course of this interview provide an answer. This is what Mr. Stevenson is reported to have said:

"I suspect most of our inventions are documentary enough, and taken out of the note-book of the memory. I will give you a couple of examples from my own case. Some five or six years after I had written 'Treasure Island,' I picked up Washington Irving's 'Tales of a Traveller,' and there I find Billy Bones, with his voice, his manners, his talk, his sabre-cut, his sea-chest, and all that is Billy Bones's. I had read it long ago, and, if you will allow me a bull, I had forgotten, but my memory had remembered. Again, I fondly supposed I had invented a scene when Alan Breck quarrels with one of the M'Gregors in a house in Balquidder. Here, in Sydney, not two days ago, a gentleman informs me that I had read the outlines of that scene, even to the names of the three principal characters engaged, in Pitcairn's 'Criminal Trials.' I do not remember. I do not suppose there is a copy of Pitcairn in the Colonies, so that I cannot make sure, but I have not the least doubt that it is so. We all, idealists and realists alike, rearrange that matter of observed life with which our memories are charged, and the most we can mean by the word invention is some happy congruity or surprise in the method of arranging it."

This is a novel but a sufficient explanation to those who know that the accused is a man of honour.

The mind forgets but the memory remembers.

In the last number of The Author the arts and wiles of the gentry who seek to catch the literary flats were exposed in some detail. I have now before me the prospectus of an enterprise whose object is to advance the interests of Rising Authors (with a capital "r"). Every effort of this kind, particularly when conducted in a disinterested spirit and without the least consideration of sordid gains, commands our sympathy. Here is the scheme, then. A new monthly magazine is to be started. It will be called by a most attractive title, viz., "Literary Fame." Literary Fame! The words cause the eyes of the Rising Author to glisten and his lip to tremble. Literary Fame! Nothing short of this. The magazine has no other objects in view—the prospectus, which cannot lie, says so indeed, in plain words—than the true interests of English Literature. It is designed to introduce to the great British Public that large class of writers who feel that they have a Message to convey to the world at large. To these—as the candid prospectus says—"Literary Fame" offers an unexampled, nay, an unparalleled opportunity. I should think so indeed. The Rising Author has only to send in his contribution. It will be read for nothing—it is well-known that in all other magazines the editor has to be bribed before he will read anything. Each "suitable" contribution—here a note of discord—are not all contributions from Rising Authors, who have a Message for the world, suitable?—will be accepted and printed, signed with the author's name. Why, what could be more disinterested? The only condition—a ridiculous one—is that the author shall pay beforehand for fifteen copies of the magazine for every column of his paper. Thus, suppose he has a paper of twelve pages, or twenty-four columns, and a Message to the world can hardly be delivered in less, he will only take one hundred copies, which will cost him the sum of £9. Who would not gladly pay £9 for the privilege of delivering a Message? Should he run a serial story for a twelvemonth, taking twenty-four pages each number, he will only pay £216 for the year! Of course, thousands will jump at the offer.
In other words, how great must be the belief in the credulity of writers when they are calmly invited to consider such a proposal? Let us see how it works out. An ordinary magazine contains about 120 pages or 240 columns. This if paid for at the rate of 15 copies a column, produces £90. To this must be added the advertisements and the sale, if any. And after paying for printing and paper, there will remain a very comfortable little property indeed. But I observe that in case of novels a higher charge will be made. Excellent, enterprising, benevolent editor!

When Germans undertake to found and to manage a society, there are no half measures. The programme of their yearly meeting, a somewhat bulky document, is so thorough that I have had it translated and published for our own instruction. When one considers the infinite trouble we have in inducing our own brethren to unite, it is refreshing to read of such enthusiasm and belief among the Germans in the cause. One lives in the hope that we are really succeeding little by little in bringing literary men and women to make common cause.

The difficulty is being illustrated at the present moment by a series of papers in the Daily Graphic on the proposed National Academy of Letters. First the scheme was proposed in general terms by an anonymous correspondent. It has been followed by a succession of papers from men of letters invited by the Editor. My own paper, which happened to be the first, was taken hold of as a peg by all who came afterwards, and the scheme has been everywhere attributed to me. It is not mine at all. I was only asked what I thought of it. Now observe, I began by a most serious warning, as follows:—

"The influence of the English Academy would depend entirely upon the position and reputation which it might obtain in the estimation of the world at large, and of litérateurs in particular. If everybody was agreed that to be a R.A. in Letters was as great a thing as to be a R.A. in Arts or a F.R.S. in Science, then the distinction would be an object of ambition, and the voice of the Academy would be potent and authoritative. If it failed to command this respect; if the true leaders refused to enter its walls; if it was considered to be under Court favouritism or to be involved in party interests, or to be the home of the second rate, it never would acquire any influence at all. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that it should, from the very outset, number in its body all the leaders of the day in every department of literature."

"Supposing," I added, "this extremely difficult preliminary accomplished, what could the Academy effect?"

I then proceeded to show what, in my opinion, such an Academy might accomplish.

Most of the letters, beginning with that of Mr. Leslie Stephen, have proved that it is utterly impossible in the present condition of things for men of letters to work together as an Academy—a National Institution.

They have nearly all written as if union was a thing impossible, and practical aims were out of the question.

Why cannot men of letters act together? First, I believe, because they have got into the habit of speaking and writing about each other as men of no other profession would be allowed to do. A barrister would be disbarred who should dare to speak of another barrister in terms that are constantly and without censure used by one man of letters concerning another. Now were there existing a great critical body, a controlling power, possessing the power of leadership, the power of wealth, the power of bestowing distinction, the power of reprimand—this curse of literature, this license which fills the history of authorship with contemptible quarrels and fish-wife recriminations, would instantly cease.

An Academy, however, after the manner of the French would be absurd in this country. It is obsolete in Paris. It survives, but it has ceased to be a great power. Such an Academy as I should like to see founded in this country would deal with everything connected with literature. Mr. Leslie Stephen, whose name and work I hold in as much respect as those of any living writer, says distinctly that such a body could not deal with practical things. Why not? One does not expect the individual academician to become at once a steward in the House of Literature: not at all. We engage officers and pay them for such services. Every day the profession of letters is becoming larger; every day the dangers which threaten literature, because its followers are a scattered crowd with no leaders, no authority over them, no guides, and no advisers, are growing greater and greater.

Farther on, in this number, will be found a paper showing the views of another writer on the subject. Let me therefore only repeat what I advanced in this paper of mine in the Daily Graphic.

1. Such an Academy must have the support of all the leaders in literature of every department, or it will be ridiculous.
2. It should recognize and honour good work by public recognition, and by distinction of some kind.

3. It should regulate and control the production of literature on principles which would, once for all, destroy the present friction between authors and publishers, and would make the present widespread frauds and sweatings disgraceful, if not impossible.

4. It should contain the official register of every book published.

5. It should take over and administer the annual grant for Literature.

6. It should concern itself with every question that may arise in any one of the numerous interests of Literature.

These were the principles which I laid down in my paper. The longer I consider them, the more I am convinced that such a body, so constituted, with such work before it, might confer the greatest benefits upon letters. Some of the work has been attempted, not without success, by this Society. But it would come with more authority from an Academy.

The last few weeks have also been enlivened by a correspondence in the Times. Whenever the Society has been publicly proving its existence and its activity in some way which makes certain of its friends wriggle, there is sure to occur such a correspondence. Then we have the old, old things—the bogey of risk; the awful losses in publishing; the misstatements; the trail across the scent; the misleading suggestions—everything to keep the public in the dark. Newspapers either in the interests of dishonourable houses, or in ignorance, take up the cry, and with paragraphs, letters, and leading articles repeat the misstatements. Then we repeat the truth again—and they are silenced for awhile. Meantime the Society advances.

The controversy was conducted on the usual lines. Hardly any of the writers seemed able to conceive that there were any principles of justice underlying the question. There was misrepresentation, there was misstatement, and there was deliberate falsehood—there was no attempt at reasoning. The worst letter of all—the most silly and the most spiteful—was written by an "Author." It illustrated exactly what was advanced in the last number of this Journal on the ill-bred malice which some writers permit themselves to use towards others. This person, who says that he has been treated with fairness—very likely—but he does not understand what is meant by fairness—states that he received a bigger cheque than he expected, and was afterwards told by the publisher that his book had been a loss of so much. "Hit or miss," said this airy speculator—"Hit or miss." He saw no accounts, and asked for none. He took the man's word. In no other business transaction known would he have taken the man's word. There is a sweet simplicity about this author which seems to point to the country clergyman. He is often an excellent person, but it is his foible to believe that he is a good man of business. This person, so skilled in matters of business, goes on to call a scholar, a gentleman, a dignitary of the Church—the author in fact of the work under discussion—a publisher's "paid clerk." A clerk copies, casts up accounts, and writes letters to order. A clerk does not, as clerk, produce a work of art, genius, and learning. This is the first time that one has heard an author called a publisher's paid clerk. Now that the thing has been started it will not doubtless be the last we shall hear of it.

The main point of the recent controversy in the Times was, of course, ignored from the outset. It is this: A. B. engages C. D. to do a piece of literary work on a subject in which he is a specialist. He is certain to do it well, and to produce a popular book. C. D., not knowing the extent of his own popularity, which A. B. does, produces this work, and receives a sum of money. A. B., in order to secure this popular writer for another work, afterwards gives him four times what was bargained. Now what is the profit of A. B.? He will not say—nor, of course, can he be expected to confess. But it can be guessed by experts, and it is variously reckoned at sixtyfold and a hundredfold what he originally gave C. D. Yet C. D. has no right to complain, because an agreement must be kept. But when A. B. asks C. D. to write another book, knowing that he is certain to make again an enormous sum, how far is he justified in offering the writer a sum equivalent to about one-fiftieth of what he himself reasonably expects to make?

That is the question. We shall have no answer to it from the other side; but the question itself should be laid to heart by every writer. Sooner or later it will be laid to heart, and then such an agreement will become impossible.

The deadly rancour shown towards the Society in most of the letters showed the mind of the writer. It is a most healthy sign. The revelations made in our publications have begun at last to make the author want to understand his agreements, what it
is he gives, and what he gets in return. An end of the good old days, when the author would sign anything that was put before him, is seen to be approaching. He now understands, or can easily learn, what it costs to produce a book, and what is meant by a royalty of ten, fifteen or twenty per cent. Therefore the gentry who have been accustomed in every account they make up, to overcharge on every item, find that they can no longer do so with impunity. Also those who have been fattening on ten per cent. royalties find that their gains are now discovered. In order to divert public attention from the real point at issue, of course side issues have to be found. This has been done chiefly by misstating or wilfully misunderstanding what has been advanced by the Society. Especially, and as a matter of course, the old bogey of great risk and enormous losses is trotted out. Let us again affirm very seriously that publishers very, very seldom take any book at all about which there is any risk. They may make mistakes, of course. This is the rule, even with the great houses. Indeed, they would not be men of business if they did not avoid risks. As to the smaller houses, they never take any risk at all. Of course they cannot afford to do so. They have discovered a better plan—to make the author pay.

For instance, this is the busiest time of the year. The publishers' advertisements are now the longest. I take up a paper and examine the publishers' lists in its columns. The following is an analysis:

A. A firm of the first rank. Eighteen books advertised. Nine of these are new editions. Seven are new books. Of the seven five are absolutely without risk, unless of course, they were over-printed or under-priced. Two are novels of which we can only say that this firm has always been careful to produce none but good work, and therefore that it is probably well advised that there is no risk in producing them.

B. A small firm. Seven books. Six certainly paid for by the authors. The seventh presents no risk.

C. A small firm. Four books, all by popular authors. No risk.

D. An old established firm. Six books, of which three are new editions. The other three carry no risk whatever.

E. Another great firm. Sixteen books advertised. Ten are by authors whose names command a large sale. Five are educational, of the better kind. Of the whole lot one only appears doubtful.

F. A new firm. Fourteen books. Four belong to well established series. One is a standard book. Three have names which command success. Of the remaining six, four are certainly paid for by their authors, and probably the other two.

G. A firm of high standing. Fifteen books. Eleven are by popular and well-known authors. Three are reprints. One is a work whose subject commands success.

H. Another high class firm. Seven books. One only advertised out of their longer list. Three of these books will command a certain success, that kind of success which remunerates the publisher, but does not enrich the author. Four are by popular authors.

This is the kind of illustration that might be followed up every week. I have taken eight houses at random in the order in which they advertised out of the whole list. I can find but three books out of eighty-seven which appear to me doubtful. Of the three I strongly suspect that two are paid for by the authors.

We shall have in course of time, a good deal more to say on the general questions of publishers' contracts, unexpected and enormous profits, alleged losses and so forth.

Meantime, here is an instance of what we recommend to the consideration of Messrs. Cassell and Co., the Literary Handmaid of the Church, and other firms like-minded. In the year 1884 a certain author produced with a certain provincial publisher a little work which both believed would prove a modest success. It obtained, however, an enormous run. The publisher, meantime, had bought his modest venture for a modest sum. When the success of the book became known, he voluntarily, unsolicited, tore up the agreement and made another, based on the success of the book. What can be said of such an act? It was spontaneous, and it was based upon the honourable feeling that, agreement or no agreement, the author should share in this unexpected good fortune. The publisher was Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, the author was Mr. Fargus.

The Editor of the Critic (New York) invites his readers to select twenty American literary women as Immortelles. In order to assist the reader, he gives a list of 139 living writers "not unknown to the reading public." In looking through this list one is struck with a profound sense of ignorance, because one knows so few of these names. Sixteen only are known to me. Can there be a rising liter-
nature in the States wholly apart from, and unknown to, ourselves? Yet it seems as if every good book which appears in the States is welcomed here. Are there, again, 139 English women of letters all known to our own reading public, of whom no more than sixteen are known across the Atlantic? Literature has many branches, but these ladies represent fiction almost entirely, and fiction is the most popular of all the branches of literature, and as Mr. Brander Mathews explains later on, American novelists are here published—by permission of the law—in great numbers.

WALTER BESANT.

MR. BLAIKIE'S NEW POEMS.

IT is now a good many years since a little volume of verse, the first work of two very young writers, made its modest appearance. The book was perceived at the outset to possess far more promise than is usually shown in first essays at verse. It is now among the very scarce books, and is worth its weight in silver. One of these writers has gone on producing poetry and is now read and known wherever the English language is spoken. The other has remained silent until now. He is about to publish a new volume which will appear immediately. The name of the former is Edmund Gosse—of the latter, J. A. Blaikie. The following are taken, by his permission, from his new volume (Percival & Co.).

I.

Love, like a bird, with gladsome wings did fly,
In jocund springtide's first delicious hour,
Unto my heart's forlorn and wintry bower,
And rested there, and sang, till suddenly
It opened flowerwise that was like to die;
And all the winds his singing, as a shower,
Took, and outpoured on tree and herb and flower,
And life was light, and warmth, and ecstasy,
Until the first rude breath of winter's power;—
Then Love, a bird of passage, winged the sky.

II.

As when a weary troop doth eastward file
Through many a dreary league of Lybian sand
By wind unwinn'd, and a listless band
Doth struggle, hopelessly, depress'd the while;
Till keen the cry of one doth them beguile,
Who, catching the first breeze from Nilus fann'd,
Scents the faint odours of that verdurous land,
Syene's height and Philae's palm-set isle;
So I when, mid the city's grinding roar,
Thy presence fills the vacancy of eyes,
Work-wearied, with thy grace beneficent;—
That antique Garden view I where of yore
To live and love were one, and paradise;
And the twain trees in Beauty's vine are blent.

IN GRUB STREET.

THE most attractive volume that has lately been issued is undoubtedly Mr. Frederic Tennyson's "Isles of Greece" (Macmillan.) Anything coming from a member of the Laureate's family will have an interest for Englishmen in all parts of the world. But Mr. Tennyson's volume can well rest on its own merits. A writer in the Saturday Review says, "Whatever poetic fruits the present season may yet bring forth, be they notable or the reverse, Mr. Frederic Tennyson's new poem is alone sufficient to make the season memorable."

Mr. Lecky has completed his monumental work, "The History of England in the Eighteenth Century." Those portions of it which deal with the Irish Question have of course a peculiar interest in the present time. It is a great tribute to Mr. Lecky as an historian, that even those who differ from him are agreed as to the good taste, moderation, and judgment he has shown in dealing with a very vexed question. Prejudice and bias are said to be an ornament of history, but restraint is even a greater gift. The work is worthy of Mr. Lecky's already considerable reputation. Both political parties are promising to quote from him in support of their own views.

Dr. Verrall's edition of the "Ion of Euripides," with a translation into English verse, an introduction, and notes, comes very opportunely at the present time in view of the forthcoming representation of the drama at Cambridge. He certainly throws a great deal of new light on the play, and takes up a very original position on the plot as it is usually received. That a general acceptance of his theory will be adopted cannot, of course, be expected. Commentaries on the classics are not, as a rule, exhilarating to the ordinary public, but Dr. Verrall's introduction should find readers beyond the sphere of scholarship. From the same centre of learning comes Professor Jebb's "Philoctetes," welcome to all lovers of the classics. Such able scholars give the lie to the old charge, "What could Cambridge do but quote?"

Mr. Froude's life of Lord Beaconsfield has been of course a disappointment to those who relish back-kitchen biography. One would think that the public craving for that sort of thing had been more than satisfied. Someone discovered not long ago an unpaid washing bill of Shelley's, which was considered an important contribution to
THE AUTHOR.

"Shelley's Biographia." It is, no doubt, the absence of a similar item in Lord Beaconsfield's recent biography that is the "felt want." Those, however, who considered Mr. Froude's "Carlyle" a little too circumstantial will not regret any omission of a similar nature.

The death of Simonides, the forger, will awaken painful memories among those persons who are wise after the event. Simonides was in many ways a great genius, and he had also indefatigable industry wherewith to apply his art. Some years ago he gave out that he had died of typhoid in the East, and sceptics may still refuse to believe in his demise. There is an amusing story of his which is characteristic of his amazing audacity. After his MSS. and letters of introduction had been exposed by Tischendorff and Mr. Aldis Wright, he revenged himself by admitting the forgery and volunteering the information that he had also written the authentic MS. of the Gospel which Tischendorff himself had unearthed.

In these days of popular series, when English Men of Letters, English Men of Action, Remarkable Women, and Talented Journalists have been so successful, why should we not have a Criminal Series? It of course must not be a vulgar reprint of Newgate Calendar heroes, but lives of such men as Chatterton, Samuel Ireland, Shapira, and Simonides. Some enterprising publisher has already, I believe, commissioned the "Buccaneers" and the "Highwaymen"; and "Forgers" would make a very entertaining third volume. Neo-Christians have their Elsmere House and Oxford culture its Toynbee Hall, but the criminal classes have been overlooked, that is, from their own point of view. They have had no vehicle wherein to express themselves hitherto.

The Times of November 5th has an interesting reprint from the North China Herald on the subject of "Celestial" novels. The latest expounders of Confucian philosophy have condemned the art of fiction, and one Shih, emulating Savanarola, established a pyramid of vanities, where all immoral novels were burnt. If this condemned literature was of the "Sweeney Todd" and "Cheeky Charlie" order which the respectable Quarterly Review has been denouncing lately, no one will regret the conflagration. But pedagogues and philosophers have not always been the best judges of an art for which they have had no sympathy. Roger Ascham, who, if he was the first schoolmaster, was also the first of prigs, denounced as harmful to youthful morals the delightful Morte d'Arthur, the gay stories of Cinthio and Bandello, and Mr. Herbert Spencer has announced that literature nauseates him.

Apropos of conflagrations it is very satisfactory to know that the famous library of Siena Cathedral with its magnificent frescoes and illuminated missals has been spared in the recent fire. A correspondent in the Times the other day drew attention to the very careless way in which the library of St. Mark in the Ducal Palace at Venice was exposed to danger. All this does not reflect much credit on the municipalities of modern Italy, who are always throwing stones at the religious bodies who have any works of art in their keeping. The Liberals are ever looking with envious eyes on the Vatican Library, but until they can prove themselves better curators, the longer the collection remains with its present owners the better.

It is pleasant to see that some of the shorter stories of Balzac have been issued by Walter Scott, under the title of "Don Juan, or the Elixir of Life." Those who are unable to read French have hitherto only been acquainted with the longer and more famous portions of the Comédie Humaine as the Peau de Chagrin and the Pére Goriot. Mr. Saintsbury says, "he is happiest when his subject has a strong touch of the fantastic," and in this collection the fantastic is remarkably well represented.

With regard to the correspondence on the English Academy in the Daily Graphic, and which is discussed elsewhere in these pages, it may interest people to see again the 40 immortals selected by a plebiscite in 1887, which by the courtesy of the Pall Mall Gazette is here reprinted.

W. E. Gladstone.  
Tennyson.  
Matthew Arnold.  
Professor Huxley.  
Herbert Spencer.  
John Ruskin.  
J. H. Froude.  
Robert Browning.  
John Morley.  
Professor Tyndall.  
Professor Freeman.  
A. C. Swinburne.  
Archdeacon Farrar.  
Professor Max Müller.  
Sir John Lubbock.  
William Morris.  
Cardinal Newman.  
Walter Besant.  
Leslie Stephen.  
Benjamin Jowett.  
John Bright.  
Frederic Harrison.  
William Black.  
Justin Macarthy.  
Lord Salisbury.  
Sir Theodore Martin.  
Henry Irving.  
George Meredith.  
Wilkie Collins.  
Canon Liddon.  
Duke of Argyle.  
R. D. Blackmore.
Six of this forty are now unhappily dead. There are many names one would have included, as there are others one would have excluded, not because they lacked greatness, but because their connection with literature is remote. The list is a remarkable one in many ways; for instance, there are only three Anglican clergymen, the present Bishop of Oxford and Archdeacon Farrar, and the late Canon Liddon. Mr. Sala, about the same time, gave an academy of his own contriving in "Echoes of the Week," then in the Illustrated London News. Among his immortals not included in the above were Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Alfred Austin, and Sir Edwin Arnold.

I believe it is considered very vulgar now to talk about the price of a book, and when one speaks of the value of any particular volume, the aesthetic value is meant—the value of the binding, the type, the paper, and the contents. Sordid commercialism must not enter into the sacred profession of letters. Booksellers no doubt will soon be giving away first editions and luxe editions for the pure love of propagating these new ideas. One advantage of an academy would be that it could decide on such niceties of language.

The interest which was aroused by the publication of "Lux Mundi" has of course begun to subside, and Churchmen are turning their attention to the Lincoln and St. Paul's Reredos and reconciliation cases. But its success has been phenomenal; no book of the kind has had such a sale since "Tracts for the Times," and "Essays and Reviews." The controversy still continues in some of the Church papers, and the "Luces Mundi" have been explaining doubtful points to remove any suspicion of heterodoxy that has attached to their remarkable essays.

Someone has taken the trouble to collect all the grammatical solecisms in the late Cardinal Newman's works, and confided the result of his labours to one of the Scotch weeklies, and has refused to accept the Cardinal as a stylist in consequence. Such attempts remind one of those theologians who, having added up all the animals in the Ark and worked out other mathematical problems from Genesis, reject Christianity because they cannot find a satisfactory answer. How many great authors could one not put to a similar test? and how many would come out unscathed? Thackeray, above all things a stylist, often made slips in grammar, but are we to reject him as well? When Sir John Everett Millais was asked by him to write something for the Cornhill and the painter expressed doubts as to his grammatical proficiency, Thackeray replied, "D——n the grammar!"

No one that I know of has as yet criticised the fifty-copies-on-large-paper-system—of which twenty-five are sent to America, wherever that is, five are reserved for the author's friends, and the next ten are destroyed. We hear of the republic of letters, but this is surely the plutocracy of letters. There are a number of books that could only be printed or published by subscription, and it is but fair to the subscribers that only a limited number should be issued. Such are expensive catalogues, Art books, or works like Burton's "Arabian Nights"; but why should a work, already well printed and "got up," have a sort of extra special edition for the benefit of wealthy people who very often never read it? It only gives a book an artificial value, except in the cases I have mentioned. Very often it takes a very selfish form, and ordinary purchasers are deprived of a good deal of matter, to which they are fully entitled, because they are unable to pay two guineas, instead of 7s. 6d.

On the propriety of publishing Sir Walter Scott's journal a good many people will differ. From the review in the Times it does not appear that it tends to shatter an idol, and only confirms the prevalent belief in the nobility and integrity of his character. It will raise, however, the old questions of how much a public has a right to know of a writer's private life, and how much private life a public man is permitted to have. It depends, one would think, on the author himself. Mr. Browning, a few years before his death, destroyed boxes full of letters, so fearful was he of the biographers, while writers like St. Augustine, Rousseau, Maria Bashkirtseff, and Sir Austin Feverel, all gave their "bruised heart to the world." It is quite impossible to dogmatize on the subject.

How far has the popularity of Scott waned? Some people get very angry at the bare idea of it. Mr. Swinburne, in one of his essays, says, "His popularity may fluctuate now and then with older readers—so much the worse for them . . . but when it comes among English boys and girls, a doomsday will be dawning of which as yet there are most assuredly no signs or presages perceptible." Now it is reported that among boys his popularity has waned. Older readers who knew him in their youth, read
him again and again, and like him better each time. Boys prefer the more flashy novels of the elder Dumas. Scott's position in literature is as firm as Shakespeare's, but as a novelist for boys par excellence he has been succeeded.

In the same way Byron is no longer the poet of young men, or Moore of young ladies. Thackeray, with very natural dislike of affectation, killed Byron the man—the hero of society, and the same able critic quoted before has no doubt influenced popular feeling as to Byron's rank on Parnassus. By a curious irony of fate it is Mr. Swinburne himself, the poet of his early volumes, who has taken Byron's place. It is "Faustine, Fragolletta, Dolores," who occupy in youthful minds the place of the "Bride of Abydos," the "Maid of Athens," and "Donna Julia." Not very long ago there existed at Oxford and Cambridge a Dolores Society, and as a well-known man of letters once said, "Swinburne set us on fire at Oxford."

To appreciate Byron we must talk to foreigners. They seem to regard him with unflagging admiration. Wherever he went he left the stamp of his wonderful personality, and cities which he has celebrated in "Childe Harold" (now irreverently called the "Rhyming Baedeker"), remember him with gratitude. The Greek colony in London celebrated his centenary with great pomp two or three years ago, and after a memorial service in the Orthodox Church in Moscow Road, and an address in modern Greek on the services Byron had rendered to their country, they marched to his image in Hyde Park and placed a wreath there. But the centenary was quite ignored by the English people. The two English names which are most familiar in Italy to-day are those of John Ruskin and Lord Byron. The guides will always tell you what "Rusconi" has said of a particular building, and the street Arabs point out the palace where Byron lived.

The French genius for delineating character was never more highly displayed than in the "De Gontcourt Journals," of which the third volume has just been published. Although it professes to be a memoir of the literary coteries of the period, it is really little more than a description of the nightly dinners at Brebants, and it is the figure of Renan which is the most vividly drawn. Half philosophic, half mystic, Renan certainly values himself hugely. "I should have made an indulgent paternal charitable priest," he has said of himself. As a rule humility is also an advantage in an ecclesiastic. A writer in the current Quarterly errs when he describes him as a second Voltaire, who had a keen sense of humour, while Renan, if he is to be judged by his own words, apparently has none.

"London City," by Mr. Loftie, bids fair to be the book of the month. It will be enriched with vivid illustrations of London city as it is to-day, engraved from original drawings by Mr. William Luker, and every possible care has been taken to make the book a model of artistic and skilled production. Mr. Loftie is to the nineteenth century what Stow was to the sixteenth—he is this and a great deal more besides.

I believe the fashion of writing confessions in ladies' albums exists no longer, but if anyone was asked now who was their favourite writer, after the favourite novelist and favourite poet had been decided on, the favourite writer would be Mr. Andrew Lang. But Mr. Lang is a poet as well, and this month in collaboration with Mr. J. Haggard, he has become a novelist too, "The World's Desire" having been just issued in one volume. His fairy book (red this time) gives a number of stories which will be new to a great many of us. There are two from the Russian. Has Mr. Lang reconsidered his strictures on the Russian novelists? He has written a preface to a translation of Langisms which has given occasion for the Scotch to make a bad joke. Homer sometimes nods, but Mr. Lang never seems even to wink.

Mr. George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, has collected his famous letters to that journal in two volumes, entitled "London Letters and Others" (Macmillan). They are certainly the best things of their kind that have appeared, and were well worth republishing in book form. The stories or anecdotes are many and excellent.
A new work is announced by Ralph Iron, the talented authoress of "The African Farm." And Messrs. Methuen have just published a second series of Mr. Baring Gould's fascinating "Historic Oddities." In his last volume Mr. Baring Gould certainly succeeded in raising history to the level of romance, which should be the first duty of a conscientious historian.

The new edition of Matthew Arnold's complete poems, lately issued by Messrs. Macmillan, as a companion to Lord Tennyson's, will be welcome to the increasing admirers of the poet. Those who prefer Arnold the poet, to Arnold the essayist, will regret his unfortunate excursions into theology. His keen critical ability no doubt hampered his poetical achievement—for thorough criticism, if rightly considered, is a creative faculty. The greatest poets are not, as a rule, great critics. Theirs is the magnificent endowment of bias and enthusiasm, and though their opinions are always interesting, the critical power is not infrequently developed at the expense of their poetic gifts.

Matthew Arnold is one of those who are pointed to as an example of a man who excelled in many things at once—poetry, criticism, and theology. Censuring Bishop Colenso he said, "Let us have all the science there is from men of science; from the men of religion let us have religion." As a poet, and as some think as a critic, Mr. Arnold excelled, but what about his theology? From theologians let us have theology! Rossetti, on the other hand, is given in support of the other view, that a man cannot excel in two different arts. To say this is like saying that a person must not be able to talk two languages, or that if you are a good runner you must not be a good walker, or a good rider. But if the quantity of Rossetti's productions is meant, the remark becomes a platitude. It is entirely a different thing when science and art get mixed up, as science and religion are sometimes. It is terribly old-fashioned to say so, but I believe literature and art are nearer to one another than we think; at any rate, they are not so distant as the brand-new critics tell us.

A paper on the "Drift of Religious Thought in England" will shortly appear in the Forum—where a good many excellent papers have lately appeared. It is by the Rev. Prof. Momerie, author of "Church and Creed." Mr. Momerie is one of the very few men in the Church of England to whom the positive and negative aspects of truth (positive in the metaphysical foundation, and negative in his contempt for ecclesiasticism) have equal attractions. In his forthcoming article he will show how, in spite of its tendency to retrograde, the Church of England is being forced by circumstances towards Rationalism, the goal which all Churches must, in his opinion, reach or perish.

Another novel of Egypt—or partly of Egypt—not an imitation of "She." It is by Clive Holland, whose name is becoming better known, and appears at the end of the year.

I also note "Mademoiselle," by Frances Mary Peard, to be published immediately by Messrs. Walter Smith and Innes.

The following is from a publisher. Of course we all agree with him in his claim that the purchase outright of a book releases the purchaser from any further payment unless he chooses. The other points are also in substantial accord with the views of the Society.

"I am much obliged by your note. I am myself most anxious to offer fair terms to authors.

"The one broad principle on which I prefer to take my stand, is that the author should share in the success of the book up to the sale of the last copy; and this can only be attained by the use of the royalty system in one form or another. The difficulty is when authors cannot afford to wait and demand a sum down. This at once increases the risk and forces the publisher to provide for emergencies at the cost of the author. The ideal method is to pay a sum down in advance of royalties, and to pay the royalties after that sum has been reached in the sales.

"The recent developments of the quarrel between authors and publishers are evidently due to those new and more generous views on social and economic problems which are forcing their way to the front. Political economy is rapidly becoming less a cold science treating solely of the distribution and nature of wealth, and more an inquiry into the means available for improving the condition of the producer, and for discovering an equitable method of distributing profits. Authors are producers, and though there may be something repugnant to a sensitive mind in the publicity given to details of literary commerce, we must allow that literature, which has now to be reckoned with as one of the great wealth-producing limbs of commerce, has every claim to be paid in accordance with recognised principles.

"The proportion of divided profit is a delicate question. Where an author has a sure audience, he may claim two-thirds to the publisher's one-third.
But when the publisher is working out an idea of his own with trouble and thought, he may justly claim a higher proportion. I think that the royalty paid to an author should be increased in case of a largely increased sale.

"The half profit system is an abomination. If resorted to, the sums charged against the book should be those really paid. But of course the publisher may charge a preliminary fee for his trouble.

"When a publisher issues a book at the expense of the author, he should charge a reasonable sum, but he has a right to say 'I will produce the book at such a sum; whether you can get the book produced more cheaply elsewhere is not to the point—my charge is so and so.'

"When a publisher agrees to give a fixed price for the copyright of a book, the author's claim vanishes with the payment of that sum. The publisher pays for his bargain and has a right to any profits which may accrue. If I buy a plot of ground and find coal on it, the seller could hardly claim an additional share of the profits. Personally, I would give the author a share of any such profits if they were large. But this is hardly a matter of honesty. At the same time such bargains should not degenerate into sweating.

"These remarks are crude and written hastily, but I think they are in the main just.

"I fear you will never be able to stop the depre
dations of those who infest the shady places of
publishing. At the same time your Society has
done a vast amount of good, and has, I should
say, greatly increased the safety and profits of
literary folk."

It is pleasant to announce that Mr. Sprigge's "Methods of Publication" has already run through one edition, and that another is in preparation and will be out in a few days. Contrary to reasonable expectation, the greater part of the edition has been taken by the general public, and not by the members of the Society. Now the book is written especially for the benefit of the members, and could not have been written but for their support in maintaining the Society. It throws a flood of light upon the meaning of the various methods pursued in this chaotic business, and upon the frauds which are often perpetrated under cover of these methods by unscrupulous men. The book ought to be on the shelf of every literary man. Some, perhaps, will not trouble to "do the sums." They may take the general conclusions and note the warnings. With this book should go the "Cost of Production," published only for mem-
bers. A new edition of this is in preparation.

Messrs. Clowes and Son, of Fleet Street, have in the press, and will publish very shortly "The Law of the Press," by Mr. J. R. Fisher, of The Standard, and Mr. J. A. Strahan, LL.B., Regius Professor of Law, Queen's College, Belfast. The object of the authors has been to present in a complete digest of all the laws affecting the Periodical Press, whether from the point of view of editors, contributors, or proprietors.

There has of late been growing up a considerable body of statute and case law of the utmost importance to the literary profession, but although we have excellent works on libel, copyright, and other branches of the subject, there is no book covering the whole ground, and written expressly with a view to the interests of the journalist.

For purposes of comparison a chapter is added giving a full account of the Press Laws of France and Germany.

**CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.**

THIS is a subject which has been much discussed during the year by those interested in the Copyright question.

Canada, it is well known, occupies a peculiar position with regard to copyright legislation. On the one hand, as one of our colonies, literary pro-

perty receives there the same attention and protec-
tion as in any other Imperial Colony. On the other
hand, such legislation is very little use to author
or publisher. A long and easily crossed frontier
between Canada and America renders payment for
and publication of copyrighted works a thankless
task in Canada; the unshackled American can do
the job so much cheaper.

Canada has for many years designed to obtain leave from Imperial Parliament to regulate copy-
right in the colony by domestic legislation, and the idea has met with varying and various support from ministers of all ways of thinking. The position is now as follows:—

In 1889, the Government of Canada passed an Act (entitled 52 Vic, cap. 29) relating to the law of copyright in Canada, and this Act is now awaiting the Royal Assent—or was awaiting it in the spring of this year. But since that date the Ministers of the Crown, whilst regretting the fact, have been unable to authorize the Governor-General of Canada to issue a Proclamation to bring the Act into force.

The principal provisions of the Canadian Copy-
right Act, 52 Vic., cap. 29, are briefly these:—

i. Sec. 1 enacts that the conditions for obtaining copyright in a work in Canada, shall be that
the work shall, before publication or production elsewhere, or simultaneously with the first publication or production thereof elsewhere, be registered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, by the author or his legal representatives, and further that such work shall be printed, published, or produced in Canada, or reprinted, republished, or reproduced in Canada, within one month after publication or production elsewhere.

ii. Sec. 3 (i) enables the Minister of Agriculture, in the event of the person entitled to copyright failing to reprint or republish as provided in Sec. 1, to grant licenses to persons domiciled in Canada to print and publish the work, for which copyright, but for such neglect or failure might have been obtained; but no such license shall convey exclusive rights to print and publish or produce any work.

Sec. 3 (ii) provides that a license shall be granted to any applicant agreeing to pay the author or his legal representative a royalty of ten per cent. on the retail price of each copy or reproduction issued of the work; and he shall also give security for such payment to the satisfaction of the Minister.

Sec. 4 enacts that the royalty shall be collected by the officers of the Department of Inland Revenue, and paid over to the persons entitled thereto, but the Government shall not be liable to account for any such royalty not actually collected.

Sec. 5 provides that if a license has been granted for the publication of any work, and evidence has been adduced to the satisfaction of the Governor in Council that such work is being printed and published or produced in such a manner as to meet the demand therefor in Canada, the Governor-General may by proclamation prohibit the importation, while the author's copyright or that of his assignors is in force, of any copies or reproductions of the work to which such license relates.

Sec. 6 enacts that no such prohibition as last mentioned shall apply to the importation of copies of such works from the United Kingdom.

In consequence of this announcement, Sir Fredk. Pollock, the Chairman of the Sub-Committee, communicated with the Colonial Office in July last, drawing attention to the fact that the Canadian Copyright Act was ultra vires, as being inconsistent with and repugnant to the Imperial Copyright Act of 1842.

The receipt of Sir Fredk. Pollock's letter was duly acknowledged by the Colonial Office, and then for a time nothing more was heard of the matter.

On the 17th September, a letter was written by the direction of Lord Knutsford, from the Colonial Office to the Incorporated Society of Authors, but owing to a mistake of the Post Office authorities the letter was delivered to a wrong address, and was not received by the Society until some weeks afterwards.

The purport of the letter was to the effect that Lord Knutsford had directed Sir John Thompson's report on the Canadian Copyright Act, together with other official documents, to be forwarded to the Society of Authors, and ended by saying that his Lordship would be glad to be favoured with any observations which the Society might desire to make upon the questions raised in the report and other documents.

Sir J. Thompson's report really consists of a very powerful argument as to why either the Canadian Copyright Act should receive the Royal Assent; or, if the Crown cannot properly give its assent to the Bill on account of its being in conflict with the Imperial Act, that the Government should promote legislation in the Parliament of Great Britain to remove any doubt which may exist as to the power of the Parliament of Canada to deal with the question fully and effectually.

The main points upon which this demand is based may be shortly summarized thus:

1. The Imperial Government has, during the last 40 years, on several occasions promised to pass a Bill whereby the Canadian Parliament might legislate upon the subject of copyright in Canada, although such legislation might be repugnant to or inconsistent with the copyright law of this country.

This is proved by reference to various despatches from the Colonial Office to the Governor-General of Canada, which are set out at length in Sir J. Thompson's report.

2. The rights which British authors and publishers have under the Imperial Copyright Act have been greatly abused by the sale of their copyright privileges to American publishers and by their refusal to sell to Canadian publishers on like terms.

3. The prices of American prints are so low
that British publications have no chance of competing with them in Canada—the price of British publications exceeding by four to tenfold that for which reprints are purchased in America; the result being that the business of publishing British literature for the Canadian market is done almost exclusively in the United States.

4. The American publisher is free to reprint any British work and to supply it to the Canadian public, while the Canadian publisher is restrained from publishing such work on any terms, except with the permission of the copyright holder in Great Britain.

5. On account of the facts mentioned in paragraph 4, publishing establishments have been transferred from Canada to the United States.

6. The peculiar position in which Canada is placed on account of her proximity to the United States, and the copyright policy of the United States demand peculiar treatment in legislation.

7. The royalty provision of the Act is reasonable, and affords ample facilities for collection.

8. The royalty system was recommended by the Royal Commission on Copyright in their report of 1876.

Sir J. Thompson also adds that any suggestions as to details which the Colonial Office may think proper to make, will receive the earnest and respectful attention of the Governor-General.

On October the 23rd a meeting was held at the Society's offices, to discuss the answer which the Society should return to Lord Knutsford's flattering letter.

The purport of Sir J. Thompson's report having been explained, the following reply was sent to the Colonial Office:—

"In answer to the letter from Mr. Robert Herbert of the 17th September, 1890, I have the honour to inform your Lordship that a meeting of the General Committee of the Incorporated Society of Authors, including the Sub-Committee on Copyright, has been held to consider the questions raised by Sir J. Thompson in his report to your Lordship of July 14th, 1890. I am directed by the Committee to inform your Lordship as follows:—

1. "They can express no opinion on the question of the general policy which Her Majesty's Government may think fit to adopt towards Canada with regard to the question of copyright.

2. "They hope, however, that if Her Majesty's Government think fit to undertake legislation in order to give effect to the principles of the Canadian Copyright Act, such legislation will embody due precautions for making the collections of royalty charges really efficient.

3. "They submit that the clauses relating to the collection of royalty charges as drafted in the Canadian Copyright Act, 52 Vic., cap. 29, are not sufficient for the proper collection thereof; and

4. "It appears to the Committee doubtful whether the Canadian Copyright Act, 52 Vic., cap. 29, does not purport to abolish copyright altogether, unless the person entitled thereto reprints or republishes in Canada within one month after printing or publishing elsewhere. At best, the language of the Act is ambiguous on this point."

It must be remembered, though I hope I may be pardoned for pointing out anything so obvious, that these views of the copyright question in Canada have been forced upon us by the enterprise of America. It is hard on the English author to lose his problematical rights in the colony, but the blow is tempered by the remembrance that America has taken due care that he should lose his real rights.

W. Oliver Hodges.
Hon. Sec. Copyright Committee.

FIN DE SIECLE.

THERE is much talk about the fin de siècle or décadent writers at the present moment. Most of it, however, springs from an entire misconception of the true application of the phrase when literature is in question. As applied to social manners or morals, it is the merest affectation to use the term to describe anything but what has become at least jejune, if not absolutely decayed. When applied to literature, on the other hand, the phrase does not necessarily bear any such interpretation. Quite the contrary. An author may be described at once as the typical décadent and the greatest living writer with perfect propriety. It may not be out of place at the same time to remind some persons that the décadent spirit is not absolutely dissociated from the vilest writing. The school, however, is honourably distinguished by great technical excellence. It may fairly be asked then, "What is a décadent?" A complete definition is at all times difficult to obtain, and we do not pretend to offer anything of the kind; but a writer is rightly described as a décadent when his
work reflects decay, or even triviality, in any shape. The true décadent never really cares to handle any subject when those elements are wholly absent; he is always a literary voluptuary and generally dabbles in psychology.

M. Jules Lemaitre, speaking of the decadence literature, goes so far as to say that it should perhaps be regarded rather as the dawn of a new era than the decay of an old. If this be so the term “Neo-Romantic” even might not be considered as a misnomer as applied to the school. Again, M. Jules Lemaitre in reviewing a piece by M. Catulle Mendès, hails its author as “the true décadent, the décadent of the classical period, the Græco-Latin décadent full of knowledge and dexterity.” M. Catulle Mendès, he says, is like Callimachus, Claudius, Ausonius, and then further on, “M. Catulle Mendès loves literature with the ardour of a voluptuary who is never glutted . . . and this debauchee is an artist with the most tender conscience, whose style is immaculate. I am sure that he would rather lose his head than write an ill-turned sentence.” And finally in regard to his subjects, “I am obliged to recognise that he has written much on the details of psychology less with the avowed object of satisfying his own sensuality and exciting that of his readers. He has offended in the same way as did his Latin namesake, Ovid, Martial, and nearly all the poets of the Renaissance, in the same way as Montesquieu, Crébillon fils, Voltaire, Gentil-Bernard, Parny, &c.”

In fact, we may say that the décadent may be generally recognized by his unsavoury subject and his superb style. Many excellent persons, believing themselves to be lovers of literature, condemn décadent literature on this ground alone, and hold the heterodox view that no literature can be truly great which is not also truly good. There is a wide margin of taste in letters as in other things; but those persons who really hold this view do not care about literature at all—what they like is a popular treatise on moral philosophy written on the anecdotal method.

With the exception of Mr. Pater and Mr. Symonds, we have no décadents, though Mr. Henry James is spoken of as a novelist fin de siècle, and there is one story about which there has been a great controversy lately; it is the only work of fiction a Frenchman would recognise as the work of a true décadent. But the spirit is here, and in Mr. Pater’s postscript to his delightful Renaissance will be found a system of ethics that has a large following in England. Mr. Pater, it may be said, is among the greatest of our stylists. A writer to the St. James’s Gazette once spoke of an infatuation for a certain painter, and fin de siècle is an “infatuation” for all forms of art and all things with form. But we have as yet no one to correspond to Pierre-Zoti, Huissmans and Paul Verlain.

THE day is long past when the Muses lived in retired and modest seclusion, in a place that smelt “sweet as the vestry of the oracles.” Those ladies came up to town many years ago, and are well known to have cultivated business habits. They are no more afraid of its being understood that they work for money than a reduced viscountess blushes to have it said that she sells bonnets under a pseudonym. But the importance which they attach to the commercial aspect of their duties, and their extreme anxiety to take care of the pence, have never been insisted upon as they have quite lately. Literature, which was still looked upon in 1889 as a sort of profession, is treated in 1890 as a mere trade; and it seems worth while to note this curious change of sentiment, and to gauge the effect which it will produce. The signs of the new position are too numerous to be overlooked. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Walter Besant wrangle about the number of literary persons in Britain who earn a thousand a year—that very princely sum. A congress of unfortunate foreigners of dubious distinction, invited by nobody knows whom, meet in the golden recesses of the Mansion House, and talk in French for a week, about the way in which more francs may be secured in this way, and that way, and the other. And, finally, the columns of the Times reverberate for many successive days with angry voices discussing whether or no the chromo-lithography of a certain “Palestinian” divine (as they say in America) is properly paid with eight, or eight thousand, or eight hundred thousand guineas.

That literary work, like all other work, should be honestly and sufficiently rewarded, is so obvious that it seems hardly necessary to go on repeating it. What appears to a mere child of nature extraordinary is that so great a wrangle and a chatter should be made about the returns of this one particular kind of employment. It cannot be on account of the huge sums involved. A maker of agricultural machinery or of ordnance, the proprietor of a large mill or of a successful patent medicine, would scoff at the figures which are bandied to and fro in the existing discussion. If money-making is the first object, and if it needs oracles. Those ladies came up to town many years ago, and are well known to have cultivated business habits. They are no more afraid of its being understood that they work for money than a reduced viscountess blushes to have it said that she sells bonnets under a pseudonym. But the importance which they attach to the commercial aspect of their duties, and their extreme anxiety to take care of the pence, have never been insisted upon as they have quite lately. Literature, which was still looked upon in 1889 as a sort of profession, is treated in 1890 as a mere trade; and it seems worth while to note this curious change of sentiment, and to gauge the effect which it will produce. The signs of the new position are too numerous to be overlooked. Mr. John Morley and Mr. Walter Besant wrangle about the number of literary persons in Britain who earn a thousand a year—that very princely sum. A congress of unfortunate foreigners of dubious distinction, invited by nobody knows whom, meet in the golden recesses of the Mansion House, and talk in French for a week, about the way in which more francs may be secured in this way, and that way, and the other. And, finally, the columns of the Times reverberate for many successive days with angry voices discussing whether or no the chromo-lithography of a certain “Palestinian” divine (as they say in America) is properly paid with eight, or eight thousand, or eight hundred thousand guineas.

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most genuinely successful man cannot make a comfortable living. Not all the optimism of Mr. Walter Besant is likely to rob it of this unique distinction. Why, then, are the modest emoluments of such a poor trade the object of keen public curiosity? This is a conundrum to which I cannot even suggest an answer.

It may be asked whether I think there are no abuses in the publishing trade, and whether I ignore or depreciate the service of the Society of Authors. Neither the one nor the other. I am afraid that there have been, and perhaps even still are, irregularities and injustices which require to be remedied. I have been admitted to the debates of the Society of Authors, and have been proud to think that I was allowed to share in work so obviously useful. But I fancy that there are dangers even in the necessary process of reform; and I dread that the personal interests of authors may be given a prominence which will be injurious to the development of literature. The present extravagant curiosity about "royalties" and "intellectual property" and the like, goes far beyond the circle of those who are disinterested trying to remove certain trading anomalies. It begins to supersede all other curiosity about literature. This species of talk pervades what is styled "literary gossip." Do you know that Orpheus has published a new volume of his "Argonautics"? Ah! that magnificent passage about the Sirens and the sunset! And are you aware that he insisted on being paid five pounds a line for it? You have seen, of course, the new Nemaean ode that Pindar has written in honour of young Adrastus, who won the glove fight at the Cormorant Club? Oh! such a splendid stanza about the sunlight flashing off his left elbow; and they say that the father—the great soap boiler, you know—is so pleased that he has sent Pindar a cheque for a thousand pounds! Pindar, very properly, would not cash it till the old fellow had altered it to guineas. I venture to ask whether all the columns of correspondence in last week's Times amounted to much more than this?

Why such curiosity about literary prices is unwholesome is, that it tends to make money the standard in a species of labour where the rewards are in no degree analogous to the deserts. It directly encourages the measurement of intellectual prestige by the amount which an intellectual product fetches in the market. It leads at once to deadly errors of taste. If gaudy "Lives of Christ" are valued at £4,000 apiece, what is the price of divinity by a Lightfoot or a Westcott? Four millions might perhaps be taken as an average answer, if this is to be a simple sum in the rule of three. But the retailer of gossip pursues his inquiries, and discovers that theology, as it was and is understood at Durham, is practically not rewarded at this rate. The concentration of his attention on price immediately thereupon produces its effect on his taste. The direct result is that he makes up his mind to regard the famous Bishops as persons of very much smaller literary importance than he had vaguely believed them to be. They are weighed in the golden balances and found wanting. They are looked upon as two small hosiers might be measured by the magnitude of Mr. Whiteley.

How far we have diverged, in these last days, from the ambition of Keats, who desired to live like those primitive Sicilian bards,

who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan?
O, give me their old vigour, and unheard
Save of the quiet primrose, and the span
Of Heaven and few ears . . . .
. . . . . . my song should die away
Content as theirs.
Rich in the simple worship of a day.

That is the last thing that our modern authors are expected to be content with. Yet sooner or later, unless literature is doomed to pass into a mechanism and disappear, the spirit that actuated the noble and poor masters of our language must be revived. It may safely be said that no great work in prose or verse was ever yet composed primarily for the purpose of making as much money as possible. The very spontaneity of the art would disappear in so gross a fume. Nor will those men and women who are led by the current gossip to "take up" literature as a trade, and to write novels, theology, or criticism, for the sake of competing successfully with the best-paid favourites of the hasty public, add anything at all to the riches of our language. The tendency of the moment is to reverse the natural order of things. The principle nowadays is not to write because we must, and then, if necessary, to sell the product, but to write for money mainly, and to get praise and pleasure, if possible, into the bargain. There should be a little modesty, one feels, in this pursuit of the guineas. It looks as though authors were such a hungry set that the mere jingle of gold intoxicated them. A measure of dignity must surely be aimed at, even by novelists, or we shall refuse to be interested in plots that are sold across the counter like cheese, or love-passages that are plainly ticketed as "very cheap at 3s. 11d." No one wants to return to the old hypocrisy about "obliging the town" or "publishing at the earnest request of friends." There need be no mock modesty about the processes of literary business. Manuscripts must be sold, agreements entered into,
and a proper care taken that the author does not let himself be defrauded. But these functions should be performed in private, not flaunted before the public. I no more desire to know what my neighbour the poet makes by his verses than I crave to see the account books of my other neighbour the lawyer. I am anxious that each of them should make the best of both worlds—the world of praise and the world of profit; but I am not listening at either wall to hear the clink of the money-bags. It is time that literary people should be requested to show the same decent reserve about their money matters which is shown by doctors and stockbrokers, and shopkeepers.

EDMUND GOSSE.

THE FARRAR-CASELL CASE.

(From the New York Tribune by permission of the author.)

London, October 13th.

The Farrar-Cassell correspondence has taken, as such correspondence is apt to, a wide range. The personal issue between the particular author and particular publisher gave place, after a while, to a general discussion of the relations that exist and of the other relations that ought to exist between these two interesting classes of the community. Various sorts of people have taken a hand in it, and their contributions fill altogether rather more than twelve columns of The Times. They would make a respectable volume; very amusing and instructive, too. If any American publisher likes to act on this hint he may do so without fear of copyright, or royalty, or any demand for payment from any author whomsoever; least of all from the author of the hint. But he should, I think, have the courage to reprint all, and not a part merely. Some of the letters, for example, may not seem to him, or to anybody, intrinsically valuable, but they are all so connected as to make one whole.

It might not be easy to say what the impression of the whole is on the general public. The Times itself is not a safe guide in such matters. In any controversy where the interests of trade are concerned, this very commercial journal is prone to take the trade side. It does so in this case. There is a plausible case, though not a real case, for Messrs. Cassell, and the great organ of the great nation of shopkeepers makes the most of it. Messrs. Cassell gave Archdeacon Farrar some thousands of dollars more than they were bound to give him; therefore they were generous to him; therefore he ought not to complain. Such is, in substance, the view of this journal; a view which ignores nearly everything that has been said from the other point of view, and takes no account of the fact that it was Messrs. Cassell, not the Archdeacon, who published the figures on one side only of the transaction, and on the strength of this one-sided statement appealed to the public to say whether they had not behaved equitably. The challenge to set forth the facts on the other side remains unanswered. We know what Messrs. Cassell paid Archdeacon Farrar for the "Life of Christ"; some $10,000 in all. We do not know, and they stubbornly refuse to tell, what their own profits were, and their silence leaves us nothing better than the conjecture of my last letter to go upon. They are supposed to have made at least a quarter of a million. Is it, then, an equitable transaction by which the author of a book makes $10,000, and the publisher $250,000?

Some of the letters printed during the last week are written by publishers; not the least interesting, by any means. It is well when the publisher unbooms himself, and states his claim nakedly. One of them thinks the notion that the division of profits in this case may have been inequitable an "impudent" notion. "The creation of the property was in a very large measure due to the publishers, and the author was paid all he asked, and, presumably, all he wanted." Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, whose view is less extreme than those of most of his colleagues, says: "If an author is to share profits with the publisher he must in equity be made a partner in the business, and then he shares losses also." This is one of those arguments which proves too much. Every author who is paid by a royalty is, in the sense Mr. Tuer means, a sharer in profits. He is paid in proportion to the sale of the book. But he does not share losses on other books. The partnership between him and the publisher, so far as it exists at all, is confined to the particular book of which he is the author. If Messrs. Cassell had agreed to pay Canon Farrar a fair royalty on every copy sold, his share of the profits might still have been much less than theirs, but it would have been a share of the profits.

Among the most cynical of these correspondents are a firm who sign themselves contentedly "West End Publishers." "It is believed," say these gentlemen, "that the 'Life of Christ' was judiciously advertised, and the work being made well known by that means in our opinion, made Archdeacon Farrar as an author." And they ask—the question is a favourite one with the letter-writing publisher: "Would the reverend gentleman have re-
A publisher asks a similar question: "If I paid an author $20,000 and lost $10,000 by the book, would he repay me the difference? If not, why should I share profits with him if I make $50,000?"

Such is the question, stripped of circumlocutions, and put, I hope, not less pointedly and not less strongly for the publisher than he puts it. Leaving the dispute between Messrs. Cassell and Farrar on one side, the question is one which a publisher is entitled to ask, though I do not imagine he will be satisfied with the answer. For the true answer can only be given by referring once more to the relations that have in times past existed, and to some extent do still exist, between the publisher and the author. It is, in fact, a question of circumstances. I can imagine a case in which I should answer yes to the first part of the question, and say the author ought to make good the publisher's loss. But such cases would be infrequent, for this reason. Nineteen times out of twenty the publisher is a man of business, and the author is not. A contract is entered into between two parties, one of whom knows all about the business side of it and the other knows nothing. The publisher draws the contract, fills it full of technical clauses designed to protect his own interest, each one of them or many of them covering a "custom of the trade" of which no warning is given the author. The publisher not only draws the contract for his own advantage, but interprets it by a code known to himself only. Nineteen times out of twenty such a contract, in which every right is safeguarded on one side and none on the other, is put before an author to take or to leave. It is perhaps the only transaction among all the millions of commercial transactions in which one party has everything to say, and the other nothing. If the author refuses to sign and goes elsewhere, he may or may not get better terms, but he will be in precisely the same position with reference to the one publisher as to the other. He must, as a rule, publish upon the terms of the trade or not at all.

Is it then probable that the publisher will have an equitable claim on the author outside of and beyond the terms of the contract which the publisher himself has framed in his own interest? Is it not, on the other hand, extremely probable that the author may have an equitable claim against the publisher?

That is one answer. There are others, but this is not a treatise on the general question, and I pass on. It will be time enough to produce the other answers when a sufficient reply has been offered to this first. I add only on this point that I make no accusation. I state what I believe to be facts. I assume that the publisher acts after his kind, and up to the standard of his profession. "Business men," writes another of these numerous correspondents, rather forcibly, "are largely colour-blind when any higher standard than that of their particular trade is concerned. Everything shady in their respective callings has its ready defence."

I will, however, instead of going on to another branch of the subject, as I meant to, and adding other testimony from other publishers, turn to a letter which illustrates what I have just been saying—a letter which I have read since I wrote the foregoing. The letter appeared in The Times of Monday, over or under, the curious signature "Ellbee and Eebee"; which perhaps might at a guess be read L. B. and E. B. Some seven years ago, say these writers, they issued as joint authors a book on terms which are known as "Agreement for publishing on commission." They do not name the publishers. They conveyed to them the right to act as publishers and wholesale vendors for Great Britain, the rest of Europe, and the United States. The authors were to bear all cost and risk; the publishers receiving a commission of 15 per cent. on net sales, and taking the risk of bad debts. They add: "This 15 per cent. was subject to the trade reduction of one-third from the published price (thirteen copies being considered as twelve), with an additional embargo on special sales, the number of which we had no power to check or control, at a reduced price. But we were still further charged the full retail, or, at any rate, the estimated price on all outlays, of printing, binding, advertisements, &c.—items on which it is not unreasonable to suppose the publishers received discount from the firms they employed."

This book thus published ran into six editions at $3 75 a copy. A popular edition was then issued at $1 25, for which the type was not reset, but two pages condensed into one by taking out the leads and omitting photographs. Eight editions were thus disposed of. It was a successful book.
How much do you suppose the share of the authors came to? They shall say.

"We were debited with a considerable sum, almost double the amount of the original deposit, and so sick were we of the whole transaction that we were glad to compromise it by surrendering all our rights—save the mark! The book is now in its twelfth edition—it may be even in a still more advanced issue."

Will some publisher who is fond of letter-writing tell us how much he supposes the publishers made out of this transaction? No comment on it or explanation of it has yet appeared, and I venture to predict that none will. Yet the publishers' story would be extremely interesting. Any paper would print it with alacrity. Or, if the firm with whom these unlucky authors dealt do not care for publicity, another publisher's view of the case would be welcome.

G. W. S.

"AMERICAN AUTHORS AND BRITISH PIRATES."

ATU QUOQUE retort is, in popular minds, considered as an excellent and most effective argument. And in fact it has its advantages, because, if it is true, it convicts the accuser of hypocrisy. With what face, for instance, can we charge the Americans with wholesale literary piracy, when they can round upon us with the statement that we are doing just exactly the same thing ourselves?

Everybody knows that we do practise literary piracy. But we have hitherto been under the comfortable delusion that it was only on a small scale, and in the case of small and unknown authors. Mr. Brander Mathews, in a pamphlet issued by the American Copyright League, for the first time enables us to realize the extent of the injury and loss inflicted upon American authors by British pirates. As the pamphlet will not probably be published here it will be well for us, before we bring our own charges of piracy, to illustrate the American case by the actual cases and figures ascertained by Mr. Brander Mathews. In November, 1874, Longfellow wrote to a lady in England, whose works had been republished in America without permission or compensation, "I have had twenty-two publishers in England and Scotland, and only four of them ever took the slightest notice of my existence, even so far as to send me a copy of the books."

Hawthorne has long been among the most popular novelists of the time. It would be difficult, now, to number all the British editions of Hawthorne.

Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes are also among the popular writers of the time. How have they been treated?

As everybody knows, there are a great many collection of books called "Series" in libraries. Mr. Brander Mathews examines some of these with the following results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. of books in the collection</th>
<th>No. of American books</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(1) Series A.</td>
<td>91</td>
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<tr>
<td>(2) &quot;      B.</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(3) &quot;      C.</td>
<td>not given</td>
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<tr>
<td>(4) &quot;      D.</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(5) &quot;      E.</td>
<td>not given</td>
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<tr>
<td>(6) &quot;      F.</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>(7) &quot;      G.</td>
<td>27</td>
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<tr>
<td>(8) &quot;      H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>(9) &quot;      I.</td>
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<tr>
<td>(10) &quot;     J.</td>
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<tr>
<td>(11) &quot;     K.</td>
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<tr>
<td>(12) &quot;     L.</td>
<td>52</td>
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</tbody>
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This is instructive. It is clear, to begin with, that we must give up using the word pirate in connection with either New York or London publishers. Henceforth we shall speak of books thus issued as published-by-permission-of-the-law.

Let us descend to special cases. The following are some of the little stories told by Mr. Brander Mathews concerning these publishers-by-permission-of-the-law.

First, they alter titles. Mr. Bret Harte's name is affixed to a work called "Tid Bits"; Mr. John Habberton is made to call a book of his "Rich Sells and Horrid Hoaxes"; Mr. J. G. Saxe writes "Fie, Fie, you Flirt"; and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is made to produce a book called "Yankee Ticklers"!

Mr. Noah Brooks's "Boy Emigrants" was produced in England by the "Religious, Publishing Society," which gave the author a trifling sum for a preface and nothing for the book. Here we are a little in doubt. There is no "Religious, Publishing Society" so called, though there are three or four religious societies which publish books. Which Society was it? Not the S.P.C.K. They would not give the author a trifling sum for the preface and nothing for the book. They would have given him the trifling sum for the preface and the book. They are nothing at all if they are not just and generous.

Of Mr. O. B. Bunce's ingenious little manual of manners "Don't," three editions were issued in
England. One of the publishers sent the author a five pound note. "Helen's Babies" was reprinted by nine houses here—the author received something from three of them.

Dr. Holland thought to protect his "Arthur Bonnicastle," by causing the number of Scribner's Monthly which contained the last part, to appear first in London. It was reprinted, however, with the last part altered and garbled.

On mutilation, indeed, which is even worse than piracy, Mr. Brander Mathews has a great deal to say.

Professor William Mathews, for instance, has written two popular and successful works. Both of these have been republished in this country, cut to pieces and garbled.

Mrs. Champney's tale, "The Bubbling Teapot," is actually printed here with the word "England" substituted for "America" all through.

Finally, to make an end, Mr. Brander Mathews states that his own book, "Common Sense about Women," published in 1881 at Boston, was reprinted here with a whole third part bodily cut out!

Now Mr. Brander Mathews frankly and readily admits that the wrongs of English authors in America are and have been very great. But it is clear that Americans have also suffered much. He acknowledges that far greater protection is afforded by English than by American law. But before our hands are quite clean, before we can raise the cry of pirate with clear conscience, we must purge ourselves of our own piracy. "What we desire," says Mr. Mathews, "from Great Britain, is the enactment of a law which will give full copyright to every American book exactly as if its author were a British subject." Exactly. This is what we must do as soon as we can. Not retaliation in wrong-doing—but an example in right—is most likely to bring about the understanding we all desire.

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**THE GERMAN ASSOCIATION OF AUTHORS.**

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**MEETING AT BRESLAU, AUGUST, 1890.**

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**Saturday, 16th August.**

3 P.M. Meeting of the General Management at Gebauer's Hotel, 13, Tauenzienplatz.

8 P.M. Reception of the Members and Guests by the Management of the Second District Society, and by the representatives of the public authorities at the Breslau Concert House, 16, Gartenstrasse.

To conclude with an entertainment, at 10.30, provided by the "Breslauer Dichterschule" Club.

**Sunday, 17th August.**

8 A.M. Visit to the Breslau Town Hall, conducted by Mr. Maximilian Schlesinger.

9.30 A.M. Meeting of the Association in the small saloon of the Concert House.

**PROGRAMME FOR THE DAY.**


4. Election of two Auditors for the year 1890.

5. Resignation and fresh election of three members of the General Management.

6. Fresh election of the Syndicate's Committee of Experts.

7. Motion of Dr. Robert Keil:

"That the General Meeting be pleased to resolve: taking into consideration that the regulation of Copyright in the German Empire is always becoming more necessary; taking into consideration also, that the petition sent to the Chancellor a year and a half ago, in accordance with the Munich resolution, has up to the present not proved successful; taking into consideration further, that the resolution arrived at on the 4th May of this year upon the proposal of Mr. Robert Voigtländer has chiefly in view the interest of the book trade, and does not satisfy the well-grounded wish of the German Association of Authors, as the authoritative representative of German literati, to be included in the Committee in question; taking into consideration finally, that the German Association of Authors, according to paragraph 1 of their Statutes, has as its object the protection and furtherance of the interests of the profession of its members:

(a) That a Committee consisting of six members be elected from the German Association of Authors, who, with the assistance of the Syndic of the Association, as a qualified voting member, shall prepare a draft of German copyright.

(b) That the Committee be allowed to add to their number, by their own selection, from among the members of the German Association of Authors.

(c) That the travelling expenses and other disbursements of the members of the Committee be paid out of the funds of the Association.

"
(d) That the draft when prepared be published by the Committee in the *Deutsche Presse*, and be submitted for discussion.

(e) That the same be submitted to the General Meeting of the Association in the year 1891, for possible alterations and final approval.

(f) That, after such approval, it be forwarded by the Committee of Management to the Office of the Imperial Chancellor, with the request that, upon the codification of the German Copyright, the said draft may be favourably considered.


9. Report by Dr. Moritz Brasch as to a general lottery in aid of the German Association of Authors' Provident Fund for the Aged.

10. Proposal by Dr. Bienemann and Dr. Hans Blum.

"That the General Meeting be pleased to resolve further:—

"I. That a Committee of five members be elected to examine the Statutes of the Association, in order to thoroughly and minutely investigate the following provisions—

"(a) The acquisition and loss of membership.

"(b) The privileges and duties of the Management and its members, of the Executive Committee, and of the General Meeting.

"(c) The privileges and duties of the District Societies and their respective Committees.

"(d) The sphere of activity and the duties of the Literary Bureau and that for controlling pirated editions; as also of the Syndicate, and of the Court of Arbitration.

"II. That the Chairman of this examining and editing Committee be not a member of the Executive Committee. In other respects, the Committee to be free to elect its Chairman from among its members, by means of voting papers, by an absolute majority of votes, which may also be effected by letter. The preparation and conduct of the election to be entrusted to the oldest member or to the one whose name stands first in alphabetical order at the General Meeting, or soon after the close of the same.

"That the elected Chairman appoint the time and place of the deliberations of the Committee. The members of the Committee not residing at the locality where the meeting is held, to receive their travelling and daily expenses out of the general funds of the Association, in the proportion mentioned at paragraph 21 of the Statutes.

"III. That the proposals for changes accepted by this Committee, as well as the views of the minority, should the proposers consider them of sufficient importance, be published by the Chairman in the organ of the Association, and be soon afterwards laid for acceptance before an Extraordinary General Meeting, or, in the case of a protracted termination of the business of the Committee, before the next Ordinary General Meeting."

Breakfast and dinner, *à la carte*, served in the Concert House during the pause in the proceedings.

6 P.M.—Festival of the Town of Breslau, at Liebichshöhe.

*Monday, 18th August.*

9 a.m.—Meeting of the Association.

**Programme for the Day.**

1. Notice of the allotment of offices among the members of the General Management for the ensuing year.

2. Reports of the District Societies as to their activity during the past year.


"That paragraph 7 of the Statutes, so far as it refers to No. 3, be supplemented as follows: in the case at 3 on decision of the District Management. Against this decision, which is only to be taken after hearing the accused, and, in order to be valid, requires a majority of two-thirds of the voters and to be communicated to the General Management with a statement of the reasons, the accused is at liberty within seven days to deposit in writing with the District Management an appeal to the General Management, which is bound to allow the accused, who may be represented by counsel, a verbal or written defence. The Chairman of the District Management is excluded from participation in this decision of second existence. It is necessary that there should be a majority of two-thirds of the voters to confirm the decision of the District Management. Only after the lapse of the period allowed for appeal, and in case of appeal, only after issue of the confirmation to the District Management and to the accused, can the latter be ejected. No appeal to the law against the decisions of the Association can be entertained. Should a member of a District Society have offended against paragraph 7, 3, the matter is to be transferred from the Chairman of the General Management to the Chairman of another District Society for treatment and decision in the first instance."
4. Proposal of the Eighth District Society, represented by Dr. K. von Thaler:—

"(a) That the following resolution be added to paragraph 5 of the Statutes of the Association, 'The third part of the contributions of members to be retained for the District Societies.'

"(b) That paragraph 21 of the Statutes be altered as follows: 'The members of the Executive Committee, as also the remainder of the members of the General Management, perform their functions in a honorary capacity and gratuitously; nevertheless those members of the Executive Committee who take part in the General Yearly Meetings, are indemnified for their travelling expenses, at second class railway fare, along with a daily allowance of fifteen marks.'

5. Proposals of the Second District Society, represented by Mr. Maximilian Schlesinger:—

"(a) That to paragraph 33, section 1, of the Statutes the following resolution be added: 'The Aid Fund out of its resources renders assistance towards the support of members, who, through no fault of their own, find themselves in straightened circumstances; and especially to those who, in consequence of illness or bodily infirmities, have become unfitted for their avocations.'

"(b) That the highest amount be fixed which the District Societies may go in rendering aid independently. (Paragraph 34, 3).

6. That the apportionment be fixed which is to be granted (under paragraph 29, 3) to the District Societies out of the proceeds from theatrical performances, concerts, lectures, &c., given on behalf of the Association.

7. Proposals of the First District Society as regards the organ of the Association, the Deutsche Presse, represented by Dr. A. von Hanstein.

"(a) That the organ of the Association, the Deutsche Presse, introduce for the future amongst its articles only those which have relation to the social and ethical circumstances connected with German literature and the German literary world; all other belle lettristic matter, such as novels, &c., to be excluded. The newspaper to be viewed as an organ for the furtherance of the interests of the Association, as an official medium of correspondence for the authorities of the Association, and as a journal devoted specially to the social and ethical efforts at reform espoused by the German Association of Authors.

(b) That the Association undertake the publication and sale of the organ of the Association.

(c) That the organ of the Association, the Deutsche Presse, be forwarded gratuitously and free of postage to the members, in consideration of an adequate increase in the amount of the yearly subscription.

Amendment by Dr. J. Rühl:— "That the organ of the Association be delivered free of charge to each member by augmenting the amount of the quarterly subscription by the additional sum of 50 pfennigs."

8. Proposals by Mr. Ernst Lunge.

"A. I. That the German Association of Authors may resolve to appoint an Enquête (Commission of Enquiry) upon the business relations of German journalism, especially as to the

"(a) Conditions of engagement and of salary of editors.

"(b) Mode of payment, and tariff for assistants.

"(c) Business usages in the treatment of forwarded manuscripts.

"II. That the results of the said Enquête be brought under the notice of the members in a suitable form.

"III. That proper steps be taken to arrange for a uniform system in business relations as regards assistants and editors, or at least to insure this mode of treatment with members of the German Association of Authors.

"IV. That the Executive Committee or a Special Commission be instructed to see that the resolutions of the Enquête be carried out.

"B. I. That the German Association of Authors resolve to establish a central station for the distribution of (actual) news, specially for reports on festivities, noteworthy events, &c., which news would be afterwards spread by correspondence.

"II. That the German Association of Authors take into consideration the erection of a telegraphic central station according to the pattern of the American 'Press Association.'"

9. Proposals as to the time and place of the next General Meeting.

5 P.M.—Social Dinner in the Saloon of the Wine Tavern of Chr. Hansen, 16, 18, Schweidnitzerstrasse.

7.30 P.M.—Gala performance in the Lobetheatre (Silesian historical comedy, for this evening.) After the performance a convivial meeting at the Löwenbräu, 36, Schweidnitzerstrasse.

Tuesday, 19th August.

Excursion to Fürstenstein.—Departure at 8 A.M. from the Freiburger Railway Station (Berlinerplatz)
by special train to Sorgau. From thence at 9.45 a.m. by carriage drive to Fürstenstein. Ramble through the grounds of Fürstenstein to the old Castle. At 11 a.m. a social breakfast in the Castle ruins. At 2 p.m. carriage drive to the Baths of Salzbounn. Social dinner in the Kursaal. Coffee in the gardens. At 8.30 p.m. return to Sorgau and arrival at Breslau at 11 p.m.

For those members who desire to visit the Riesengeberge, the County of Glatz, Adersbach, Weckelsdorf, and other parts of the Sudeten, it may be mentioned that the junction with the Gebirgsbahn at Sorgau must be made at 8.30 a.m.

Those who participate in the meetings each have to pay three marks in order to defray expenses. The charge for the Gala Dinner on Monday, 18th August, will be four marks each person. Those who join in the excursion to Fürstenstein must pay eight marks, which includes railway fares and cost of carriage drives, breakfast, and dinner.

It is requested that all communications be addressed to Mr. F. G. A. Weiss, Chairman of the Breslau District Society, 6, Kleine Fürstenstrasse, before the 12th August. The Reception Bureau will after the 15th August be at Gebauer's Hotel, 13, Tauenzienplatz, where members of the Association may obtain rooms at reduced prices. In fact, lodgings are amply provided for by the Reception Committee.

Considering the exceptional importance of the matters to be discussed, we earnestly request the members to participate personally in the General Meeting of the Association at Breslau. We submit a form of proxy to be filled up by those who are unable to attend; as according to paragraph 26 of the Statutes, the vote may be transferred to other members; we may mention, however, that no member is allowed to represent more than ten votes.

With the compliments of the Executive Committee.

ROBERT SCHWEICHEL.

Berlin, 12th July, 1890.

AUTHORIZATION.

I hereby authorize, in accordance with paragraph 26 of the Statutes of the German Association of Authors ................. to represent me at the deliberations and voting of the General Meeting at Breslau on the 17th and 18th August, 1890.

Place and date.  
Signature.

INTERNATIONAL LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CONGRESS.

THE Congress met on Saturday, October 4th, at 3 o’clock, being received by the Lord Mayor and a Reception Committee.

As already stated it was unfortunately impossible for the Society to be officially represented at the Congress, and not a single English man of letters was present at the Congress.

On Monday the 6th, a report by M. Eugène Pouillet on the "Convention of Berne" was presented to the Congress. It stated that, thanks to the initiative of the association, an international conference met privately at Berne in 1883, drew up a scheme for a convention which seemed likely to serve as a basis for official negotiations, and asked the Swiss Government to present it at an opportune moment to other Governments. Switzerland gave her consent, and, having been assured of the favourable inclination of a certain number of States to the project, convened a conference, this time official, at Berne in 1884. It was from that conference and the discussions to which it gave rise that the convention had sprung. The object pursued by the "Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale," and already accomplished in some measure by the convention, was the protection of the rights of authors in all civilized countries, the passing of laws which would assure to the author the profits of his work and defend him against those who enriched themselves at his expense. Such an object could not be effected in a day, but only step by step. Intellectual needs were not the same among all nations; the degrees of literary progress were not everywhere alike. The convention of Berne did something to fulfil this aspiration. It created a minimum of unification among a few countries. Nevertheless, it was of its essence to be revised from time to time, and in order to bring about such a revision the association organized a new congress every year. In regard to the question of translation, a point of some difficulty, the convention had made a step in advance by fixing at ten years from the time of the publication the right of the author to prevent unauthorized translations of his work. In 1884, the Swiss Government went further, since it proposed that at the end of ten years the author, if he had himself published a translation of his work, should be invested with the exclusive right of translation during the whole period to which his right over the original extended. This proposal seemed to be logical, but was thought too sweeping to be adopted. It was to be hoped that at the next revision of the convention the idea would be found to have made headway, and
THE AUTHOR.

would be taken up by all the countries which had signed the instrument. Translation was to literary work what engraving was to painting; it merely gave sufficient expression to the same thought. M. Pouillet asked the Congress to pass, as before, the following resolution:— "Translation is only a mode of reproduction; the right of reproduction which constitutes literary property, includes of necessity the exclusive right of translation."

At the second meeting of the Congress, a report on copyright in the United States was read. It stated that the Association heard with deep regret of the issue of the discussion raised in the House of Representatives on the Copyright Bill. 126 members opposed a third reading, 98 were favourable to it, and 103 abstained from voting. As Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, proudly pointed out, 13 Bills of a similar character had already been introduced with the same result— namely, the positive rejection of any measure designed to extend protection to non-American authors. The views endorsed by the definitive vote were not of a nature, despite the hopes entertained in Europe, to indicate any progress, however slight, in the tendencies of the American Parliament; indeed, some of the arguments employed tended rather to make the situation worse. It was not merely the modus vivendi proposed that had been the object of violent attack, but the principle of intellectual property itself. To all impartial observers it was evident that the debate was governed by considerations quite foreign to that principle. The opposition was determined by two particular motives— the first, irreconcilable antagonism towards England, a country directly interested in the vote, and the second an intestine struggle between the east and west of America. The most rancorous opponents of the proposed reform belonged to regions the least given to reading and study, countries purely industrial, where writers and publishers were seldom to be found. In the constituencies of these representatives, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, and Texas, intellectual rights were not tangible and real things. The people disregarded alike the security and dignity of authors, whom they treated as speculators and monopolisers. On the other hand, authors might be proud of having been defended by the representatives of States which constituted the intellectual elect of the country. New York, New Jersey, Boston, and Philadelphia had contended for right and justice, and it was to them that the Association would owe a crowning victory. It would be of interest to glance briefly at the arguments advanced by the opponents of the law. The notion that an idea once put forth belonged to the whole world had long since been exploded. Mr. Hopkins, however, had not feared to take up the most untenable positions. According to him, authors created nothing, but simply gave form to elements with which their predecessors had provided them. They found their ideas in books, and merely put them in circulation again. This was equivalent to saying that a man could not create his house, since he took his material for it from the earth. Mr. Hopkins added that a writer worthy of the name would not work for money. He had to be thanked for that proof of esteem, but at the same time it must be pointed out that even the best of writers had a right to live by his work, like every other human being. Mr. Hopkins did not seem to think that in refusing to an author the right of remuneration he was closing the door of a literary career to every one without fortune and without patrimony. It was the doctrine of silencing the poor in all its cruelty. Another argument was that the interest of an author was opposed to the general interest, as the remuneration which he claimed would tend to increase the price of books. Mr. Payson, of Illinois, desired that even American writers should not be protected. An author, it was said, "ought to be a devotee, an apostle who sacrificed himself to the pleasure of the greatest number. The public owed him nothing. He was free not to write. If he did write, the delight of expounding his thoughts to millions of readers should appear to him a sufficient recompense for his labours." Mr. Hopkins and his friends said that if they admitted a right in the American writer to protection it did not follow that they should do the same in regard to the foreigner. "What is there in common between us and other countries?" Mr. Parson asked; "they take interest in us only because we are a source of profit to them." The antipathy against England was here shown in the clearest light. It was England and England alone that would profit by the law. Why should America favour the publishers of the land of feudalism? As to the authors, what good was it to speak of them? They made money at home. America owed them nothing. The Copyright Bill had no other object than to open to foreigners the vast market of the American reading public, and that without exacting any reciprocity on the part of other countries." One speaker added that in order to ensure protection to a foreign author in England it was necessary that he should live there and take an oath of allegiance to the Queen, and no one had replied to such fantastic statements. Americans knew that in most countries of Europe their rights were protected even now. In France, among other countries, was not the principle of protection, even without reciprocity, embodied in the law? To speak only of England, what connection was there
between a registration at Stationers’ Hall and an oath of allegiance to the Queen? Had not England always offered a treaty to the United States, and had the Association lost the recollection of a project submitted for its consideration in 1881 by the Board of Trade—a project which established the principle of reciprocity between the two countries? Let the United States enter the Convention of Berne, and they would at once have a proof that no condition of a nature to wound their sentiments of American loyalty would be imposed upon them. The American people were great readers, there being scarcely a farm or cabin, even in the remotest places in the Rocky Mountains, where a book or magazine was not to be found. Owing to the present system the works of European writers had been published at too cheap a rate. What cost 50s. in England, cost 15s. or 10s. in the United States. General Gordon’s “Journal,” worth in London 21s., was sold at Chicago for a dollar and a half. The protection of the author’s right, it was maintained, would lead to a formidable increase in the price of books. It was singular that in a country which piqued itself upon being eminently practical, the representatives of the people in Parliament seemed to be so ill provided with trustworthy documents bearing on the questions which they discussed, for a man having any knowledge of what was going on in Europe might easily refute that argument. To leave England for a moment out of the question— the price of books there, on account of special circumstances, such as circulating libraries, being high—in France, in Spain, and in Germany the extreme of cheapness had been reached. Where was the right of authors more respected than in those countries? Could the Americans cite a single work for which the author’s right had not been paid in some form or another? And yet, with the exception of some éditions de grand luxe, the average price was 2½£, two marks, or two pesetas and a half. There had been published a number of “libraries” at 1£ the volume. The masterpieces of contemporary authors were even republished by Marpon at 60c. the volume. Was it supposed in America that the rights of the author were not paid on all these works? Did not Tauchnitz pay English authors for permission to bring out cheap editions of their works? As a matter of fact, were not contracts daily entered into between the publishers of London, Leipsic, and Madrid with European authors? This was a proof that respect for the author’s right was in no way incompatible with low prices. In regard to the special relations between the United States and England, it was to be observed that the payment to English authors would not be increased by the cost of translation, inasmuch as the languages were the same. Belgium arranged with French authors for the reproduction of their works on better conditions than Germany and England. The requirements of the author were not such that the increase of price would appear formidable. The average rate could be fixed at 10 per cent. on the price marked. As a consequence, the book brought out in America for half-a-dollar—that was, about 25s., or 2½£—would go up to 2½£.—an insignificant increase when it was considered that in return for it a great and admirable country would be in the paths of probity. Should such a sacrifice be thought impossible? Let the United States declare themselves ready to accept these conditions, and they would have the signature of every man who used a pen.

CURIOUS CASE.

VI.

This case was only prevented from turning out a hard one by the agreeable readiness on the part of the publishers to see with the author’s eyes.

The question at issue was a very curious one, and one which might often crop up in badly worded agreements. It was this: if a publisher has covenanted to pay an author a certain sum on a certain number of sales of his book, the book being originally issued at a certain price, can he raise the price of the book legally, no mention of the price being made in the agreement and the copyright being his? In other words, having in the first instance covenanted to pay a larger royalty, can he at his discretion pay a smaller royalty?

This is the case.

An author delivered a course of lectures on a technical subject, and their favourable reception prompted him to issue them in book form. He received a promise of two hundred subscribers for the book at five shillings each, and armed with this guarantee against total loss he issued the book with the best publishers he could have found for such a subject.

He drew up a contract of which the following is the abstract:

a. The publishers shall print and publish the book at their own risk.

b. The author shall receive from them five pounds for every fifty pages of MSS. he supplies; twenty-five pounds, when the first five hundred
The publishers shall keep accurate accounts, accessible to the author or his accredited agent.

The publisher shall have the copyright.

We have here an admirable agreement in its first three clauses. The idea of the sliding scale royalty—the most equitable method of publishing if well carried out—and the demand that both parties should have access to the accounts of their joint venture, are both most sensible.

But the author forgot to mention the price at which his work was to be issued, and he assigned his copyright unreservedly to the publishers. Nothing short of an absolute breach of the agreement could ever regain for him any power over or discretion in the management of the book he had written.

There was an understanding that the book should be issued at five shillings. Under this agreement, therefore, the author proposes to receive a small sum down proportionate to the length of his work, and a royalty of 20 per cent. on the first thousand copies, and of 28 per cent. on subsequent editions, the royalty being, as usual, calculated on the nominal or published price. That a nominal price of five shillings was throughout in the minds of both parties, when the agreement was made, is proved practically by the fact that the author brought with him to the publisher two hundred subscribers at that sum, after which the agreement was drawn by the author himself.

In time two thousand copies were sold.

The publishers then applied for a reduction of the royalties, stating that the book would not bear such large payments to the author. This statement they demonstrated by submitting the accounts. Now certainly a very large sale must be effected before a book will bear a royalty of 28 per cent., when it is issued at the publisher's expense.

If the sale of the book can be calculated by tens of thousands, such payments can be easily made to the author, but here we have a book whose sales attained only to two thousand copies in two years, although it was an extremely successful book, and has run into two new editions since. It is easy to see that the author had much the best of the bargain, although the publisher was not actually at a loss.

The author offered to accept a royalty of 20 per cent. throughout, i.e., he was willing to accept 1s. per copy for every copy sold. The publishers wished to reduce his share to 9d. per copy. To this demand the author refused to accede. When the third edition appeared, it was issued at a nominal price of 7s. 6d. It will be seen at once that this change reduced the author's royalty at a stroke from the 28 per cent. designed in the agreement, to under 20 per cent.

Was the publisher's action legal?

The agreement enacted that 35 should be paid for every 500 copies sold over the first 1,000. That is all, and that was done. The agreement said nothing whatever about the price at which these copies were to be sold—a most foolish omission. But there is distinct evidence that the agreement was drawn upon the mutually understood basis of a nominal price of 5s. for each copy. Did therefore the raising of the price to 7s. 6d. constitute a breach of agreement, under which the author could regain possession of his copyright, and make other arrangements for publication?

We were advised that such a view was tenable. The publishers, also advised, did not share this view, but expressed themselves willing to enter into a new contract, whereby the royalty paid to the author should be always 20 per cent. of the nominal price of the work, whatever that price might be, and an agreement was duly signed upon those lines.

To us it seems that it is a most instructive case. We have often been told, and have often read, (this is when we are being called grasping), that no case is on record where an author has foregone any advantages he may have obtained over a publisher, and are requested to remember that publishers have done this thing scores of times for authors. Here is an author, who seeing that his book would not bear a royalty of 28 per cent., voluntarily consented to its being lowered.

We have been assured that no publisher who respected himself would allow his books to be inspected by an author or an author’s agent. (This is when we are being called meddlesome.) Here is a publisher—and there are many such—who inserts a clause giving this right in his agreement.

Once again a badly worded agreement has brought trouble. Once again an unreserved assignment of the copyright to the publisher has made the trouble acuter.

It is very gratifying that the case has been brought to an amicable termination.

* Compare table in The Author, No. 2—a leaflet entitled “Royalties”—and “Methods of Publishing,” p. 68.
THE AMERICAN TONGUE.

THE New York Herald has sent, through its London correspondent, a circular asking a few questions. He proposes to write an article on "American English," and desires to incorporate in it the views of English men of letters. The questions are as follows:—

1. Whether you think that the English language has suffered in its purity and elegance by transplantation to American soil?

2. Whether you regard the "Yankee twang" and "Yankee slang" as unfortunate linguistic developments?

3. Whether you think that the best classes of American men and women speak with less refinement than corresponding classes in England?

I lay these questions before the readers of The Author. They may perhaps be inclined to answer them. The address of the New York Herald is 110, Strand, W.C.

The development of the language on the other side of the Atlantic for nearly three hundred years for the most part with no influence at all of one country upon the other, that is to say, upon the language of the common people, requires a philologist to investigate and to describe. For a hundred and fifty years, that is to say, from the beginning of the last century to the middle of this, there was hardly any emigration from this country; very few Americans ever came here, very few Englishmen ever went to America. After the War of Independence, the Americans simply hated England—one can never understand why—we need only read Hawthorne, Thoreau, and other writers of fifty years ago to understand the unreasoning and childish hatred then nourished towards the mother country, a feeling never in the least degree felt by ourselves. By reason of this long separation, this hostility, this absence of intercourse, and the lack of any American literature worth bringing over, changes in the language of the Americans produced no effect whatever on this country, while the bulk of their people, being illiterate, were not influenced by our literature. Now that our people read American books by the million, our common speech has become greatly influenced by theirs. It is from them, for instance, that we learned to use the substantive for the adjective—as, a monster balloon for a large balloon. We have learned most of our exaggerations from them; we have received a great quantity of new words which are certainly no improvement on the old—as "boss, loafer, boom, corner," and a thousand others. We have caught from them that trick of irreverence which runs through the whole of American literature. I cannot say, for my own part, that I think the language has been improved across the Atlantic.

As regards the second question, the "Yankee twang" is a mere accident, to be explained I know not how. The Americans remark our English twang or brogue, or manner of speech. Formerly, every county had its brogue. The Cockney twang which says "laidy" for "lady," "whoy" for "why," is the Essex brogue.

As for the third question, I am convinced that cultivated people in the States talk better than those of the same class here. The reason is that they think more about their manner of speech. This is natural in a country where manners alone prove the cultivation and refinement which are here taken for granted when one stands on a certain social level. For the same reason their manners seem to me in one sense better, because they think more of manners, yet they are self-conscious, simply because they do think of manners, while English people who have been well-bred from infancy, wear their manners unconsciously as they wear themselves.

W. B.

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY.

The English writer whose letter to the Daily Graphic provoked the interesting discussion on an English Academy of Letters, has been so long in Paris admiring French institutions, that he has had no time to read our contemporary literature, of which he seems, like Mr. Frederic Harrison, to hold a very poor opinion. The question was discussed by Matthew Arnold in his first series of "Essays in Criticism," and the Pall Mall Gazette, in February, 1887, gave a list of forty names elected by the popular vote, to form an English equivalent to the French Academy.

The Daily Graphic has already printed the opinions of several eminent writers on the subject. Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Swinburne have objected to the scheme, and other daily papers have been occupied in misunderstanding Mr. Besant. They say he has been clamouring for an academy. If his letter on Friday, October 24th, be referred to, it will be found that Mr. Besant only pointed out what the advantages of an academy might be as compared with the disadvantages. He did not say that he wished for an academy on the French lines, consisting of forty immortals, who were to be regarded as the only
representatives of English writers, all entitled to tombs in the Abbey, and statues in Trafalgar Square. He sketched out what he considered to be the functions of an English academy, and he rather invited the opinions of others than dogmatised on the subject. Mr. Leslie Stephen was among the first to respond, and his name carries weight on any subject connected with English letters. He dreads the formation of cliques, the canvassing that would inevitably come about, nepotism, and the creation of a State convention inimical to new theories. He only sees in an academy a society of greybeards, who resent originality and look with suspicion on a coming author.

A letter, signed by Mr. Whibley, shows the absurdity of pointing to the Royal Academy of Arts as a model. “The English writer” is again shown to be entirely ignorant of current opinions in England, when he talks of Burlington House “as an inducement to do good work, not merely saleable work, but epoch-making, with the gloriole of the National Gallery, of which I presume the Royal Academy is an almost certain ante-chamber.” Imagine our National Gallery, now one of the finest collections in Europe, choked in future with works of art now exhibited annually at Burlington House. The Academy of Arts is a terrible warning rather than an inducement to found an Academy of Letters. As Mr. Whibley says, it has resolutely set its face against new methods and new schools. Our younger painters of any eminence go to Paris now to study in the ateliers of the leading French masters.

Mr. Andrew Lang admits that the technique of our language might be improved, but at the expense of its idiosyncrasies, its individuality, its peculiar genius. Now it is the want of technical excellence, not only in our art, but in our literature, that the French are always throwing in our faces, assisted by a chorus of Philo-Gallic Britons. Mr. Arnold called this national want a lack of intelligence, quick and flexible.

Mr. Lang seems to think that professional jealousies, intrigue, and personal enmity would be the natural result of an academy, and those unhappy differences between authors, now, alas! too common, would only be aggravated.

This is a very pessimistic view. One would hope that those national virtues of which Mr. Lang is so sincere an admirer would overbalance any such evil passions latent, as he would have us believe, in our philosophers, authors, and historians. And Mr. Swinburne animadverts rather on the sins of the French Academy than any possible crimes or virtues of the unborn English society. He says, with great truth, “The mere fact that the names of Honoré de Balzac and Dumas do not appear on the academic register of contemporary distinction, is enough to dispose of its claims to our notice as a literary institution,” and writing in 1867 he said, “Does it include one of high and fine genius besides Mérimée?”

M. Coppée does not take his own academy very seriously, but his remarks are of the greatest importance. According to his view it has not influenced a single writer either for good or bad, but it has supplied writers with the words they may use without incurring the reproach of using slang, and that in England an Academy would dignify the profession of letters.

M. Coppée has crystallized in a few sentences most of the arguments that can be said in favour of an academy.

Slang, whether it be the slang of the Sporting Times, of the art critic, or the reviewer, always encourages poverty of language and expression.

All the correspondents have concurred with Matthew Arnold that the technique of our language requires a guide; that genius requires a rein to direct it; but gentlemen who may be regarded as literary experts condemn the formation of an academy on the French principles.

But—and here is another proposition—how if we were to form an academy, not consisting of our great creative or imaginative writers such as poets, novelists, essayists, or historians, but of those who are universally considered authorities on the technique of language, criticism, and style, men like Mr. Leslie Stephen, Professor Max Müller, Professor Skeat, Professor Seeley, and Mr. Saintsbury? It would avoid those jealousies so feared by Mr. Lang and Mr. Leslie Stephen, and the exclusion of great names in imaginative literature, as Mr. Swinburne anticipates. We should not have people writing and saying “A is a greater novelist than B; C is a much greater poet than D. Of course academies always encouraged mediocrity; there has been some jobbery and chicanery somewhere. B and D to our personal knowledge canvassed and squarred the Electing Committee.” No, this academy would be an association of scholars and philologists; its members would be, if I may use such a term, the “nurses” of the language. They would encourage the science of letters and proficiency in expression; they would encourage that intelligence Mr. Arnold extolled. Scholars are not made in a day; it would not be in obedience to a popular opinion that they elected a new member. They could not aggravate the populace by rejecting a coming author whose book had lately taken the town by storm, whom they believed would remain—promising.

Admission to its ranks would not be a certificate
of immortality, but a certificate of scholarly proficiency.

We might not agree with its conclusions, but it would teach us how to arrive at conclusions instead of jumping at them—the methods of criticism, construction, and grammar.

If there had been an academy of the preconceived type, would Martin Tupper have died a member? If he had escaped election how much abuse would have been heaped "on the old-fashioned conventional fogies who did not know what real poetry was." If it had taken him to its bosom, others more discriminating would have said, "How very premature! our academy is truckling to the vox populi." Such are some of the dangers of an academy founded on the prevailing notions of such an institution. Mr. Besant suggests other functions as the duty of an English academy, but these seem to belong rather to a body like the Incorporated Society of Authors, as Mr. Whibley pointed out.

Another point M. Coppée referred to, namely, the Dignity of the Profession of Letters. In France, he said, the author is considered in a way he is not in England. Complaints on this score are often made. The Bar, the Church, and Medicine are a kind of passport to a social standing. Why should not the Arts and Letters be a similar "open sesame." An English academy, M. Coppée thinks, would have the requisite effect. No doubt, but it would create at once an aristocracy in the world of letters which in England at any rate has up to now been a Republic. It opens up, however, new paths for discussion divorced from the immediate question, "Shall we have an English Academy of Letters?"

R.

AN ENCOURAGING EXPERIENCE.

I.

A. B. entered into an agreement with a firm who proposed to publish his book on the half profit system "for the first edition." What was meant by that does not appear. Two years later, no accounts having been sent in, A. B. found that a new edition had been issued, without his consent or advice being asked. The publishers then sent in their accounts. They stated the cost of production, including a sum of £17 for illustrations and £10 for advertising, as £110. This did not include stereotyping, and there was a very small sum for corrections. Of course every item of this bill, which seems monstrous on the face of it, should have been examined and audited. They had sold the whole edition, producing £80. There was therefore a loss of £30. They offered to take over the loss and to buy out the book for £10. This was done, and the book still lives and is in its twentieth edition.

Moral.—The author should not have accepted the account without an audit.

II.

The same author was so unfortunate as to fall a victim to the payment-in-advance dodge. He paid £45 down, and was to have two-thirds of the proceeds. Some time afterwards he received £8. He then suggested that it would be as well to spend something in advertising it. The publishers did so—at the author's expense—and charged him with £36 on this account. This, together with a bill for £16 for copies taken by the author, made up a very pretty account. Thus:

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Loss of author by the transaction, £77 7s. 6d.

Moral.—The only protection which can be afforded to writers who fall into such a trap is the publication of the figures as above. If they will not deter the unwary nothing will.
THE AUTHOR.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

By Way of Precaution.

The following is from the Nation (New York), of October 2nd, 1890:

"Two Lost Centuries of Britain," namely, the period immediately following the departure of the Romans, is the title of a historical study by William H. Babcock, which J. B. Lippincott Company will shortly issue.

I do not know what views and opinions Mr. Babcock has formed and is about to publish. But it so happens that I have been myself engaged in an attempt to restore the lost history of London during these two centuries. There is only one set of documents open to those who investigate this subject, and in case my own opinions should also be those of Mr. Babcock, I place on record that my paper was handed to the type-writer on Monday, October 20th, and has been posted to the Editor of Harper's Magazine, before I have had any opportunity of seeing Mr. Babcock's paper.

WALTER BESANT.

Hampstead, October, 1890.

On Accepted Papers.

Will you tell me why writers have to give almost unlimited time to the editors of magazines for the publication (and payment) of accepted articles? To cite from many similar instances. In 1885 a story of mine was— with warm encomium— accepted for a magazine "payment on publication." That story only appeared in 1889— rather long credit!

In 1889, also with approval, another story was accepted for the same serial, and I presume I may look for it in print at some distant period. When this happens in all quarters, though perhaps not such aggravated cases of delay as in the case of the serial I mean, how are writers who are not millionaires to get on financially? Why are not short articles met with ready money payments, and then if the editor chooses to reserve them months or years, no one is inconvenienced.

This is done in America, but, so far as I have experienced, not in England, although such short papers are looked on in the light of "pot-boilers."

S.

THE COLONIAL CUSTOM HOUSE.

"I have read the article in the September issue of the Authors' Society, entitled 'English Authors and the Colonial Book Market.'

"All the correspondents quoted in the article assume (with you) that Custom House officers have both the power and the duty to seize books printed abroad, in which there exists a copyright. I believe they have no such right. They are officers paid a salary exclusively to see that all dutiable goods pay their duty. There is no duty on books, and a Custom House officer seizing books would do so at the risk of an action to which I can see no defence.

"How many Custom House officers know of what books a copyright exists?

"I have been referring to the law as in England, and I assume that Colonial Custom House officers have the same power only as here."

"C. A. G."

THE DISTRIBUTION AND DISPLAY OF BOOKS.

How important this subject is, and how singular are the ideas of the distributors upon it were forced on my notice.

Some years ago, on the occasion of the death in distressed circumstances of Richard Jefferies, the
charming, and in common repute, successful writer, public attention had been widely drawn to his case by correspondence and articles in the press, and I concluded that his books would probably, therefore, be prominently displayed in the booksellers' shops. I went to several large shops in London, but none of his books were exposed either in the windows or on the stalls outside. Ultimately I entered one where I had been accustomed to deal, and made enquiries. After a little search copies of some of his books were produced, among them an illustrated edition of "The Gamekeeper at Home," the very thing for a gift to a child. I bought the copy, the only one in the shop, and expressed my surprise at never having seen that edition before. "Oh," said the young man who served me, "very few people have. It does not seem to have been pushed. The public won't buy what they don't see, you know."

"Then," said I, "why didn't you put it in your window?" "Oh, we only put books in the window for which there is a demand." I pointed out the contradiction between his preaching and his practice, but he cut me short with a "Well, sir, it's our rule, that's all I know. Besides, it's an old book now."

C. W. Radcliffe Cooke.

**QUERY.**

"In a collection of Sonnets published many years ago—my copy of which has long been lost—was a sonnet 'by A. Tennyson,' of which I remember so much:—"

"Poland.
"Sound ye the trumpet; summon from afar
The hoststo battle; be not bought and sold;
Aris, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold!
O, for the days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to this strength among his mountains cold
When, even to Moscow's battlements,were rolled
The growing murmurs of the Polish war,
Now must your noble anger blazeout more
Than when Zamoyski [Zmole?] the Tartar clan
Or later, when, upon the Baltic shore,
Boleslas smote the Pomeranian.

"What was the word to which I have affixed a note of interrogation, and what were the tenth and eleventh lines?"

16th October.  "H. G. Keene."

**Roman Numerals.**

"The question as to Roman numerals was one of the puzzles of my childhood. But did not the Romans use an abacus to calculate with? The Japanese do, or did a few years back, and their numbers do not admit of being added up in columns.

---

"L. M. S."

The method of multiplication in Roman numerals will be understood by considering that the rotation is not decimal, but additive.

Thus—$\text{DCVIII} \times \text{IX}$ may be effected in the following manner:

$$
\begin{align*}
\text{VIII} \times \text{IX} &= \text{LXXII} \\
\text{C} \times \text{IX} &= \text{LCCCC} \\
\text{D} \times \text{IX} &= \text{MMMML}
\end{align*}
$$

And the total obtained by adding is:

$$\text{MMMMLCCCCII}.$$

---

**Doctress?**

"If it were advisable to add a feminine termination to doctor, would it not be better to use 'ess,' which is generally employed in English, rather than the German 'inn,' which we only have in a modified form in words translated from the German, as 'Margravine'?"

"L. M. S."

**Literary Methods.**

"I have no intention of entering into the controversy as to Mr. Bainton's pamphlet, but should like, if you will allow me, to tell an anecdote apropos of it, which some who were at Brasenose at the time when it occurred, will still remember.

"The then Bursar, jealous for the credit of his cuisine, desired ardently the receipt for a certain fondu, for which another college was famous. He therefore, made acquaintance with the rival cook, and after much amiable conversation, said cordially, 'By the way, I daresay you would tell me how you make that of fondu yours.' 'Well, sir,' answered the cook, frankly, 'I've no objection; I take such and such materials.' 'So do we. You must do something else?' said the Bursar. 'No, sir, I only use those I mentioned, and then I puts them into the fondoo dish and I fondooes them.'

"That was all; he 'fondooed them,' but how, he could not explain, nor could the Bursar discover.

"There are things which may be analysed and told, and yet can only be done by the expert, who in this case is the author.

"The Author of 'Mademoiselle Mori.'"
THE AUTHOR.

THE LATE REV. HENRY WHITE.

The first meeting of the Incorporated Society of Authors was held in November, 1883, at the offices of the Social Science Society at the Adelphi. In the assembly there was no figure more conspicuous than that of the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain to the Queen, and to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He had to move a resolution on the occasion, but with characteristic modesty, was content to do so without making a speech. Mr. White's connexion with literature pure and simple was but slender. He had published a sermon or two, and had edited a volume written by his Curate; but there was no preacher in London, with the exception perhaps of Canon Liddon, whom literary men were more desirous of "sitting under." He had undergone the experience of other literary men, although in a modified way, and was well acquainted with the necessity which existed among authors for some such organization as that offered by the establishment of this Society. From the first, then, he became and remained a sympathetic and industrious member, and often expressed himself as pleased with the share he had taken in promoting the movement. Mr. White's literary tastes were unerring, for without being critical in the strict sense of the word, his reading traversed an enormous field, and was entirely devoted to the illustration of the subjects on which he touched in his sermons. He was extremely fond, in the pulpit, of making quotations from the thoughts of others, whom he esteemed greater than himself, and whom he always quoted by name. In this way the newspapers of the day came under contribution, and The Times, The Saturday Review, even Punch, were frequently named in their turn with Fenelon, Hyacinth, Mr. Spurgeon, and Cardinal Newman; in fact, the skeleton of the sermon was all his own, but it was like one of those Egyptian mosaics which so closely resemble cloisonnée enamel, where the framework is of gold, and the interstices are filled with precious stones. He was fastidious, though as we have said, not critical, and contrived to keep together for a protracted period—he was thirty years at the Chapel Royal, Savoy—a congregation composed of Cabinet Ministers, eminent actors, journalists, doctors, lawyers, and artists, ladies of every rank, and the tradespeople of the precinct. The most striking characteristic, which all now dwell upon who cherish his memory, was an unfailing sympathy with any who were in trouble. Those who knew him best loved him most. He was a man who was not to be "found out." He was as transparent as sunshine, except in relation to the secrets of others intrusted to him.

W. J. Loftie.

AT WORK.

There is little to say with regard to Mr. White's life, except in connexion with the Savoy, to which he was appointed soon after taking orders. He lived and died at the top storey of 4, Lancaster Place, in the precinct. From this modest centre he wove a web which seemed to embrace, and we may confidently say, largely influenced, London Society. This influence did not come from money or exceptional talent, or even position. It was the result of that charity that hopeth all things, believeth all things. By this he forged a chain of love which even death has not been able to break—for, being dead, he yet speaketh.

W. J. Loftie.
Mr. Loftic’s “London City” (Tuer and Co.) is very nearly ready.

William Westall has written, specially for the Manchester Weekly Times, a Christmas story, entitled “In Queer Street.”

The same author and Stepniak, encouraged by the success of “The Blind Musician,” are translating, in collaboration, another of Korolenko’s Russian stories.

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1. The maintenance, definition, and defence of literary property.
2. The consolidation and amendment of the laws of Domestic Copyright.
3. The promotion of International Copyright.

The first of these objects requires explanation. In order to defend Literary Property, the Society acts as follows:—

a. It aims at defining and establishing the principles which should rule the methods of publishing.

b. It examines agreements submitted to authors, and points out to them the clauses which are injurious to their interests.

c. It advises authors as to the best publishers for their purpose, and keeps them out of the hands of unscrupulous traders.

d. It publishes from time to time, books, papers, &c., on the subjects which fall within its province.

e. In every other way possible the Society protects, warns, and informs its members as to the pecuniary interest of their works.
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2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.

3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.


5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, Secretary to the Society. 1s.

6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. The work is printed for members of the Society only. 2s. 6d. (A new Edition preparing.)

7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Price 3s. (A new Edition in the Press.)

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CONDUCTED BY

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Published for the Society by
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Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "The Imperial Bank, Limited, Westminster Branch."

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Subscriptions entered after the 1st of October will cover the next year.

The Secretary may be personally consulted between the hours of 1 p.m. and 5, except on Saturdays. It is preferable that an appointment should be made by letter.

The Author, the Organ of the Society, can be procured through all newsagents, or from the publisher, A. P. Watt, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C.

A copy will be sent free to any member of the Society for one twelvemonth, dating from May, 1889. It is hoped, however, that most members will subscribe to the paper.

The yearly subscription is 6s. 6d., including postage, which may be sent to the Secretary, 4, Portugal Street, W.C.

With regard to the reading of MSS., the fee for this service is one guinea. MSS. will be read and reported upon for others than members, but members cannot have their works read for nothing.

In all cases where an opinion is desired upon a manuscript, the author should send with it a table of contents. A type-written scenario is also of very great assistance, for it must be clearly understood that a practised reader does not require to read the whole of an author's work before being perfectly able to give a just opinion on its merits. If by the help of a scenario the reader can grasp at once the story, he is so much the more able readily to point out any errors of construction, and to devote more time to examination of style and other technical points.

It must be understood that such a reader's report, even if favourable, does not assist the author towards publication.

## NEWS AND NOTES.

The American House of Representatives, on Wednesday, December 3rd, passed the International Copyright Bill. It has now to be passed by the Senate and by the President. As it has already passed the former, and as the latter makes no secret of his intentions about it, we may consider that the passing of the Bill is nearly certain, and that it will come into operation in July next.

It is too early to discuss the possible results from this Bill. We must first get the Act itself in our hands. We have written to the American Copyright League asking for a copy, and we hope to have it in time for our next number. Meanwhile there is no harm in warning everybody to refuse signing any agreement which surrenders possible American rights. One thing is quite certain, that many English authors are popular in the States; but no one knows how far their popularity extends, or who are included. Almost every living English novelist is included in the cheap American reprints, even those who seem least worth reproducing. But then nobody knows who buys these works when they are reproduced.

Now if one of the pirates—whom we are agreed to call publishers-by-permission-of-the law—would only favour the world with a few figures, these might be destructive to the vanity of some, but...
would prove a factor of great importance in obtaining a forecast of the future.

As to American writers and copyright in this country, a correspondent writes as follows:—“I find that it is an everyday occurrence for an English publisher to secure copyright for an American author by the simple process of registration at Stationers' Hall, depositing one copy of the book in the British Museum, and selling two copies. These are all the formalities that are required: the residence on English soil is never exacted, and hardly ever practised. If, as certain Anglophobes complain, American authors are pirated in this country, then these latter have their own ignorance or carelessness to thank for it: English law affords them ample protection, if they choose to avail themselves of its provisions.”

Our own Bill for the Consolidating and Amending the Copyright Laws has been introduced by Lord Monkswell in the House of Lords, and was read by him for the first time on November 26th. The preamble of the Bill will be found on p. 203.

Are we to have a Club of Authors? A good many letters have been addressed to the Editor on this subject, since the appearance of the last number. It is pointed out that the Authors' Club of New York is a flourishing institution, though there are not in New York one-tenth the number of authors who live in London, not to speak of the country generally. It is also urged that such a club would serve the useful purpose of a central place for consultation about all matters connected with the literary life and profession; that it would greatly assist in bringing authors to a corporate sense; that it would help to clear away the darkness in which literary affairs have been designingly kept: that it would be a powerful aid in bringing about that respect for each other and for themselves in which authors have always been lamentably deficient, so that they may perhaps be persuaded to cease exercising their wit in epigrams and criticisms on each other, while there remain so many other excellent subjects in the outside world. Also, for country members, it would be useful to have a place where they could find a small library of reference, writing rooms, reading rooms, and luncheon rooms. On the other hand, it is argued that authors do not want a club any more than barristers or solicitors—but barristers have their Inns of Court, and solicitors their Law Institute; that the older authors would not come in—but some of them would, and it must be remembered, that the older men are much more difficult to persuade out of their old ways than the younger; that there are already clubs enough—with other objections.

For my own part I am always prepared to welcome and to advocate anything in the direction of union. Once persuaded that the greatest advantages of independence, self-respect, and assistance in the conduct of affairs are certain to result from increased union, those who follow the literary profession will no longer hesitate to press for union in every possible way. The advance and increase of the Society is one way, and the best way of all; the advance of this Journal is another way; a Club may be—I do not go so far as to say that it must be—another way. For there certainly are difficulties. It would have to be a club of men and women; but the Albemarle Club has shown how the difficulties of making a club equally comfortable for both sexes may be met and overcome. Then it must be remembered that merely to be an author would not by itself make one eligible for such a club. A candidate must be admissible on other grounds. And it must not be an expensive club; yet to run a club at all, requires an income of at least a couple of thousand. It would require a considerable sum at the outset for furniture—yet the difficulty has been experienced elsewhere and successfully met. I think that the best way, before any further steps are taken, will be to submit the question to the members of the Society, and to ask those who think that such a club would be a good and useful institution, having regard to all the interests of literature and especially to those persons who have to work alone, in ignorance of affairs, and without the encouragement of the friendships which it is not unreasonable to hope would be formed in such a club. I have therefore drawn up an alternative scheme. One is for a club pure and simple. The other is for an "Authors' House," the nature of which I have sketched out.

FIRST—THE CLUB.

The Club of Authors would consist of as many members as the House could conveniently accommodate. Perhaps, following the example of the Press Club, this club could be formed into a Limited Liability Company, every member becoming a shareholder to the extent of one guinea share at least. With 500 members at an annual subscription of four guineas each the club could be efficiently conducted. Perhaps a subscription of three guineas each would be found sufficient.
The club should not attempt to become an expensive or luxurious dining club, but it should be possible, as at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, to order a simple dinner, while luncheon and afternoon tea should be always provided.

It would contain writing rooms, reading rooms, a library of reference, a smoking room for men, a drawing room, a coffee room, a conversation room for ladies only, and a billiard room, though this is not absolutely necessary.

It would also be very desirable that the Society should have its own rooms on the same premises.

Everybody would be eligible for election who was connected professionally with any branch of literature. Journalists, for instance, would be eligible. Also every man or woman who writes books. But no one could claim the right of admission. The election would be in the hands of the Committee.

It would be desirable to fix the prices of refreshments and meals at as low a figure as possible.

Second—The Authors' House.

I propose the following as an alternative plan: That a house be taken in the immediate vicinity of the Museum. Here the rent of houses is moderate, the houses themselves are good and spacious, and the situation, though not central, is not much out of the way, and, for those who work at the Museum, very convenient.

That the ground floor (or the first floor) be allotted to the Society for the offices.

That the first floor (or the ground floor), be set apart, one room for a luncheon or tea room, and the other, if there are only two, for a reference library and writing tables.

That the rooms on the second floor, and third, if possible, be let as private offices or working rooms. There are many who live outside London, and would willingly pay a small rent for a room of their own, where they could work in complete quiet, undisturbed by anybody.

Let us see how this scheme would work out.

The rent and taxes would cost £250 a year. The service, including a housekeeper, would come to about £250 more. The lighting, fire, &c., another £100. The furniture would cost about £400. The coffee room would support itself. Therefore the Authors' House would cost £600 a year.

If the Society paid £100 towards this for its own rent, if four rooms were sub-let at £30 each, there would remain £380 a year to be found. Members to the number of 350 at a guinea a year each would make the House possible, or if the subscription were a guinea and a half, 250 members would be enough.

In the case of the House every member would have to be a member of the Society as well. In the case of the Club that would not be necessary.

When the Society advances so far as to number, say 1,500 members, such an Authors' House would be possible without any additional subscription.

With this scheme before them will those members who feel willing to assist in founding either an Authors' Club or Authors' House communicate with me? I enclose a form for suggestions. And should either scheme approve itself to a sufficient number, a meeting might be called for the further discussion of the business. One would like it considered first as regards the general question—the best interests of Letters; next from the private point of view, how it would benefit the individual.

I think it was Sir Arthur Helps who called attention in one of his little essays to the diablerie of printers' errors. A most exasperating error crept into the last number of the Author. It was clearly instigated by the printer's devil, who, at the same time, blinded the eyes of all those who passed the proofs. The writer was made to state that Mr. Andrew Lang had "collected Langisms." This stood for "edited Longinus." No editor can find any excuse for passing such things; he is always to blame for negligence; and yet they do get passed.

I suppose everybody can tell of maddening blunders of this kind. In a certain printed book for which I am half responsible, one of the characters was represented by the authors as walking along the street while meditating a great revenge, and "smiling all the way." The fiend of a printer changed it to "smoking all the way!" And this passed without being seen. In the same book reference was made to sorrows as evanescent as childhood's earache. In the first edition this appeared as earache, simply by a mistake of the first letter. The error passed unobserved. In the cheap edition the printer had, I suppose, a tincture of foreign languages, and thought the word should be in italics. It now stands carache, and looks almost French. There is another book for which I am also half responsible. The other day an industrious person sent me a list of about twenty bad printer's mistakes in this one book, not one of which had been suspected or discovered. This person claimed payment for his trouble—which he has not yet received.
I have not yet read Mr. Wemyss Reid’s “Life of Lord Houghton.” I hope, however, that the biographer has not passed over the sympathy shown by Lord Houghton towards the Society at its foundation. He belonged to the older generation which believed that literature would be advanced by the union of living writers. He saw the failure of more than one attempt at such an union. Yet he welcomed with generous sympathy and ardour the renewed attempt, and he spoke in its defence at the first Function at which the Society was recognized—the banquet given by Sir Robert Fowler, Lord Mayor, in 1884. I think, had he been living, he would have owned that by this time the new Society has done enough not only to justify its existence, but to lead its supporters to look hopefully into the future. We are no longer making tentative efforts here and there; we know what is wanted. First of all—light. Then—more light. We cannot have too much light. Next, the suppression of those who will still be talking ignorant nonsense about literary affairs; on this point enough was said in the last number. Thirdly, the rescue of those unfortunates who lie in the hell of the sweating publisher. Alas! there are many of these poor creatures. Their relief can only be accomplished by making the methods of the sweaters known, and proclaiming their iniquitous gains.

More: we have not only to destroy but to build up. We have to arrive at an understanding with the honourable houses as to honourable methods, conceding what is right to either party, and early next year we propose taking a first step in this direction.

We have been hearing from various quarters that the French Academy of Letters is an effete institution regarded by nobody, having done its work, and of no further influence in literature. It is a curious comment on these assurances that the papers have been full of the vacancy in this unregarded body, and of the chances of the candidates who desire to fill it. Why all this excitement and interest about an institution which is moribund?

A letter is going the rounds of authorland. It begins with a charming simplicity. “I am extremely fond of getting presents of books from their authors. May I hope you will kindly give me one of yours, and add to its value, in my eyes, by writing my name in it?” The writer sends this letter, I believe, in perfect good faith, and certainly does not seem to understand that he is doing anything unusual. Why should not authors give copies of their works to every stranger who asks? Why should not the manager of a theatre fill his house with orders? Why should not a singer sing for nothing in any village choir? Why should not drapers present their silk neck ties to strangers across the counter? And why should not all the world ask to have everything for nothing?

This is how it is done in America. A correspondent writes:—

“Some months since, a so-called American Publishing Association wrote, asking permission to use one or two of my poems in a book to be called ‘The Poets of America.’ I hesitated, as no reasons were given, and I had been ‘written up’ in ‘The Poets of New England,’ ‘Distinguished Women of America,’ &c. My secretary sent two poems after a third request came. Then followed a request for a photograph. One was sent. Soon followed a demand for $5 to have the photograph engraved. I replied, ‘Not a penny. I have been caricatured too often.’ The demand for money was repeated, and by advice of my publishers no notice was taken of it. Some three or four weeks since, an Express brought to my door a package of books with a C. O. D. bill of $20. I declined to receive them. A few days later came a letter with a printed circular asking me ‘to write a few lines to advertise the book, as most of the authors had done so.’ This I declined to do, giving my reasons. Yesterday, on reaching home, I find a letter telling me that a package of books for me are here in the Express Office. If I cannot pay the full amount on them now, I can pay part and send the rest when convenient. I have sent the letter to a Chicago lawyer to deal with as he thinks best.”

We have no Express Office in this country and no C. O. D. (Cash On Delivery?) system. When we have these blessings no doubt the same kind of game will be introduced among us.

The following address has been drawn up by a few Californians. It is an address to the United States Senators and the Representatives in Congress, from the State of California. At the time when it was sent off to us the document was in course of receiving signatures at the University of California, the Mercantile Library, the Free Public Library, and certain leading establishments.

GENTLEMEN,

We, the undersigned, urge you to vote for and work for the International Copyright Bill, as prepared by the American Copyright League.
We urge it because the present law is legalized robbery and a national disgrace.

We especially urge it because the better elements of American literature are being overwhelmed with foreign sensationalism, and American enterprises are being destroyed. The works of our own writers, many of them Californians, are published without compensation in other countries. Gresham's currency law works in respect to literature: the debased currency drives out the pure metal. Shall the whole warp and woof of the literature offered to Americans be un-American—and stolen besides?

We believe that every candid investigator of the subject will come to the conclusion that an International Copyright must benefit the American printer, type-setter, founder, publisher, editor, writer and illustrator, and finally, and most of all, the purchaser of books, pamphlets and magazines. It is simply the recognition of a property right, which no one denies, or can deny. It will build up still greater publishing houses, and will ultimately move the intellectual centre of the English-speaking people from England to America.

We acknowledge, gentlemen, that we expect much from you in this matter. You are the keepers of the honour of the Commonwealth of California. It becomes you, as statesmen of liberal education and broad ideas, to represent the higher interests of the Pacific Coast community. Believe us, all Californians desire justice to be done; all Californians desire the development of American literature. We hope for a united vote from our delegation for International Copyright.

Since this was sent to press, the news of victory has arrived. Let the above stand as a record of the very last effort made in America in the cause of national honour.

WALTER BESANT.

ON COMMITTEE.

The following Bye law has been passed:

" Should anyone desire to consult the Society as to literary work, without having as yet qualified for membership, the Secretary may then and there—reporting the case at the next meeting of Committee—admit him or her as an Associate only, on payment of a guinea. His privileges to consist of the right to advice from the office, and to terminate at the end of the current year. Such an Associate to have no right to take part in the administration of the Society."

Members may be reminded that “Associates” can always be received who desire, by joining the Society, to assist in its objects, though they are not persons engaged in literary pursuits. They cannot be members, nor can they have voice or part in administering the Society. Two were elected at a recent Committee meeting, and have become Life Associates by payment of ten guineas each.

The Report of the Copyright Committee, which formed the substance of a paper in the November number of the Author, has been laid before the Committee of Management.

The Committee have been in correspondence with the London Chamber of Commerce on the subject of the Society’s Bill for the Consolidation of the Copyright Law. And as was stated by Mr. Hodges in the Author for November, there has been an important correspondence with Lord Knutsford on the subject of Canadian copyright. Opinion on American rights in England has been obtained from Counsel.

At the November meeting, the Secretary submitted a statement of recent cases which the Society had taken up and carried through, in every case, with a satisfactory result. In two of them the Society compelled the return of the work to the author with the surrender of all rights.

One hundred and six new members were elected between June 26th and December 4th, 1890.

The news of the passing of the International Copyright Bill was received at the meeting of Committee of December 4th. A telegram of congratulation was sent to the Copyright League of New York, which has done so much for the promotion of the Bill. Its President is Mr. Russell Lowell.

OUR COPYRIGHT BILL.

THIS bill was introduced by Lord Monkswell and read for the first time in the House of Lords on November 26th last.

The following Memorandum sets out its contents, and shows the various authorities for the changes in present legislation suggested by the Bill.

MEMORANDUM.

This Bill is intended to consolidate and amend the Law of Copyright other than copyright in designs.

The existing law on the subject consists of no less than 18 Acts of Parliament, besides common law principles, which are to be found only by searching the Law Reports. Owing to the manner in which
these Acts have been drawn, the law is in many cases hardly intelligible, and is full of arbitrary distinctions for which it is impossible to find a reason. (See paragraphs 9 to 13 of the Report of the Royal Commission on Copyright of 1878.)

For instance, the term of copyright in books is the life of the author and 7 years; or 42 years from publication, whichever period is the longer; in lectures, when printed and published, the term is probably the life of the author or 28 years; in engravings, 28 years; and in sculpture, 14 years, with a possible further extension for another 14 years; while the term of copyright in music and lectures which have been publicly performed or delivered but not printed is wholly uncertain.

Again the necessity for and effect of registration is entirely different with regard to (1) books, (2) painting, (3) dramatic works.

In consolidating these enactments (all of which it is proposed to repeal) it has been thought advisable to deal separately with the various subjects of copyright, viz., (1) Literature, (2) Music and Dramatic Works, and (3) Works of Art, and to make the part of the Bill dealing with each of these as far as possible complete in itself. This will account for certain repetitions which might otherwise seem unnecessary.

The alterations proposed to be made in the law are for the most part those suggested in the Report of the Royal Commission on Copyright of 1878, and embodied in a Bill introduced at the end of the Session of 1879 by Lord John Manners, Viscount Sandon, and the Attorney-General on behalf of the then Government. References will be found in the margin of the present Bill both to the Report of the Commission and the Bill of 1879.

The most important of these alterations may be summarised as follows:

1. A uniform term of copyright is introduced for all classes of work, consisting of the life of the author and 30 years after his death. The only exceptions are in the cases of engravings and photographs, and anonymous and pseudonymous works for which, owing to the difficulty or impossibility of identifying the author, the term is to be 30 years only, with power for the author of an anonymous or pseudonymous work at any time during such 30 years to declare his true name and acquire the full term of copyright.

2. The period after which the author of an article or essay in a collective work (other than an encyclopedia) is to be entitled to the right of separate publication, is reduced from 28 years to 3 years.

3. The right to make an abridgment of a work is for the first time expressly recognised as part of the copyright, and an abridgment by a person other than the copyright owner is made an infringement of copyright.

4. The authors of works of fiction are given the exclusive right of dramatising the same as part of their copyright, and the converse right is conferred on authors of dramatic works.

5. The exhibition of photographs taken on commission, except with the consent of the person for whom they are taken, is rendered illegal.*

6. Registration is made compulsory for all classes of work in which copyright exists, except painting and sculpture; that is to say, no proceedings for infringement or otherwise can be taken before registration, nor can any proceedings be taken after registration in respect of anything done before the date of registration, except on payment of a penalty. This penalty, it should be mentioned, was not recommended by the Royal Commission, but is introduced in order that an accidental omission to register may not entirely deprive the copyright owner of his remedies. Registration of paintings and sculpture is made optional owing to their being so frequently subject to alteration, that it is practically impossible to say when they are completed, so as to be capable of registration.

7. Provision is made (in Clause 89) for the seizure of piratical copies of copyright works which are being hawked about or offered for sale. Some such provision is required particularly for the protection of works of Art, and was recommended by the Royal Commission.

The part of the Bill which relates to the fine arts and photography is taken, almost without alteration, from the Copyright (Works of Fine Art) Bill which was introduced into the House of Commons in the session of 1886 by Mr. Hastings, Mr. Gregory, and Mr. Agnew. That Bill received the general approval of those interested in the fine arts; and although it does not altogether follow the recommendations of the Royal Commission, there does not appear to be any serious reason against adopting its provisions.

The part of the Bill which relates to Foreign and Colonial Copyright is practically a re-enactment of the provisions of the International Copyright Act, 1886, which was passed in order to carry into effect the "Berne Convention" for giving to authors of literary and artistic works first published in one of the countries, parties to the Convention, copyright in such works throughout the other countries parties to the Convention.

By the earlier parts of the Bill, the same rights are given to Colonial as to British authors; while

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* At present it seems to be merely a matter of implied contract (see Pollard v. The Photographic Co., 40 Ch. D., 345).
the right of the Colonial Legislatures to deal with the subject is expressly recognised and preserved. The Foreign Reprints Act of 1847 (10 and 11 Vic. c. 95) is re-enacted in the form adopted in the Bill of 1879, but it has not been found possible to frame provisions for the introduction of any such licensing system of republication in the Colonies as that suggested by the Royal Commission. There appear to be great difficulties in providing for the practical working of any such system, and even if they could be overcome, it is felt that while it is more than doubtful whether the colonial reader would benefit to any great extent, the British copyright owner must suffer considerable loss.

With regard to Registration, the Bill (as was recommended by the Royal Commission) provides for the establishment of a Copyright Registration Office, under the control of Government, in lieu of the present office at Stationers' Hall, established under 5 and 6 Vict. c. 45. This office has even under the present law been found inadequate, and would be still more so upon the introduction of compulsory registration in all cases.

It is felt, however, that the details and formalities of any scheme of registration can only be satisfactorily settled by Government officials, and the provisions of Part V of the Bill are put forward rather by way of suggestion than as a definitely settled scheme. It will probably be found desirable either now or hereafter to combine the Copyright Registration Office with the Registry of Designs and Trade Marks, and this part of the Bill has, therefore, as far as possible, been modelled on the corresponding provisions of the Patents Designs and Trade Marks Act, 1883.

The chief points on which the recommendations of the Royal Commission are departed from in the present Bill are as follows:

1. The Commissioners recommended that the universities and libraries (other than the British Museum) which are now entitled to receive a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom, should be left to purchase the books they required in the market, and that their present privilege should be taken away. But from communications which have been received from the librarians, it appears that they are most anxious to retain their present privilege; that the libraries could not be properly supplied if it was abolished, and that the cases in which it can cause any real hardship are very few. The Bill, therefore, provides for the continuance of the supply to these institutions.

2. With regard to the Fine Arts, the Commissioners were of opinion that the copyright in paintings, &c., should pass to the purchaser unless specially reserved to the artist. Under the Bill, however, the copyright will remain in the artist, unless expressly assigned to the purchaser. This, it is believed, is in accordance with the general wish of artists, and as no replica can be produced without the consent of the owner of the original painting, no injury will be inflicted on purchasers, who will moreover have the right (under section 46) of preventing unauthorised reproductions, even though they have not (as of course it will be open to them to do) taken an express assignment of the copyright. Practically the only effect of the artist retaining the copyright after parting with the picture, will be to give him a control over its reproduction by engraving or otherwise, and this control it seems proper that he should have.

3. The exception made in the Act, 5 and 6 Will. IV c. 65, with respect to lectures delivered in universities and elsewhere, is not proposed to be re-enacted in the present Bill. What the exact meaning and effect of that exception may be seems to be far from clear (see the observations of the Lords in Caird v. Sime, L.R. 12 App. Ca. 326), and moreover, it does not by any means seem to follow that because a lecture is delivered in a university, or in virtue of an endowment or foundation, the lecturer should be deprived of rights conferred on all other lecturers whether they are paid for their services or not.

4. The omission of any provisions for the introduction of a licensing system into the Colonies; and

5. The right given to a copyright owner of taking proceedings in respect of infringements, committed before he registers his title on payment of a penalty, have been already noticed and explained.

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FATHER FRANCIS.

"COME your sin-rid souls to shrive—
Is this the way wherein ye live?"
We lightly think of virtue,
Enjoyment cannot hurt you.
"Ye love. Hear then of chivalry,  
Of gallant truth and constancy."  
We find new loves the meetest,  
And stolen kisses sweetest.

"Voices ye have. Then should ye sing  
In praise of heaven's mighty king."  
We deem it is our duty  
To chant our darlings' beauty.

" Strait are the gates of worldly pleasure,  
The joy beyond no soul can measure."  
Alas! we are but mortal,  
And much prefer the portal.

" Nay, sons, then must I leave ye so,  
But lost will be your souls, I trow."  
Nay, father, make you merry;  
Come, drawer, bring some sherry.

"Me drink? Old birds are not unwary,  
Still less—ha!—well, 'tis fine canary."  
Mark how his old blood prances—  
A stoup for Father Francis!

"Your wine, my sons, is wondrous good,  
And hath been long time in the wood."  
Mark how his old eye dances—  
More wine for Father Francis!

"A man, my sons—a man, I say,  
Might well drink here till judgment day."  
Now for soft words and glances—  
But where is Father Francis?

"Heed me, my sons, I pray, no more;  
I always sleep upon the floor."  
Alas! for old wine's chances,  
A shutter for Father Francis!

(From "Old and New." By Walter Herries Pollock.  
Eden, Remington & Co.)

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REASONABLE LADIES.

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I.

In commenting on some remarks of mine about literature as a profession, you write thus:—

"Lastly, I have had many letters from ladies calling indignant attention to one clause which I regret to see at the close of the paper. 'As far as I can see, the authors who do suffer are those who should receive £3 10s. 6d. and only get 7s. 4d. . . . Their work is worth very little, and they get even less. . . . Generally, they are women easily "put upon" and rather unreason-

able.' 'Why,' ask my correspondents, 'should not even a woman demand and receive justice? Why should she take 7s. 4d. when £3 10s. 6d. is due to her?' Really one cannot give any reason. And considering that the poor wretch who steals a handkerchief worth twopence is sent to prison as much as the bold burglar who robs a bank, there does seem no reply to this question.

But, may I ask, are the many ladies who write these letters reasonable themselves on this occasion? 'Why should not even a woman demand and receive justice?' cry these correspondents. Why not, indeed? These ladies argue as if I had said that a woman who deserved £3 10s. 6d. might justifiably be put off with 7s. 4d. But I never, never said anything of the kind. It is the favourite feminine fallacy, Ignoratio elenchii, that these nymphs employ. I said that writers of little pecuniary value, so to speak, are the writers who suffer. I did not say that they ought to suffer, nor that it did not matter if they did suffer. Very far from it. My article is not here, but dimly I remember observing that the Society of Authors found most of its work in looking after these cases. I may be wrong about that, I only judge by what I read in your agreeable serial. In any case to look after the authors who are defrauded of some two or three pounds is a chivalrous and necessary task. My point was that it is those writers, not the authors of more successful, possibly of better work, who need to be protected. You do not agree with me; however, that is my opinion. I sincerely believe that men and women who have brains enough to write moderately profitable works, have also brains enough to make proper arrangements with their publishers if they are not too indifferent. In that case they are like the man who fishes with rotten tackle, and gets broken by his salmon. It is their own fault. It is, I repeat, the others who need assistance and advice, and I consider that the Society is doing a kind work in helping them. If the Society would only induce myriads of them not to write huge worthless novels, the Society's action would be still more valuable. But is it reasonable, now, for ladies to argue as if I had said that women should not receive justice? That is exactly the way in which many women argue. They don't reply to your contention, but they invent something else which they erect as your position, and then they attack that airy fortress of their fancy. Sir, you know the heart of woman a deal better than I do, and you are well aware that it is infinitely better than her head. She jumps at the notion that I said something cruel, and she is "indignant" with me, for what I never said at all. By all means secure their rights for authors, male or female, whose rights are not great, reckoned in
money. These, in my poor opinion, are almost the only kind of authors who get much less than their dues, and, in a literary sense, their work is generally unimportant. Justice to them is not unimportant.

Of course I do not mean that only women are unreasonable. Any author, of whatever sex, is unreasonable who, having covenanted to do a job for a given sum, grumbles because he did not get more than he bargained for. Like most penmen, I have done jobs out of which the publisher probably made a much greater profit than the sum which he offered, and which I took. But then one has done other jobs out of which the publisher made no profit at all, by which, indeed, he lost money. Should I have returned him his fees? To tell the truth I did not return them; and I fancy that he would not have permitted me to do so. We never have a reasonable right to grumble, after getting all we asked for, unless we also return our fees when the speculation is unsuccessful. I believe Collins did this: the example was unusual.

By the way, to relieve one's mind, is the Religious Society—the S.P.C.K.—which pays its authors so small a proportion of its profits, as you say, so beyond all language vile, after all? How much do many of those authors contribute to the success of their own books? They have a huge sale, let us put it, but if the authors command a huge sale, why should they not, if dissatisfied, carry their MSS. to Bacon or to Bungay, who will treat them moderately well?

Why should they remain under the rod of bishops and other pious malefactors? Is it possible that the Society, not the authors, provides the public, that the Society can vend any quantity of wares which would lie forever unsold on the shelves of Bungay or of Bacon? I only ask for information. May it not be that the Society can sell bales and tons of twaddle which any man, woman, or child could write, “if he abandoned his mind to it,” but which the public will only accept from the Society? If not, why, once more, do not the Society’s authors revolt, and secede to Paternoster Row? If it is their books that the public desires, the public will as readily purchase from Bungay as from the Society. But if all that this very peculiar public wants is a book with S.P.C.K. on the title-page, then the book may be worth no more, as work, than the author gets for it. This view of the case is, at least, worth considering. There may be some mystery in the matter which one cannot fathom. But I still do not understand if Miss Bunnion’s “Little Totty,” published by the S.P.C.K. sells 40,000 copies, why Miss B., if unsatisfied with her reward, does not simply take her next work, “Billy Boy,” to a more righteous bookseller. There must be competition for the work of so popular an author, unless, indeed, the popularity is given merely by the magic letters S.P.C.K. If that be the case, don’t you see that the S.P.C.K. is the proprietor of its own charm, that the genius of Miss Bunnion has nothing to do with it, that anyone with a pen and a vein of mild narrative would suit the Society just as well?

It is not that I grudge Miss Bunnion her fair share of the profits, say two-thirds. I wish with all my heart that she got them. But I can see what sort of explanation of its behaviour the S.P.C.K. might make, if the circumstances are really those set forth in this hypothesis. The Society may say, “the value of these works is a value of our creation. We, and we alone, have made this funny public. But if it is a myth, why ah! why, do not the S.P.C.K. authors go to other publishers, all of them pining for popular copyrights? These remarks, of course, apply only to one of the charges against the S.P.C.K., if they apply to that even, which is just what I want to know. A popular author can strike without any union, without injuring trade, without making a disturbance. He merely carries his wares across the Row, to the other firm of publishers. But if it is the publishers who are popular, not the author, then the case is very different; then the question of raising the author’s wages becomes one, not of trade, but of honourable feeling—a scarce article.

A. Lang.

II.

Mr. Andrew Lang’s letter, like everything that he writes, will be read with great interest. He takes, however, the line that may be expected of those who have not had the advantage of being able to ascertain the facts. His view is, briefly, as follows:—

1. The writers who suffer are those only whose books possess little pecuniary value.
2. Anyone who contracts to do a piece of work for a certain sum must keep to his agreement, and has no right to grumble.
3. The S.P.C.K. publishes nothing but goody goody rubbish, beneath the contempt of reasoning beings, and has a large market for their trash because the letters S.P.C.K. are on the title-page. Therefore the value
of this stuff is not in the producer or the production, but in the publisher.

4. If the writers for the S.P.C.K. are discontented, they can carry their MSS. elsewhere.

5. Men and women who have brains enough to write profitable work, have also brains enough to make proper arrangements with their publishers, if they are not too indifferent.

I think that this is a fair résumé of the above.

(1.) Clauses 1 and 5 may be answered together. Not only those whose work is of little value, but all who write books have hitherto suffered from the disadvantage of being called upon to sign agreements in which the meaning of the clauses as they affect the other party has been carefully concealed from the author.

For instance, when a royalty was offered, what data, before our publications, had the author to go upon in arriving at what he conceded and what he received?

Those, in fact, have suffered most whose writings have commanded the greatest amount of success.

Take, however, the case in Mr. Lang's mind of the ladies whose work he thinks possess little value. The words "little" and "great" are elastic. To a modest gentlewoman whose wants are covered by a hundred pounds a year, that amount is not little. Now there are scores of ladies whose works produce—but not to them—a great deal more than that amount.

There is no risk in producing their books; the publisher knows very well the minimum that he can depend upon. What are we to say, then, of people who, knowing this minimum, which they carefully hide from the author, give her a tenth, or a twentieth, of that amount?

Apply to this business the rules of any other. What would be said of a shopkeeper who bought, say, a desk, at a tenth part of the retail price? What is said daily of a shirrtmaker's sweater? and how do these differ from the sweating publisher?

(2.) On the subject of agreements the Society is at one with Mr. Lang. It has always proclaimed that agreements must be kept.

At the same time, when agreements are imposed upon writers, carrying clauses which they cannot understand, whose meaning is concealed, we have a very good right to raise a cry of warning, and a warning is not a grumble.

(3.) The assumption that the S.P.C.K. publishes nothing but goody books of no literary value cannot for a moment be allowed. No one who has studied their lists could possibly allow it. Their fiction is for the most part written by ladies; and contains a great deal of work that is dainty and delicate, and of artistic value. And it is not the case that their sale depends wholly on the name of the S.P.C.K. Of course, that goes for much—so does the name of Longman. If the S.P.C.K. put their name to a book, that is a reasonable guarantee that the book is not at variance with a certain set of doctrines which some people prize very highly. If the name of Longman is on a title-page, that is a reasonable guarantee of good literary work. But if the customers of the S.P.C.K. do not like a book they will not buy it, whether those initials are on it or not. And I have never yet heard of a great house exacting from its authors all the profits on the ground that it provided the public.

As a proof that the S.P.C.K. cannot sell tons of trash it may be remarked that twenty years ago the then Committee tried to carry out this operation. They had tons and tons of rubbish on sale. No one would buy the stuff, and the Society lost heavily. In the end they made a new start, and sold the trash for waste paper. They are now wiser.

I think we have in this part of the letter the same confusion of ideas between literary worth and commercial worth that has already been noticed in these pages.

Thus, if a person writes trash which commands a wide sale, he has a property. That property is his own. He has as much right to protection in the sale and management of his property as if it were a barrowful of whelks.

Now a great deal of trash is written, and some of it is very saleable indeed. And if a religious Society or any firm of publishers takes this saleable trash, which is genuine property, as much as silks or gloves or chairs, and sells it for its own profit; or if it hides from the possessor its value, and pays a wretched sum for it; or if it sweats and grinds the possessor and fattens on the sale of that property—then that body or that publisher should be informed of his iniquity, and it should be made disagreeable for him to continue in the paths of unrighteousness.

(4.) But why do not its authors go elsewhere?

Those who can, do. One lady, deeply aggrieved at her treatment, went elsewhere and got at once, not only the honorarium which her former truly Christian employers had given her, but a good royalty as well. But all cannot. First, they have got into the habit of writing for the Church of England, with its doctrines and holy days always in their mind. They have learned what is wanted, and they have fallen into a certain style and language which suit the Society. This practically determines their market. Next, the so-called religious publishers to whom they might go naturally take their cue from a Society whose President and Vice-Presidents are all the Archbishops and Bishops, and behave accordingly. Thirdly, ladies do not like to
go hawking about their things, subject to snubs and refusals. Lastly, they do not know their own value. This eminently religious Society carefully avoids telling them the minimum profit certain to be made on their work, and so they take their £30 meekly and go home to write another dainty little book for school girls on the bread and butter which their pay affords.

(5.) Lastly, that men who have brains enough to write profitable work, have brains enough to make proper terms.

This is already answered. It is not a question of brains, but of power to get at the facts. And this power has hitherto been very carefully withheld. Until the Society ascertained and published the facts no one knew them.

There is only one more point, that of losses. In every business there must be losses. It is essential to trade that accidents cause losses, even to the most prudent. In no trade need there be fewer losses than in the publishers’ trade. They very seldom—it cannot be repeated too often, or be too strongly asserted—they very seldom take any risk whatever. That is to say, as good men of business, they will not spend money on what they cannot sell for at least what it cost. They constantly, I daresay, fail to make as much as they hoped. But even granting an occasional and unavoidable loss, why, in the name of Heaven, should this trade be so different from all other trades, that the man who sells the thing he has made should refund what the purchaser has paid him, so as to make up losses caused by bad management? And if anything more need be said, there are now very few houses indeed which ever do buy anything. They remunerate the author with a royalty—which most of them make as small as possible.

WALTER BESANT.

CONSOLATION; OR, THE ROMANCE OF A SEA-SIDE LIBRARY.

THE library was contained in the back room of a shop—“place of business” the lady proprietor preferred to call it—where the articles peculiar to the sea-side were sold: spades, buckets, shrimping nets, shell work, photographs of the local views, inkstands, paper knives, postage stamp boxes, and all the trifles which nobody buys except at the sea-side. There were also in the shop the London papers on sale, and a case full of gaudily bound religious books, warranted to soften the brains of the unfortunate children for whom they were written, and to whom they were presented. The subscribers to the library passed through the place of business and found themselves in a large room to which their subscriptions gave them the right of admission. There was a table covered with papers, there were chairs, and on two sides of the room the walls were lined with bookshelves, half filled with volumes. The half which was empty represented the books which were out. The books were all—to a book—three volume novels, and to him who inspected their titles for the first time, the impression produced was one of bewilderment and surprise that so many works—so many rows of works—so many hundreds of works—could be published of which the ordinary visitor, himself probably a reader of novels, should never have heard. Row upon row, shelf after shelf, the new subscriber looked along the backs in vain searching for a name that was known, and for a title that was familiar. Tempted by wonder and curiosity he took down one. After a hasty glance at a page or two he replaced it quickly and decidedly. Another; this he put back with as little hesitation; a third and a fourth. Then the new subscriber turned away, and came no more to the library unless to read the morning papers which lay upon the table, and if he wanted anything to read during the rest of his stay at that watering place, he bought it or ordered it at the railway bookstall. For the library consisted of nothing but the works of the Great Obscure. Strange perversity of choice! With all the Victorian literature before them, the founders of this Institution—half-a-crown a month, or a penny a volume—selected nothing but the works of those whom nobody knew, even by name, except the critics. Moreover, these gentlemen had said nothing of these works that was not contemptuous and scornful. Thereupon the new subscriber, who was not unacquainted with the ways of critics, marvelled greatly.

Now one morning, the sun being hot upon the sands, and the glow of the water intolerable to the eyes, this new subscriber sat at the open window, the Times in his hand, looking sleepily now at the dazzling waters and the ships which passed to and fro in the far distance; now at those bookshelves filled with the works of the Unknown: and his mind returned—but lazily—to the questions and the doubts which haunted him. Why, why did they furnish the library with none but books which had been trampled upon and derided, and had sunk into obscurity as soon as they were born? Was it from benevolent motives, in order to promote the somnolence which is so sovereign a cure for overwork and nervous worry? Was it the deliberate elevation and assertion of another literary standard difficult at first to understand, but perhaps higher than that of the ordinary critic? Was there to be a revolution in style.
and in art? Was he in the midst of a newly founded school? Did these books preach some social or religious doctrines? Was he, perhaps, in a Home of Occult Mystery? Was there a literature, popular, widespread, read by thousands, of which he and his friends knew nothing except that it had been made the subject of scorn and derision?

He was alone in the room. He laid down the paper, and he began again curiously to turn over the pages of the volumes on the shelves. He looked at twenty, one after the other. “Why,” he murmured, “they are all alike. They are all feeble, wishy washy, weak, all alike, and the library holds nothing else. What can it mean?”

He returned to his chair, because it was too hot to walk back to his lodgings, and sat down pondering over this marvel. He pondered so deeply that his eyelids dropped.

Presently, two girls came in. They ran along the shelves, trying to make a choice. “Here is a pretty title,” cried one of them. “‘Daisyletta’s Romance.’ I think I will have this.”

“And I will take this, ‘Queenie Leenie; or, the Pet of the Cherubims.’ That’s sure to be nice. I do like to read about officers. Besides,” she glanced at the man in the chair who seemed to be asleep, “the dear creatures are always saying and doing something—not quite—you know, and you wonder what’s coming next.”

They took their books and vanished.

Five minutes passed. Then there came stamping into the room with footsteps of resolution which awakened the sleepers so that he opened his eyes and looked round, two ladies of more mature age. They were both dressed alike, in garments of a brown hue; they both wore spectacles; they were certainly sisters. They had sharp and prominent features, thin lips and pale faces. They turned to the books, but they did not, like the two girls, hover lightly in butterfly fashion over the shelves. Not at all. They took each one end of the room and, mounting on chairs, began in a systematic manner to search for something. “Like looking for a good man in the ancient city,” thought the new subscriber. “You will find nothing, ma’am”—but he spoke not this aloud—“Volumes—volumes—everywhere, and not a book to read. Most remarkable library in the world!”

They continued their search. They took down nothing: they only examined the titles. Presently, however, one gave a little cry and pounced upon three volumes which presented as battered and tattered an appearance as any of the company. She took them out, descended from her chair, and showed them to her sister.

“My dear,” she said, holding out the books. Her lips closed with a snap, and she said no more. “As usual,” said the other, getting down and looking at the volumes curiously. They had therefore found what they wanted.

“Read to rags,” said the first.

“Almost torn to pieces,” said the second.

“Gratifying!”

“Falling apart from excessive popularity,” said the first.

“Ah!” said the second. “What more could one wish?”

“Yes,” said the first, “and it is always the same. At Margate, at Broadstairs, at Ilfracombe, at Penmaenmawr, at Whitby. Always the same. You ought at last to be satisfied, my dear. What more could you desire?”

“No. Yet—poor human nature!” said the second.

“Envy—black Envy—Spite—Malice!” said the first.

“We can now afford to laugh at them,” said the second. “What has their malice effected?”

“We can now laugh,” said the first, but without any hilarity of manner. “Ho! yes, I should think so. Those laugh who win. If popularity such as this—”

“The popular voice is the Highest Court of Appeal, certainly,” said the second.

“Then, my dear, there can be no doubt whatever. You are one of the most popular authors of the age. Wherever the English language is spoken you are eagerly read. You are a great power. How glad I am that you allowed no scruples of false modesty to stand in your way, but boldly placed your name upon the title-page!”

The other lady purred. She purred with her nose, and she inclined her head backward.

“I thought, at church yesterday,” continued the first, “that the people looked at you strangely. No doubt they were saying, ‘That is Lucretia Crumbell, author of “The Family Vault;”’ of course I know, now. My dear, we must remember that you are recognized. You shall not make yourself too cheap. I will myself go to the butcher and the greengrocer. You shall only go abroad to take the air in the morning and the evening.”

They replaced the volumes, and went out ambling and bridling.

Then the subscriber got up and looked at the work of such uncommon popularity. It was, in fact, that great romance called “The Family Vault,” by Lucretia Crumbell, and it was published by one of those benevolent houses which issue anything if the author will only pay for it. He turned over the pages. Could there, he thought, be found anywhere even a school girl capable of reading this windy, wordy, nerveless, boneless stuff! Is there,
THE AUTHOR.

somewhere, a stratum of society where drivel—he called it drivel—can be received as literature? As he asked the question he looked out of window. At his feet on the sands the girls sat in rows. They had done their bathing; they had to get through the morning; and they sat on the sands reading. They were all reading, with one consent. The young men were listening to the nigger minstrels—the girls were reading—they were reading the books provided at this Circulating Library. “Here,” said the subscriber, “is, I perceive, nothing less than the hitherto unknown Literature of the Sea-side. I have now discovered for whom these books are written, and for what purpose. At the sea-side, girls put on another mind. It is a great discovery. I must follow it up.”

He did follow it up. At half-past eight in the evening, when the band was playing and the people were all out on the cliff, he met these two ladies. One of them was walking bolt upright with looks of importance. The other—who was the author—walked with a little amble and a smile. She was conscious of being observed. “It is not every day that a sea-side place gets alive author to gaze upon. The new subscriberboldly took off his hat and begged permission to introduce himself to the author of the “Family Vault.” Both ladies bowed and smiled sweetly. He said that he had long wished for an opportunity of expressing, in person, his sense of the Subtle Art—he called it Subtle Art—and of the romantic setting of the work; the strength—he said this without a blush; the originality—he said this without a quivering of the eyelid; the dramatic character of the situations, and the profound knowledge of the heart which the work betrayed in every page.

“All this, sir,” said the first sister, “is quite true, but we are not, of course, accustomed to hear it said openly. The only public appreciation my sister has ever received is the proof at all the libraries that the work is eagerly read by the mass of people for whom it was intended.”

“Oh! then,” said the subscriber, “you wrote it intentionally for the sea-side.”

“Sea-side as well as land-side,” replied the author. “I wrote it for the whole world.”

“Yes, of course,” he said, thinking of his discovery. “But don’t you think—that one form of literature—yours—the romantic—the absorbing—the exciting, suits the sea-side better than that which is quiet and meditative?”

“My sister’s work,” said the first speaker, “contains passages for every mood. We cannot suppose that there is only one kind of reader here or elsewhere. It is the quality of a great book to be loved by all readers. Witness the condition of the book in the library.”

“You are doubtless engaged upon another work?” asked the subscriber, a little disappointed.

“Perhaps. But I am not certain when—or whether—I shall publish.”

“Oh! But to write and not to publish is treason against the Muse.”

“There were painful things connected with the publication of my book.”

“Very painful. Very shameful!” said her sister.

“But now we have our revenge. What do the critics say now?”

“Let me explain. You are not yourself a novelist?” asked the author.

“I am not, indeed. I sometimes wish I was.”

“Should you become one, you will learn by your own experience what I have suffered.”

“Envy—Hatred—Malice,” said the sister.

“I do not quite understand.” Yet he was beginning to understand. And the perception only made him wonder all the more how these books came to the library.

“That is because you do not understand the literary world. There is, sir,” she added, with solemnity, “a Ring.”

“Oh!”

“A Ring. It contains authors, publishers, editors, critics, and booksellers. A Ring. First of all, if you do not belong to the Ring, you find that you have to pay for the production of your book. A hundred and eighty pounds I paid for mine.”

“At least eighty pounds too much.”

“Then, when it comes out, the Ring which has first fined you, proceeds to destroy you. Everybody is in league—editors, critics, publishers, and booksellers. The papers take your money for advertising you, but the editors make the critics cut you up. Shameful things they wrote about my book.”

“Shameful — wicked — things!” echoed the sister.

“Yet you have read the work——”

“The beautiful work,” murmured the new subscriber.

“And you know how good it is. Well, the great libraries, also in the Ring, refused it. All the booksellers, who are in the Ring, refused it. Of course this check to the success of the book destroyed its commercial value. I never got back any part of the money which I had advanced. Nobody bought any copies at all. Yet you see the book, after seven short years, torn to pieces by the eagerness of its admirers. We find it so in every library round the whole of England. In every sea-side circulating library.”

“Strange,” said her admirer.

“It is Fame,” said the sister.
"It is," said the admirer. "And Consolation. And Compensation."

"The artist," continued the author, "must not put money considerations first. At the same time I did hope to get some of the hundred and eighty pounds back again. We could ill afford to lose the money, I assure you."

"It was very hard."

"Very hard. And in the end the publisher sold off the whole as a remainder stock at two shillings a set, and said the money belonged to him."

"Yes, he would do that, I daresay. Remainder stock!" He started. For now he perceived that his first discovery was imaginary, but that another was in full view. "Remainder stock! Now I understand it all. My dear lady, your Fame is assured. That is the first thing to think of. You have full Consolation. Remainder stock! Yes—yes. Those empty wind bags—the men of the Ring—the so-called leaders—they never have any remainder stock to sell—the humbugs! Therefore—oh! I quite understand. Stupid not to have thought of that before. Remainder stock! Madam, you have your Consolation. Rich and full, it is. Rich and full."

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**AN ENGLISH ACADEMY.**

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In reading the November number of the *Author* I have been struck by the two papers on pp. 190–192, which, though bearing different signatures, appear to be happily printed one after the other. I venture to think that, so read, they go far to show that the following points ought to be taken as essential:—

1. If we are to have an Academy it must be made, from the first, and above all else, an organ of English philology; and,

2. It should contain English scholars from the United States no less than English scholars from Great Britain (not necessarily popular authors).

1. On the first point, it is well said by "R." that Matthew Arnold is to be accepted as showing that the *technique* of our language requires a guide. "French principles" are objected to; and it is elsewhere observed that some of the greatest French authors were not members of the Academy. But what were the principles of the French Academy, as originally constituted? They were dictionarial, grammatical, conservative; and it was natural that Balzac, Vaugelas, and Boileau should be members, rather than Molière or La Bruyère: the former were experts in the French language, the latter mere successful artists. Let me quote Mr. Saintsbury on the change that has taken place since the Revolution:—

"The language and literature have been flooded with new words, new forms of speech, new ideas, new models. . . . At present it may be said, and not without truth, that, putting the work of extraordinary writers aside, ordinary French prose has lost some of its former graces, its lucidity, its proportion, its easy march."

That this is not overstated may be seen by setting down the names of a few of those writers who are the literary glory of France; Boileau, Racine, the Preachers (Bossuet, Fénelon), &c., with, among later but still Academical authors, Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand.

The English language has been, to a less degree, fixed by the unwritten canons of educated people, and by the practice of those who contributed to their literary pleasure. Now that everyone can read, and literature has to be produced for multitudes who, for the most part, are without the means of criticism, there does seem to be, at least, as much need for an antiseptic power in literary art as there was in France in the time of Richelieu.

2. But, besides the dangers to which our language is exposed by the unlettered condition of the great majority of readers on this side of the Atlantic, there is the further illimitable peril from a public like that of the Western part of the United States. That "cultivated people in the United States talk better than those of the same class here" is pointed out by "W. B.," and the true reason is doubtless assigned by him. But books are not written, chiefly or at all, for the use of the select few of Boston or New York. There was a time when it was so, and the fact is no less true than instructive that the American writers who have become classic are all remarkable as stylists. One need only to name Washington Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Wendell Holmes, and Russell Lowell. All these—and their like—are surely among the Immortals, not merely by virtue of their sincerity or depth of thought, but also by virtue of their purity of diction and the manly urbanity of their style. Nevertheless, there are some among their later followers who have not shown the same tender reverence for their mother-tongue, and many modern writers among ourselves have been no better. The great evils against which writers of English, however able, have now to be guarded are—abridgment of phrase and neologism. The first arises from every one being in a hurry; the second, the desire to attract by smartness and by
using new locutions where words of excellence and sufficiency already exist.

If an Academy of philological experts could really do anything to provide against these practices, it would surely render valuable service to the cause that we must all have at heart.

H. G. Keene.

II.

In this matter why instance the French Academy? The French are an academic people; we are not. In their judgments of works of art, Frenchmen are directed by artistic impulses; we are not so directed. The Royal Academy of Arts should be, to us, "a solemn warning." This august body does not and never did represent British art, and yet, until quite recently, the letters "R.A." after a painter's name were as dust in the eyes of the ordinary Englishman.

The Royal Academy of Arts is in its decadence, as any art dealer or any Academician, were he to speak the truth, would admit. In founding an Academy of Letters we shall bring into being, on parallel lines, all the abuses and foibles which the critics have so valiantly combated in the case of the existing institution. The R.A.'s are the carriage folk of art; why should we not have, it is asked, the carriage folk of literature? Undoubtedly the prospect has attractions. It would be pleasant to know what authors were really great, really entitled to respect; what authors might be freely and openly received. The British Philistine wants names with which he may safely conjure. But surely we can do without ribbons and medals. Art is the highest end to which a man can devote his energies, and when the silent recognition of his fellow workers is vouchsafed, the artist should feel, if he be anything of a man, that he has gained a distinction which neither kings nor heralds, nor bodies collegiate, nor societies inchoate can give him—a distinction, moreover, readily granted to him by so much of society generally as he need trouble himself about.

An Academy of Letters would, without doubt, ignore the original and sincere workers. The men who concern themselves with the training, perfecting and accentuating of their own individuality would be left hopelessly in the cold, as the Royal Academy has left in the cold the painters who have worked to a like end. Such an Academy would, in the nature of things, be mainly formed of men who had successfully tickled the palate of the groundlings, or mildly reflected classic models.

I am convinced that there is not an evil of over production, nor of gold or notoriety hunting which the institution of an Academy of Letters would not increase tenfold. As for the standards of language and style, they are not to be obtained or preserved by such means. Again I instance the Royal Academy, which has done nothing for English art in the concrete sense, and in regard to individual artists of the highest distinction, has done all it could to crush them out of existence. The things actually desired by men seeking election would be the purple and fine linen. Literature would go into competition with shoddy men, the brewers and bankers, the newly-rich generally, and hang about the Court for title and preferment. Membership of such an institution, although it would seem a great thing to the ordinary British trader, would make a man contemptible in the eyes of his fellow workers. To found an Academy of Letters would be to institute, open-eyed, another crying evil.

J. Stanley Little.

A REMINDER.

WILL you allow me to remind the writers of magazine articles, and journalists, what injury they may inflict on their fellow-workers by offering their contributions "for nothing"; or on "low," "moderate," or "nominal" terms. Perhaps they share the apparently prevalent idea that authors live on nectar and ambrosia, with a drink of the water of Helicon for a change. Authors do not, and the bread-winners among them are finding to their cost that remuneration is being lowered, and that if they ask a fair price for their work, it is rejected in favour of the "low priced" or "gratuitous" article. If literary work is worth publishing, it is worth paying for.

A Sufferer.

A HARD CASE.

VII.

THIS case, like all those previously selected from the Society's archives for comment, illustrates in a typical way the disadvantages under which the author labours in his business arrangements with publishers, when he does not quite understand his agreement, or at any rate does not quite see the position in which it places him.
The book in question was published on the half profit system, the following being the terms of the agreement:—The publishers were to take all the risk and expense, subject to a payment to them by the author of £40. They were to debit the book with the invoice amounts paid for printing, paper, binding, and advertisements, together with 10 per cent. on all sums expended. This last was “to defray the cost of establishment.” The publishers were to retain as profit any discount they might receive on the accounts for printing, paper, binding, and advertisement. Author’s corrections were allowed gratis, to the extent of 15s. per sheet of 32 pages. The author was to have a dozen copies for nothing: otherwise he was to pay trade price for them. Accounts were to be made out half-yearly. Arrangements for remainder sales were to be left to the publishers. Profits were to be shared, and one would have thought it reasonable that the cost of the publishers’ establishment should be defrayed out of their half of the profits. The author’s establishment costs will have to be defrayed by his share.

Here is an agreement that has in it almost every fault, from the author’s point of view, that is possible. It is all the more objectionable a document because it has upon its surface an appearance of fairness and candour. “We will bear all the expense,” say the publishers, “and you shall give us £40.” There are here no petty details, no hair-splitting reasons given for requesting £40 from the author, as well as his brain-work. It is quite conceivable that the payment by the author of £40 was a very reasonable proceeding, but one cannot know that, until one knows what the publishers’ risk actually was.

However, letting that point go, we come to the fact that the author is not to receive payment until the cost of production is covered—that is, until there are profits to be halved—and this happy result the publishers can indefinitely postpone by increasing the cost of production, left entirely to their discretion!

Of course the situation is a very common one, but it is none the less a very extraordinary one, and one for which no parallel could be found in other business transactions.

The publishers are to debit the work with the invoice amounts for the various items of production, advertisements, &c. Excellent! But, firstly, they receive 10 per cent. of all sums so spent, which is hardly an inducement to keep the cost low; and, secondly, though it is an admirable thing to know exactly where the money spent on advertising has gone, the author would often be much better off by being placed in a position to prevent its going. The author has a direct interest in keeping the cost of advertisement low, for he then comes nearer to his profits; the publishers have a direct interest in making it high, and so increasing their percentages.

The publishers are again to receive all discounts for ready-money payment. Well, if they really were at all the risk and expense of publication, in accordance with the first clause of their agreement, this would be quite fair—though again hardly an inducement to keep the prices low; but the author is asked to contribute £40 ready money. Why then should not he share in the discounts? At the same time the allusion to the existence of such a source of profit is commendable. In many instances these discounts are secretly pocketed.

The author is allowed to correct gratis to the extent of 15s. for 32 pages. To what extent is this? How is the author to know when he is above, and when he is below an average of fifteen shillingsworth of corrections for each double-sheet. The clause sounds all right; it is a very common one, though a larger amount of correction is generally allowed gratis; but as far as the author is concerned it is nonsense. Under this agreement the publishers could arbitrarily charge any sum against the book as author’s corrections. No item in the cost of production should thus be left to the caprice of the publishers, when the author’s chance of remuneration depends upon the cost being low, and the publishers’ best opportunity of “defraying the cost of their establishment” is to make the same as high as possible.

The following was the result of the transaction:—The cost of production was returned as £202, inclusive of advertisements, returned as £50. The sales amounted to £199. The author got back his £40, and there were no profits to divide. He lost no money, but all the labour expended over his book went for exactly nothing. The publishers received certain percentages and discounts, and cannot be said to have made a good thing out of the transaction. But it appears that they made as much as they expected to make, and that they made it in the way they intended to make it; for, firstly, the book was not moulded, so that a larger demand could only have been met by incurring all the original heavy expenditure of setting up the type, and, secondly, the results of the sale of the first edition were minimised by a remainder sale in November of a book published for the first time in March of the same year. This proceeding seems to us, unless it can otherwise be explained, an abuse of the discretion given to them by the last clause of the agreement.

There is no special hardness about this case, which is a very good illustration of all the faults of the old half-profit method of publishing. There
was a possible profit of say £50 on this book, i.e., the production and advertisement could have been done for £150. In a fair half-profit agreement £25 of this would have come to the author and £25 to the publisher as shares of the profit. Under this rubbishy contract £25 or more has gone to the publisher as discounts and percentages, and the rest has been wasted in over-expensive production: and to make the vicious circle complete, the more the cost of production is raised, the larger will become the publishers' perquisites.

The author wrote the book, and backed its chances to the extent of £40 ready money. He is glad to have got the money back, but he got nothing more.

IN GRUB STREET.

EMIN PASHA literature, if we may so call the Stanley, Barttelot, and Jameson controversy, has undergone temporary cessation, and society is going into committee over the subject, seeing no prospect of a commission of inquiry. One does not like to deprive Assad Farran of his originality, but much of his story is, I fear, borrowed from Mr. Haggard's "She." There are plenty of parallel passages that might be printed to prove this. It is certainly pleasant to read Mr. Haggard on Africa, for his heroes behave much better. It would be nice to think that Assad Farran is only one of Mr. Haggard's imitators who has misunderstood the art of the master.

If anyone has not read by this time Mr. Lang's latest novel in collaboration with Mr. Lang, let him do so at once. It should be read for several reasons; firstly, because everything that comes from these authors is interesting; and secondly, because it is the best book of its kind that has appeared for some time. The "young men" who "do the books" for the evening papers have been very critical indeed. It has afforded them a splendid opportunity of airing their slight acquaintance with Egyptology and the classics they happen not to have forgotten since they left school. In these days, when Heliodorus, Achilles, Tatius, and Longus are household words, surely someone could find that Mr. Lang or Mr. Haggard had been plagiarising. It would not matter in the least if all Mr. Haggard's ideas were taken from some other author; as Lord Houghton would have said, it rather enhanced their value. It is said when someone asked him who was the first plagiarist, he replied, "God, who made man after His own image."

The "World's Desire" seems to be a complete answer to those who object to novels of prehistoric times or the antique world. Historians, of course, are jealous. Anything that soars above the level of a "chronicle" is to them distasteful. And the archaeologist regards it as poaching. Flaubert's "Salambo" and Mr. Pater's "Marius," though of course not on the same platform, have been objected to for similar reasons. I think the "World's Desire" is as successful in its own line as "Salambo" and "Marius" are in theirs. Mr. Lang, who has rescued so many classics from the school room, might give us a version (of his own) of Heliodorus, the Rider Haggard of the fifth century. Mr. Haggard might be tempted to try the "Middle Ages" after his recent successes. "Ivanhoe" and the "Cloister and the Heath" are the two successful mediaeval novels in English. Will Mr. Haggard give us a rival?

Mr. Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton," about which everyone is talking and will talk for some time to come, differs from the ordinary memoirs of an ephemeral value that come out every year, for it will always be an excellent book of reference. Mr. Reid is to be felicitated on his performance. He has allowed the letters to and from Lord Houghton to tell their own story, and has filled up the gaps with his own writing only when necessary.

He has shown no want of taste in publishing letters prematurely calculated to wound the feelings of those who are living. It is hardly paradoxical to say that the merit of these two volumes consist not merely on their contents as on their judicious omissions.

Among Lord Houghton's many and great merits was his appreciation of the times he lived in. He never brayed about the past. He was not one of those who thought that because a book was old, it must be also good. The present-day has perhaps gone into the other extreme—we think things good merely because they are new. Lord Houghton was always the first to recognize genius, to mark the coming man; his ducklings were generally swans. Genius hunting is a dangerous game, but he played it very well. The story of David Grey has been likened to that of Chatterton, who also came up to London to gain a literary reputation, and Lord Houghton's generosity certainly compares favourably with Horace Walpole's treatment of the "Marvellous Boy."

The difference between a paradox and a truism is said to be, "that while the former is usually true, the latter is always false." Lord Houghton's paradox on perpetual copyright had far more truth in it
than Mr Gladstone or Mr. Wemyss Reid seem to imagine. Everyone is now occupied in relating all the anecdotes and bon mots not included in Mr. Reid's pages. There is one against Lord Houghton not told in the life. "Why is Lord Houghton like St. Jerome?" was a riddle going about at one time. It is so obvious to anyone who has looked at old pictures that readers may guess the answer for themselves.

The Scots Observer is now to be known as the National Observer, and there are rumours of the offices being removed to London. To change a paper's name is not unattended with risk, but there was every reason for the alteration in this case. The Scotch element was very small indeed, but there was enough of it to bore a great many English readers. And it is said by some that its views are not always convincing. Some of Mr. Kipling's most delightful ballads have appeared in its pages, and the editor's poems are found there occasionally. Under the new title it will, doubtless, appeal to a larger audience no less appreciative. The old literary traditions of Edinburgh have passed away, and the Edinburgh Review will have all its own way in the north if the National Observer comes to town.

Dr. Verrall's new theory of the "Ion" has, as was anticipated in last month's Author, met with a great deal of opposition. He believes Euripides to have written the play with a profound didactic intention, namely, that of exposing the Delphic oracle. Those who are interested, however, must get Dr. Verrall's edition, which is published by the University Press.

The performance of the "Ion" was a great success, and all the credit must be given to Mr. J. W. Clarke. The difficulties, though enormous, were completely overcome. The leading part of Creusa was very ably sustained by Mr. E. A. Neston, of King's College, who showed great power and a wonderful appreciation of the part. He, with Mr. Palk, of Trinity, as the old slave, rather eclipsed the acting of the others, who were pains-taking, but hardly satisfactory. Greek plays are very entertaining experiments, and if everyone was as capable as the two actors mentioned, the "Ion" would have been favourably received in London with a larger and less generous audience.

Mr. Booth must be congratulated on having at last got the audience he has longed for. Polite society has been like the adder of Scripture—deaf to the voice of the charmer; though Mr. Booth's own music has largely contributed to the physical, if not moral, deafness of the community. The outside of his book is certainly sensational and the name was clever, so it deserves success. Philanthropists and economists must judge as to the soundness of his scheme. I cannot see the alleged resemblance between the General and St. Francis of Assisi, nor did Professor Huxley institute such a comparison. Contradicting statements that have not been made is a journalistic trick becoming too common. He compared the two movements, not the two men; and pointed out that what wrecked the Franciscans might also prove fatal to the schemes propounded in "Darkest England."

The boom in De Quincey's works has subsided. "Some Unpublished Letters of the Opium Eater" threatened to become to the magazines what the sea serpent and big gooseberry are to the daily papers in the silly season. Still there is a continual shower, however, of new editions and complete works. Mr. Saintsbury, with great felicity, speaks of him as a man "of great though capricious critical power." No one now is frightened by the perusal of the "opium eater," and the immoral tendencies it is said to have produced have been grossly exaggerated. The bogies of one age become the bores of the next, to adapt a very old proverb, and De Quincey is open to the charge of writing to "shock the great middle classes of England."

Mr. Oscar Wilde has collected his brilliant "Dialogues and Essays," and they will be issued by Osgood and McIlvain, of Albemarle Street, shortly after Christmas. No one will have forgotten the "Decay of Lying," in the Nineteenth Century, some time ago the article of the month, in the opinion of many the best thing he has ever done. But as he never does anything like anything he has done before, best might be applied to all of them. Mr. Wilde will live to hear many of his aphorisms and paradoxes attributed to Sydney Smith, who is constantly being found out and exposed in memoirs, and the book of Proverbs too will share the spoil. The dead prey too much on the living in these days.

Mr. Wilde once said that an unbiased opinion was absolutely valueless. And those who find fault with Mr. Meynell's Newman (Kegan Paul) would do well to remember this. The duty of a
biographer is to be prejudiced in favour of his subject, or the reverse, and to endeavour to convert his audience. None of us know how Boswell overestimated Johnson; he fulfilled his task. We are of his opinion now. Mr. Traill's Strafford was another example of a prejudiced and successful biography.

Mr. Pater's lecture on "Merimée," which he delivered in Oxford and repeated in London, was everything that one has a right to expect from this distinguished critic, whom we hear too seldom. His many admirers will look forward to its publication in his next volume of essays.

M. Taine is on the side of the angels; with Mr. Frederic Harrison, he thinks little enough of English fiction. Miss Rhoda Broughton, however, must be sensible of the high compliment paid her by the French Academician, who declares she is the only novelist who has enriched our fiction since George Eliot's death. It is not derogatory to Miss Broughton's high position among English novelists to say that she has been ably assisted by authors with whom M. Taine is unacquainted.

A new work on "The Engraved Gems of Classical Times," by Professor Middleton, published by the Cambridge University Press, will be ready by Christmas. It is no exaggeration to say that Professor Middleton is one of the greatest living authorities on classic and mediaeval art. In an age when so much nonsense is talked on art questions, which English people treat as they would politics, anything Professor Middleton has to say will be especially welcome. Gems are things, however, which have not yet become the babble of the charlatans. So let us hope they will keep a discreet silence, until they know at least as half as much as Professor Middleton.

One of the most pleasing of new books is the "Life and Letters of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S."; it is the record of a patient and useful life, not without pathos of a kind. Not only was he an enthusiastic student of science, but he retained throughout it all what many of us will envy, his faith. The task of a biographer, at all times difficult, becomes very arduous for the son who must treat of his father's life with fulness tempered by discretion. Mr. Gosse has fulfilled his task with his accustomed felicity.

Mr. Frank Harbut is finishing a novel dealing with the genesis of an American millionaire. It will appear in three vols. early next year. M. Tessand Maisonneuve has obtained leave from the same author to translate his novel, "The Conspirator," into French.


Mr. William Toynbee is engaged on a translation of Béranger's songs for Mr. Walter Scott's Canterbury Poet Series.

Among novels already published this season is "Kestell of Greystoke," by Esmé Stuart (Hurst and Blackett).

The sixth volume of the "International Library" (W. Heinemann) will be a new book by the eminent Spanish novelist, A. Palacio Valdis, entitled "La Espuma" (Frott). It has been translated by Mrs. Bell (that admirable translator whom the critics persist in describing as Miss Clara Bell).

The Norwegian poet, Ibsen, has given all rights in his forthcoming drama, for England and America, to Mr. Gosse, whose translation of it will appear simultaneously in both countries. The English edition will be issued by Mr. Heinemann, the American by Mr. Lovell, of New York. The drama is understood to deal with a modern social problem not less interesting than that treated in "A Doll's House."

Volumes I, II, and VI of Mr. Alfred H. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Century," are about to be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. Among the contributors are Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Garnett, and other well-known critics. Mr. Mackenzie Bell has written the critical and biographical articles on Sir Aubrey de Vere and Mr. Theodore Watts.

Messrs. Eden and Remington have just issued the third volume of the Rosslyn series "Old and New," by Walter Herries Pollock. Some of these poems
have been published previously, and have been appreciated by a circle of readers that should be wider. It is unfortunate that the publishers have seen fit to clothe this often exquisite verse in such unattractive guise. Mr. Pollock's masterly rendering of Musset's "Nights" has been included in this volume, and will satisfy the most fastidious admirers of the French poet. And the little poem quoted on page 205 is a masterpiece in its way.

"In the Land of the Lion and Sun," Dr. Wills's popular book about Persia, will appear in the Minerva Series (Ward and Lock) shortly. This edition will be illustrated.

The scheme for providing comfortable residential chambers, combined with a restaurant and attendance, for educated women of limited means, earning their own livelihood, may now be spoken of as an assured success. The first block of buildings in Chenies Street, Bloomsbury, was opened last summer, and the applications for rooms was much greater than could be satisfied. The Company pays 5 per cent. to the shareholders, and the Directors feel justified in extending their operations. A site for another block has been leased from Lord Portman in York Street, Bryanston Square. Every literary woman knows what a help it is to have the worries of housekeeping taken off her shoulders. Merely to have a dinner provided without having to think about it is no small assistance to the busy worker. The proposed new buildings will contain about 60 sets of rooms. Miss Agnes Garrett is one of the Directors, and the Company owes much to Miss Anne Townshend's untiring exertions on its behalf.

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POINTS AND CASES.

I.

A PICTORIAL PAPER.

TWO months ago, on the occasion of a royal visit to my native town, I forwarded a description of the place to a well-known pictorial paper, and offered, if my article was accepted, to get some views to illustrate it. My offer was accepted, and the Editor wished to know whether any sketches would be taken of the cere-

monial itself. On the 16th September I procured several views of the town, and sent them off as I had promised, and asked in what issue my article would appear. My question was not noticed, but on the 16th I made enquiries, and found I could get sketches of the Duke's reception the following week. I wrote accordingly to the ———, and I also asked for some remuneration. Much to my surprise, I received a letter, some days later, thanking me for my trouble, but saying that as the sketches could not appear till the issue of the 4th October, it was useless for me to send any, and that he had forwarded me a paper of the 18th September. In this I found three views, but no article, and that, with the rest of the views, remains at the ———'s office, unless, indeed, they appeared in an issue prior to the 18th September. Another letter in which I again urged my claims to remuneration, having purchased the views and supplied him with an article, the Editor has not noticed.

So, as it stands at present, I have had all my trouble for nothing, have had an article accepted, but neither printed nor paid for, and am out of pocket.

I must add that one magazine, to which I sent an article, inserted it without my knowledge and without my signature, but on my writing to ask for payment, the Editor honestly sent me a cheque.

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II.

"THE AUTHOR."

What costs nothing is worth nothing, and is thought nothing of! This is the rough principle underlying an author's business claims, and the standpoint of the Society, as I read it. What is gifted to the public is paid for by their magnanimously reading it—well paid for, they think. Now, while there are numerous exceptions, I hold this principle to be a wholesome one, and not lightly to be parted from.

Judge, therefore, how you are supporting this principle, when you yourself act in the style of the cabman who leaves it to "yourself, sir"! If the Author is worth reading, it is worth paying for. If not definitely and positively charged for, it is either looked upon as an advertisement or a means of disseminating unsaleable material.

I look upon it as really valuable to all who live or attempt to live by the produce of their pens, but my mind is influenced (through my pocket) by the fact that the owners themselves question its value. Do you not think you are breaking through your own admirable rule, in supplying good
literature without a proper agreement, and that authors of mediocre talents and unbusiness habits will do to you as they are so constantly done by, and pay you by "magnanimously perusing your lucubrations." Have the courage of your convictions, and supply the Author only on payment. It is the flood of unpaid productions that lowers the standard of payment of others.

22nd November, 1890.

III.
A Lost Chance.

While in Australia, I wrote a farcical comedy. It was stolen from me, and brought out in London at a high class theatre by the "conveyor." It proved a great success, though the man rewrote the third act, and so spoiled the piece. The supposed author was called before the curtain and received the congratulations of the house smilingly. Afterwards he received with equal smiles the fees of the play. As soon as I read in the London papers about this "clever young dramatist" and his play, I sent home and stopped it at once, so the play was taken off the boards without delay.

Meantime he has completely ruined my chance of doing anything with the comedy, as the London managers, though they like the piece, say that its removal from the stage counts for failure.

F. H.

IV.
An Experience.

In the first place perhaps the writer of "The Troubles of a Beginner," might like to know what would have been the sequel, had he persevered in his dealings with "The Southampton Association." I received from that august body a most flattering letter stating that my MSS. were "admirably suited to their requirements"; and so indeed they were: that statement I can now accept without the slightest hesitation. I was also informed that they would appear in an early number.

I paid my guinea, and 6s. 6d. for "Pen and Ink," and awaited the many benefits which were to accrue to me from joining so excellent a Society. What did I receive? About nine very trashy magazines, of which I have never seen a single copy except those which I myself received.

I was told in the coolest manner, after about nine months had elapsed, that the magazine "would be discontinued for a time," but that "the business would go on as usual."

I never received any report on MSS. sent to the Association except the letter to which I have already alluded.

I was addressed by the editor as Rev. A. B., M.S.A. (Member of the Southampton Association), a style which I requested (with some asperity) might be discontinued. Moreover, I was informed that the rate of remuneration was 5s. per printed page; now the pages were so large that I assessed my little poems, judging by the space they would take, at about 4d. each. I should be indeed sorry for myself if I had to depend for my livelihood on the good offices of such a Society as the Southampton Association. You will not wonder that I gave the required three months' notice and sent in my resignation.

About three months after I received a post card to the following effect:—"Your MSS., left in charge of the late Southampton Association, will be forwarded on receipt of postage."

Now I should like to tell you of my dealings with the Church of England Temperance Society, a sore subject with me. To the C.E.T.S. Chronicle I have contributed in all some ten or a dozen pieces in prose and verse. After this had been going on some time, I wrote a letter to the editor, the gist of which was that if none of the writers were paid I would not press the matter, but if they were paid of course I should like some acknowledgment of my work. I saw the Editor a few days afterwards, when he told me that "All their writers were paid." I did get two guineas for a little Christmas comedietta, entitled "The Conspiracy," but with regard to any of the others I have got nothing but a few copies, compliments, and the acknowledgment "that I ought to be paid."

Most of these temperance pieces, with one or two new ones, I sent in to the S.P.C.K. office, now nearly two years ago; but I cannot get any answer.

Now for, perhaps, "the unkindest cut of all." I published at my own expense in 1887 a very small volume of poems, which was most kindly reviewed. Shortly afterwards I discovered, by accident, that one of my pieces under an altered name, but still attributed to me, was occupying the first page of a certain Christmas Annual. I had written previously to Mr. —— on one or two occasions, but received no reply. I did not wonder so much at this, though even as a boy at school I have been treated with courtesy by editors declining MSS., but I thought that the kind review, which I attributed to him, demanded a word of thanks, and also that the insertion of my poem gave me the entree. I wrote saying how glad I was that he had given me such a lift, and asking whether I might send some other small articles, since I was naturally anxious to add to my income by my pen. To this letter I
received no reply. It is due to Mr. —— to say that he may never have received my letter. But still he traded on my brains. I am easily accessible, and I think I ought to have had some acknowledgment.

A. B.

V.

"THE AMERICAN TONGUE."

I would rather reply to the Author than to the New York Herald, whilst, as one who has visited America, and admires the Americans —without considering them perfect, any more than ourselves—I wish to tabulate certain propositions:

1. No country, more than any individual, can be an impartial judge in a comparison of its own accent, language, intonation, and refinement with those of another. It is a mere vain contest of rival conceits.

2. In view of the glaring but cherished imperfections of the home-brewed English, even in its "purity," we should be careful in throwing stones at the Americans.

3. Many "Americanisms" are only common colonialisms; due to the aboriginal illiteracy of immigrants, to isolation, to necessity or convenience, and to the admixture of other foreign tongues. Others are mere relics of more conservative English, such as survives in remote districts of the home country, in the Bible, Shakespeare, &c., e.g., "sick" is Anglo-Indian, and Biblical as well as American. "Boss" and "loafer" appear to be Anglo-Dutch; whilst the American pronunciation of such words as "half" is simply the transported Irish pronunciation. Moreover, I have heard a Canadian assert that "the skin of the teeth" was a vulgar Americanism.

4. The English tongue being of entirely foreign origin, its development is continuous in spite of rival lexicographers, and there must result differentiation according to variation of habitat. Each heir has an equal right to alter his share of the inheritance, as his stay-at-home kinsman does. Perhaps it might be better to nominally as well as actually differentiate American from Essexual, Australian from Oxfordian, English.

5. The American "twang" is partly climatic, as in Canada and New South Wales, but it is also partly due to previous isolation, and now largely to imitation. A species of "chronic catarrh" seems to afflict the residents of countries possessing such anti-English extremes of climate, so that the nasal accent is neither peculiar to, nor universal in, the United States. A visible nasal stricture is one physiological result; and this is just as clearly observable in some British-born Canadians, whilst, as far as this non-employment of the nose in speech is concerned, the lower Cockney is not so very far removed from the Yankee.

6. There is no intonational standard of English accent, nor ever was. Anyone with a fair ear may perceive that scarcely two members of our own Houses of Legislature pronounce quite alike. There may be a certain or uncertain fashionably fickle standard of "good society," which each one makes or takes for himself; but it results only in a chronic contest between imitation and affectation. Concentrated conceit is, so far, the sole criterion of linguistic culture. Even in the "highest circles" of our land the abuses of the r and the h are outrageous.

7. Any genuine hatred towards this country was, and is, due to several fluctuating causes, such as international jealousy, which is somewhat flattering to our national vanity; ignorance, which we all share from lack of intercommunication; a just resentment felt at the contempt which the average Briton so often manifests, even unconsciously, towards other nationalities; and, too often, a regrettable inheritance of the hate of our Irish brethren transplanted to American soil.

8. Self-consciousness in the cultured American is not, it seems to me, a wholly satisfactory reason for his superior refinement; but still, the social absence of demarcated classes may make the better-class American more careful to act up to his assumed or inherited position, or noblesse oblige.

PHINLAY GLENELG.

VI.

WHO IS THE AUTHOR?

21st November, 1890.

In reply to query by "H. G. Keene," on p. 194 of the Author, I give below the sonnet by Tennyson, of which he is desirous to learn the tenth and eleventh lines. As the poem differs considerably from the version given by the querist, I have concluded that I had better transcribe the whole fourteen lines. This sonnet appeared in an edition of Tennyson's poems in 1833, and has not since been reprinted in any save pirated editions of the poet's works.

RAMSAY COLLES.

SONNET.

Written on hearing of the outbreak of the Polish Insurrection.

"Blow ye the trumpet; gather from afar,
The hosts to battle: be not bought and sold.
Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold;
THE AUTHOR.

Break through your iron shackles—flying them far.
O for those days of Piast, ere the Czar
Grew to his strength among his deserts cold;
When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
The growing murmur of the Polish war!

"Now must your noble anger blaze out more
Than when from Sobieski, clan by clan,
The Moslem myriads fell, and fled before—
Than when Zamoysky smote the Tartar Khan;
Than earlier, when on the Baltic shore
Boleslas drove the Pomeranian."

[The word that you printed (Zmole?) in line nine should have been "smote." One sees reasons of technique which explain to us the reason why our noble President should have dropped his sonnet out of his works; but I think there is fire in it, and a genuine sincerity of expression.]

H. G. K.

[Several correspondents, including Mr. Ramsay Colles, have replied giving the sonnet as above.—Ed.]

VII.

QUERY.

Who wrote the following?

"I never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me:
From fifteen years to fifty's space,
They all victorious be."

VIII.

A case has been submitted for consideration.

It illustrates very well the maxim—a well-known trading maxim—that there is no friendship in business.

The author gave a MS. to certain publishers, personal friends of her own. They undertook to publish the work, saying that they would give half profits after 1,000 copies were sold. This nobly generous offer was not put into writing. Hitherto the author has had no accounts and no profits.

Asks what he should do, and whether the copyright remains with him or is lost.

Our experience in previous cases of this description is that there never are any profits. There never are any accounts. And the cost of production has been so great as to swallow everything, leaving the poor publishers with a heavy loss.

The sensible procedure would be to demand an account and to sink, for the time being, the personal friendship. When the accounts are forthcoming, further advice should be taken.

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GILBERT, W. S. Songs of a Savoyard.


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GOSSE, EDMUND. Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 15s.

GOULD, BARING. In Troubadour Land.

GUNTER, A. C. Miss Nobody.

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INGELOW, JEAN. Very Young, and Quite Another Story.

"ION" (EURIPIDES). Translated by Dr. Verrall.

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2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.
5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, Secretary to the Society. 1s.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. The work is printed for members of the Society only. 2s. 6d. (A new Edition preparing.)
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Price 3s. (A new Edition in the Press.)

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The Author.
(The Organ of the Incorporated Society of Authors. Monthly.)

CONDUCTED BY WALTER BESANT.

Vol. I.—No. 9. JANUARY 15, 1891. [PRICE SIXPENCE.]

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CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

The Subscription is One Guinea annually, payable on the 1st of January of each year. The sum of Ten Guineas for life membership entitles the subscriber to full membership of the Society.

Authors of published works alone are eligible for membership.

Those who desire to assist the Society but are not authors are admitted as Associates, on the same subscription; but have no voice in the government of the Society.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "The Imperial Bank, Limited, Westminster Branch.”

Those who wish to be proposed as members may send their names at any time to the Secretary at the Society’s Offices, when they will receive a form for the enumeration of their works. Subscriptions entered after the 1st of October will cover the next year.

The Secretary may be personally consulted between the hours of 1 p.m. and 5, except on Saturdays. It is preferable that an appointment should be made by letter.

The Author, the Organ of the Society, can be procured through all newsagents, or from the publisher, A. P. Watt, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C.

A copy will be sent free to any member of the Society for one twelve months, dating from May, 1889. It is hoped, however, that most members will subscribe to the paper. The yearly subscription is 6s. 6d., including postage, which may be sent to the Secretary, 4, Portugal Street, W.C.

With regard to the reading of MSS. for young writers, the fee for this service is one guinea. MSS. will be read and reported upon for others than members, but members cannot have their works read for nothing.

In all cases where an opinion is desired upon a manuscript, the author should send with it a table of contents. A typewritten scenario is also of very great assistance.

It must be understood that such a reader’s report, however favourable, does not assist the author towards publication.

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Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years’ work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:—

(1) NEVER to sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

(2) NEVER to enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends, or by this Society.

(3) NEVER, on any account whatever, to bind themselves down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

(4) NEVER to accept any proposal of royalty without consultation with the Society, or, at least, ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

(5) NEVER to accept any offer of money for MSS., without previously taking advice of the Society.

(6) NEVER to accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility without advice.

(7) NEVER, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, to pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

(8) NEVER to sign away American or foreign rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

(9) NEVER forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Vol. I.
THE AUTHOR.

NEWS AND NOTES.

THE New York Nation, speaking of the Copy
right Bill, remarks on the curious ideas
which have been shown to prevail as to
literary property. "They are ideas which one
naturally expects to meet with among those who
have never known anybody who possessed literary
property, or made any money out of it. The notion
that there can be property in the expression of
ideas, has owed its acceptance in every country to
familiarity with the spectacle of authors receiving
money from publishers." Exactly the same ignor
ance has long prevailed in this country. People
understand property in a book; but property in
what makes a book, the soul of the book, they
cannot understand. Nor, too often, can he who
infused that soul into paper and press understand
it. There are many, very many, still who are
willing to take whatever is offered, in absolute
disregard of what the honest merchant who buys
it is going to make out of it. The spectacle which
we desire to present to the world is not that of
authors "receiving money," like a dole, and greedily
stipulating and sticking out for more, but that of
authors negotiating, on business principles, for the
transfer, or arranging for the management of
property as real as a mine or an estate.

The proposed memorial to the late Rev. Henry
White has met with a ready response. The sum
of £900 has been collected. A stained glass
window is to be placed in the Savoy Chapel and
a mosaic in the Chapel of King's College, London.
The rest of the money will be expended in the en
dowment of cots in the children's ward of King's
College Hospital. The memory of such a man as
Henry White, who wrote but little, necessarily
passes away when his friends are dead. It is
well that something should survive to show that
there once lived this man whom all men loved.

I have received a good many letters concerning
the suggested Authors' Club or Authors' House,
but I want more, and I keep the question open for
another month. Meantime will those who have
as yet expressed no opinion be good enough to let
me have their views? The case is now fairly
before us. We understand what such an institution
may do for the cause of literature, and what may
be its dangers and difficulties. If either is resolved
upon there will be wanted a volunteer Committee
of management or, at least, some who are ready
to do the work of starting the preliminary
organization. Will those who are willing to help
in this way send in their names?

The Spectator offers certain facts of interest to
some of our readers. They concern the produc
tion of Christmas gift-books. Twenty years ago,
the writer states, that paper noticed eighty volumes of
the kind, and devoted seven columns to the task.
Ten years ago a hundred and eight were reviewed
in thirteen columns. This year there are more
than a hundred and fifty brought out by fifty publishers.
In twenty years, therefore, the output of
gift-books at Christmas has been doubled. The
population has increased by twenty per cent. in
the same time, which accounts for some of the in
crease. Education, not only of the Board School
kind, but of the more liberal kind, has been enor
mously extended, so that the sons of that class
which formerly attended wretched private schools
now go to great schools like St. Paul's or the City
of London, where they get as good an education
as if they were at Harrow or Rugby. And the
education of girls has widened even more astonish
ingly. This accounts for another part of the in
crease. The Spectator thinks that the middle-class
Englishman never buys books except to give away,
and that the increase in the number of Christmas
gift-books shows the increase of the custom of giving
books which are cheap and pretty, and look costly.
Well, there is something in the theory. But it is not
completely true. The ordinary professional man
does not buy books. That is true. Why? Be
cause he doesn't want to read. When he is not at
work it is after dinner, when he talks or he takes
his pipe. Very often he works every evening,
and has no time at all for reading. A doctor
in practice, for instance, has very little time in
deed for reading. But his household have; and
his boys and girls buy as many books as they can
afford. In fact, this common belief that books are not
bought by English people is based on nothing more
than the two facts that men in active work have
very little time for reading, and that their means
are too slender to admit of doing much more than
subscribe to the library. But, by hook or by
crook, the younger ones do get books. Look at a
school-boy's shelves. And see the people buying
books at the stalls. I will try to get some statistics,
if I can, on the people who buy books as a contri
bution to social manners.

The Spectator has likewise in purblind fashion
begun to teach us what Christmas books ought to
be. Now Christmas books mean books printed
and published about Christmas time. Five and
twenty years ago they meant books or stories con
nected, in some way or other, with the Festival of
Joy and Good Tidings and Gargantuan Feeding.
That time has gone by. He who writes a tale t,
be published for Christmas no longer troubles himself the least about Yule Tide and the feasting. In fact, I think the feasting itself is decreasing every year. For my own part I have had a hand in about fifteen Christmas stories. They have been published in October, and they have no more to do with the Feast of Christmas than with the Feast of Lanterns. The better the story, the more highly finished as a work of art, the better Christmas book it makes.

Mr. George Saintsbury's book, or rather the first chapter of it, has been considered in another place. Here is a remark somewhat after the comparative method which he advocates. He has treated not of the greatest men—Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, find no place in his book—but of those who stand next to the greatest. Among them, for instance, are Crabbe, Hogg, Sydney Smith, Hazlitt, Moore, Leigh Hunt, Peacock, De Quincey, Praed, Lockhart, and Borrow. These are all very respectable names; they stand very nearly in the first line; one doubts whether we could now find, taking England and America together, a living eleven capable of standing up to this dead eleven. Yet, though we seem to know so much about them, how little do we really know of their work and their personality? Who now regards Crabbe? who readeth Hogg? A few lines from the former, a few verses from the latter, are all we know. Moore is read no longer. Leigh Hunt is fading into oblivion surely and swiftly; De Quincey, for a few things that he did, still lives; Praed, for the same reason, still lives; Hazlitt no longer lives in the common mind; Peacock belongs to the library of the student; Borrow has a few lovers here and there; Lockhart, save for his Life of Scott—a large saving—is no more than a name. In fact, the list teaches that a very limited immortality is the inevitable lot of all but one or two. He, however, who has succeeded in catching the ear of the world and pleasing or helping along his own generation just for his own life, ought to be contented, because he has really achieved a great thing. He who, like Praed, succeeds in getting the world to put one single poem in that Treasury of Literature, which will last so long as the present speech is maintained, has accomplished a most wonderful feat. He is truly blessed of the gods. But for most writers, even of those who seem well to the front in their generation, a strictly limited immortality is their portion. And this we should do well to remember.

The death of M. Octave Feuillet removes one of the foremost figures in French literature. I suppose that everybody has read the “Vicomte de Camors” and the “Roman d’un jeune homme pauvre.” Not so many have read his “Honneur d’artiste,” the “Histoire de Sibylle,” or “La Morte.” But there is hardly any artist in fiction of whom a young writer could learn more. A careful study of his methods should be a liberal education in the art. May we venture to recommend it to some of our young writers?

Another death, that of Kinglake, removes a veteran of letters. I suppose his “History of the Crimean War” is a great work, but I have never read it. The reason is that as a lad I suffered, with all the other young men of the time, such agonies of impotent rage at the sufferings of our soldiers in that terrible Crimean winter, when they were mocked with green coffee berries, boots made of brown paper, putrid tins of beef, and all the rest of it, that I have never ventured to open the book or to read over again the dismal and maddening story. Kinglake to me was always Eothen Kinglake.

Mr. Louis Stevenson (see Author, November, 1890, p. 166) furnished good and sufficient reasons why one must not too hastily bring charges of plagiarism against a novelist. Mr. Hall Caine, in a story given in the Pall Mall Gazette of December 22nd, 1890, gives another warning against hasty charges of this kind. He tells how, when a boy, he saw, sitting in a chamber of an Infirmary, a young woman with bandaged eyes waiting for some one. She had recently been operated upon for cataract; she was ordered to keep on her bandages for a fortnight under penalty of permanent blindness; she was waiting for her child, born before the operation, whom she had, therefore, not yet seen. Twenty years later, he wrote a novel with exactly that situation. But he made the mother brave the consequences. In order to see her child she tears off the bandage. Plain plagiarism! Shame! Yet with what a plain tale is the resemblance proved to be no plagiarism at all!

This was pure accident. Such a thing might happen to anyone who observes a fact and makes it into a dramatic situation. Another danger is that of using the same materials and authorities as another novelist. Suppose, for instance, that two
men were at the same time engaged upon separate works, turning on the manners and customs of the early sixteenth century. They would both go to Erasmus—they must. Once there were two novelists engaged jointly upon a romance of the middle of the last century. They agreed upon sending their heroine to Tunbridge Wells. It was not until they had paid a longish visit to the place, and after all the contemporary literature and gossip about Tunbridge had been studied, that they remembered that Thackeray had already made Tunbridge Wells his own. They therefore retreated and found another place, and began again. But suppose it had not been Thackeray, but another and some obscure and unsuccessful writer who had thus treated of the place—there would have been a fine opportunity for a cry of plagiarism. Because, you see, there is only one "crib," or set of cribs, for Tunbridge Wells in 1750, and whether it is Thackeray or Ignotus who wants to use that place at that time, he must use that set of cribs and none other.

"AUTHORS.—Introduction to publishers and editors, by journalist of standing; commission only on MS. sold; exceptional chance:—H. D. F., Office."

The above advertisement has appeared in an evening paper. A member of the Society answered it, stating that he was a writer of some success, but would be pleased to extend his connection among editors of magazines. He received no reply. It is difficult to understand what the advertiser means. As everyone knows perfectly well, an introduction to editors and publishers is never wanted and is of no use. They are almost the only people in the world who want no introduction: Any respectable solicitor requires one with a new client. The best editor in the world wants none. A perfect stranger may go to him and will be received with cordiality if he has anything good to offer. How, then, can a writer be benefited by the "journalist of standing"? Considering this question and waiting for an answer from the advertiser, we advise readers to send their MSS. themselves to editors until they get a satisfactory reply.

Another advertisement inviting authors to send MSS. to the advertiser which appeared in a leading paper early in October, attracted many. The advertiser called once only, a few days after the insertion of his invitation. He took away a bundle of MSS. and returned no more. Meantime one of those who answered the advertisement, after writing again and again to the advertiser, and failing to get any reply, appealed to the Society. Other complaints reaching the Secretary of MSS. having been sent and kept without any reply, the case was laid before the manager of the paper, who delivered up to the office all the MSS. lying in his office. These have been returned to the authors. The others which had been carried away, have since been returned, and an explanation has been offered.

From a correspondent:—"Talking of misprints the following occurred to me in my journalistic experience. I had written the familiar proverb, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." The sporting compositor turned it out—"Take care of the fence, and the hounds will take care of themselves." It is not only smart, but true."

The Times announces that the Handbook to the Public Records, upon which Mr. Scargill Bird, the Superintendent to the Search Department at the Public Record Office, has been engaged for some years in compiling, is now finally revised and ready for press, and may be expected shortly. The work is an elaborate catalogue raisonné of the Public Records.

The "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography" is published by James T. White and Co. It contains the autobiographies of "prominent" citizens of the big Republic, such as mayors and other great men, authors included. Each notice contains a portrait and an autograph; and, in some cases, a picture of the great man's residence. The portraits are little things, costing two or three dollars a-piece. The following is an extract from a letter addressed by the enterprising publishers to an American author, who has forwarded it to us. It will, perhaps, furnish a hint to other enterprising gentlemen on this side the ocean. Every suggestion by which authors may be tricked is gladly welcomed by British, as well as by American, enterprise.

"We are asked to embellish these biographies with vignette portraits, like those shown; and they are in such request, we are obliged to restrict them to only the more prominent persons.

"We feel that your position and work in the world entitles you to this portrait. There are 6,000 representative persons living who should have portraits, which would require an outlay that no publisher would be justified in assuming. This expense, however, distributed pro rata is so small and we feel that its addition to the biography is so
great, that no one can afford to have it omitted. They cost $70 each. A photo process plate, such as can only be printed on special coated paper, cannot be used. This is an etching drawn by a portrait artist of the highest ability, and engraved, so as to retain its vigour and delicacy through large editions. This is what gives the life to the portrait, &c."

Such an appeal to vanity, patriotism, justice, and cheapness all combined must be irresistible. There are actually 6,000 "representative" Americans—happy country to possess 6,000 great men!—one in every 10,000 souls, one in every 6,000 adults, one in every 3,000 men, one in every 1,000 educated men! If all these, except a remnant, pay up the $70 for what costs $2, there is a little trifle of $400,000 profit for the enterprising publisher. Well, we give it away. Millions in it. But the Author only lives to benefit his fellow creatures.

A paper calling itself an agreement has just been placed in my hands by one of the parties concerned. It is a lady. She did not sign the document until she had asked the advice of her bankers, who themselves, she states, also took advice. This is much as if she had asked the opinion of the grocer, who had diffidently taken counsel with his friend the butcher. The result is pleasing, and reflects the highest credit on the general intelligence of the bankers and their advisers.

(1.) The author paid £58 towards the production of a work which would cost about £40.
(2.) She agreed to pay whatever the honest publisher should please to charge for corrections.
(3.) She agreed to give him a free hand to advertise anywhere—in his own lists at a pound a word if he chooses—up to £20.
(4.) She agreed to give the man "half the profits."

Half the profits! This is a beautiful example of trading on the ignorance of the author. Half the profits! For here is the account as it is pretty certain to be rendered. It must be remembered that, as stated above, the actual cost of producing the work will be about £40. The extreme case of selling off the whole edition is taken.

<table>
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<td>Cost of production,</td>
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<td>stated at</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corrections (say)</td>
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<td>Advertising</td>
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| 500 copies—          | £  s.  d. |
| 400 sold, producing  | 70  0    |
| 60 press             | 0         |
| 20 author            | 150 4    |
| 20 in stock          | 0         |
|                      | 15  17 6  |
| Loss                 | £85 17 6  |

So that on the most favourable chance there can be no profits, and must be a loss.

But the loss will very likely be a great deal more. Probably, an account more like the following will be submitted:

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<tr>
<td>Cost of production</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corrections (or any other fancy amount)</td>
<td>115 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advertising (or any other fancy amount)</td>
<td>30 0</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>£116 15 8</td>
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| 500 copies—          | £  s.  d. |
| 20 sold, producing   | 3 10    |
| 60 press             | 0         |
| 420 in stock         | 113 5 8  |
|                      | £116 15 8 |

This, however, is how the transaction will figure up in the publisher's private book:

|                      | £  s.  d. |
| Actual cost of production | 40 0    |
| Corrections (say)         | 1  10 4 |
| Advertising (say)         | 5  0    |
| Profit to publisher       | 74  0   |
|                      | £120 10 0 |

| By payment of author     | £  s.  d. |
| Ditto for corrections    | 58  0    |
| Ditto for advertising    | 7  10    |
| By sale of (say 200 copies) | 35 0 |
|                      | £120 10 0 |

This is what one gets by taking advice of people who know nothing whatever about the subject.
We are constantly being asked what royalties mean when they are offered in agreements. Now, in the June number of the Author we gave a distinct statement of what is really meant by the various kinds of royalties offered; a six shilling novel of average length being taken as the basis of calculation. Let us repeat what was there proved. It was shown that a ten per cent. royalty gives the following proportions:

For the first edition of 1,000 copies—
Publisher : Author :: 3 : 2;

For the second edition of 3,000 copies—
Publisher : Author :: 3 : 1;

and so on, for which we refer the reader to that number. A practical though rough and imperfect way of testing a royalty is this. For a first edition of a thousand the cost of production may be taken at one-sixth the published price, viz.:— at 15. for a 6s. book. The retail price may be taken at 1/3, or, to be very liberal to the publisher, at 1/4.

For a second edition of large numbers, the cost of production is about 1/3 the published price: the retail price remains at 1/3.

These figures can be very easily applied by the reader when his next agreement is offered for signature.

After two hundred and fifty years the countrymen of Drummond of Hawthornden are about to erect a tomb over the neglected grave of their poet. It will be the tomb which he himself asked his friend the Earl of Stirling, to place over him.

Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering Fame,
Tell, Death hath triumphed o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name,
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys, Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes grace
The murmuring Esk. May Roses shade the place!"

I wonder how many living folk have read Drummond. A few of his verses are well known because they are preserved in that collection which is in most English houses, the "Golden Treasury." Readers who feel moved—may many be moved!— to contribute to this monument, may note that Mr. A. P. Purvis, Esk Town, Lasswade, is the Hon. Sec., to whom their tribute may be paid. The Committee is entirely composed of Scottish gentlemen. Among them I see the name of Mr. Andrew Lang—but they will allow the Southron to assist.

We have read with amazement certain remarks made in the English Court of Justice by a certain person learned in the law concerning a great French writer. The person learned in the law, going outside his case, which had nothing to do with the works of this great French writer, but only with certain pictures professing to illustrate these works, called the said great French writer a "filthy-minded old monk, who is only considered a classic because he has been dead three hundred years." It is not likely that among the readers of this paper there can be any who want a defence of Rabelais. If to speak words of wisdom for the instruction of humanity for all time is the work one expects of a filthy-minded monk, then is the said person learned in the law a critic who may be followed. If it is a decent thing for an advocate to go beyond his case in order to throw mud at an author whom he does not understand, then is the above-named person learned in the law a model for all advocates. To those who do understand this great master, it seems a deplorable thing that such words should be uttered of such a man by a member of that profession which is generally believed to be not only learned in the law, but cultivated above and beyond all other professions. As regards the pictures, they seem to have been seized with all the zeal which might be expected. Eleven of those seized were ordered by the magistrate to be returned immediately. No one, meantime, has so much as raised the question, how far they really illustrate the work. I have myself been twice to the Gallery, and I dare say I shall go again. Some of the drawings are extremely clever, and some, but not many, seem really to have caught the spirit of the writer. Some clothe his robust pages with pruriency.

This is the busiest time of the year as regards publications. It is therefore a favourable time for pursuing our researches into the extent of the alleged "risks" run by those whose business it is to produce new books. My allegation is that publishers very seldom run any risk at all—in the matter of belles lettres, of course. I know very little about the risks, if any, incurred in technical, scientific, legal, or medical works. These, however, are not advertised in the Times.

The sheet of the Times before me contains four columns of advertisements, two of which are restricted to books published during the last three months. Let us take these two.

The following is the analysis:—

(1.) Nine books. Of these five are novels by
tried and proved writers; three are on special subjects which appeal to large classes and are by writers whose names command respect; one is a book of travels in a country of which people are never tired of hearing. Result: no risk.

(2.) Five books: one a second edition. One a new volume of a successful series. Three on subjects and by writers about whom there can be no doubt. Result: no risk.

(3.) Six books. All novels. All by proved writers. No risk.


(5.) Seven books. One of biography, certain to command an audience. One an addition to a greatly successful series. One of popular science. One a novel by a proved writer. Two books of verse, evidently paid for by the authors. One a translation which seems also paid for. If not, risky, but of little importance.

(6.) Seven books. All religious. All by well-known men. No risk.


(8.) Eight books. Six books on Art. Two by very well-known writers. No risk.

(9.) Five books. One, a novel by a new hand; might seem risky. But it is a reprint, and has already been proved in serial form. No risk.

(10.) Fifteen books. A varied list. The subject and writers prove that the books are certain to command success. No risk.

(11.) Seven books. Four of them are technical. The remaining three are by authors whose names stand very high indeed. No risk.

(12.) Five books. Four by very well-known and successful writers. The fifth a well-advised venture. Risk, unless the author takes it, in one case.

Thus, out of eighty-three new books and among thirteen publishers we can discover two books only in which there is any risk. These are those who are considered first class publishers. The books are published on a half-profit system and a royalty system. A few, but very few, are bought. But it must be understood that the practice of buying books is rapidly going out.

Let us understand, however, what is meant exactly by saying that there is no risk. This: that the publisher, being a sensible man of business, very seldom pays for producing a book unless he sees his way very clearly to at least such a sale as will give him back his money with some return for his own profit.

The obituary of the year includes among those who attained literary distinction the names of Cardinal Newman, of whom I am inclined to believe that his hymns will give him an abiding place in the English memory long after his Apologia and other works have been forgotten. His great age, his scholarly reputation, his individual character and his position in the Church to which he seceded, all helped to exaggerate at his death his literary rank. Dr. Döllinger, Professor Delitsch, the Archbishop of York, the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Littledale, Canon Liddon, Canon Molesworth, the Rev. Henry White, and Dr. Adler, are among the divines deceased; Sir Richard Burton, Professor Thorold Rogers, Professor Sellar, Dr. Schliemann, among the scholars and archaeologists; Lord Carnarvon, Lord Rosslyn, Sir Louis Malet, Dion Boucicault, Alphonse Karr, Octave Feuillet, Chatrian, Adolphe Belot, Charles Gibbon, Gustave Revilliot of Geneva, George Hooper, represent the losses in general literature. There are also many names of scientific and medical writers. No great English writer has passed away during the last twelve months.

The paper of the month is “The Light that Failed,” in Lippincott.

WALTER BESANT.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

I.

[The following account of the passage of the Copyright Bill by the House was written by the Secretary of the American Copyright League for the New York Critic.]

The passage of the International Copyright Bill by the House of Representatives on the 3rd inst. was by no means wholly unexpected to the Committee representing the Leagues, most of whom know what laborious work has been done in the “campaign of education” that has been carried on since the defeat of May 2nd. This campaign, which resulted in a change of 72 votes, began on the morning after that disaster, when the printed arguments of the friends of the bill were placed in the boxes of members on the theory that then if
ever they would be sure to receive attention. From that day to this, in the face of the hopelessness of some of the most prominent friends of the cause, there has been no intermission in the effort to reach the House with argument, and with evidences that the best sentiment of the country demands the bill. Time would fail to tell here the details of the summer campaign, and of the unexpected dangers which had to be guarded against. These must be reserved for the official report of the year's work. It is probably unnecessary after the vote of December 3rd to apologize to those who in August thought that the summons of the Secretary to another struggle was only another cry of wolf.

The vote of last week was to me unexpected only to the extent of a week's margin. It was easy to see upon my arrival in Washington on Sunday night that the work of the Committee during the recess and especially since the election was bearing fruits. Interviews on Sunday night, on Monday and on Tuesday morning showed a determination on the part of leading friends of the bill to put it through promptly. To avoid consideration of a bill virtually at the head of Committee business, would have indicated a hostility on the part of the leaders of the majority which did not exist. On the contrary, it was evident that while the measure was in no sense a partisan one, the L.I. Congress could not afford to leave as part of its record the official license of literary piracy. This consideration assured the bill its chance, but not its success, which came from an accession of individual votes on each side of the Chamber. On Tuesday at 11.30, when it was known that the "morning hour" was to be restored that day, pamphlets and petitions of the League were placed in the boxes of those members whose attitude was not known to be friendly, all of whom had received at their homes since the election the arguments issued by the American Copyright League, and those of Mr. Putnam, the indefatigable Secretary of the Publishers' League, together with letters supplementing personal appeals. The vote on the question of consideration, 132 to 74, though not a test vote, was most encouraging, but, in view of the information of the Committee, not surprising. The unworthy tactics of the enemy in filibustering against the Eighth Commandment were maintained with more acerbity than skill or intelligence, and in some cases without sincere conviction. (It is reported that even Mr. Springer, who added to the disgrace of Illinois by leading the opposition, has acknowledged since the vote that the bill was a good one.) These tactics were, however, a gross parliamentary mistake, since they gave Mr. Simonds the best of reasons for moving the previous question, which was ordered late in the day in a thin house by 106 to 73. This was a test vote and was accepted as conclusive proof that the final vote would occur on the next day, and that it would be largely favourable. It was the opinion of our Congressional friends that the fight was won.

On Wednesday morning Dr. Eggleston, Mr. W. W. Appleton and Mr. Scribner arrived, and the work of soliciting votes was renewed. Dr. Eggleston, whose laborious work in the cause at Washington two years ago and last year will be remembered, and the state of whose health had deprived the Committee of his services during the summer campaign, though still suffering from illness, could not keep out of the fight. Wednesday's work on the floor was like nothing so much as a fine contest at football. The copyright wedge was again formed with Captain Simonds in the angle with the ball (i.e., the bill), and with a strong rush line, an I with Butterworth as right tackle, and Breckinridge as left tackle, the steady and persistent advance was continued until the goal was reached.

The great moral victory thus accomplished is belittled by attempting to assign personal credits for it. It is, first of all, a victory for honest public sentiment, and in this part of the contest the press of the country, with one notorious exception, has done an enormous service, in which the Washington correspondents almost without an exception have joined. The laborious service in past years of a few energetic and devoted men must not be forgotten, foremost of whom, for the length and efficiency of his pioneer work, was George Parsons Lathrop. Secondly, it is a victory for a clean campaign of argument, and should inspirit advocates of other just causes to depend upon frank approach to Representatives on that plane rather than upon any other. Thirdly, with all the effort that has been put forth in various quarters by authors, by publishers, by the Typothetæ, and others, it would be idle to deny that the chief factor in the fight has been the organizations of the typographers, who, beginning by working for their own interest, have become warm advocates of copyright as a principle.

But, as I write, the bill is not yet through the Senate, though it is difficult to entertain the idea of its defeat there for any reason. The remembrance of Jonathan Chace's wise and gentle championship of it in that body is itself a tower of strength. The calamity it would be to civilization were the newspapers of March 4th, 1891, to announce that the reform had gone by default, ought to stir every reader of these lines to write at once to his two Senators to urge upon them right of way for the copyright bill.

Robert Underwood Johnson.
II.

The following is from an American correspondent, one of the inner ring in the cause of Copyright:

"The fight has been short and sharp, and decisive; and on the lines laid out by the Copyright Committee. It was important to impress on the leaders of the Republican side, who were friendly to us, the fact that this was their last chance of having the Copyright Bill put to their credit. The late elections made them particularly impressionable on the side of public opinion, and since the vote of May 2nd we have poured in upon them evidences of the popular strength of the cause. I am not saying that their course was dictated wholly by policy. I believe the organization of our support has been so thorough that had the elections been otherwise the Bill would have passed at this Session. But the Republicans' calamity was our opportunity. Lodge and McKinley have been especially helpful in getting a day. It was a pretty fight—much like a football fight under the Rugby Rules. Our men formed a wedge with Simonds with the ball (i.e., the Bill) inside the angle, and they moved steadily forward with each defeat of the evening's five dilatory votes, reaching the ordering of the question after three hours and a-half of filibustering, which gave Simonds the pretext he wanted for that motion. The first day ended with the success of that vote, making it sure that the Bill would pass the next day. The intermission was like the quarter-hour before the second half at football. After twenty minutes' debate on either side, our wedge again began its advance, unchecked by five dilatory motions, with the result, as you know, of the passage of the Bill by 139 to 95."

III.

The American Copyright Act is already producing a shower of letters and articles, which one watches, day by day, hoping for instruction and dreadings mischief. Nothing more mischievous and dangerous could have been devised than this rushing into print of terrified printers, self-advertising publishers and others, crying out before they are hurt. The only word of wisdom was from Professor Max Müller. Said the Professor, "Sit down and hold your tongues." All the writers seemed agreed that a deadly blow is about be dealt at English printers. For my own part, I do not believe in the deadliness of the blow, nor, in fact, in any blow at all. At the same time, I think that there is some doubt as to the ultimate effect of the Bill, whether we are justified in clamouring for a clause granting copyright to books in the English language, only on the condition that a copy printed in this country is deposited—not in Stationers' Hall—but in a Government office created for this purpose, is a doubtful question. There are one or two points on the general question which I submit for consideration.

1. We read everywhere that the pirates are smitten with confusion and dispersed. Are they? First of all, they have a stock of hundreds of volumes containing all the literature of Great Britain from the beginning. It will take a very long time to get through this stock, and, in fact, no living man will see the end of it, because the copyright is always expiring of modern literature, which then becomes everybody's property.

2. Secondly, suppose, as will certainly happen, that the people hitherto called pirates want to publish new works by British authors. They will not be able to get the best new books because they cannot afford to pay for them. But they will get the second and third-rate books because they will offer a five-pound note for the copyright. Now the author, if he can get nothing better, will generally take a five-pound note. If the history of many cheap editions was known, we should find that many very well known books had been bought up for cheap rights at absurd sums. I once saw a little document—some years ago—showing such a negotiation, between two publishers, over a quantity of copyrights. Among them the copyright of a certain work by a very popular novelist, now deceased, was actually disposed of for five pounds. Therefore, the cheap libraries will have little difficulty in keeping up, and the Americans will go on having their cheap literature.

3. Will our own books be printed in the first place in America? I think not. When a book is going to be successful why trouble about the cost of composition? It is a trifle; so many sheets at three-and-twenty shillings—say—it is nothing compared with the manifest advantages of double printing.

4. Then there is the spelling. Lives there a catif Briton so vile as to allow, if he can prevent it, his work to appear in his own country, in the vulgar and debased spelling which they have adopted in the States? Let us remember that this is a spelling which destroys the history of our language as told by the growth of our words; that it ruins the familiar appearance of our classics; and that it was only adopted in a spirit of spitefulness against Great Britain. In small things as well as in great, the magnanimous great Republic has always, it seems to me, been spiteful against the Mother Country. Are we prepared to adopt traveler, theater, favor, and the other abominations? Never.
"But," it is argued, "we must not treat America as we treat France. This is not a question of free trade or protection. We must consider the absolute mischief which may be done to us by the free importation to our shores of printed sheets with their bad spelling and ugly type, and the loss they will cause to the printers. They are afraid of us. If they wish to preserve their trade and their spelling they are right, because we print and we spell better and more cheaply than they do. They cannot complain if we guard ourselves. It is not retaliation—it is simple self-defence if we grant copyright only to books in the English language, composed in this country, and registered at a Government office provided for the purpose." This is what is said: The danger is said to be two-fold (1) that American editions will be printed by American printers. Well, if so we are no worse off than before. (2) That American printed books will flood our market. They cannot, I believe, for the reasons above stated. Still, no one knows exactly what is going to happen, and we had better wait and look on awhile, and not suffer ourselves to be excited about possibilities.

6. The letters all pretend to treat the question as an authors' question. This is very humorous. How long will it be before authors will be persuaded into signing away their American rights as well as all their other rights? And even in cases when a royalty is the basis of agreement. How much more is it a publishers' than an authors' question? Yet Mr. Arnold Forster, who is Secretary, I believe, of Cassell's Company, talks without a smile of authors foregoing some of their profits as if—poor wretches!—they had much to forego. The recent Farrar-Cassell case let a little daylight into many things. Let us, however, endeavour to make this an authors' question by keeping American rights in our own hands. Let us do all we can in this direction; but in many cases—perhaps in most—it will become a publishers' question.

W. B.

IV.

The following from a correspondent. "What effect will the American Bill produce? In other words what kinds of literature will be affected by the Bill, and to what extent? First let us consider what English books are produced in America at the present moment. According to the Nation of December 11th, 1890, the number of books produced during the preceding week was seventy-two. Of these, twenty-eight seem—because one is not sure about two or three—to be written or compiled by Americans. The rest, forty-four in number, are of "foreign," i.e., chiefly English origin. Of these, twenty-one are works of fiction, but three are French or German, and four are reprints. Remain, out of seventy-two books, fourteen—or about one in five—novels written by living English writers. Twenty-three remain to be accounted for. Books of religion, travel, Greek and Roman literature, and general literature, fill up the list. Now, ten of the novels are published at 25 or 50 cents. This price will certainly become impossible unless the reign of the penny novelette is to begin in America. Therefore, out of the ten, only those authors who enjoy any popularity in America will profit by the Bill. In other words, it will only be worth while to produce those works for which there is certain to be some demand. It has to be proved what English authors are in demand. Next, for the first time the American author will be enabled to compete for popularity with the Englishman. If one may judge from certain indications, he will prove a very formidable competitor indeed, both in America and in the country. Therefore, while the successful novelist will—unless he allows his publishers to seize the whole increase—very largely improve his position, it will become doubly—trebly, nay, ten times as difficult to gain the ear of the two worlds. And some of those who believe that because they have been reprinted in a cheap series, they are therefore popular, will be disappointed.

"Will better work in fiction be produced—work of better and truer art? I am convinced that this will be one effect of International Copyright. That is to say, those who now rely solely on the strength of situations and the interest of a plot will go on disregarding style and finish. As for construction and dramatic effect they have it already, or they could not succeed at all. But those who aim higher will meet with encouragement from both sides of the Atlantic, wherever there are people of culture able to value style and finish. The success of those writers—headed by George Meredith—who, an artist in the highest sense, shows that there are wide circles open to them wherever the common language is spoken."

V.

The probable passing of the Bill necessitates another warning which has been added to the list. No one must now sign any agreement which does not specially reserve American rights. No one as yet knows what these may be worth, but it is at least safe to suppose that a successful book on this side of the Atlantic will be also successful on the other side. Let us, at any rate, assume that it will be successful, and safeguard our chances accordingly.
THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

51st Congress, 2nd Session.

H. R. 10881.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

December 3, 1890.

Read twice and ordered to lie on the table.

AN ACT

TO AMEND TITLE SIXTY, CHAPTER THREE, OF THE REVISED STATUTES OF THE UNITED STATES, RELATING TO COPYRIGHTS.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-two of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4952. The author, inventor, designer, or proprietor of any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, or photograph or negative thereof, or of a painting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary, and of models or designs intended to be perfected as works of the fine arts, and the executors, administrators, or assigns of any such person shall, upon complying with the provisions of this chapter, have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, completing, copying, executing, finishing, and vending the same; and, in the case of dramatic composition, of publicly performing or representing it or causing it to be performed or represented by others; and authors or their assigns shall have exclusive right to dramatise and translate any of their works for which copyright shall have been obtained under the laws of the United States."

SEC. 2. That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-four of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4954. The author, inventor, or designer, if he be still living, or his widow or children, if he be dead, shall have the same exclusive right continued for the further term of fourteen years, upon recording the title of the work or description of the article so secured a second time, and complying with all other regulations in regard to original copyrights, within six months before the expiration of the first term; and such persons shall, within two months from the date of said renewal, cause a copy of the record thereof to be published in one or more newspapers printed in the United States for the space of four weeks."

SEC. 3. That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-six of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same is hereby, amended so that it shall read as follows:

"Sec. 4956. No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, on or before the day of publication in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a printed copy of the title of the book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, photograph, or chromo, or a description of the painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or a model or design for a work of the fine arts for which he desires a copyright, nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of publication thereof in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, two copies of such copyright book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, chromo, cut, print, or photograph, or in case of a painting, drawing, statue, statuary, model, or design for a work of the fine arts, a photograph of same: Provided, That in the case of a book the two copies of the same required to be delivered or deposited as above shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made therefrom. During the existence of such copyright the importation into the United States of any book so copyrighted, or any edition or editions thereof, or any plates of the same not made from type set within the limits of the United States, shall be, and it is hereby, prohibited, except in the cases specified in section twenty-five hundred and five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and except in the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import not more than two copies of such
book at any one time in each of which cases
the written consent of the proprietor of the
copyright, signed in the presence of two wit-
nesses, shall be furnished with each impor-
tation: And provided, That any publisher of
a newspaper or magazine may, without such
consent, import for his own use but not for
sale not more than two copies of any news-
paper or magazine published in a foreign
country. Provided, nevertheless, That in the
case of books in foreign languages, of which
only translations in English are copyrighted,
the prohibition of importation shall apply
only to the translations of the same, and the
importation of the books in the original lan-
guage shall be permitted."

Sec. 4. That section forty-nine hundred and
fifty-eight of the Revised Statutes be, and the same
is hereby, amended so that it will read as follows:

"Sec. 4958. The Librarian of Congress
shall receive from the persons to whom the
services designated are rendered the following fees:

"First. For recording the title or descrip-
tion of any copyright book or other article,
fifty cents.

"Second. For every copy under seal of such
record actually given to the person claiming
the copyright, or his assigns, fifty cents.

"Third. For recording and certifying any
instrument of writing for the assignment of a
copyright, one dollar.

"Fourth. For every copy of an assignment,
one dollar.

"All fees so received shall be paid into the
Treasury of the United States: Provided,
That the charge for recording the title of
description of any article entered for copyright,
the production of a person not a citizen or
resident of the United States, shall be one
dollar, to be paid as above into the Treasury
of the United States, to defray the expenses
of lists of copyrighted articles as hereinafter
provided for.

"And it is hereby made the duty of the
Librarian of Congress to furnish to the
Secretary of the Treasury copies of the entries
of titles of all books and other articles wherein
the copyright has been completed by the de-
posit of two copies of such book printed from
type set within the limits of the United States,
in accordance with the provisions of this Act
and by the deposit of two copies of such other
article made or produced in the United States;
and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby
directed to prepare and print, at intervals of
not more than a week, catalogues of such title-entries for distribution to the collectors
of customs of the United States and to the
postmasters of all post-offices receiving foreign
mails, and such weekly lists, as they are issued,
shall be furnished to all parties desiring them,
at a sum not exceeding five dollars per annum;
and the Secretary and the Postmaster-General
are hereby empowered and required to make
and enforce such rules and regulations as shall
prevent the importation into the United States,
except upon the conditions above specified,
of all articles copyrighted under this Act
during the term of the copyright."

Sec. 5. That section forty-nine hundred and
fifty-nine of the Revised Statutes be, and the same
is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4959. The proprietor of every copy-
right book or other article shall deliver at the
office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit
in the mail, addressed to the Librarian of Con-
gress, at Washington, District of Columbia,
a copy of every subsequent edition wherein
any substantial changes shall be made: Pro-
vided, however, That the alterations, revisions,
and additions made to books by foreign
authors, heretofore published, of which new
additions shall appear subsequently to the
taking effect of this Act, shall be held and
deemed capable of being copyrighted as above
provided for in this Act, unless they form a
part of the series in course of publication at
the time this Act shall take effect."

Sec. 6. That section forty-nine hundred and
sixty-three of the Revised Statutes be, and the same
is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4963. Every person who shall insert
or impress such notice, or words of the same
purport, in or upon any book, map, chart,
 dramatic or musical composition, print, cut,
 engraving, or photograph, or other article, for
which he has not obtained a copyright, shall
be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars,
recoverable one-half for the person who shall
sue for such penalty, and one-half to the use
of the United States."

Sec. 7. That section forty-nine hundred and
sixty-four of the Revised Statutes be, and the same
is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4964. Every person who, after the
recording of the title of any book and the
depositing of two copies of such book, as
provided by this Act, shall, within the term
limited, and without the consent of the pro-
prietor of the copyright first obtained in
writing, signed in presence of two or more
witnesses, print, publish, dramatise, translate,
or import, or knowing the same to be so
printed, published, dramatised, translated, or imported, shall sell or expose to sale any copy of such book, shall forfeit every copy thereof to such proprietor, and shall also forfeit and pay such damages as may be recoverable in a civil action by such proprietor in any court of competent jurisdiction.

Sec. 8. That section forty-nine hundred and sixty-five of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, so amended as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4965. If any person, after the recording of the title of any map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, print, cut, engraving, or photograph, or chronicle, or of the description of any painting; drawing, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected and executed as a work of the fine arts, as provided by this Act, shall, within the term limited, and without the consent of the proprietor of the copyright first obtained in writing, signed in presence of two or more witnesses, engrave, etch, work, copy, print, publish, dramatise, translate, or import, either in whole or in part, or by varying the main design with intent to evade the law, or, knowing the same to be so printed, published, dramatised, translated, or imported, shall sell or expose to sale any copy of such map or other article as aforesaid, he shall forfeit to the proprietor all the plates un which the same shall be copied and every sheet thereof, either copied or printed, and shall further forfeit one dollar for every sheet of the same found in his possession, either printing, printed, copied, published, imported, or exposed for sale, and in case of a painting, statue, or statuary, he shall forfeit ten dollars for every copy of the same in his possession, or by him sold or exposed for sale; one-half thereof to the proprietor and the other half to the use of the United States."

Sec. 9. That section forty-nine hundred and sixty-seven of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4967. Every person who shall print or publish any manuscript whatever without the consent of the author or proprietor first obtained, shall be liable to the author or proprietor for all damages occasioned by such injury."

Sec. 10. That section forty-nine hundred and seventy-one of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

Sec. 11. That for the purpose of this Act each volume of a book in two or more volumes, when such volumes are published separately and the first one shall not have been issued before this Act shall take effect, and each number of a periodical shall be considered an independent publication, subject to the form of copyrighting as above.

Sec. 12. That this Act shall go into effect on the first day of July, anno domini eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

Sec. 13. That this Act shall only apply to a citizen of a foreign state or nation when such foreign state or nation permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; or when such foreign state or nation permits to citizens of the United States of America copyright privileges substantially similar to those provided for in this Act; or when such foreign state or nation is a party to an international agreement which provides for reciprocity in the grant of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may at its pleasure become a party to such agreement. The existence of either of these conditions shall be determined by the opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States, whenever an occasion for such a determination arises.

Passed the House of Representatives December 3, 1890.


A PROPRIETOR-EDITOR.

His methods of gaining a livelihood were simple enough in conception, though somewhat tortuous in their working. He did not seem rich, or even to have escaped far from the clutches of actual poverty, yet, after his way, he had solved the problem of "the struggle for life," and had learned how to pass easy days supported by other folks' weaknesses.

He was the Proprietor-Editor of a Society journal, printed on the finest hand-woven paper, and embellished with occasional illustrations. It was, according to its own head-lines (which ought to have known), the chosen organ of "haut ton," yet had but a limited sale, and I was not the only one of the Proprietor-Editor's acquaintances who had vaguely wondered how such an expensively produced and vilely written paper could possibly be made to produce any profits for anybody. And now I know, and the gorgeous simplicity of it all fills me with admiration.

The Proprietor-Editor and I were fellow-members of a small club, where the food was excellent and the conditions of membership lax, and it was in the smoking room of this institution, and under the
stimulus of his afternoon whiskey, that he made the following proposal to me.

"I see," said he, "that you come here a great deal. You are not busy? Looking for a job, perhaps? How would Babylon suit you? I'm giving it up."

I inquired why: also how much the post was worth: and thirdly in whose gift it lay.

It may have been that the Proprietor-Editor's whiskey was more potent than usual, it may have been that I seemed to him a complacent, nay, almost an unscrupulous sort of person; it may have been that he held in light esteem the morals of all the members of our club, but—for this reason or for that—he unbosomed himself to me.

"My dear fellow—to answer your questions—the post is in my gift, as you call it. I am not giving it away, however, but I'll sell it to you. It's worth whatever you like to make it worth. I call it a thousand a year. I'm leaving because I want peace. The thing is getting a bit blown on. But you'll be fresh, and you're younger, and it won't worry you. I've got a brother-in-law in the City, a biggish man at the wholesale furnishing game, who wants a partner, and I'm going to him. He thinks my literary attainments will be useful in the catalogue. You know! Calling a little cup whiskey was more potent than usual, it may have been that he held in light esteem the morals of all the members of our club, but—for this reason or for that—he unbosomed himself to me.

"And accepted MSS.," he continued, disregarding the interruption, "for the totally inadequate sum of five hundred pounds. Say the word, and your fortune's made, and we'll have a split whiskey in honour of the event."

"Stop," says I, "what's your game? My blood or your money?" "Why, your money, you little brute," says he—he was a very violent man. "Then you'd better sit down," said I, "and have a whiskey and soda and talk it over. You might be able to help me get it for you." He was agreeable, and I put it to him that he must do nothing to spoil my credit, as I could not undertake to pay two printers at once. But I promised to pay him, if he would give me such an introduction to some other printer that I could again get credit. He thought for a bit and then he said, 'Well, you might do worse, and I'll give you a line of introduction,' and would you believe it, the fool sent me to my own brother. Of course that was sheer luck, and you mustn't expect to have that sort of luck often. He said, 'I'm sending you to another confounded Israelite, and I wish him joy of you,' and he wrote a flaming letter about my commercial habits, integrity, and the rest, and directed it to Messrs. Silverton and Co., my brother Isaac's trading name. And I stopped with my brother for one year, and paid him every week ready money for printing. I couldn't even get a week's credit out of him. 'The first day your money isn't here on Tuesday morning by twelve, I stop work on the paper,' said he, 'and it won't come out. If you're ten minutes late with the money, I stop the job.' He's a hard man is Isaac, and he had all this down on paper. One day I was half-an-hour late, I think. 'I won't go to press,' says he, 'unless you give me a five pound note as a bonus.' To his own brother! I had to give it him though. I
could not afford to break with him just then. But he's a hard man is Isaac. Don't you print with him.

"In the course of a month or so my old printer began to ask about his account. I was pretty civil with him. I told him I thought it best to pay a bit in ready money at first, so as to establish a credit and get the work done cheaply. He agreed, for he remembered how he had been done clean that way himself. At last he got threatening; then he sent me a lawyer's letter, and then a writ. I paid no attention till it got to terra-cotta, and then I spoke to my brother Isaac, and he took a hand. 'Did you write this here introduction to me?' says he to the poor chap. 'Yes,' says the man. 'I have always found Mr. Reuben a most satisfactory and punctual man to deal with,' quoted my brother. 'Here, you bring your action, and I'll bring mine at the same time.' We heard no more of him.

"Then my brother says, 'This is too warm. I'll give you a letter of introduction to the beast who undersold me about the Penny Piferer. He can come to see by my books what regular pay you are, and I'll show him the good recommendation you brought with you to me. It's a pity that such a document should not be used somewhere outside the family circle. You ought to get a year's credit at least out of him—and that's all I can do for you.' I've been with that chap ever since; I haven't paid him a cent yet. But I shall have to do so soon, and that's why I'm leaving."

He paused.

"Splendid!" said I. "Now about the contributors."

"Oh, them!" he continued, slightly, "we generally go in for women, you know. Their cackle is much nearer than men's, and their writing is much better. They don't want so much money, and it's easier to get them for nothing at all. Most of my magazine is done by my staff—er—my sub-editor does it with scissors and paste. A lady clerk runs about and takes notes of functions; she bribes pew-openers and makes up to housemaids, and so we get our original matter. I—er—write the city article. An outside broker gives me the information, and one of his clerks answers the financial correspondence. I don't pay them; they do it for love of letters, I suppose, and it's nothing to me if their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts unload on my public. There remains the feuilleton. I advertise for this. One three-and-sixpenny advertisement will generally bring in over fifty MSS., and the stamps which accompany them are always handy for the office."

"But how about returning the MSS.?"

"I never return MSS. I may want 'em."

"But," said I, in my innocence, "you'll have to pay for them, if you obtain contributions like that."

"Oh! shall I?" said he, finely contemptuous at the idea. "Oh! shall I? I pay nobody, as I began by informing you, until I cannot help it, and there are not many of these people who force me to extremes. Some wait on for months without saying anything. Some begin writing letters to me from the first. Some are polite, some are more threatening; but I answer none, at any rate for months. That alone chokes off two-thirds of them. It almost always finishes the women. I write to a few of the men, under certain circumstances, and tell them that their previous communication was mislaid, that the Proprietor-Editor is now out of town, but that he will certainly write to them immediately on his return. That keeps them going for another two months. Then, if they still keep bothering, I say the paper will shortly change hands, when definite conclusions concerning the return or retention of MSS. will be come to in every case. You would hardly believe it, but that chokes off a good half of the few that remain. This is how it works out. Say forty-five people answer the advertisement, which brings in 30s., worth of stamps at once, and that goes a long way in an office where you don't answer letters till you've got to. Of these two or three people never write at all about the matter, and we never hear of them again. They are the totally inexperienced, and become subscribers to my paper for years, so as to watch the columns for their contributions. They believe that to be the usual method of procedure. All the rest will write once or twice at least, and thirty or so will write regularly once a week for two or three months, sometimes, I am glad to say, enclosing more stamps for replies; a dozen of these will still keep on writing after the patience of the rest has been exhausted, and these are the people who may have to be told about the contemplated sale of the property, or the absence of the Proprietor-Editor, before they get thoroughly tired. With the remaining six or so I have to deal further. They will generally call and talk about law, and want to know what I am going to do. They are usually men with sticks. I look at those MSS. They are in all likelihood the only ones by practised hands, being written by authors who have experience of the silly way in which other journals are worked, and expect me to behave likewise. If any of these stories suit my purpose I have them printed, and that's a very practical answer to any questionings about what I am going to do. When they write for payment I say nothing. Then they write urgently, and I say, 'At the end
of our financial quarter, we shall have the pleasure of sending you our cheque in payment of your contributions to Babylon at scale prices.' The date you see is pretty vague, and that keeps them quiet for another three months. It is probably now over a year since they answered my advertisement. If they continue to worry I pay them at the rate of half-a-crown a column, and that terminates the transaction, for I can always swear that is my 'scale price.' And that's how to get original contributions. It's simple, certain and cheap, and if you don't mind abusive letters (I don't) there's not a word to be said against it. But it is easier to work the oracle with women than with men."

"And suppose they call and kick up a row?"

"My dear sir, I use the strong arm of the law. I send for a policeman, and have them turned out. Of course my methods occasionally lead to unpleasantness. For instance, I wouldn't go to the Aborigines Club, even if I could get a story from Mr. Rudyard Kipling for nothing, by doing so. I daren't; I should be kicked. But then I don't want to go. The whiskey's better here, and I hate literary people. Sometimes, when things are very stormy in the office, I take a trip until the storm has blown over. I find such a change very pleasant and by no means expensive."

"And now I'll tell you how I work the advertisers. I mark out a little tour, and then I write to the best hotels in the places, and inform the owners that the editor and owner of Babylon, 'an influential weekly journal of fact, fiction, society, sport, and finance,' proposes to stay a few days at their hotel, and will feel better able to recommend the establishment if a liberal reduction in the tariff is extended to him. Nearly all the answers I receive are favourable. I go, and I am treated en prince. When I leave I suggest to the proprietor that his bill, 'really a small one considering the admirable character of the service and the luxury of the appointments,' should be met by a column or so of advertisement in my valuable paper. The proprietor almost always acquiesces, in which case we part the best of friends. If he doesn't, well, I have to pay, and then I don't say anything about his rubbishing public-house in Babylon. He daren't ask me why, for of course I should come the honest, and say that I found nothing in his establishment worth noticing. It would look at once as if he had tried to noble a fine and independent editor. Oh! it's quite cheap. Before I start I go round among the general advertisers, and get any little thing I want—an umbrella, a Gladstone bag, a travelling lamp, or a rug; these generous fellows are always ready to supply me, knowing that if they do not some one else will, and will get the gratuitous puffs. This kind of thing, you know:—'If any of my readers think of going north in this bitter weather I would advise them to pay a visit to Messrs. So-and-So's stores, and inspect their admirable stock of travelling rugs, with patent lined pockets, and reversible india-rubber covering.' It's quite easy to do, and I daresay you could learn to write them quite quickly if you gave your mind to it. The plan, you see, supplies me with subject for paragraphs as well as creature comforts. Quite cheap, as I say, and also quite simple. I believe it's what they call the new journalism. I don't read much myself, but I see that expression cropping up now and then, and I fancy that's what must be meant by it. Well, sir, what do you say to becoming the new editor of Babylon?"

He stopped, with closing eyes.

"I don't think it's a deal," said I.

"Well," he said slowly and sleepily, as he put his glass down empty for the last time before he dozed off, "you know your own business best, but it seems to me that I am selling you a valuable position, and business enough to support it, for a ridiculously small sum. I have also told you how to work it, instead of leaving you to find out for yourself. But I daresay you feel you are not fitted for the post."

THE KINDS OF CRITICISM.

"THE full and proper office of the critic can never be discharged except by those who remember that 'critic' means judge. Expressions of personal liking, though they can hardly be kept out of criticism, are not by themselves judgment. The famous 'J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset,' is not criticism. . . . There must be, at least, some attempt to take in and render the whole virtue of the subjects considered, some effort to compare them with their likes in other as well as the same languages, some endeavour to class and value them. And as a condition preliminary, there must, I think, be a not inconsiderable study of widely differing periods, forms, manners, of literature itself. The test question, as I should put it, of the value of criticism is, 'What idea of the original could this critic give to a tolerably instructed person who did not know that original?' And again, how far has this critic seen steadily and seen whole, the subject which he has set himself to consider? How far has he referred the main peculiarities of that subject to their proximate causes and effects? How far has he attempted to place, and succeeded in placing, the subject in the general history of literature, in
the particular history of his own language, in the
collection of authors of its own department?"

These excellent and weighty words form part of
an introduction to a book which, in its own depart-
ment, that of pure criticism, promises to be the
book of the year—Mr. George Saintsbury’s “Essays
in English Literature, 1780–1860” (Percival and
Co.). This introduction is called “The Kinds of
Criticism.” It is, in itself, a short Treatise on the
Art of Criticism, and it should be printed separately
and placed in the hands of everyone who pretends
to become a reviewer. It may be, as Mr. Andrew
Lang suggests, that critics and reviewers have
nothing to do with each other essentially, though
accidentally the discharge of their functions may
be combined in the same person. Yet even a
reviewer can do himself no harm in learning the
functions of a critic.

How then shall the young man become a critic?
First, Mr. Saintsbury tells him, by reading; by
wide and careful reading. Not that reading will
make a critic, but few are the critics who can be
made without it. “For my part,” says the author,
“i should not dare to continue criticising so much
as a circulating library novel”—but there are novels
and novels—a man may do worse than criticise a
Meredith, and he, too, is “circulated”—“if I did
not perpetually pay my respects to the classics of
many literatures.” In short, the critic, truly
equipped, must start from a wide comparative
study of different languages and literatures. This is
the first principle, the only road to criticism. If
we accept it, we understand at once the reason,
first, why there are so few critics, and secondly,
why women are seldom good critics. For the
different literatures must include Greek, Latin,
French, and should include German and Italian
as well, not to speak of the Hebrew literature,
which even Mr. Saintsbury’s critic must be gener-
ally content to have in translation. Very well, thus
prepared, the critic “must constantly refer back
his sensations of agreement and disagreement,
of liking and disliking, in the comparative fashion.

Let Englishmen be compared with
Englishmen of other times to bring out this set of
differences, with foreigners of modern times to
bring out that, with Greeks and Romans to bring
out the other. Let poets of old days be compared
with poets of new, classics with romantics, rhymed
with unrhymed. . . . ‘Compare, always com-
pare,’ is the first axiom of criticism.”

After these rules follows another equally useful.
“Always make sure, as far as you possibly can,
that what you like and dislike is the literary, and
not the extra-literary character, of the matter under
examination.”

And yet another. “Never be content without
at least endeavours to connect cause and effect:
in some way, without giving something like a reason
for the faith that is in you.”

The readers of the Author are, one and all,
deeply interested in the elevation and maintenance
of the standard of criticism. The literature of every
age, in fact, in great measure depends upon the
standard set up by the critics. Where criticism is
low and ignorant of better things, unable even to
appreciate effort in the true direction, the writers
sink with their judges. For true criticism, a point
not insisted by Mr. Saintsbury, does not destroy, but
builds up: it does not deride; it instructs. Why is
it, for instance, that the modern taste for the best
and highest poetry is so much better than their taste
for the higher work in fiction or in the drama? That
it is so is proved, first by the excellent critical work
on poetry, which is given to the world in the
magazines of the day; next by the Browning
Societies, which show, if they show nothing else,
an intense and widespread love for great verse.
One reason lies, one is tempted to believe, in the
ineffable incompetence of the ordinary reviews of
fiction. The young writer finds no instruction in the
reviews which he reads. He never even looks for any;
he is content if he gets off without a contemptuous
jeer. He knows that he is making an essay towards
a fine Art, but he has no guides; those who should
lead him are dumb; they do not even understand
that they have a fine Art to deal with; his judges
do not know the rules of the Art; they do not
know that there are any rules; nay, too often they
cannot understand that there is any artistic work
at all to be reviewed. As a natural consequence
the great mass of the fiction put forth is without
form and void. Of the ordinary criticism as applied
to fiction we will perhaps speak on a future occasion.
It is enough here to claim for criticism at its best
its educational importance.

Mr. Saintsbury’s views of the ordinary reviewer
are stated with great clearness. “That a very
large amount of reviewing is determined by doubt-
less well-meaning incompetence, there is no doubt
whatever. It is, on the whole, the most difficult
kind of newspaper writing, and it is, on the whole,
the most lightly assigned and the most irresponsibly
performed. I have heard of newspapers where the
reviews depended almost wholly on the accident
of some of the staff taking a holiday, or being laid
up for a time on the shelf, or being considered not up
to other work; of others—though this, I own, is
scarcely credible—when the whole reviewing was
farmed out to a manager, to be allotted to devils as
good to him seemed; of many where the reviews
were a sort of exercising ground on which novices
were trained, broken down hacks turned out to
grass, and invalids allowed a little gentle exercise.
... Of common mistakes on the subject which are not merely silly crazes, such as the log rolling craze and the five-pound note craze, and the like; the worst known to him, though it is shared by some who should know better, is that a specialist is the best reviewer. I do not say that he is always the worst, but that is about as far as my charity, informed by much experience, can go."

The present writer has also heard of newspapers when the books are all bundled off together to one man, who turns them off in little paragraphs of half-a-dozen lines each at eighteenpence a book. And yet authors and publishers are such fools as to send their books to such a paper and to expose themselves to such treatment.

For one thing, let us take comfort. Books are abused by many reviewers for many reasons. They are never abused—Mr. Saintsbury maintains—for the good things in them.

This brief *résumé* of a highly important and opportune paper must not be supposed to be tendered as an adequate criticism. It is tendered as an introduction and as an invitation. The former is likely to make readers of the *Author* uneasy on the subject of criticism—perhaps to awaken their consciences as to their own sins, because we have reviewers, if not critics among us: the latter as an invitation to get the book for themselves and to read carefully point by point what a good critic should be.

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**ON SOME PARALLEL PASSAGES.**

It has for many years been to me a source of wonder that the many annotators of the text of Shelley's poems should not have noticed that in the fifth song of "St. Irvyne" the poet appropriates, with the alteration of but two insignificant words, a complete line from Beattie's "Minstrel," viz.:

"O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave."

This line, familiar to all readers of poetry, Shelley transferred bodily to the song above mentioned, where it appears as—

"Ah! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave."

A new edition of Shelley's poems is daily expected, annotated by one of his ablest biographers, and it may be that this edition will contain a note on this passage, but no such note is to be found in any existing edition.

Readers of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's exhaustive memoir of Blake will doubtless remember that Milton frequently appeared in Blake's visions, and

... held converse on matters celestial and terrestrial with the imaginative poet-painter. On one occasion, Blake said, speaking of these visits, "He came to ask a favour of me; said he had committed an error in 'Paradise Lost,' which he wanted me to correct in a poem or picture. But I declined; I said I had my own duties to perform." Other remarks made by Milton during these visitations have not been recorded by Blake, but a student of both poets may be forgiven for fancying that Milton would have been justified in asking Blake in what moment of forgetfulness he had written in "The Keys of the Gates of Paradise," the lines—

"On the shadows of the moon
Climbing through night's highest noon,"

lines so closely akin to—

"To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,"

which form one of the many beauties of "Il Penseroso"; or why, when penning "King Edward III," he had put into the mouth of his bishop the words—

"... the arts of peace are great,
And no less glorious than those of war,"

thereby making him echo sentiments to be found in a celebrated sonnet addressed to the Lord General Cromwell, May, 1652, in which the writer declares that—

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War."

Landor occasionally complained of the manner in which his poems were treated, and certainly in one remarkable instance two brother bards attempted to beautify their work with a sea-shell stolen from his grottos; a shell which lost all its murmurous melody and glimmering beauty in their hands, and justified his remarks upon their action. But Landor was himself on one occasion a defaulter. The reader of his poem "The Phocceans," a poem published with others in 1802, will find the following lines—

"In his own image the Creator made,
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!
Thou breathing dial since thy day began
The present hour was always markt with shade!"

... Were Landor alive, not the least delightful of his "Imaginary Conversations" would be a dialogue between these two great poets. We learn from that priceless book, Forster's "Life of Landor," that the old lion in his declining days, "picked up some of the writings of Blake, and was strangely fascinated by them," and had this conversation been added to the long list of treasures received from the same hand, the anachronism of making the dead and living poet meet would have been as justifiable as was that which was justified for all time in the poem wherein Landor made Laertes and Homer meet, and made Homer sing once more.
and if he turns to Wordsworth’s “An Evening Walk,” written 1789, published 1793, he will find the same imagery—

“Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial’s moral round;
Hope with reflection blends her social rays
To gild the golden tablet of his days;
Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.”

Landor’s version is undeniably the finer both in composition and sentiment.

Blanco White’s sonnet, “Mysterious Night,” first printed in 1828, has recently been paraphrased in one of Walt Whitman’s prose poems. In his “Night on the Prairies,” he says—

“I was thinking the day most splendid till I saw what the not-day exhibited,
I was thinking the globe enough till there sprang out so noiseless around me myriads of other globes.

And he adds after quiet contemplation of the stars—

“O I see now that life cannot exhibit all to me, as the day cannot,
I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death.”

The “rawest as well as the ripest student” of English literature will at once recognise in these lines the sentiments expressed in White’s solitary sonnet of which the concluding lines are—

“Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flow’r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad’st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?”

In that glorious poem, Charles Wells’s “Joseph and his Brethren,” which owes its rescue from “the waste-paper basket of forgetfulness,” to the energetic action of Mr. Swinburne, will be found lines bearing a perilous resemblance to familiar verses by Wordsworth, viz.—

“To me a simple flower is cloth’d with thoughts
That lead the mind to Heaven.”

words which at once recall the concluding lines of the great “Ode”—

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Wells’s drama did not appear until twenty years after the publication of Wordsworth’s “Ode.”

At the risk of multiplying examples ad nauseam I may add that in Mr. Alfred Austin’s “Tower of Babel,” Act ii, scene 1, a philosopher named Sidon gives expression to sentiments closely resembling those of King Lear. The gods say Sidon deals hardly with men—

“... they make sport of us,
Treating us much as boys treat cockroaches
They prick us just to see what we will do.”

Lear, it will be remembered, exclaimed—

“As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.”

A much more grim reflection upon “the unjust justice of omnipotence.”

Richard W. Colles.

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Balzac and his English Critics.

The primacy of Balzac in French fiction has at length been acknowledged by English-speaking critics. The recognition of his universal supremacy is approaching, but it seems that it will be long before his proper place as a philosopher and a seer of rare inspiration will be allowed him. It is, however, an encouraging sign that his critics agree on one point, that any attempt at general criticism of his whole work and especially of La Comédie Humaine, is futile, and that any review must be but the slightest sketch. Each new attempt confirms the opinion that we must confine ourselves to commentary alone.

It is well for us that Balzac counts among his critics some of the most eminent living writers of English. I cannot, however, consider the clever essays of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Leslie Stephen nor yet of the gifted author of a recent article in the Quarterly, as representing him with great fidelity. Mr. W. S. Lilly unfortunately spoils an otherwise appreciative notice by a most irrelevant inquiry into Balzac’s interior religion. Mr. Parsons has written a very trustworthy general review in the Atlantic Monthly, careful and accurate, and free from obtrusive originality. Mr. Thomas Hake has a trustworthy article, “A Realist at Work,” in Belgravia. Of more particular articles Mr. Philip Kent’s “Balzac’s views of the Artistic Temperament,” is excellent, and Mr. George Moore’s “Some of Balzac’s Minor Pieces,” if a little disconnected, is interesting and enthusiastic. The criticisms which I know in English are usually to be relied on for justice of criticism, in inverse ratio to the cleverness with which they are written. It is a remarkable tribute to the breadth and depth of Balzac’s intellect that his critics can always find predominant in his works those traits which they are individually disposed to notice. In this he is like the Bible, to which every sect which has arisen since the canon was formed appeals for confirmation.
of its peculiar doctrines. On these controverted points I believe his critics misrepresent him most.

Mr. Leslie Stephen denies that Balzac possessed a knowledge of the human heart, on the ground that such knowledge does not exist. He considers individuality so strong in every man that it prevents a writer from embodying feeling outside his own potential experience. He explains Balzac's thousand creations as the reflection of the thousand facets of his many-sided self. On the other hand, an evident altruist writing lately in Lippincott's Magazine, considers that there is no such thing as individuality, and implies that Mr. Leslie Stephen lacked experience because he recognizes it.

The fact that Balzac has been largely introduced into England by the school which claims him as their founder—the realistic school divided between M. Zola and M. Bourget—is misleading. He is accredited with the philosophy, as well as the method, of his followers. He is deprived of one of his strongest claims to supremacy in his art, the union of idealism in conception with extraordinary realism in expression.

Sheer realism is incompatible with art; it must logically lead to the gross bad taste which disfigures M. Zola's powerful work, the monotonous vivisection of M. Bourget, or the intolerable dulness of their lesser pupils.

Literature is limited in its possible subjects; to pass these limitations is to fail as M. Zola has failed, by excess in one direction, and less gifted followers of Mr. Henry James may fail in another.

The idealist, misled by Balzac's minuteness, pre-supposes that his philosophy is materialistic. The realist has an evident undercurrent of distrust for the idealism which to him is antipathetic and spiritualises his master's creations. The optimist objects to La Comédie Humaine as a wicked parody of the world he reveres. Mr. Leslie Stephen has said, "We don't often catch sight in his pages of God frowning or the devil grinning; his world seems to be pretty well forgotten by the one, and its inhabitants quite able to dispense with the services of the other." The same may be said with equal truth of English society at the present time, for even if the morality of romantic fiction requires it, in actual life at least, a god has no need to advertise, and a devil is too discreet to display his tail. The immorality ascribed to Balzac is in reality that subtlest and most powerful form of morality which teaches by suggestion without didacticism. It is strange that his Christian critics should be shocked because he represents evil as apparently getting the best of the bargain of life, and the children of this world, in their generation, wiser than the children of Light. It is also strange that idealists should accuse him of realism when the actor he so often brings to the stake is the perfect wise man. But, on the other hand, it has been more truly said that Balzac is so moral as to be sometimes untrue. In this cross fire of criticism one position has not, I think, been taken, that the object Balzac set before him was itself immoral, that a detailed history of contemporary society is a story too horrible to be told. On this point he might possibly be held to fail as a moralist. Perfect attainment of an end in view is recognized as so high an excellence in art, and Balzac has achieved so much that the morality of his aim is little questioned. The historical nature of his work is accepted at the outset, but there are very few critics who do not forget it in the course of their arguments. To keep this steadily in view is essential to rendering him justice, and to obtaining a full appreciation of his marvellous work. It is noticeable that he calls the subdivisions of the scenes not "romans" or "contes," but "études." The truth of his characters has been attacked, contemporaries adverse to him confirm it, and it would not be difficult to surpass his most terrible examples of iniquity by quoting actual events occurring daily in London. It is quite true that the abnormal is not the ideal. But considering that romance deals with the less rather than the more usual event—with the marriage or murder of its heroes rather than with their downsitting and uprising. And considering the greater effect that dramatic situations leave upon the mind and memory, it will be found that the proportion borne by the abnormal in La Comédie Humaine is none too great for artistic effect, and establishes no presumption that Balzac misunderstood the nature of the ideal.

There is a tendency among brilliant critics to criticise adversely separate studies of the Comédie Humaine, and to apply their criticism to the whole. In this way Balzac is censured for long and elaborate details concerning characters of minor importance. There is truth in the censure; no doubt the artistic value of some of the studies is lessened by digressions, but it must be remembered that the minor character so minutely described in one is usually destined to be the hero of another. To appreciate this arrangement the studies should be read in their internal chronological order, beginning with "Le Martyr Calviniste," and ending with "Comédiens sans le savoir." It is impossible to criticise one study rightly without a knowledge of the rest.

To discuss the morality of Balzac in detail would require a volume. Mr. Swinburne alone, in a note to his Essay on William Blake, fully appreciates his power as a "master of morals." I believe that he exercises this power at least equally with Shakes-
The author is getting on. Here we have before us the most practical realisation of our statements that literary property is real, and should meet with the same business-like treatment that other forms of property meet with as a matter of course. For is not Tarstow, Denver and Company, Limited, a business-like affair with a business-like prospectus, and a capital of £10,000 to be divided in orthodox manner into Deferred, Preferred, and Founders' Shares, and are not its objects the publication of the works of one novelist and the arrangement of a literary-syndicate for the supply to newspapers and magazines of novels and other material?

When we look back upon our own earlier circulators and remember how hopeless, in days gone by, it would have seemed to us to attempt to persuade anyone that there might be as much money in a good novel as in a good pill, and that the business treatment of each might, with advantage, be made more similar; when we recall our own interest in a syndicate for the supply of newspapers, and our own idea—still present to us—of some profit-sharing scheme for the benefit of our members, it seems almost cantankerous to reflect upon Tarstow, Denver and Company, Limited, in terms of anything short of praise.

Yet, from the perusal of the prospectus, we are constrained to prophesy badly for the future of this concern.

The following are the chief advantages offered to the shareholders:

1. The copyrights of the "J.E.M." guide-books.

2. The profits of a syndicate for the supply of novels and other literary matter by well reverence in his writing for both the throne and the Church; no word is found disrespectful to religion or the family. If the philosophy of Louis Lambert is incompatible with Christian Philosophy, which I am not prepared to maintain, it is purely speculative, and has not the evidential value of distinct purpose.

As a race devoted to licence in politics and religion, we may regret the lack of it in so comprehensive a mind as Balzac's; but by isolating passages in his writing and reading in our own meanings at variance with his expressed purpose, we shall neither do justice to their artistic merit nor arrive at a true knowledge of their philosophy.

William Wilson.

TARSTOW, DENVER AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

The blind devotion of Père Goriot is almost always regarded as ignoble, and Père Goriot as a libel on the heroic character of King Lear. But the short account of his life before the drama begins, gives a clue not sufficiently considered. Père Goriot is a man of vile character; he has practised the most despicable trade; he has grown rich by usurious corn-dealing in time of famine. He has fattened on the starvation of the poor. He is not a Jew spoiling the Egyptians, but a Frenchman of the people preying on the keen hunger of his own brothers. He has no religion, no education, no morality. But in him is one—infinitest perhaps—not wholly evil, his utter devotion to his daughters.

(If this had been Shakespeare's work this point would long ago have been seized on and belauded as "a touch of nature" of extraordinary beauty.) Le Père Goriot's nature is too contracted, too frozen into its separate cells by long habit, for the good to leaven it perceptibly. He is a low type of nature incapable of rising (as all nature is incapable) above its own sphere, but the one good quality does raise him to the extreme bounds of his sphere, and he dies by so cruel a martyrdom that we are ready to forget his infamous greed. He is a character with one talent, and he uses it. Père Goriot is not likely to attract the optimist; however, there is nature and idealism in the sketch of him all the same.

A certain "snobbishness" and want of taste has been charged against Balzac, because his leaders of society are guilty of impertinences and want of refined feeling. The usually adverse Sainte Beuve testifies that these characters are extraordinarily like contemporary life at the time, and then Balzac does not necessarily approve of what he describes. In many of the cases specially noticed, his critics are deceived by his power of concealment. It is to fall into the error of which he is accused, to imagine that perfection in etiquette or a prominent position in society ensure perfect gentleness of mind.

Lastly, the monarchism and Catholicism of Balzac are said to be mere affectations. Passages are quoted to prove this. The Abbé, tutor de Marsay in "Ferragus," is even regarded as a type of Balzac's priest. Even that most brilliant and convincing of critics, Mr. Henry James, cannot make us consider this quite fair. Balzac has explicitly declared that he wrote as a monarchist and a Catholic. There are strong expressions of
known authors to newspapers and magazines.

(3) The copyrights of twelve romances.

We should like to say a few words about each.

(1) The money value of the copyrights of the J.E.M. guide-books has been estimated by a person of experience, and we are bound to presume that he had before him all the necessary data, but we do not find that a statement made in the prospectus is borne out either by the literary agent's estimate or our own personal experience as to the value of different forms of literary property. It is said in the prospectus that guide-books pay almost better than any other class of books. On this we have to remark first, that in some cases the receipts obtained from the sale of guide-books are large, these are the cases where the expense to be incurred to make the production accurate and up to date, will be proportionately large; and secondly, that the number of guide-books which achieve substantial success is very small in comparison with the numbers issued. For each of which reasons we demur at the statement that they form a valuable class of books. If anyone has private information concerning the sale of the J.E.M. guide-books, such a person can act on his judgment, but to the ordinary public this would not be a safe guide on this subject.

(2) There are large profits to be made by the syndicating of the works of certain authors, but not by the syndicating of the works of the writer in general. Now Tarstow, Denver and Company, Limited, has, we gather from the prospectus, arisen from the ashes of "The Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company, Limited," and this latter Company published a list of certain of their clients whose work was available for syndicating purposes. In the absence from Tarstow, Denver and Company's prospectus of all mention of the well-known names upon whom it is proposed to rely, it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that the authors whose works are to be syndicated are those mentioned in the Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company, Limited's list. Now this list did not consist of well-known authors. There were in it one or two good names and one or two more or less familiar names, but, as a whole, the gentlemen and ladies who were ready to supply work in serial form through the agency of the Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company, Limited, were not well-known authors. If it is to these authors that the prospectus of Tarstow, Denver and Company, Limited, refers, then, having recollection of the great practical difficulty in finding a serial market for any but the work of the very best known people, we respectfully submit that the chances of large profits to the shareholders are very poor.

(3) The Company are to acquire the copyrights of twelve romances by a certain author. Here we are face to face with a difficulty. Romances are a valuable property, and do not require either the accurate attention or the careful revision, editing, and bringing up to date which must be so annoying to the author of a guide-book; but it is with romances as it is with guide-books—if they are not good the public won't have them, and if they are not by a well-known name the public won't look at them.

To which class do these twelve romances belong:—to either? to neither? to both?

We do not speak in the least bit other than most courteously, but if the author writes under the name given in the circular he has not a well-known name; and to the best of our belief has not under that name given to the public as yet a good book. If, however, he writes under a nom-de-plume it is a different case entirely, and he may be the popular author of admirable romances; but then how does he come to have twelve on hand? We make bold to say that Miss Braddon and Mrs. Oliphant never yet got so far ahead of their market and their printer. The directors ought to take the investor more into their confidence, but in the absence of information on the subject we must examine this matter for ourselves. Either this author has tried to dispose of these romances in book form, and has not met with encouragement from the purblind publisher, and in that case we make bold to say that these copyrights are not worth buying or he has purposely kept his work back from a large and eager public, so that its value might be enhanced by the delay. In this latter case it would seem that he might be disposing of his copyrights cheaply, and that his best method of repaying himself for his work would be to take his payment in shares. If he has not wanted the publishers' money why should he want the money of Tarstow, Denver and Company, Limited?

But, after all, these matters would become clear if we knew the names of the twelve romances and the places where they could be read in serial form. The investor is left too much in the dark.

The Society of Authors would only too gladly recognize with cordiality the success of any scheme of any sort whereby authors, their agents, their employers, and their public could be brought to look upon literary work as property to be dealt with according to the usual rules prevalent in the disposal of other forms of property, but it cannot be conceded that Tarstow, Denver and Company Limited, hold forth—on examination of their prospectus—much chance of pecuniary benefit to the investor.
THE PRESSURE ON OUR SPACE DOES NOT ALLOW OF A LONG LETTER FROM MR. J. McGRIGOR ALLAN BEING PRINTED IN FULL. HE QUOTES BULWER LYTTON ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY; BUT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF 1891 IS A VERY DIFFERENT INSTITUTION FROM THAT OF 1827. ALSO THE SAME AUTHORITY ON THE FRENCH ACADEMY AND ON THE ROYAL ACADEMY. HE CONCLUDES:—“HUMAN NATURE AND ENGLISH CHARACTER HAVE NOT CHANGED SINCE BULWER WROTE. WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO EXPECT, IF AN ACADEMY OF LETTERS SHOULD BE ESTABLISHED. IT WOULD BE POWERFULLY INFLUENCED—if not leavened, and actually governed by Royalty, Aristocracy, and the Clergy. THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS WOULD BE HEAVILY HANDICAPPED. A BRITISH FORTY OF BISHOPS, HISTORIANS, POETS, ESSAYISTS, MORAL PHILOSOPHERS, PHILOLOGISTS, AND SCIENTISTS MIGHT NOT DEIGN TO RECOGNISE EVEN A FIRST-RATE NOVELIST AS A MAN, OR WOMAN OF LETTERS. TO MANY SUCH, A POPULAR NOVELIST WOULD HARDLY BE KNOWN BY REPORT. HORACE WALPOLE RELATES THAT BISHOP WARBURTON RECOMMENDED ‘TRISTRAM SHANDY’ TO THE BENCH OF BISHOPS, SAYING THAT THE AUTHOR WAS THE ENGLISH RABELAIS. THEY HAD NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A WRITER! AN OXFORD PROFESSOR THOUGHT THACKERAY’S ‘VANITY FAIR’ A RELIGIOUS WORK! IN A LITERARY ACADEMY, CLERICAL INFLUENCE WOULD BE AGAINST NOVELISTS. NOVELS ARE DENOUNCED FROM THE PULPIT. YET WISE PREACHERS RECOMMENDED RICHARDSON’S NOVELS. THE MOST PHILOSOPHICAL OF FRENCH NOVELISTS, BALZAC, WAS NOT A MEMBER OF THE ACADEMY. IF I AM CORRECT IN THINKING THAT AN ENGLISH LITERARY ACADEMY (WHILE WELCOMING PRINCES AND DUKES) WOULD HARDLY ADMIT A WALTER SCOTT, LITERATURE WOULD LOSE FAR MORE THAN IT WOULD GAIN, BY ESTABLISHING AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LETTERS.”

THE EXCHANGE OF BOOKS.

IN THE AUTHOR FOR JUNE OF LAST YEAR, A SUGGESTION WAS MADE THAT WE MIGHT ORGANIZE A KIND OF BOOK EXCHANGE. IT WAS THERE POINTED OUT THAT SOME MEN ARE CONSTANTLY OBLIGED TO BUY BOOKS FOR SOME SPECIAL PURPOSE WHICH THEY DO NOT WANT ANY MORE, AND WOULD BE GLAD TO EXCHANGE. OTHERS THERE ARE WHO ARE ALWAYS WANTING TO COMPLETE THEIR SETS, IMPROVE THEIR COLLECTIONS, GET FIRST EDITIONS, ALL KINDS OF THINGS.

WHY, IT WAS ASKED, CANNOT THE AUTHOR GIVE US SPACE TO ADVERTISE THESE WANTS AND WARES? WHY NOT? IF THE IDEA SEEMS PRACTICAL, AND ONE WHICH MIGHT BE TAKEN UP WITH ADVANTAGE, LET IT BE CARRIED OUT. WILL THOSE WHO ARE READY TO MAKE TRIAL SEND ME THEIR LISTS? THEY SHOULD BE TWO-FOLD, THUS—

2. Books to exchange or to sell. The price should be stated.

Names, but not for publication, should accompany the list.

IN GRUB STREET.

AUTHORS MAY BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THE MOVEMENT SET ON FOOT AT MR. HENRY BLACKBURN’S ART SCHOOL IN VICTORIA STREET, TO GIVE INFORMATION AS TO THE BEST WAY TO DRAW FOR REPRODUCTION IN THE PRESS, IS NOW THOROUGHLY ESTABLISHED. A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF STUDENTS HAVE QUALIFIED THEMSELVES ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITY, FOR DRAWING FOR THE PRESS, AND MORE THAN ONE AUTHOR OF NOTE HAS MASTERED THE TECHNIQUE OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION. BUT MR. HENRY BLACKBURN’S GREATEST PRIZE IN HIS SCHOOL IS A REAL LIFE “ART-CRITIC.” “AT LAST,” HE SAYS, “THERE WILL BE ONE REVIEWER CAPABLE OF SPEAKING OF THE MODERN ‘PROCESSES’ FROM PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE.”

The firm of Field and Tuer is dissolved, Mr. Field retiring. Mr. Andrew W. Tuer will continue the publishing and printing businesses, &c., under the style of the Leadenhall Press.

Messrs. Bentley have just issued a novel by Mr. Egerton Castle, under the title of “Consequences.” Mr. Castle is well-known as a skilful swordsman and also as a writer on swordsmanship. His “Masters of Fence” is highly thought of by the comparatively small circle of readers competent to express an opinion; such a work and his bibliography of fencing appended to Mr. W. H. Pollock and Mr. Grove’s “Fencing” volume of the Badminton Library showed that a master of fence may be at the same time an antiquarian and a scholar. Readers who had the good fortune to light on a short story which Mr. Castle contributed some time ago to the Cornhill will not be surprised if he wins laurels on a larger field.

Mr. Lockwood, speaking the other day on literature at the Graphic dinner, expressed himself profoundly sensible of the truth of the proverb, that “the pen is mightier than the sword.” His experience of the sword, however, he went on to confess, was limited. It seems he had to wear one once at a Mansion House Dinner.
THE AUTHOR.

It would be invidious to inquire as regards the obituary of the year 1890, whether the year has given us as much as it has taken away. Half-a-dozen future geniuses may have been born, and it would be premature to prophesy immortality or oblivion for this or that work. Many may have been overestimated, many great books may have been passed over. Even allowing for this, however, it cannot be said to have been an annus mirabilis. Of course everyone has been occupied with more important subjects than literature. Cannibalism, libel actions, divorce suits, ecclesiastical persecution, and a thousand other burning topics have taken up everyone's time. Curiously enough poetry has come out the best. Setting aside the work of those already famous, there has been some excellent verses from recent hands this last year. Much of it should find a place in some future England's Helicon.

To find the annus mirabilis of English literature one must go back to the fifties. Take 1855. In that excellent catalogue of Mr. Henry Morley's, "A Sketch of English Literature," he gives, among others, the following as all issued in this remarkable year: Robert Browning, "Men and Women"; Alfred Tennyson, "Maud"; Dickens, "Little Dorrit"; Thackeray, "The Rose and the Ring"; Charles Kingsley, "Westward Ho!"; George Meredith, "Shaving of Shagpat"; Leigh Hunt, "Old Court Suburb"; Anthony Trollope, "The Warden"; Matthew Arnold, "Poems"; and the Saturday Review was established. '58, '59, '62, '64, were also extraordinary for the number and excellence of great works. The Saturday Review was a contribution to literature no less than journalism. As a Radical remarked the other day, the Times and the Saturday Review are the two best papers in the world.

The public have a right, perhaps, to expect something ever new and delightful from the author of "A Daughter of Heth"; yet the most sanguine may well be enthusiastic over Mr. Black's latest novel, "Stand Fast, Craig Royston." Though published at the end of the year, it is rather the book of the New Year. It will be admitted that even Mr. Black has never achieved such a masterly piece of characterisation as that of old George Bethune. One of the great merits of the book is its modernity. You feel you have met the sort of people Mr. Black describes; they are not stuffed dolls dressed in nineteenth century clothes, with conversation culled from primeval Ollendorf. Mr. Harris, the millionaire socialist, is highly humorous, but of minor characters the best is Mr. Courtney Fox, London Correspondent of the Edinburgh Chronicle, whose sentiments about the nor hern capital I must confess to sharing.

Messrs. Macmillan have just issued a pocket volume of the complete works of Lord Tennyson. Of course the double column was a necessity, but why should the exterior be made to resemble a prayer book? Surely it was not an intentional resemblance to defy detection when the Idylls of the King are preferable to a dull sermon. I suppose there are people who carry favourite books about in their pockets wherever they go, but one only hears of them in romance. Except on a railway journey it is the last place I should put a book. For the prevailing passion of compressing great authors into the smallest space I have very little sympathy, unless it is to take them to church. Mr. Walter Scott, by the way, is to be congratulated on having erased the hideous red border on the pages of his Canterbury Poets, which disfigured the early volumes; it gave a very Common Prayer Book air to a number of not very religious bards.

The new edition of the "Earthly Paradise" in one volume has long been among the traditional felt wants. Mr. William Morris is certainly the third among the sons of light now living. His many admirers cannot but regret his desertion of the Muses for very ephemeral socialistic literature, whose chief object is to promote an earthly other place. Once I was talking to a follower and admirer of Mr. William Morris, who was deeply read in the master's works; but he objected to the "Earthly Paradise" for two reasons. One was that there was too much about kings, the other, a certain passage in which farm labourers were called by what he thought an offensive name. It is one of those beautiful interludes for each month. I believe it refers to the Roman earth works at Dorchester, near Oxford, cut up by the plough:

"Across the gap made by our English hinds,
Amidst the Roman's handiwork, behold
Far oft the long roofed church."

If my friend had only read Mr. Freeman's works, he would have known all about hinds, and moots, and gemots, which to the uninitiated do sound offensive.

The Daily News of the 5th inst. devoted an interesting leader to one of the most interesting of new reprints. Etonians and Cambridge men, as well as book collectors, have long treasured the two small thin volumes of "Tonica," by Mr. William
Cory, and fortunate possessors of these have always recognised in him one of the most original of modern poets, as indeed he was the most rare. At the sale of the late Provost of King's Library a copy went for as much as three guineas. In the anthology of "Living English Poets," the author was represented by "Mimnermus in Church," but until Mr. George Allen's republication there has been no second edition. The wonderful rendering of the lines of Callimachus from the Greek Anthology has long been in verbal circulation, but I do not think it has ever been reprinted. There are many poems that are new in this volume, but this will not detract from the first edition, so that bibliophils need not despair. I believe a first edition only becomes precious when a second has been issued. There was more of fulfilment than promise in "Ionica," and the new poems show no sign of falling off.

Some American, I hear, is buying up all the edition de luxe of the Henry Irving Shakespeare; as a speculation, I suppose. It has not gone very well so far, but this will not detract from the first edition, so that bibliophils need not despair. I believe a first edition only becomes precious when a second has been issued. There was more of fulfilment than promise in "Ionica," and the new poems show no sign of falling off.

Among many other reprints is the "Hypnotomachia Poliphili," which comes out under the auspices of Mr. Andrew Lang, in the "Tudor Library," and therefore everyone who is able will purchase; those who are unable will sell all they have to do so.

Does the study of Greek, even of the most superficial nature, benefit a man? Those schools with modern and classic sides surely will meet the views of the cheap science and Stratford-atte-Bowe-French advocates. John Bright is always held up as a master of English, as one who knew no Greek, who preferred Thucydides in translation to the original (with which he was unacquainted). But it is not by selecting individual exceptions that the case is proved. Everyone cannot know Greek, but if it becomes a speciality it will not have the influence it has had hitherto. As Mr. Oscar Wilde said, Bohn's cribs would be a much better instance than John Bright against the retention of Greek as a compulsory subject. It might be a case for an academy to decide.

A new novel by John Strange Winter will be commenced in Lloyd's weekly newspaper, on February 1st. It is a tale of the Divorce Court.

A new novel by Bertram Mitford, author of "The Fire Trumpet," is announced by Messrs. Sutton and Drowley, under the terrific title of "The Weird of Murderer's Hollow."

CASES.

I.

LAST January a certain artistic journal was taken over by a well-known London publisher, re-named, and re-issued with a flourish of trumpets in the shape of a list of contributors, containing some of our best known writers and artists. Thinking this a sufficient guarantee, I sent a MS. with ten or twelve tone drawings (I had already contributed to the journal under its old name). Some time in the early days of 1890 I heard unpleasant rumours, and to make sure I wrote to the editor, and stating my price, asked for its return, if unavailable. In May he replied that the sum was too high, that he did not wish 'to beat me down' if I could place it elsewhere, but that if 'you care to let me have it, I shall be glad to hear your lowest price, and perhaps we may come to terms.' My price being at the usual rate, I replied that as I could not take less, I should be glad to have the MS. back. Summer came; I went abroad, and only in October did I hear that the review had collapsed. I thereupon wrote to the publisher for my MS. (a friend had received hers), and he replied that my letter had been sent on to the late editor. Hearing nothing, I wrote again with the same results. What is to be done? Is the publisher liable? MSS. may get mislaid, but drawings do not easily, and they make pretty scrap books."

II.

Another case. "MS. accepted and price stated by letter. Review ceases to exist. Editor wishes to return them because they are no longer of any use (one was waiting eighteen months before the crash came, for its turn). Is this just? Supposing I order coals in June, and in December I take to gas stoves, am I honest in refusing to pay for the coals, and will the merchant come and fetch them if I say I have no longer any use for them? Probably I should be marched to the County Court under such conditions. Why then should not editors and publishers be made to pay for goods they have distinctly bought at a specified
price? In the discussion which took place in the *Times* touching publishers and authors, we were told that as the former bore the losses, they were entitled to the profits. But here are cases in which the publishers and proprietors take the profits, and the authors bear the loss, pecuniary and otherwise, as well as of their absolute property. It is not the author's fault if an editor accepts more MSS. than he can use before the smash comes; and they seem to me to be the only sort of dry goods which a purchaser can send back after eighteen months' possession. In the discussion referred to, one of the writers spoke of its being "charity" to give an author more money than he agreed to take, supposing his work prove a success; but he omitted to state whether he considered it to be mean, to say the least, to refuse to pay what had been arranged, because the periodical comes to an end. It is no question of extra payment under certain conditions, but of the sum promised months ago. We hear a great deal of abuse of American procedure; I can only say, that in my limited experience, I have always been treated justly, and in a gentlemanly manner, by Americans. "The cases I have cited are purely British."

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**THE AUTHOR.**

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MANCHESTER: 8, MOULT STREET.
The Author.

THE ORGAN OF THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS
(INCORPORATED).

CONDUCTED BY

WALTER BESANT

Published for the Society by
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1891.
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THE Subscription is One Guinea annually, payable on the 1st of January of each year. The sum of Ten Guineas for life membership entitles the subscriber to full membership of the Society.

Authors of published works alone are eligible for membership.

Those who desire to assist the Society but are not authors are admitted as Associates, on the same subscription, but have no voice in the government of the Society.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "The Imperial Bank, Limited, Westminster Branch."

Those who wish to be proposed as members may send their names at any time to the Secretary at the Society's Offices, when they will receive a form for the enumeration of their works. Subscriptions entered after the 1st of October will cover the next year.

The Secretary may be personally consulted between the hours of 1 p.m. and 5, except on Saturdays. It is preferable that an appointment should be made by letter.

The Author, the Organ of the Society, can be procured through all newsagents, or from the publisher, A. P. Watt, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C.

A copy will be sent free to any member of the Society for one twelvemonth, dating from May, 1889. It is hoped, however, that most members will subscribe to the paper. The yearly subscription is 6s. 6d., including postage, which may be sent to the Secretary, 4, Portugal Street, W.C.

With regard to the reading of MSS. for young writers, the fee for this service is one guinea. MSS. will be read and reported upon for others than members, but members cannot have their works read for nothing.

In all cases where an opinion is desired upon a manuscript, the author should send with it a table of contents. A type-written scenario is also of very great assistance.

It must be understood that such a reader's report, however favourable, does not assist the author towards publication.

WARNINGS.

Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:

1. Never to sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

2. Never to enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends, or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, to bind themselves down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

4. Never to accept any proposal of royalty without consultation with the Society, or, at least, ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

5. Never to accept any offer of money for MSS., without previously taking advice of the Society.

6. Never to accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility without advice.

7. Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, to pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

8. Never to sign away American or foreign rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

9. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Society's Offices:—
4, PORTUGAL STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
NOTES AND NEWS.

THE International Copyright Act has not passed the United States Senate after all. So that we have had all our congratulations over American honesty for nothing. Also all our outcry over the deadly injury the Bill was going to inflict upon the British printer for nothing. Why did it fail to pass? My own ignorant belief is that the Senate made a discovery. They learned that the Bill would not inflict any injury on any Briton at all, but quite the reverse. They, therefore, in their well-established friendship to this country, resolved not to pass the Bill. An American friend tells me that their action was probably due to bribery. Fancy our own feelings if Lord Monkswell’s Bill should be defeated through the bribery of his brother Peers!

Is it to be Club or House? A large number of replies have been received to the request for information as to the advisability of starting one or other of these institutions. An analysis of the replies gives the following result—up to this date:—

For the Club, 60 per cent.
For the House, 30 ” ”
For neither, 8 ” ”
For both, 2 ” ”

More than one-third of those who have voted for the House were ladies; more than five-sixths of those who have voted for a Club were men. The ladies who voted for a Club did not raise a word against the admission of men, but many of the men, speaking for a club, urged strongly upon us the necessity of excluding the ladies.

The reasons for giving the preference to the House were in each case almost the same: that such a place would give an opportunity for quiet work not enjoyed at home. Many seemed to believe that a Club could be started successfully later on, using the organization and machinery already in employ for the management of the House. Those who have voted in favour of the Club have all been actuated by the idea that anything which promotes good fellowship and unity between authors must, if able to work at all, work for good.

What next? The next thing is to form a Committee, to draw up the constitution of the club, and to leave the Committee to take all the steps necessary. This will be done as quickly as possible, and I hope that by next month we shall be able to announce that the Club is actually in a fair way to be started. One rule will be rigid. No one will be admitted who is not author of some book or a professional journalist.

Let us learn how the Americans pay honour to their men of letters.

On Monday last the President issued the following order:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

"January 19th, 1891.

"The death of George Bancroft, which occurred in the City of Washington on Saturday, January 17, at 3.40 o’clock p.m., removes from among the living one of the most distinguished Americans. As an expression of the public loss and sorrow, the flags of all the executive departments at Washington, and of the public buildings in the cities through which the funeral party is to pass, will be placed at half-mast to-morrow, and until the body of this eminent statesman, scholar and historian shall rest in the State that gave him to his country and to the world."

The Secretary of the Navy also ordered that the Navy Department be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that all business be suspended therein on the day of the funeral; and, in the Senate, Mr. Hoar moved that the adjournment be till 12 o’clock on Tuesday, in order to give Senators who desired to attend the funeral an opportunity to do so. He said that Mr. Bancroft’s name had been honoured by the Senate in a way in which no other name had been, by special permission that he should be admitted to the floor of the Senate at all times. The motion was adopted.

Of course we do the thing just as well in this country, though people forget and grumble. Looking back to the Times of December 26th, 1863, for instance, I read—

"The following order has been issued by command of the Queen:—

"The death of William Makepeace Thackeray, which occurred on the 24th, removes from among the living one of the most distinguished Englishmen. His name will for ever be associated with the nineteenth century as that of its noblest novelist. This great man, cut off at the early age of 52, was about to be raised to the highest honours of the Peerage as Duke of Kensington Gardens. His daughters are authorized to receive the rank and courtesy title of a Duke’s daughter. As an expression of the public loss and sorrow the flags of all the Executive Departments at London, and of the public buildings, will be placed at half-mast to-morrow until the funeral is over."

"All the Departments will be draped in mourning for thirty days, and business will be suspended on the day of the funeral."

In both Houses a
resolution was unanimously adopted to adjourn over the day of the funeral.

It is pleasant to be able to prove, though people have such short memories, that this country is not behind America in the recognition of her great men. We may remind our readers also of the Court and general mourning ordered throughout the country on the lamented death of Carlyle, and of the honours which were heaped upon Robert Browning, alive and dead. And we must not forget the extraordinary care always taken by the First Lord of the Treasury, whether it be Mr. W. H. Smith or Mr. W. E. Gladstone, not to allow any outsider to have any share in the grant annually made for Literature, Science and Art. Here, indeed, we do claim superiority over our cousins, for they have no Civil List, while we grant £1,200 a year to those whose work advances humanity, and we never, never, never suffer one penny of this to be jobbed away on any consideration whatever.

Is verse in danger? The question was asked by Mr. Edmund Gosse in the Forum for January. This American magazine, which always contains some articles of suggestion or instruction, is published in this country by Mr. Edward Arnold, of Warwick Lane. The question is asked and answered, and it ought to cause other answers and yet others, because no question is more important in its bearings in the future of literature. "Sculptors, singers, painters must always exist; but need we have poets any longer since the world has discovered how to say all it wants to say in prose?" Will anyone who has anything of importance to communicate be likely, in the future, to express it through the medium of metrical language?"

The writer points to the reprinting and the reviving of the dead and gone poets as an illustration that poetry may have done its work. Pope succeeded so well because his predecessors were already forgotten; but we no longer allow the dead to lie in their graves. We drag them out and clothe them with new print, and paper, and bindings rich and rare. "How," asks the writer, "in this great throng of resuscitated souls is the modern poet to exist?"

Well, I do not think that the resuscitated souls have much to do with the threatened decay in poetry. As a fact, we have not a single poet under forty. This is very serious, but the same thing might have been said before the advent of Wordsworth, while Mr. Gosse himself evidently feels that it is impossible for the world to be carried on without new poetry.

He indicates the kinds of verse which may be expected. "Poetry, if it exists at all, will deal, and probably to a greater degree than ever before, with those more frail and ephemeral shades of emotion which prose scarcely ventures to describe . . . . The most realistic novel, the closest psychological analysis in prose, does no more than skim the surface of the soul; verse has the privilege of descending into its depths. In the future, lyrical poetry will probably grow less musical and less conventional at the risk of being less popular. It will interpret that prose does not suggest." And further on he predicts that the verse of the future will be essentially democratic. It will, perhaps, present short and highly finished studies in narrative like those of Coppée. It may abandon the extreme refinement of its extreme mechanism. It will seek to give pleasure less by the manner than by the matter. "But," he concludes, "whatever the issue may be we may be confident that the art will retain that poignant charm over undeveloped minds, and that exquisite fascination which for so many successive generations have made poetry the wisest and the fairest prose of youth."

Poetry will not willingly be allowed to die in the States. This conclusion is drawn, perhaps hastily, from the encouragement offered to poets by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. They offer a prize of $50 cash for the best poem on their Beer, their Root Beer. It is not stated that English poets are excluded from this interesting competition. We await the result, the immortal result, the Eulogy of Root Beer, with impatience.

There has been a little controversy in the Illustrated London News concerning the proposed Authors' Club. It consisted of two short papers, which may be read by the curious in that excellent journal. It has now been supplemented by an account of the New York Authors' Club, of which I venture to reprint a portion:—

"When I first mounted the stairs, I heard the comforting rattle of plates and cutlery, and found the hungry authors rapidly disposing of a substantial meal. The operation was so thorough and convincing that when an athletic friend of mine, with a far-famed appetite, came bounding in an hour late, one glance sufficed to prove to him that Mother Hubbard's historic cupboard was not more completely bare than the American authors' board. During the evening I had an opportunity of observing some notable members of the club. I was most anxious to see the American humourist in undress, so to speak, to find out how much of
him was natural and how much professional, and whether the habit of producing everlasting fun had left in him any deep furrows of care. Some of the best-known humourists in America are rarely heard of on this side of the ocean. They write chiefly in the newspapers. They take care that the news of the day shall not distress you too sorely. The American citizen might learn from his morning sheet that some awful disaster had happened to the nation, but he would be soothed, if not consoled, by a piece of sprightly humour in the next column. It is this agreeable dispensation, I think, which keeps most Americans alive amid the rush and the turmoil and the extravagant nervous pressure of their existence. One of the most distinguished of these newspaper humourists is the gentleman who calls himself Bill Nye. I had often laughed to the point of suffocation over his writings, and I could not help picturing him as a small man with a large comical head and a perpetual twinkle in a particularly knowing eye, and a conversational manner perhaps a little too obtrusively merry for the repose which distinguishes the library of the Athenaeum Club. I felt extremely apologetic when I found that Bill Nye was a tall man, perfectly bald, with a quiet pensive smile and a pleasant unaffected speech, which might have led the stranger to put him down as a genial professor who had written a good deal for encyclopædias.

What struck me chiefly was, that with the exception of an excellent man who favoured me in a corner and at some length with his theory of international copyright, nobody talked about hobbies. There were no literary arguments. The prophetic sketch in these columns of the people who would bore one another in an Authors' Club has no counterpart in my remembrances of these American authors. They were not pedantic, prosy, or eager to carry the talk about shop over their particular little counters. I think there is, on the whole, an easier current of life in American clubs of all kinds than in our own. There is certainly a more genial intercourse and a greater disposition to entertain the stranger. I have in my mind now one of the best storytellers I ever met—an engineer, a painter, a writer, a traveller in many lands. If these lines should catch his vision, I hope he will take them as an assurance that I still cherish those anecdotes of Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, which he used to tell me with infinite humour, and which I see he has moulded into admirably artistic form in Harper's Magazine. I cannot imagine any association of authors animated by a better esprit de corps than I found in this New York club, or freer from those angles of the literary character which some of us seem to dread. Perhaps I shall commend the American authors all the more strongly to some English writers when I say that a very wealthy man was once blackballed at the Authors' Club in New York, because it was held to be no place for millionaires."

A correspondent sends the following suggestion. He may be wrong—if so, one would be glad to learn what the advertiser really did intend by his proposal to act as an intermediary where none is wanted:

"In the January number of the Author, you appear to be somewhat puzzled about the following advertisement:

`AUTHORS.—Introductions to publishers and editors, by journalist of standing; commission only on MS. sold; exceptional chance.—H. D. F., —— Office.'

"I know nothing of the source of the advertisement, but to me it is, on the face of it, clearly a dodge of the bogus publisher to get hold of the names and addresses of amateur authors. "A member of your Society who answered it, you say, received no reply. Had a score of your members answered it, they would not probably have received a single reply among them. The object—or rather the immediate object—of the advertiser has been attained when he has secured the names and addresses of a large number of persons who have literary aspirations, and these persons at a later date—when they have forgotten all about the above advertisement—will, in all probability, be bombarded with prospectuses of an amateur magazine, or an amateur literary society, or polite invitations to send in their 'MSS.' of novels, tales, poems, and travels to a bogus publisher, who speaks of dazzling things in the shape of fame and fortune to be won. "However did they get hold of my address? wonders the literary novice when he receives such a document, and, perchance, vaguely begins to think that he must be getting known in literary circles. I fancy I have made it clear how both his name and address are procured. Whatever else the bogus publisher is, he is not a fool, and he well knows the value (wholly spurious, of course) that the amateur author attaches to 'introductions to publishers and editors.'"

A question asked by Mr. James Baker at the meeting of January 15th, raises a difficult and interesting point. He asked how far literary "notes," which frequently embody matters of lasting value, are to be protected by the new Copy-
right Bill. That these notes may be, and sometimes are, property of considerable value, is shown by the fact that Mr. James Payn, whose weekly notes constitute one of the principal attractions of the paper in which they appear, has thought well to reprint them in a volume, which has been eagerly taken up. It is also proved by the fact that Mr. George Augustus Sala has done the same thing. Now such notes ought certainly to be protected, and I hope this point will be borne in mind when the Bill goes into Committee.

Mr. Baker also suggests that at the Annual Meeting members should discuss points rising out of the Report. The Chairman did invite discussion at the last meeting—and there was some, but such discussion can be only valuable when none are allowed to speak except members who have given due notice and have prepared themselves beforehand, and have followed the action of the committee, and so placed themselves in a position to judge the questions from many points of view. Such discussions are apt to be desultory and to go away from the question before the meeting. For instance, at one of our meetings in Willis's Rooms, there a few years ago, when Lord Lytton invited discussion on the principles which should guide the management of literary property, one man got up and asked the meeting if his publisher was a liar for sending him certain accounts? As if such a very important question could be asked without examining the accounts! Another got up to say that there was no such thing as a 6s. novel. And a third rose to deny a statement made in the paper that had just been read that an ordinary 6s. novel could be produced, in numbers, at 1s. If, however, we were to lay down certain definite points for discussion, if these were announced beforehand, such a conference, it is conceivable, might produce great good if only by clearing the air of prejudice and error.

For instance, there are two prejudices which seem to defy any amount of argument. The first is the belief that the English people are not buyers of books, but that they get all their literature from the circulating library. I confess to having held this view myself until recently. Now, we have recently undertaken a little investigation, as yet incomplete, into the present condition of the book trade, which seems to dissipate this view pretty completely. The fact is that within certain limits there are no greater buyers of books than the inhabitants of Great Britain and her colonies.

The second prejudice is based on the first. It is the error which we have attacked again and again, that publishing is a highly speculative and risky business. On the contrary, no publisher need even run any risk at all; and in point of fact very few publishers do. I have already proved this by an analysis of the advertising columns, and I shall continue, from time to time, to prove the fact in the same way.

Mr. J. M. Lely, Barrister-at-Law, and member of our Committee, has completed a popular analysis of the new Copyright Bill, with explanations of the clauses and their bearing. We have arranged with him to add this pamphlet to our list of publications. It will therefore be accessible to members of the Society at the cost of 1s. 6d.

The following note may possibly have been sent to many other readers of this paper:

"Sir,—I am collecting the opinions of men eminent in the various departments of Art and Science on the question, 'Is Life Worth Living?' and should esteem it a very great favour if you would kindly send me a few lines, giving your opinion on the matter."

Nobody should take any notice of such communications as the above. If the writer is really desirous of finding out what the person addressed thinks on any subject, he should consult the published works of that person. If, as is most likely, he wants an autograph, or if he is only trying to "draw" the man, he should certainly be snubbed with silence.

People in the literary line mostly know other people who are not. They also know young people who would like to be. They are, therefore, earnestly and urgently entreated and implored to spread abroad the following simple truths:

1. MSS. must not be sent to literary people with a request that they will read them and write an opinion. They really must not.

2. Authors must not be asked to "use their powerful influence" with publishers. They have no influence. If the best author in the world were to kneel and supplicate the most friendly publisher in the world, he would not persuade that publisher to issue unsaleable work.
In a certain secondhand bookshop where there are generally things worth seeing, there is now to be seen, nearly complete, a collection quite unique of its kind. They have had the same book bound by all the best bookbinders in Europe, each in his own best style. The result is a collection illustrating the finest kinds of binding procurable at this time. When it is complete it will be exhibited either in the shop or in some more public place. There will be various opinions on the various bindings; for my own part, I think that we can hold our own in London. The book chosen is the "Water Babies," but of course it is not half good enough for such binding. One can picture the poet gazing in despair upon this work, and wondering in sadness whether he will ever be able to write up to such a binding.

Mr. Rider Haggard on his arrival in New York, was interviewed. He cannot escape the common lot. But he seems to have suffered more than is usual at the hands of his persecutors. Eight or ten newspaper men surrounded him and all asked him questions at once. The following are selected by the New York Times as specimens of the interrogatory. The interview took place, it must be remembered, immediately after landing.

"How do you like New York?"
"Where are you going to when you leave here, and what for?"
"How old are you?"
"What is your opinion about the elevated railway?"
"Were you born in Africa?"
"Do you consider that you have exhausted Africa?"
"How about Rudyard Kipling and India?"
"Do you consider that Kipling has exhausted India?"

"How do you work? Dictate it? Work nights?"
"Do you make your plots before you write your stories, or do you write your stories first?"

The last question reminds one of the inquirer who asked the cook whether she made her puddings first and boiled them afterwards, or whether she boiled them first, and made them afterwards. It also reminds one of King George the Third's difficulty about the apple dumpling.

Many are the writers who send their MSS. for perusal by busy men. Few indeed are so considerate as the one who sent me the other day a letter, asking me to read his work, and in order to save trouble, enclosed a letter of refusal for my signature. This letter I subjoin as an example to all other young men and maidens who want to get their MSS. read. May one remind them that one never hears of young students, say in mathematics, inviting a mathematician to teach them by correspondence? The letter is everything that could be desired.

London, February, 1891.

Sir,—I have received your letter, but I must decline, though reluctantly, to entertain the application. It would give me great pleasure to assist any worthy aspirant to literary honours, but the many demands upon my time forbid me to comply with all requests of this kind, of which I receive many. In fact, I strongly advise you not to subscribe to a ticket in the literary lottery, for it offers few prizes and many blanks, and especially is the department of poetry open to this objection. With every hope for your success if you should persist in your endeavours,

I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

The ten years' Retrospect of American Literature noticed below may be supplemented by a reference to a new periodical issued by Mr. Edward Arnold, publisher, of Warwick Square. It is a monthly list of American and French books. The selected list of American books published during the last quarter is not very attractive. One would suggest that such a work as "Our Early Presidents, their Wives and Children," hardly appeals to the Englishman, to whom the past Presidents of the United States are mere names and shadows. The Notes and Notices are very meagre. A list of "Standard" American Literature includes, like the selected list, a great quantity of work that can never be popular here, e.g., the biographies of American statesmen, books on the Civil War, &c. It is curious to note when one passes from American to French literature how much broader is the field of letters. We do not find Frenchmen occupying their time with lives of men or histories of places whose interest is purely local and ephemeral. There is the note of world-wide and human interest in a French list which is strangely absent from the American literature—perhaps also though in less degree, from our own. The first number of the "List" will doubtless be improved upon, as the editor enlarges his experience. It should, however, fill a gap in the service of current literature.
The death is announced of Alice Brontë, sister of Patrick Brontë, and aunt to the three Brontë girls. She was ninety-five years of age and was never married. I have just seen a photograph of her, taken shortly before her death. The face singularly reminds one of Charlotte, though Alice was, in her youth, a most beautiful girl, which, I fear, was never the case with any of her nieces. She was six feet high, as strong as any three men and possessed all her faculties to the very end. The Rev. Dr. William Wright, of the Bible Society, who knew her well, is about to write a short account of her. She lived all her years in the North of Ireland.

Who would have dreamed that there would be living an ancient lady, the survivor of the generation before Charlotte, Emily and Anne? The three sisters were born in the years 1816, 1818 and 1820, respectively. Charlotte died at thirty-nine, her two sisters at thirty. They might all three be living still, old, but not so very old, and youthful, compared with Alice. What sort of work would they have done had they lived? I think that one remembers "Shirley" with greater readiness than any other of the Brontë novels. Perhaps their works have been partly kept alive by the biography of Mrs. Gaskell, certainly one of the best and most life-like portraits ever drawn. The world was touched with the picture of the three girls in their far-off country parsonage close to the wild moor, with neither neighbours nor friends, with a morose father and a drunken brother. "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" would have lived, I suppose, whether Mrs. Gaskell had written that book or not, but they would not have lived with a vitality so intense.

My opinion as to the fading vitality of certain writers mentioned in the last number of the Author, has been disputed in various quarters. Yet I adhere to my opinion. We may reprint Hogg, and we may put him on our shelves, but we have ceased to read him in the sense in which we read Browning; we look at him sometimes for curiosity, or we may seek out favourite pieces, but he is no longer a poet of our time, or of all time. Scholars and students, of course, will read all the writers whom I named—has not Mr. Saintsbury made a book about them? Yet, they no longer attract the omnivorous young—which is a very good and fair test of vitality—and their best things are in the Anthologies and Golden Treasuries.

WALTER BESANT.

"IONICA."

The question whether good verse can still become popular might be practically answered by the success or the failure of "Ionica." Rarely, indeed, does a volume of verses appear in which the workmanship is so delicate, the thought so refined, the phrases so subtle, the flow and ring of the lines so full of music. The book, a dainty volume, is published by Mr. George Allen of Bell Court, beside the Inns of Court, at the Sign of the Ruskin Arms. The song printed below, by permission of the author, is written for Mendelssohn's music generally known as "O wert thou in the cauld, cauld blast?"

I.
Oh! earlier shall the rosebuds blow,
In after years, those happier years,
And children weep when we lie low,
Far fewer tears—far softer tears.

II.
Oh! true shall boyish laughter ring,
Like tinkling chimes, in kinder times,
And merrier shall the maiden sing,
And I not there—and I not there.

III.
Like lightning in the summer night
Their mirth shall be, so quick and free,
And oh! the flash of their delight,
I shall not see—I may not see.

IV.
In deeper dream, with wider range,
Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine,
Unmoved, unblest by worldly change,
The dead must rest, the dead shall rest.

RECENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The very few Englishmen who read the literary papers of the United States have long been aware that the output of original literature of all kinds has become almost as great there as in this country, and that in spite of the competition with cheap reprints of British books. A short analysis of the last ten years' American literature, published in the New York Critic of January 17th, presents an instructive and extremely interesting view of the whole subject. Death has removed the great figures of Emerson, Longfellow,
and Bancroft, while the surviving leaders, Holmes, Whittier, Whitman, and Lowell, have passed into more or less complete retirement. The loss of leaders has not yet been replaced. In America, as everywhere else, there is a lack of acknowledged leaders; the general standard has been greatly raised; the number of those who write has been largely increased—never have there been so many writers able to write well—but those who used to dominate the literary world hardly exist any longer.

In poetry, the total disappearance of the first rank is especially deplored. There have been published during the last decade, verses from Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Stoddard, W. W. Story, William Winter, and Aldrich, names all known to English readers. In addition, the names are mentioned of Edgar Fawcett, Francis Saltus, George Woodberry, Richard Gilder, Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Deland, Edith Thompson, Mrs. Moulton (a head and shoulders above most of those enumerated), H. B. Carpenter, S. H. Nichol, Mrs. Jackson, E. R. Sill, Miss Dickens, Emma Lazarus, Sydney Lanier, H. C. Bunner, Edward Martin, Herbert Nurse, F. D. Newman, and Clinton Scollard, called the best of the younger men. Now of these twenty minor poets there are three names—Mrs. Moulton, Sydney Lanier, and Emma Lazarus—whose verses are known in this country. Would it not be well if some of our critics would make a voyage of discovery in this land of sweet singers and bring home some of their songs? And would it be possible to make so long a list of minor poets in this country?

It is in fiction, however, that the emotion and thought of the time have in America, as everywhere, found adequate expression. Democracy, becoming self-conscious, has felt ever-increasing interest in familiar human life. The growth of the sentiment of sympathy has stimulated curiosity and interest in the daily lives of our neighbours. The scientific spirit of the day has popularized the love of accurate description. The great Russian novelists have moved some and the French school has moved others. There is an enormous demand for short stories in papers and magazines, particularly such stories as those on phases in American life. We know the names that come first in such a list—Howells and James. Besides these are mentioned as in the same line, Fawcett, Mrs. Burnett, and Miss Baylor.

There has been an especially noteworthy development in the direction of local colour and local types. Some of the works of this kind we know, others are not familiar to us. For instance, Louisiana has George Cable; Tennessee, Miss Murfill; the hill folk of Virginia, Miss Baylor and Edward Eggleston; Georgia, Johnston's Dukesborough stories; the negroes, Harris, Nelson Page, and Edwards; Kansas, Howe; New England, Miss Williams and Miss Jewett; the Cape Cod folk, Miss McLean; the Jews of New York, Henry Harland; the Western boy, Mark Twain. Considering that all this is the outcome of ten years, the advance seems very remarkable.

Then there are books which are successful, one knows not why, such as Wallace's "Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ"; which are successful, one does know why, such as "Mr. Barnes of New York"; which are successful because they deal with questions of the day, such as "John Ward, Preacher," and "Looking Backward"; which are successful because they appeal to serious and common-place people who understand nothing but calmly moving stories with a happy ending.

The spirit of Thoreau is continued by John Burroughs, Dr. C. C. Abbott, Theodore Roosevelt, and Mrs. Custer, while Lufcadic Hearn's "Two Years in the French West Indies" is spoken of with the highest praise.

Reminiscence and biography are plentifully represented by the names of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Jefferson Davis, Hugh McCulloch, Blaine, by the lives of Lincoln, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Molley, Hawthorne, Poe, Dana, Garrison, Agassiz, Eriksen, Henry Ward Beecher, and others.

In history the last ten years show the completion of Bancroft-Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," McMaster's "History of the People," and other works. Let us pass over political economy, literary criticism, art criticism, philosophy, law, education, and science. Enough has been said to show what we are too ready to forget, or to ignore, that there exists across the Atlantic a literature which is comparable with our own in every respect. If they have no poets who can stand beside Tennyson, Browning, or Swinburne; if they have no novelists in the same line with Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, George Meredith; they have many who can meet the novelists who come after these great names. If they have no historian who can be ranked with Stubbs, Green, or Freeman, they have many who are equal to those who stand in the second line, while in science and philosophy they are rapidly stepping to the front. One branch is unnoticed by the reviewer of this decade. It is the branch of scholarship. In that department Great Britain still seems to hold her own. Meanwhile, as an unexpected record of unexampled development, this little paper in the Critic, from which we have taken these remarks, is instructive and suggestive.
It suggests, especially, this very important fact. With the enormous development of their own literature it will become increasingly rare for the Americans to want the new books of our production. When, if ever, an International Copyright Bill is passed, those fortunate authors, American or British, who are in demand on both sides, will be few indeed. It will be mortifying when we have got all we have clamoured for to be told that our wares are not wanted. But this seems quite likely to happen.

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HOW WE LOST THE BOOK OF JASHER.

EVERYONE who knows anything about art, archaeology, or science has heard of the famous FitzTaylor Museum at Oxbridge. And even outsiders who care for none of these things have heard of the quarrels and internal dissensions that have, from time to time, disturbed that academic calm which ought to reign within the walls of a museum. The illustrious founder, to whose munificence we owe this justly famous institution, provided in his will for the support of four curators, who were to govern the two separate departments of science and art, and the University has been in the habit of making grants of money from time to time to these separate departments for the acquisition of scientific or archaeological curiosities and MSS. I suppose there was something wrong in the system, but whatever it may be it led to those notorious jealousies and disputes. At the time I am writing the principal curators of the art section were Professor Girdelstone and Mr. Monteagle, of Princes College, while I myself looked after the scientific welfare of the museum with Lowestoft as my understudy—he was practically a nonentity, but an authority on lepidoptera. Now whenever a grant was made to the left wing of the building, as I call it, I always used to say that science was being sacrificed to archaeology. I mocked at the illuminated MSS. over which Girdelstone grew enthusiastic and the musty theological folios which Monteagle had purchased. They heaped abuse upon me, of course, when my turn came, and cracked many a quip on my splendid skeleton of the ichthyosaurus, the only known specimen from Greenland. At one time the strife broke into print, and the London press animadverted on our conduct. It became a positive scandal. We were advised, I remember, to wash our dirty linen at home, and though I have often wondered why the press should act as a voluntary laundress on such occasions, I suppose the remark is a just one.

There came a day when we took the advice of the press, and from then until now science and art have gone hand in hand at the University of Oxbridge. How the breach was healed forms the subject of the present leaf from my memoir.

America, it has been wisely said, is the great land of fraud. It is the Egypt of the modern world. From America came spiritualists, from America bogus goods, cheap ideas and pirated editions, and from America, I have every reason to believe, came Dr. Groschen. It is true that he spoke American with an English accent at times, at others, English with a German. But if his ancestors came from the Rhine, that he received his education on the other side of the Atlantic I have no doubt. Why he came to Oxbridge I cannot say. He appeared quite suddenly, like a comet. He brought introductions from various parts of the world, from the English embassy at Constantinople, from the British and German Schools of Archaeology at Athens, from certain French Egyptologists at Alexandria, and a holograph letter from Archbishop Sarpedon, Patriarch of Hermaphroditopolis, Curator of the MSS. in the monastery of St. Basil, at Mount Olympus. It was this last that endeared him, I believe, to the High Church party in Oxbridge. Dr. Groschen was already the talk of the University, the lion of the hour, before I met him, and there was already a rumour of an honorary degree before I even saw him in the flesh, at the high table of my college, as guest of the Master. If Dr. Groschen did not inspire me with any confidence, I cannot say that he excited any feeling of distrust. He was a small, blond, commonplace looking little man, very neat in his attire, without the alchemical look of most archaeologists. Had I known then, as I know now, that he presented his first credentials to Professor Girdelstone, I might have suspected him. Of course I took it for granted they were friends. When the University was ringing with praises of the generosity of Dr. Groschen in transferring his splendid collection of Greek inscriptions to the FitzTaylor Museum, I rejoiced; the next grant would be devoted to science, in consideration of the already crowded galleries of the Art and Archaeology section. I only pitied the fatuity of the authorities for being grateful. Dr. Groschen had now wound himself into everybody's good
wishes, and the University degree had been conferred. He had been offered a fine set of rooms in a college famous for culture. He was a well known figure on the Q.P. But he was not always with us; he went to Greece or the East sometimes, for the purpose, it was said, of adding to the Groschen collection, now the glory of the FitzTaylor.

It was after one of these prolonged periods of absence that he wrote to Girdelstone privately, that he had made a great discovery, and on his return brought with him, he said, some MSS. which had been unearthed in the monastic library of St. Basil, where he bought them for an enormous sum from Sarpedon, the Patriarch of Hermaphroditopolis, and that he was willing to sell them to "some public institution" for very little over the original price. Girdelstone told several of us in confidence. It was public news next day. Scholars grew excited; there had been hints at the recovery of a lost MS., "which was to add to our knowledge of the antique world and materially alter accepted views of the early state of Roman and Greek society." On hearing the news I smiled. "Some institution," that was suspicious—MSS.—they meant forgery. It was described as a palimpsest MS., consisting of fifty or sixty leaves of papyrus. On one side was a portion of the last book of Jasher, of a date not later than the fourth century, on the other in ancient characters that too notorious work of Aulus Gellius, which Suetonius tells us that Tiberius ordered to be burned—De moribus Romanorum.

But why should I go over old history? Every one remembers the excitement that the discovery caused—the leaders in the Times and the Athenæum, the doubts of the sceptical, the enthusiasm of the archaeologists, the jealousy of the Berlin authorities, the offers from all the libraries of Europe, the aspersions of the British Museum. "Why," asked indignant critics, "did Dr. Groschen offer his MS. to the authorities at Oxbridge?" "Because Oxbridge had been the first to recognise his genius," was the crushing reply. And Professor Girdelstone said that should the FitzTaylor fail to acquire the MS. by any false economy on the part of the University authorities, the prestige of the museum would be gone. But this is all old history. I only remind the reader of what he knows already. I had begun to bring all my powers, and the force of the scientific world in Oxbridge, to bear in opposition to the purchase of the MS. I had pulled every wire I knew, and execration was heaped on me as a vandal, though I only said that the University money should be devoted to other channels than the purchase of MSS. I was doing all this, when I was startled by the intelligence that Dr. Groschen had suddenly come to the conclusion that his find was after all only a forgery.

The book of Jasher, he now said, was a fourteenth century Byzantine forgery, and he ascribed the date at the very earliest to the reign of Alexis Comnenus. Theologians became fierce on the subject. They had seen the MS.; they knew it was genuine. And when Dr. Groschen began to have doubts as to Aulus Gellius, suggesting that this part of the MS. was a sixteenth century fabrication, the classical world morally and physically rose and denounced him. Dr. Groschen, who had something of the early Christian in his character, bore this shower of opprobrium like a martyr. "I may be mistaken," he said, "but I believe I have been deceived. I have been taken in before, and I should not like the MS. offered to any library until two of the very highest experts had decided as to its authenticity."

People by this time had learnt to regard Dr. Groschen himself as quite the highest expert in the world. They thought he was out of his senses, though the press commended him for his honesty, and one journal, which had been loudest in declaring its authenticity, said it was glad Dr. Groschen had seen the forgery that it had already anticipated. Dr. Groschen was furthermore asked what experts he would submit his MS. to, and by whose decision he would abide. After some delay and correspondence, he could think of only two—Professor Girdelstone and Mr. Montague. "They had had great opportunities," he said, "of judging on such matters. Their erudition was of a steadier and more solid nature than his own." Then the world and Oxbridge joined again in a chorus of praise. What could be more honest, more straightforward, than to submit the MS. to a final examination at the hands of the two curators of the FitzTaylor, who were to have the first refusal of the MS. if it was considered authentic? If it was a forgery, and they decided on purchasing, they had themselves to thank. No museum was ever before given such an opportunity. Professor Girdelstone and his colleague soon came to a conclusion. They decided that there could be no doubt as to the authenticity of the Aulus Gellius. In portions it was true that between the lines certain Greek characters almost obliterated were visible, but this threw no slur on the MS. itself. As to the book of Jasher they gave no decisive opinion, and it is still an open question; but they expressed their belief that the Aulus Gellius was alone worth the price asked for it by Dr. Groschen. It only remained now for the University to advance a sum to the FitzTaylor for the purchase of this treasure. The curators, rather prematurely perhaps, wrote
privately to Dr. Groschen making him an offer for his MS., and paid him half the amount out of their own pockets, so as to close the bargain once and for all.

The delay of the University in making the grant caused a good deal of apprehension in the hearts of Professor Girdelstone and Mr. Montague, and they feared that the enormous sums offered by the Berlin Museum would tempt even the single-minded Dr. Groschen, even though he had the interests of the FitzTaylors so much at heart. These suspicions were unfounded as they were ungenerous. The German savant was contented with his degree and college rooms, and showed no hurry for the remainder of the sum to be paid.

One night when I was seated in my rooms beside the fire preparing lectures on the ichthyosaur, to quote the poet, "I heard a rapping at my chamber door." It was a hurried jerky rap. I shouted, "Come in," the door burst open, and on the threshold I saw Monteagle with a white face, on which the beads of perspiration glittered. At first I thought it was the rain which had drenched his cap and gown, but in a moment I saw that the perspiration was the result of terror or anxiety (cf. my lectures on Mental Equilibrium). Monteagle and I in our undergraduate days had been friends, but like many University friendships, ours had proved evanescent; our paths had lain in different directions.

He had chosen archæology. We had failed to convert one another to each other's views, and when he became a member of "The Disciples," a mystic Oxbridge society, the fissure between us widened to a gulf. We nodded when we met, but that was all. With Girdelstone I was not on speaking terms. So when I found Monteagle on my threshold I confess I was startled.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"Certainly, certainly," I said, cordially. "But what is the matter?"

"Good God! Newall," he cried, "that MS. after all is a—— forgery."

This expression I thought unbecoming in a "Disciple," but I only smiled and said, "Really? You think so?" Monteagle then made reference to our old friendship, our unfortunate dissension. He asked for my help, and then really excited my pity. He poured into my ear a tale of woe. Some member of the High Church party in Oxbridge had been to Greece in order to attend a Conference at Cyprus on the union of the Greek and Anglican Churches. While there he had met Sarpedon, Patriarch of Hermaphroditopolis, and in course of conversation told him of the renowned Dr. Groschen. Sarpedon had become distant at mention of the doctor's name. He denied all knowledge of the famous letter of introduction, and said the only thing he knew of the Professor was that he was usually supposed to have been the thief who had made off with a large chest of parchments from the monastery of St. Basil.

The Greek Patriarch refused to give any further information. The English clergyman had reported this privately to Girdelstone.

Dr. Groschen's other letters were examined, and had been found to be all fabrications. The book of Jasher and Aulus Gellius had been submitted to a like scrutiny, and Girdelstone and Monteagle had reluctantly come to the conclusion that they were also vulgar and palpable forgeries. At the end of his story Monteagle almost burst into tears. I endeavoured to cheer him, although I was shrieking with laughter at the whole situation.

Of course it was dreadful for him. If he exposed Dr. Groschen, his own reputation as an expert would be gone, and the doctor already had half the money, which Girdelstone and he had paid in advance. Monteagle was so agitated that it was with difficulty I could get his story out of him, and to this day I have never quite learned the truth. Controlling my laughter, I sent a note round to Professor Girdelstone, asking him to come to my rooms. In about ten minutes he appeared, looking as draggled and sheepish as poor Monteagle. In his bosom he carried the fateful MS., which I had never seen before. If it was a forgery (and I am not sure now that it was) it was certainly a masterpiece. From what Girdelstone said to me then and since, I think that the Aulus Gellius portion was genuine enough, and the book of Jasher the invention of Groschen; however, it will never be discovered if one or neither were genuine. Monteagle thought the ink that was used was a compound of tea and charcoal, but both he and Girdelstone were too suspicious to believe even each other by this time.

I tried to console them, and promised all help in my power. They were rather startled and alarmed when I laid out my basis of operations. In the first place, I was to withdraw all opposition to the purchase of the MS. Girdelstone and Monteagle, meanwhile, were to set about having the Aulus Gellius printed and facsimiled; for I thought it was a pity such work should be lost to the world. The facsimile was only to be announced, but the publishing by the University press to be got in hand at once. The text of Aulus Gellius can still be obtained, and a translation of those portions which can be rendered into English forms a volume of Mr. Bohn's excellent classical library, which will satisfy the curious who are unacquainted with Latin. Professor Girdelstone-
was to write a preface in very guarded terms. This will be familiar to all classical scholars.

It was with great difficulty that I could persuade Girdelstone and Monteagle, who had come to me, their enemy, and in distress, of the sincerity of my actions, but the poor fellows were ready to catch at any straw for hope from exposure, and they listened to every word I said. As the whole University knew I was not on speaking terms with Girdelstone, I told him to adopt a Nicodemus-like attitude, and to come to me in the night-time, when we could hold consultation. To the outer world, during these anxious evenings, when my oak was sported, and I would see no one, I was supposed to be preparing my great syllabus of lectures on the ichthysaurus. I only communicated to my fellow curators my plans bit by bit, for I thought it would be better for their nerves. I made Monteagle send round a notice to the press:— "That the MS. about to become the property of the University Museum was being edited and published and facsimiled, and at the earliest possible date it would be on view in the Galleries where Dr. Groschen's collections are now exhibited." This was to quiet the complaints that already were being made by scholars and commentators of the difficulty of examining the MSS. The importunities of several religious societies to get a sight of the book of Jasher became intolerable. The Dean of Boking, an old friend of Girdelstone's, came from the north on purpose to examine the new found work. With permission he intended, he said, to write a small brochure for the S.P.C.K. on the book of Jasher: I believe that he also had some curiosity as to the Aulus Gellius, but here I may be wronging him. The subterfuges, lies, and devices to which we resorted were not very creditable to ourselves. Girdelstone gave him a dinner, and Monteagle and I persuaded the Senate to confer on him an honorary degree. We amused him with advance sheets of the commentary, and with assurances that he would be the first to examine the MS. He was quite a month at Oxbridge, but at last was called on business to the north by some lucky domestic family bereavement. Our next difficulty was the news that Sarpedon, Patriarch of Hermaphroditopolis, was about to visit England to attend an Anglican Synod. I thought Girdelstone would go off his head, and Monteagle's hair had already become grey in the last few days. Sarpedon was sure to be invited to Oxbridge. He would meet Dr. Groschen, and then expose him. Our fears, I soon found out, were shared by the German servant, who left shortly after the news of the advent of Sarpedon, on one of those mysterious visits to the East. I saw that our action at once must be prompt, or Girdelstone and Monteagle would be lost. They were horrified when I told them I proposed placing the MS. to public view in the museum on the following day. A large plate glass case had been made by my orders, and Girdelstone and Monteagle, who obeyed me like lambs, deposited their precious burden as I told them in the Groschen Hall of the Fitz-Taylor. The crush that afternoon was terrible. All the University came to peer into the glass case at the new acquisition. I must tell you that Dr. Groschen's antiquities had been placed temporarily in a fire-proof erection built of wood and tin, at the back of the museum, while they were waiting for room in the body of the museum. This erection was connected with the building by a long stone gallery along which were placed plaster casts.

I mingled with the crowd, and heard the remarks, but I advised Girdelstone and Monteagle to keep out of the way, as it would only upset them. Various dons came up and chaffed me about the opposition I had made to the MS. being purchased, and a little man of dark, sallow complexion came up and asked me if I was Professor Girdelstone. I said I had not the honour. He was a Bohemian, and wanted to obtain leave to examine the MS. I gave him my card, and asked him to call on me, when I would arrange a day. He told me he was a Lutheran pastor from Bohemia.

I was the last to leave the museum that day. I was often kept in the library long after four, when the museum usually closed, and so I dismissed the attendants when they had locked up everything with the exception of a small door in the stone gallery which I usually used on such occasions. I waited till six in the evening, and as I went out I opened near this door a sash window and removed the iron shutters. After dinner I went round to Monteagle's rooms. He and Girdelstone were sitting in a despondent way on each side of the fire, sipping weak coffee and nibbling Albert biscuits. They were startled at my entrance.

"What have you decided?" asked Girdelstone, hoarsely.

"All is arranged. Monteagle and I will set fire to the museum to night," I said, quietly.

Girdelstone buried his face in his hands and began to sob.

"Anything but that—anything but that!" he cried. And Monteagle turned a little pale. At first they protested, but I overcame their scruples by saying they might get out of the mess how they liked. I advised Girdelstone to go to bed and plead illness for the next few days, for he really wanted rest. At eleven o'clock that night Monteagle and myself crossed the meadows at the back of our college, and by a circuitous route reached
the grounds surrounding the museum, which were planted with rhododendrons and other shrubs. It was pouring with rain, unfortunately not favourable for our enterprise. I had brought with me a small box of combustibles from the University Laboratories, and a dark lantern. When we climbed over the low wall not far from the stone gallery I saw to my horror a light emerging from the Groschen Hall. Monteagle, who is fearfully superstitious, began chattering his teeth. When we reached the small door I saw that it was open. A thief had evidently forestalled us. Monteagle suggested going back, and leaving the thief to make off with the MS.; but I would not hear of such a proposal.

The door opening to the Groschen Hall at the end of the gallery was open, and beyond, a man—who had his back towards us, and who I at once recognised as the little Lutheran—was busily engaged in picking the lock of the case where were deposited the book of Jasher and Aulus Gellius. Telling Monteagle to guard the door, I approached very softly, keeping behind the plaster casts. I was within a yard of the man before he heard my boots creak. Then he turned round, and I found myself face to face with Dr. Groschen. I have never seen such a look of terror on anyone's face before.

"You scoundrel!" I cried, collecting myself, "drop those things at once!" and I made for him with my fist. He dodged me. I ran after him; but he threaded his way like a rat through the statues and cases of antiquities, and bolted down the passage out of the door, where he upset Monteagle and the lantern, and bolted down the passage out of the door, where he upset Monteagle and the lantern, and disappeared in the darkness and rain. I then returned to the scene of his labours. Monteagle was too frightened, as the museum had rather a ghostly appearance by the light of the feeble oil lamp. There was some dry sacking in a small cupboard. I had deposited it there for the purpose. This I ignited along with some native curiosities of straw and skin and wickerwork.

There were also some new unpacked cases of casts which the attendants had left there in the afternoon, which materially assisted the conflagration.

It was an impressive scene as the flames played round the pedestals of the torsos, statues, and cases, but I only waited for a few moments to see that my work was complete. I shut the door between the gallery and the hall, so as to avoid the possibility of the fire spreading to the rest of the building. I seized Monteagle by the arm and hurried him through the rhododendrons, over the wall, into the meadows stretching down to the river. I turned back once, and just caught a glimpse of red flame bursting through the windows. Having seen Monteagle half way back to the college, I returned to see if any alarm had been given. Some passers by had already noticed it, and a small crowd had collected in front. A fire engine had been sent for, while a local pump had almost been set going. I returned to my college gate, where I found the porter was standing, believing I had been in Trinity all the evening.

"The FitzTaylor is burning," he said. "I have been looking out for you, sir."

There is nothing more to tell. To this day no one suspects but that the fire was the work of an incendiary, jealous of Dr. Groschen's discovery. The Professor has returned from the East, but lives in great retirement, and his friends say that he has never quite recovered the shock occasioned by the loss of his collection. The rest of the museum was uninjured.

The death of Sarpedon, Patriarch of Hermaphroditopolis, at Naples, was a sudden and melancholy catastrophe, which people say affected Dr. Groschen more than the fire. Strangely enough, as he had just been dining with the Doctor the evening before, for they had met at Naples purposely.

Sometimes I ask myself if I did right in setting fire to the museum. It was, you see, for the sake of others, not myself, and Monteagle was an old friend.

ON COMMITTEE.

OUR Copyright Sub-Committee has been busy at the close of its successful career.

On January 29th a meeting was held of the General Committee and also of the Copyright Sub-Committee to consider the report made by the Fine Art Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce upon the Fine Art Sections of our Bill. The London Chamber of Commerce had evidently given every attention to our Bill in detail, and their criticism was considered most valuable to us. As far as our Sub-Committee considered themselves able to do so, without violating the spirit of the Bill, or making propositions in opposition to the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1878, the practical suggestions of the London Chamber of Commerce have been adopted. For the information of those of our
members who possess copies of the Bill, these suggestions are appended, with the reply of our Committee to them.

The London Chamber of Commerce (Incorporated).

Fine Art Section.

Report of the Special Copyright Sub-Committee.

Your Committee were appointed to examine the terms of the Copyright Bill of the Society of Authors, and "report to the Section how far it includes, and in what way it differs, from the 1885 Bill, intended to be supported by the Section." Your Committee have held four meetings, and have carefully considered the two Bills with a view to ascertaining the difference between them, and submit as an appendix an analysis which has been prepared by one of their number, Mr. Boydell Graves.

Speaking generally, the Committee found that the Bill of the Society of Authors embraces many of the points specially dealt with in the Bill of 1885; but in regard to the Penal clauses, they recommend that the Society of Authors Bill should be amended in the direction of approximating the penalties imposed more nearly to those laid down in the Bill of 1885, which are more stringent in the latter than in the former. The Committee, however, are of opinion that it should be possible so to amend the Bill of the Society of Authors as to meet the views of all who are interested in fine art copyright, whether as artists or publishers. They submit, therefore, the following recommendations for acceptance by the Section.

Taking Part III of the Bill, which deals separately with copyright in works of fine art and photographs, and following the order in which the Bill is drafted, the Committee recommend that the words, "offer for sale," should be omitted from the definition of "publication," on the ground that it is the custom among artistic publishers to take subscribers' names for an engraving not only during the progress of such work, but even prior to its commencement. The omission of the words in question would prevent the publisher from being made liable for publication before the actual issue of the work.

The definition of "replica" is unsatisfactory, in so far as a replica is laid down as a work which may be executed by a person other than the artist himself. The objection of the Committee would be met, however, by the omission of the words "caused by him to be executed." The Committee were unanimous in agreeing that a replica must be executed by a painter himself, in the same material, approximating to the same size as the original, and that it should be considered as being an authorized copy if not wholly or mainly done by the artist's own hand. In other words, it might be desirable to define a replica as a work executed by the artist himself, or, if commenced by another person, completed under his own hand.

The definition of "sale" was not considered by the Committee to sufficiently cover the giving and acceptance of a commission to and by the artist. They suggest the following addition to the definitions in Part III: "'Commission,' when used with reference to a work of fine art, shall mean an order to execute the same for a valuable consideration." Sections 36 and 40 of the Society of Authors Bill only propose to confer copyright for a period of thirty years after the death of the artist. The Committee strongly urge that the period should be extended to fifty years to paintings (as in the 1885 Bill where applicable to engravings), and as proposed in the case of "books" in the present Society of Authors Bill, and as already conferred in Germany. In no case, the Committee consider, should copyright expire in less than a period of fifty years after the first sale or registration of a work.

Respecting Section 38, the Committee suggest no amendment, provided the Section is read in connection with and governed by the definition of replica as proposed by them.

It was pointed out to the Committee by one of its artist members that no painter would care to give up his right to execute a water colour copy of an oil painting, and that such water colour copy could in no wise be mistaken for the original or a replica thereof.

In Section 48, Sub-Section (3), which deals with the delivery of copies to the owners of copyright in certain cases of infringement, the Committee recommend that the words "or take other proceedings" be added after the word "action," as it would not in all cases be necessary to have recourse to the law courts.

As regards the reproduction of copyright works, specially dealt with in Section 47, the Committee are of opinion that in cases where a picture has been bought with the copyright it should, if reproduced, be reproduced in its entirety, and the law should not allow of a part being taken out of it, so that it could be made into a separate picture, without the permission of the artist being given. They therefore recommend the addition of the following or similar provisions to Sub-Section C of Section 47: "Without the consent in writing of the author of the work or his assigns to such alterations, additions, or subtractions."

Part IV of the Bill deals with foreign and
THE AUTHOR.

colonial copyright, and, with respect to its provisions, the Committee offer no remarks.

The Committee raise no objection to Part V as drafted, provided it is made clear that the inclusion of paintings and works of sculpture from Section 85 (in which it is laid down that only the registered owner of a copyright shall be recognized as such), is due to the fact that the registration of such works is not compulsory.

As regards Part VI of the Bill, which relates to Penalties and Procedure, the Committee are strongly of opinion that the limitation of the time during which actions or other proceedings for infringement of copyright may be maintained, should be extended, and that Sub-Section 2 of Section 87 should be modified, so that an action could be brought within twelve months after the offence had come to the knowledge of the copyright owner, and not twelve months after the same is committed, as proposed in the draft.

The Committee observe that the Society of Authors Bill does not contain the stipulation in the Bill of 1885 (Section 17),—that any peace officer shall have power to search in the daytime any house, shop, or other place where it may be reasonably suspected that pirated works are kept for sale. They recommend that Section 18 of the 1885 Bill should be embodied in the present measure, subject to verbal alteration of the marginal reference, so as to read, “power to search premises used for business purposes.”

With reference to Section 89, Sub-Section B, governing power to seize unlawful copies when hawked about for sale, the Committee recommend the introduction of a similar provision to that contained in the Bill of 1885, Clause 18, so that illegal copies could be taken before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction, and, upon proof, that any such copy, repetition, or imitation was unlawfully made, such copy, repetition, or imitation shall be forfeited, and delivered up to the owner of the copyright as his property. (Clause 17 of the 1885 Bill.) This additional clause will involve the omission from the Bill of the Society of Authors of the words, “with a view to obtaining an order for its delivery to the proprietor of the copyright.”

As regards Section 91, relative to the right of a copyright owner to apply in a summary manner in cases of infringement to a Court of Summary Jurisdiction in that part of the British dominions “where the wrong has been committed, or where the person who has been guilty of the infringement dwells,” the Committee strongly recommend that an effort should be made in order that an action might also be tried in the place where the aggrieved person resides. They further urge that fines should be cumulative, and applicable to each separate offence, as set forth in the Bill of 1885, inasmuch as it would otherwise appear to be possible for a person to infringe copyright and produce any number of copies, for which he would only be fined Five Pounds.

The Committee generally approve of the remaining parts of the Bill, and would draw special attention to the method of registration proposed, which provides for the gradual transfer from the Stationers' Company of the powers and duties at present vested in them to a new Government Department, in connection with, and probably in the same building as, the Registration of Trade Marks and Designs, under the control of the Board of Trade.

The Committee, in conclusion, recommend that in the event of their functions being continued by the Fine Art Section, they should have power to arrange with the Society of Authors and the draughtsman of the Bill for an interview, to discuss some slight verbal modifications which they consider necessary to make the meaning of the Bill absolutely clear, and otherwise to meet the views of copyright owners in fine art as embodied in the Bill of 1885.

ARTHUR LUCAS (Chairman).
WYKE BAYLISS.
BOYDELL GRAVES.
HEYWOOD HARDY.
CHARLES Dowdeswell.

December, 1890.

REPLY FROM THE SUB-COMMITTEE ON COPYRIGHT.

A Committee Meeting composed of members of the General Committee of the Society of Authors, and of the Sub-Committee on Copyright, was held on the 29th January last, to consider the report and the suggestions contained therein of the Fine Art Section Committee of the London Chamber of Commerce.

The Committee have instructed me to offer their best thanks to the Committee of the Fine Art Section for the valuable suggestions contained in their report, and also for their offer to meet the Committee of the Society of Authors to discuss the Copyright Bill.

The Committee having carefully considered in detail the suggestions and proposed amendments, do not think that any good purpose would be served by further discussion of the Bill as a whole,
but I am instructed to inform you that my Committee have, in consequence of your Report, recommended certain alterations to Lord Monkswell (who now has charge of the Bill), and that they feel assured that his lordship will consent to introduce such alterations into the Bill at the proper time.

As regards the penal clauses suggested in the report, my Committee are quite in sympathy with your Committee, but from intimations received from various sources they are convinced that it would not be advisable to introduce the proposed clauses, at least at present, as such a course might tend to imperil the progress of the Bill.

It is hardly necessary to add that if, and when the Bill reaches the Committee stage, the Society will offer no opposition to any such amendments, as you suggest, being made.

I append below somewhat in detail the comments made and conclusions arrived at by my Committee upon the report of your Committee.

With regard to:

Publication.—It was agreed to amend the definition so as to read as follows:—"The first Act of offering, advertising, &c. . . . as ready for sale to the public." This will meet the point raised by your report.

Replica.—My Committee think that the exigencies of the case will be sufficiently met by adding the words "under his immediate supervision" after the word "executed."

Sale.—The word sale was not intended to cover the giving and acceptance of a commission to and by the artist. A commission is merely an agreement for sale, and the word "sale" as defined covers it as soon as the work is done.

The period of copyright in paintings.—My Committee would point out that the period of copyright proposed in the case of books is for life and thirty years. It is desired to give an uniform term for all classes of work, and therefore it is proposed to give the same period in the case of paintings as in books set. The term of life and thirty years was expressly adopted by the Royal Commissioners as being that adopted by Germany (see paragraph 40 of their Report).

The right of an artist to execute a water-colour copy of an oil painting.—Section 38 of the Bill does not in any way affect this right. (See the definition of Replica.)

Section 47, Sub-Section (C).—The objection to Section 47 appears to be that it does not expressly provide against an original work which has been added to or subtracted from being sold as unaltered. In order to meet this objection it is proposed to add in Sub-Section (D), line 21 of paragraph 20, after the words "alterations" the words "additions or subtractions." The clause will, of course, only apply to cases where the alterations, &c., are made without the author's consent, and it does not seem necessary to add the words suggested in your report.

Section 85.—The reason given for the omission of paintings and sculpture from Section 85 is that mentioned in the Report, but it seems quite unnecessary to refer to it specifically in the section.

Section 87, Sub-Section 2.—The proposed amendment would be contrary to the general principles of statutes of limitation.

Section 17, 1885 Bill.—As originally drafted, the Society of Authors Bill had this section inserted, but on mature deliberation the Committee rejected it as too severe. (See also paragraph 175 of the Report of the Royal Commissioners as to this section.)

Section 89, Sub-Section B.—Sections 88 and 89, taken together, appear to provide all that is necessary with regard to the forfeiture of illegal copies.

Section 91.—The proposed amendment is contrary to the general principles of procedure. Fines being made cumulative, this procedure is only intended for small and trivial offences. Where the offence is more serious, the ordinary action for damages for infringement can be brought.

On February 5th a meeting was held to confer with representatives of the Copyright Association and of the Newspaper Society [informal]. Mr. F. R. Daldy, the Honorary Secretary of the Copyright Association, and a member of the Royal Commission of 1878, made an exhaustive report to us of the views of his body on the Bill. It will be sufficient here to say that our Sub-Committee recognized the great value attaching to his suggestions, and that alteration in accordance with them will in some cases be made.

The Secretary will be happy to supply any member with a copy of the Bill upon receipt of 7½d. in stamps.
A HARD CASE.

WE have on the last three occasions given examples of what may be termed more or less constitutional methods of "besting" the author. But lest anyone should think sanguinely that the day of gross malpractice has gone by, we recur to the exploits of the "half-profit" publisher, and give an account of one of the recent cases that has come into the office. It was not a "half-profit" case, for the publisher only proposed to receive one-third of the profits, but the methods employed for obtaining money from the author were the old ones, first made familiar to us by the "half-profit" practitioner.

The following were the terms agreed upon between author and publisher, and for once in a way they were placed upon paper, and correctly witnessed and stamped.

(1). The first edition was to consist of 1,000 copies, to be bound up as required, and sold at a guinea each.

(2). The remainder-stock could not be sold without the permission of the author.

(3). Author was to pay £120 on signing agreement, and £60 on receiving final proofs.

(4). Author was to pay for corrections.

(5). Author was to pay £10 towards advertisement.

(6). Author was to receive two-thirds, and publisher one-third of any profits.

(7). Half-yearly accounts were to be rendered.

To this there was appended a formal authorization to the author to inspect the publisher's books.

This seemed at first sight a very satisfactory agreement, and by comparison with a great many half-profit agreements it must be conceded at once that it was satisfactory. By comparison with some of this particular firm's agreements which we have had an opportunity of perusing, it was most satisfactory. The contract was a formal instrument, duly and properly stamped. The expenses of advertisement were limited, instead of being left unreservedly to the prodigality of the agent, while control over the destinies of the remainder-stock was very properly retained. One omission only was made, but that omission was so important that it has ruined an otherwise fair and equitable contract. The author has omitted to ask for details concerning the cost of production, towards which he is to contribute £120, also £10, and also the cost of "author's corrections," to an unlimited extent. He appears never to have asked himself why £120, more than £20 or £220, but simply to have agreed to pay the sum asked of him. If authors are so simple, can it be wondered that the publishing trade is here and there, if not everywhere, invaded by persons who make it a business to take advantage of such simplicity.

It is this extraordinary incapacity for understanding that there is no mystery attached to publishing, that creates the class of bogus-publishers. In every other sort of business short of the confidence trick, if a man's agent opened the proceedings by asking for a sum down, he would as a matter course be expected to show why, and state what he was going to do with it.

This curious trustfulness in the integrity of strangers who tout for business by advertisement, is, we believe, almost peculiar to the relations between young authors and dishonest publishers, and between the male and female clients of the matrimonial journals. However, the point did not occur to the author, and the agreement was signed.

The next thing that occurred in the transaction could have been foretold by anyone of the least experience in these matters. A demand for more money was made. The sum asked for was £40, and it was demanded for purposes of advertisement. In our humble opinion, to make this demand on the grounds that more money was required for advertisement was by no means astute, as it was flying so dead in the face of a special clause in the agreement that the most easy-going of authors might be expected to resent such treatment. It is clear that the weak spot in the agreement was the fourth clause, under which the author expressed his willingness to pay for corrections, if only the publisher would kindly name the price, and it is as a charge for "author's corrections" that this further demand should have been made. It is to this shortsightedness on the part of the publisher that we owe our ability to tell this story, for the author proceeded to take advice as to the propriety of paying any more money. Of course he was not liable in any way, and from the first he very properly refused to send it. But that proceeding placed him in the usual predicament, a predicament in which this half-profit publisher has doubtless placed others of his clients. If the author did send the money he felt himself to be swindled—at any rate he felt that his agreement specially limiting his liability for advertisement to £10 was very little protection to him; if he did not send it, the publisher would not advertise his book (in a letter they intimated as much), and the £130 already spent on its production would be lost, or to a great extent lost. Should he yield, or should he hold out?

As for advice that should bring a man peacefully
out of such a predicament—none could be given. He had signed a bad agreement, and if the result of doing so proved to be bad for him, he had only himself or his advisers to blame. It was too late to do anything to remedy the fact that he had signed the contract.

A copy of the book was lent to the Society of Authors, and we had a careful estimate of the cost of production made. We found that it would have cost about £100 to produce 1,000 copies of the book and bind 250 of them, but from previous experience we were inclined to believe that so large a number of copies were not bound. That is to say, the publisher, according to our computations, made £30 or so before he started to sell the book. Then he proposed to make £40 more. "Which he would have done, we at least believe it," if he had made the demand on the ground of "author's corrections." But his clumsiness lost him the money. His proposal not being accepted, he decided to remain content with his position, that of a small and safe profit duly received.

The author, on the other hand, had spent £130. Of this sum we have not heard how much has been recovered as profits, in accordance with the accounts, no doubt rendered half-yearly, as exacted from the publisher by the agreement.

This author has no practical remedy. It seems to us impossible that he can ever get back his money by the sales of his book, while the publisher has very little motive in selling the book. Probably there are not many copies bound, and he would have to bind them at his own expense before he could sell them. He has already made a little money, and he is content that things should remain as they are, though he probably still regrets the loss of that £40 "for advertisement." And in the publisher's apathy as to the sale of the book lies the explanation of all the trouble. No doubt the author thought that a publisher who proposed to receive one-third of the profits was also proposing to accept at least one-third of the risks. No doubt he thought that the publisher would work to secure his own third and therefore the author's two-thirds simultaneously. But the publisher—to give him his due—has nowhere suggested that he was advancing a penny out of his own pocket. He said he should like £120, and he got it, but he has told no lies about it. He has never represented, at least in the papers that have reached the Society, that he wanted this sum because the whole cost was going to be £180, of which he would pay £60. Nor has he attempted to account for the demand of £120 by some humbugging schedule of "estimated cost," in which all the items are double as expensive as they should be. His method has been more simple. He said, I want £120—£60 now and £60 later—and he got it.

Authors cannot be too strongly advised to have nothing to do with advertising publishers, unless after consultation with the Society, to make no money payments whatever until they understand what they are going to get in return, and to sign no agreements save under the advice of those who understand.

A NOTE ON IBSEN.

Mr. Gosse's translation of Herr Ibsen's last drama will be welcome to his English followers and to others interested in Scandinavian literature. Herr Ibsen is to be congratulated both on the ability of his translator and on having for once escaped from his professional disciples.

"Hedda Gabler," or to call her by her husband's scarcely more euphonious name, "Fru Tesman," comes as a relief from Herr Ibsen's other heroines. She descends upon us as a refreshing douche of unredeemed criminality. At last we feel quite at home after our wanderings up and down the cross currents of Ibsenish morals. I have always hoped to find in Herr Ibsen some sort of system after all, and now my hope is fortified.

"There is no point to which, I trow, Norwegian Bishops cannot go,

in the opinion of their illustrious countryman, but he surely has a code of morals for the guidance of the enlightened sex. In "Hedda Gabler" one seems to descry something like a first prohibitory commandment. Insolence, desertion, adultery, and incest are misfortunes in females attributable, no doubt, to "some externally false conditions of society which have turned to bitterness that which should have been rich and full for its use." These indiscretions are feminine perquisites, legitimate weapons against the tyranny of natural affections; but women should not shed blood. We all of us are glad to subscribe to any recommendation issued by the exiled prophet of Dresden, now that we have found one. "Thou shalt—except of course in certain cases—do no murder."

"The new representation of the "Doll's House" does not throw any very great light on the play. The character of Fru Linden has been developed, and the character of Thorvald is interpreted probably more to the liking of those "bearded ladies" who form so large a part of the audience. These fair
creatures—for we do not allude to their chins—will rejoice in any emphasis given to the prejudices of their master against his own characters. It is just to Herr Ibsen to remark that these prejudices exist rather in his followers than in his own work. None of his characters have been so misrepresented as the unfortunate, kind, conceited, natural Thorvald, the only human being in this house of moral puppets.

If a man has a wife and children to support, and they are dependant on his reputation, he is not necessarily a selfish brute, or a sneaking, sententious hypocrite because he is anxious to preserve it. An actor who so represents Thorvald misses the delicacy of the writer's characterization. Neither is it a mark of gross egotism for a man to regard another's affection for himself as likely to be a stronger motive with him, or her, than his own fancies, but frequently the contrary.

It is interesting to note that Herr Ibsen's minor characters and incidents are generally drawn with more truth and vividness than those possessing more dramatic interest. His pictures of everyday life are peculiarly natural, his departures from these spheres frequently lead him into the region of monstrosities too often trivial and mesquins, like Nora, sometimes splendid like Peer Gynt, rarely sublime like Brand, but all unreal as dreams. The eccentricity of his genius does not, as might have been expected, enable him to represent truth outside the narrow circle of frequent occurrence. Perhaps his floating standard of morality is a sign rather than a cause of this weakness. He appears not to accept any principle whatever as sufficiently certain to serve him as a standard for the creation of beings at the same time unusual and natural. His skill and observation enable him to describe truthfully only what is familiar to him in detail. Herr Ibsen has been well called "the Prophet of the Eternal Interrogative." He advocates no system of religion, sociology, or morality; he is more than neutral; he is neuter; he seldom trusts himself even to deny. It must be remembered that it is the Ibsenites, not their master, who are responsible for the amalgam of sentiments to which they give his name.

Few comedies have approached nearer to farces than the unconscious comedy played by Ibsenism in England. But there is matter for regret in this fact. The solemnity with which Herr Ibsen's disciples here have accepted his queries as oracles has nearly ruined the high reputation which he deserves. He is best known by his weakest work, his prose dramas, but it would be unfair to judge the author of "Peer Gynt" and "Brand" until these really great creations are better known. The exquisite fancy of "Peer Gynt," its exuberance and ingenuity, its quaint humour, its bold originality and delicate beauty are alone enough to rank its author among the greatest geniuses Europe has produced this century. The pathos of humour has never been carried so far as in the scene at the death-bed of Peer's mother, with so much success. The incident of the Strange Passenger represents the subtlest moral facts in a peculiarly original form. The well known story of the Disguised Angel in the Gesta Romanorum is scarcely more remarkable. The scenes in Norway, Africa, and on the high seas are equally excellent. As far as foreigners can judge, the form of the verse is always agreeable and in some passages deserves much higher praise. If Peer Gynt himself is intended to represents young Norway no doubt the drama is all the more interesting to Scandinavians on that account. The rest of the world may perhaps take some interest in young Norway for the sake of "Peer Gynt."

"Brand" is difficult to speak of concisely, its faults are so obvious and its meaning so profound. It is only too evident that large parts of it had better have been omitted or written in prose. There is but one character, the giant who gives his name to the drama; the Baillie is a mere abstraction of the commonplace, and Agnes a foil to enhance the characteristics of the hero. Perhaps the strongest element in the play is its pathos, but it is a pity that the climax in this respect is reached too soon. For the incident itself no praise is too high. The sorrow of maternity has seldom been more tenderly and more tragically represented. The character of Brand will probably elicit very little sympathy; his enormous faults and his heroic virtues are those peculiarly antipathetic to present opinion. Can there be anything more terrible in its simple directness, its hideous baldness, than the story of the disillusion of Brand's childhood? He is almost a baby, his father dies, he creeps into the room where he lies dead, he wonders most at his hands so thin and pale in the taper light, he hears footsteps on the stairs, he hides in a corner; a woman enters, she pulls the pillow from the dead man's head, she searches hither and thither, gropes about; she rummages and rifles the dead miser of his treasure, she mutters "More, more!" and gasps, as she can find no more, "It is not much!" This woman is his mother, the dead man's wife, she who finds later that her son's heart is flint.

W. W.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S new poem, "The Light of the World; or, the Great Consummation," is published on the 15th inst. by Messrs. Longmans. It is a volume of about 300 pages, and is dedicated to the Queen. It consists of an introduction in rhymed couplets entitled "At Bethlehem," and the rest of the poem is for the most part in blank verse, the titles of the six books into which it is divided being "Mary Magdalene," "The Magus," "The Alabaster Box," "The Parables at Tyre," "The Love of God and Man," and "The Great Consummation." The poem tells the story of Christ chiefly through the medium of a dialogue between Mary Magdalene and one of the Magi, a Buddhist who has returned to hear the wondrous tale of which rumours had come to his ears. The holy history is invested with a peculiar charm by the fancy and vivid word painting in which it is here reset, and its moral is then conveyed in the words of the Magus.

"I do perceive—since Age, which dims the eye,
Opens the inward vision—there shall spread
News of these high 'Good Tidings'; growing gleams
Of this strange Star are followed to the fold.
I do discern that, forth from this fair Life,
And this meek Death, and thine arisen Christ,
Measureless things are wrought; a Thought-Dawn born
Which shall not cease to broaden, till its beam
Makes more of knowledge for a gathered World,
Completing what our Buddha left unsaid;
Carpeting bright his noble Eight-fold Way
With fragrant blooms of all-renouncing love,
And bringing high Nirvana nearer hope,
Easier and plainer."

The volume has been in print for several months, but its publication has been delayed in order to secure the copyright in the United States.

"Essays in Little," by Andrew Lang (Henry and Co.) is the first of a series of books whose avowed aim is "to smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care, and to dislodge the sneer from the cynic's lip." An admirable aim, truly. I cannot say whether my own lip has lost its habitual sneer, or my brow its care-worn furrow by the perusal of the volume. If not, that is my own fault, because the book has all the author's well-known charm of style. It is a collection of critical essays on the works of a dozen writers. Among these are Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. When Mr. Lang makes up his mind to like a man, he likes him through and through. And he says so, whether he is accused of log-rolling or not. I accept all that he says about Rudyard Kipling—and I would "go one better" for that infant phenomenon. I dare say I should accept all that he says about Louis Stevenson if I were a Scot. But I cannot agree with Mr. Lang that the "absence of the petticoats" is a thing to be admired in Stevenson's works. I am old-fashioned enough to love the frou-frou, and to find the study of a woman much more delightful than that of a man.

"London, Past and Present," by Henry Wheatley (Murray). This great work, in three large volumes, is based upon Peter Cunningham, who was based on Strype, who was based on Stow, who was the father of all such as write on London. It is alphabetical, like Peter Cunningham's book, and it is exactly twice as long. When one has said this, and has also added that Mr. Wheatley is well known for the carefulness and thoroughness of his work, one has said enough to show that no library which contains any work on London should be without these volumes.

An interesting book entitled "Canada First," with an introduction by Mr. Goldwin Smith, has just been issued by Hunter and Rose of Toronto. The book is especially welcome at this time when Canadian politics are occupying everyone's attention. It consists of a number of reprints from political articles, contributed to the press by the late Mr. William Forster, once a prominent figure in the national movement of the Colony. Every one interested in the history of "Greater Britain" should purchase this excellent little volume. Many of Mr. Forster's opinions will naturally challenge a certain amount of discussion, which therefore only increases the interest of the work.

Mr. Bailey Saunders will bring out immediately with Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. the fifth volume of his selection from the essays of Schopenhauer. It will be entitled "The Art of Literature," and will deal with Authorship, Style, Criticism, Reputation, Genius, and kindred subjects.

Mr. James Sully is giving to the public a new and cheaper edition of "Pessimism: a History and a Criticism." A review of pessimistic literature up to date is appended. The publishers are Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co.

A change has been made in the new edition of Mr. Alfred Austin's collected works now being
issued in monthly parts by Macmillan and Co. The volumes will now appear in the following order:—

“The Tower of Babel.”
“Savonarola.”
“Prince Lucifer.”
“The Human Tragedy.”
“Lyrical Poems.”
“Short Narrative Poems.”

The “Satires” will not appear in this edition. The “Savonarola,” dedicated to Henry Irving, has been out about ten days.

M. W. A. Gibbs has in the press a work entitled “The Power of Gold.” In the preface, an advanced copy of which he forwards us, he shows his sympathy with some aspect of socialism, and promises to indicate in the pages of his book “the splendid powers and possibilities of rightly used gold.”

In order to make the short notices of new books under the heading of “In Grub Street” more complete and effective, it is suggested by one of those who contribute these columns that members should send their new books to the Society either for presentation or to be returned. If this is done the book shall be noticed if possible.

I have long wondered why, in the general emancipation and advance of women, no woman, or only one here and there, has attempted the stage. It is a difficult fortress to besiege, but once captured, there is no richer prize either for fame or fortune. One more exception is to be made on February 20th, when Miss Mary Rowsell will produce, at Terry’s Theatre, a comedietta entitled “Richard’s Play.” Let us hope that it may prove successful, if only in order to encourage other ladies to follow her example.

The announcement of the discovery of the lost works of Aristotle followed curiously enough on the proposal to abolish Greek from our public schools. The excitement among scholars of course has been great; but if Mr. Weldon ever carries his point, fifty years hence the public will care little for such things. Should any of the lost works of antiquity be recovered then, a small notice of half a dozen lines will chronicle the fact, that a “discovery which will interest our antiquarian readers, has been made, of the Prometheus Unbound of Aeschylus, among the ledgers of the British Museum. This does not reflect much credit on the authorities, who may have mislaid more valuable MSS. in the last few years.” And no one will then grudge the Times the merit of being first in the field.

The discovery has been received with great caution and qualified enthusiasm by the press. Some papers thought that the very fact of the Times standing as godmother to the MS. was alone suspicious. Grub Street wits hint that Mr. Haggard has been hoaxing again, and that Mr. Andrew Lang must have a hand in it. Others cannot conceal their disappointment “after a perusal of its contents.” Before the publication! And one paper came to the original conclusion that history often repeats itself. Expert journals hint at rank forgery; but of course this is to be expected. Such deceptions have been numerous, and there were some time ago many who believed that the annals of Tacitus were a sixteenth century fabrication (a whole work has been written to prove it), and that the Paston Letters were a latterday forgery. Forgery or not, Aristotle will provide new food for the commentators.

In the history of books one marvels not so much at the number that have been lost, but the number that have been spared or escaped the ravages of Puritans, Mohammedans, and early Christians, or the achievements of such as Mr. Warburton’s cook. England has sinned as no other modern nation has done in the official destruction of books. When the officers of Henry VIII were destroying the splendid monastic libraries, the unenlightened Popes and Cardinals in Italy were collecting MSS. from all parts of the world, and when the Puritans were hashing up the “Popish” works in the Bodleian and elsewhere, Mazarin was forming his superb library. The passion for manuscript hunting now of course is confined to a limited few, but it was once as general in Europe as the present struggle for old masters.

Black and White and the Anti-Jacobin are the two events in the journalistic world of late, and come to console us for the death of the Universal Review. People have begun to prophesy evil for the Graphic and Illustrated on the ground that there is no room for the three sixpenny illustrated weeklies. There was a similar prophecy when the Graphic was started twenty years ago. Black and White will neither affect nor be affected by either of the other illustrated papers, but will create its own audience and its own clientele. It is on totally different lines.
Newspapers are not like hotels, and the survival of the fittest is a law from which journals are exempt. The editor was wise in not bringing out a flashy number for the first issue, as then the critics would have said “it would be impossible to keep it up for long.” So far Black and White has fulfilled its promise, while it has left what few new journals leave—room for improvement.

Members of the White Rose League will have discovered already that the Anti-Jacobin was not started to counterblast their tenets or to dance on the sleeping Whirlwind. The confusion of Jacobin and Jacobite is as common an error as the confusion of poor Frankenstein and his monster. Every one will wish success to Mr. Greenwood’s new venture. To his able editorial management we owe the old Pall Mall Gazette and the present St. James’s, and there seems no reason why the Anti-Jacobin should not have as long and as glorious a career.

Mr. Barker has brought out another collection of amusing stories about schoolboys and girls. He might give our masters a turn next time. There are plenty of capital stories against domilies extant. I was told the other day that a boy who was always censured for his essays on the ground that there were no original ideas in them, at last resorted to cribbing, and copied George Osborne’s theme from Vanity Fair, when the master allowed him to choose his subject. He gained the prize at the end of the term. One often hears again that English Literature at schools is entirely neglected. Here is a specimen of what took place at one of our seminaries. There was a detestable practice apparently of making boys put verse into English prose (no verse worth anything is capable of such transformation). The master had written up Wordsworth’s famous stanzas, “The Solitary Reaper,” and after every boy had tried his best and failed, he gave them a model version.

The lines, as every one knows, are as follows:

“Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been and may be again?”

They were rendered into the following:

“Will no one,” I again inquired, “tell me what the girl is singing and the name of the composer of the piece?” But no one seemed either able or willing to afford me any information. “Perhaps,” I ventured to suggest, encouraged by the plaintive character of both words and music, “perhaps it is an original composition of the fair performer’s relating I know not what unhappy incident in her own past, some struggle bravely contested and triumphantly concluded. Or is it,” I went on, “some misfortune of yesterday, such as comes into the life of many of us—some grief or even some advantage likely to recur in the course of a larger experience?”

In the first number of Black and White there was an amusing, but not a new, anecdote about a journalist who asked his fellow craftsmen, before he was hanged, not to say that he was launched into eternity.” I remember seeing a very amusing specimen of fine writing in an American paper. A correspondent from Naples was describing a recently uncovered fresco of Europa and the bull. His enthusiasm carried him as far as Europa nearly. This was his opening description: “Europa, clutching with her manual limb the aureated horn of her Tauric Jovine lover,” &c.

**“THE COST OF PRODUCTION.”**

[Second Edition.]

At last this much promised pamphlet is ready. The numerous delays in its appearance have been unavoidable, which means that the compilers have constantly been forced by the pressure of work for the Society in other directions to lay this aside, even when it was quite near completion. We can only hope that our members will find the information profitable, now that it is placed within their reach. No pains have been spared to make it trustworthy.

The plan of the pamphlet remains the same as before, but a preliminary explanation of the terms which occur in the book—and which also occur in publishers’ bills—has been added. This preliminary explanation considers the publishers’ charges under all the usual heads, i.e., composition, printing, paper, stereotyping, binding, and advertisement, but it does not include mention of the charges for “author’s corrections,” for “publisher’s lists,” for “reader’s fee,” for “fees for revision,” or “preparation for the press,” or for “assurance against fire,” or for “warehousing.”

Of these six last charges there is nothing to be said, except that in no way and under no circumstances should the author ever pay them, if they are "sprung upon" him. It might be worth while for an author to have his book prepared for the press for him, or revised in some way—many authors, for instance, have their index made for them—but he should certainly be told about the matter beforehand, and allowed to make his own arrangements. He might employ the gentleman designated by the publishers, or he might not, but at least he must know who he is paying, and what he is getting for his money. It is ridiculous to attempt to make the author bear any of the other charges. Yet we have in this office seen numberless bills and publishers' accounts in which some or all of these items have been set down as part of the expense of the production of a book. We remember in one case, where the author had paid £27 separately as half the cost of production of a tiny paper-covered book, that we had occasion to take legal measures to obtain a true account of the cost. The composition, printing, paper, and binding came to about £12. There was certain alleged expenditure on advertisement, of which no proof was offered. But yet the account against the book made quite a brave appearance, so swollen was it by the irregular items we have just mentioned. The actual £54 necessary to justify £27 being charged as half the cost of production was not reached, but quite a bold bid was made for it. Yet £12, plus some small unknown amount of advertisement expenditure, was all that had really been spent. In all cases where an attempt is made by a half-profit publisher to exact payment for "reader's fees," "revision," "warehousing," &c., the author is advised to refuse, and refuse utterly to sanction such charges—unless of course he has previously signed some agreement preventing him from objecting.

The question of "author's corrections" is different. It is undoubted that in some cases a charge must be made. It is the practice of many authors to cut their proofs about, and make alterations and additions or subtractions, resulting in a serious increase of labour to the printers. This kind of thing must be paid for. But the present system of obtaining payment for it seems to be to charge all authors, whether they have rightly incurred the charge or no, something for "corrections," if it is only for the correction of the printer's own errors. Thus it is secured that publishers as a whole shall not lose, because some people cannot make up their minds what they are going to say, until they have seen it in print. This is ridiculous. If an author is in any way concerned in the cost of production, he is advised to keep by him his first proofs until the publisher's bill comes in. If he is then charged a large sum for corrections, larger than seems to be warranted by the amount of alterations due to his errors or changes of mind, he should refuse to pay, until he knows how and why it is he is asked to pay so much. This, again, is supposing that he has not agreed beforehand to pay whatever is asked of him. "Author's corrections" is a vexed question. Something sometimes ought to be paid, but everybody ought not to be made to pay as a matter of course.

"One word to those who say that the cost of production has nothing to do with them. It has to do with all authors under every method of publishing, for it must be the one fixed thing which dictates equitable terms. An author may not care to know it—that is a very comprehensible condition—but it must, or at any rate it ought to, affect his remuneration. It costs as much, and no more, to produce a bad book as a good book, a popular author's book or an unknown amateur's book. The results of the probable and possible variations in sale must be provided for in the agreement.

"The copyright of a book should only be ceded to a publisher for a sum, when the author knows how much the publisher has yet to spend, and how much he will probably obtain.

"Its connection with the half-profit system is obvious.

"These figures prove its connection with the royalty system of publishing. Ten thousand copies of a 6s. book will cost £400 to produce and advertise. This is a very liberal estimate indeed (v. page 28). They will sell for £1,750. There will then be £1,350 for author and publisher to divide. Here is how this sum is divided, according to the royalty the author gets:

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The agreement should provide for the fortunate issue as much as for the unfortunate.

"Of course, the man who is going to publish at his own expense should know what that expense will be. Equally, the divine and the poet should know how much the publisher's expense is really going to be before they guarantee to be responsible for the sale of a large number of copies at the trade price."
The compilers beg to offer their best thanks to the numerous correspondents whose corrections and questions have guided them in preparing the second edition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

ON PLAGIARISM.

PLAGIARISM, the most odious, the most injurious of charges to which authors are exposed, has recently been placed in a novel light by Mr. Louis Stevenson and others; according to them to coincidence, and the unconscious machination of the mind, must be ascribed much of the supposed plagiarism. I believe they are right, in the main, in their contentions. But other factors, besides the aforementioned, work from time to time against authors and with damaging effect. The following incident may interest some of your readers.

In 1884, I published, anonymously, a small volume on a technical subject. The book was written in a spirit of literary pugilism, showing but scant regard for persons or Institutions. For these reasons I expected no consideration from critics, and those attacked. Numerous reviews appeared within a few weeks after the publication of the book, and much to my surprise all were of a most favourable nature.

The laudatory spell was presently broken by a powerfully written letter, emanating from high quarters, and addressed to a service paper, of which I am an occasional contributor. I replied in a leader; the war raged for some time, and contributed not a little to the success of my book. This success encouraged me to publish a more ambitious work of a similar nature; in fact, an expansion of the first.

Immediately after the appearance of this book a scurrilous attack was made upon it in a paper owned by my publishers. My critic did not confine himself to literary and technical criticisms, in fact he barely attempted that feat, and simply charged me with barefaced plagiarism. Three or four other papers followed in the same strain, and the book was promptly killed.

I complained bitterly to my publishers, and insisted upon being confronted with my detractor. After some delay an interview took place at the publishers' office.

"I do not complain of your criticism on my book, unfair and totally irrelevant as I consider most of it, but I should like to know what right you think you possess of accusing me of plagiarism, without even naming the sources from which I plagiarized?" I asked my detractor.

"I regret," said the latter, "that you have compelled me to perform a very disagreeable task. Will you be so good as to read those passages, and examine these cuttings from the Service Gazette, handing me a small volume and some newspaper cuttings.

"Do you think we could see Mr. Brown, the senior partner?" I asked.

Ere long Mr. Brown made his appearance.

"Will you kindly tell us who is the author of this little work?" handing him the aforementioned small volume.

"Why you, of course!" Tableau!

"Those articles were written by me," I said to my detractor, who promised to make the amende honourable, but never did.

I related this incident to the editor of a monthly magazine, of which I was a contributor. "Why X . . . is the man whose articles on the continental events of '66 you cut to pieces. Don't you recollect?" observed my editor friend.

"I recollect writing you a couple of private letters, not intended for publication, in which I drew your attention to numerous historical inaccuracies, and other serious blunders, contained in those articles, the author of which was till this moment unknown to me; in fact, I believed them to be from your pen."

"Yes, but X . . . saw those letters!" replied the editor.

"Can you tell me whether X . . . is connected with ——?" naming the other papers in which my book had been assailed.

"Yes, I think he is," was the reply.

So much for plagiarism, and so much for reviewers. The indiscretion of an editor, and the vindictiveness of a literary hack, exposed me to an odious accusation, and to heavy pecuniary losses. Could such a dishonourable act have been committed with impunity by a member of any other profession? I venture to think not. The culprit would have been arraigned before a tribune of his brother professionals, and made to answer for his misdeeds.

Is it too much to hope that the Society of Authors will some day wield a similar power, and establish something like an esprit de corps amongst authors?

H. N.
II.

"The Kinds of Criticism."

To the Editor of the Author.

Sir,—I have read with lively interest your admirable article in last month's Author on reviewing. Perhaps all of your readers have suffered some time or other from careless, or what is worse, ignorant criticism, while many have been misled into getting bad books by the puffing notices which are so common. On the other hand there is infinitely more conscientious reviewing done than either authors or the public dream of, while the sensitive vanity of some writers is so great that nothing short of unmixed eulogium will satisfy them. The subject is one which has for many years occupied my mind, and I will now set down a few practical suggestions upon it.

1. All books sent for review should be cut.
2. The reviewer should be helped in his work by the preface, which should always be dated.
3. As far as practicable, the reviewer should be unknown to the reviewed.
4. The number of pages and the price of a book should be stated in the review.
5. In advertisements, extracts from the writer's own preface should be preferred to extracts from reviews.
6. A book should either be reviewed within six months from its receipt, or returned.
7. The plot of a novel should never be disclosed in the review of it.
8. Though the reviewer should be set right by the author on clear mistakes, the general criticism of a review is to be deprecated.
9. There is something to be said for a practice of the author sending with his book a "draft review."
10. There is something to be said for a practice of the author sending a small fee.

I need hardly say that I make the two last suggestions with the greatest fear and trembling, and hasten to subscribe myself

A Reviewer and Reviewed of nearly twenty years standing.

[Note.—One would like to know exactly what there is to be said for the last two suggestions.—EDITOR.]

III.

Prize Competitions.

May I draw the attention of the Author to the recent conduct of a well-known weekly paper with regard to its prize competitions? The paper in question has a large circulation, principally due, I should think, to these competitions.

Some weeks ago it, the ——, offered a prize for the best Sonnet to the New Year, for which prize there were some dozen or so of competitors. Now it is reasonable to suppose that some out of this number, however limited their capacity, must have been conversant with the rules of this style of composition, yet the prize was divided between two sets of verses that failed to comply with these rules. The first prize-winner made a comparatively trivial deviation from them, but at the same time one that took away a good deal of the difficulties of composition that other competitors were, no doubt, handicapped by.

The verses of the second prize-winner were not even limited to fourteen lines, and bore no resemblance to a sonnet in any way. A third sonnet was printed, which was correct, but to this no prize was given. (I was a competitor myself, but out of the running altogether, as my sonnet was not even acknowledged with the names of the other competitors.)

It did not seem to me fair that a prize which was offered for a sonnet should be given to any other species of composition, and the fact pointed to ignorance or incompetency on the part of the judges of the competition. So I wrote a civil letter to the editor, merely pointing out that the prize-winners had not complied with the rules, and suggesting that the prize should be given to the writer of the third poem, which was, strictly speaking, a sonnet.

I enclosed a stamped envelope for reply, but no notice was taken of my letter.

During the summer I won two prizes in the competitions, which I was directed to claim, but no notice was taken for some time of my letters doing so. Finally, the money was sent to me, but not the full amount. I did not remonstrate at the time, but now that another competition does not seem to have been properly conducted, I wish very much to have the Author's opinion on the matter.

Apparently, the numerous prize competitions help to sell the paper, and are looked on by young writers as an opening for their efforts; but it seems to me that if all reasonable complaints are to be suppressed altogether, or treated with contempt, the sooner the whole system of prize competitions is put a stop to the better.

X. Y

[The case is quoted not because prize competitions are a very important branch of letters, but to show the trickery which goes on unrestrained by any fear of public opinion. The winner should have instantly claimed the full amount of his prize, and enforced the claim, if necessary, by legal action.—EDITOR.]
THE AUTHOR:

IV.

An Artistic Journal.

In 1888 I was asked to become one on the staff of presumably the same artistic journal mentioned among cases in last issue. I wrote three papers by especial request, and was at some trouble in procuring illustrations. The first paper was issued in six months after the journal appeared, the second after two years, and the third, for which a royal lady was solicited for her portrait, which she kindly sent me, has not appeared at all, nor has any notice been taken about it, although the journal has been "smashed" for some months. As it was expressly written for this journal it would be useless to me, so I have not written to demand its return; but it comes surely under goods bought, but not paid for. The American periodicals for which I have written are more honourable and satisfactory, for they send a cheque the moment the paper is accepted.

THE AUTHOR’S BOOK STALL.

[This column is open for lists of books wanted, books offered for exchange and books offered for sale. Initials must be given for reference, not for publication, and the editor will place correspondents in communication with each other. Books must not be sent to the office of the Society. Letters enclosing list may be addressed "X," care of the Editor. It must be understood that no responsibility rests with the Editor or with the officers of the Society.]

Books for Sale.

Tennyson’s Poems. Moxon. 1856.
Keats’ Poems. Moxon. 1855.
Palgrave’s Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. 1862.
Uncle Tom’s Cabin, illustrated, with frontispiece, "Phiz." 1853.
Massinger’s Plays. Edited by Gifford. 1853.
Campbell’s Pleasures of Hope. Illustrated by Birken Fother and Harrison Weir. 1853.
Poesies de Marie de France. 1820.
Delphine, Madame de Stael. 6 vols. 1809.
Address “F.M.”

For Exchange.

Provincial Coins. 12 numbers of plates.
Greek and Roman History illustrated by coins and medals. By O. Walker. 1692.
Della rarita delle Medaglie Antiche. N. Scotti. Firenze. 1819.

Numismata Imperatorum Joan Vaillant. Amsterdam. 1700.
Imperatorum Romanorum Numismata a Pompeio Magno ad Horacium ab Adolfo Ocone, exhibita cara F. M. Bargi. Mediolani. 1683.
Copic d’un manuscrit original donné à M. Durau le 23 Juillet, 1733. Par M. Pescatory qui lui assura pour lors-que c’était le Vade mecum de M. Vaillant. Apparently unfinished.

BYRON.
— Works. 6 vols. 1829.
Carmina Quadresimalia. 2nd Edition. 1741.
Lusus Westmonstaniensis. 1730.
Metastasio Opere seelte. 2 vols. 1806.
SOUTHHEY.
Madoc. 1805.
— Curse of Kehama. 1810.
— Tale of Paraguay. 1825.
— Siege of Corinth and Parisina. 1816.
SCOTT.
Doom of Devorgil and Auchindane. Original boards. 1830.
SHAKESPEARE.
Pope’s. 6 vols. 1728.
— Bell’s. Vol. I. 1774.
— Sharpe’s. 9 vols. 1803.
WRODSWORTH.
Yarrow re-visited. 1835.
YOUNG.
Complaint. 2 vols. 1743.
— Night Thoughts. 1785.
DICKENS.
Mystery of Edwin Drood. Fragment in 6mo. in original paper covers. 1870.
LEVER.
SCOTT.
Oeuvres de. Vols. X, XV.
Rise and Progress of Society of Ancient Britons. 1717.
Mrs. Cockburn’s Works. 2 vols. 1751.
SCOTT.
Paul’s Letters. 1818.
SENIOR.
Calrendon’s Parliamentary Chronicle. 10 vols. in 9, beginning November, 1790.
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ARNOLD, E. L. The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician. Chatto and Winds. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

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(1) Never to sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

(2) Never to enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends, or by this Society.

(3) Never, on any account whatever, to bind themselves down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

(4) Never to accept any proposal of royalty without consultation with the Society, or, at least, ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

(5) Never to accept any offer of money for MSS., without previously taking advice of the Society.

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(8) Never to sign away American or foreign rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

(9) Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE American Copyright Bill has passed, and unexpectedly. Thus ends, we hope, happily for all concerned, the long and bitter reproach of English authors and the hard battle of American authors. We shall no longer pirate and plunder and prey upon each other as the law permits. Now we begin to look round and to ask—what next? First, let us carefully consider the following question and answer found in the Parliamentary Debates on Saturday, March 7th.

"Mr. Vincent asked the following question:—Bearing in mind the renewed declaration of the Prime Minister, on March 4th, to the Associated Chambers of Commerce, that English remonstrance on foreign commercial policy prejudicial to British trade at home or abroad is wholly futile under the present fiscal system, as we have no means of supporting the remonstrance, or giving any advantage in return for favourable concessions, what definite domestic action, as distinguished from remonstrance, with a foreign power Her Majesty's Government proposes to take to prevent injury being done to industry and labour in the United Kingdom, and the probable disemployment of many workpeople concerned in the book trade, to restrain the transfer to America of the productions of the works of British authors desirous of securing American copyright by the use in the United States of American type or plates, and simultaneously enjoying copyright in Great Britain and Ireland.

"Mr. W. H. Smith.—We have no official knowledge of the measure, and only know from the newspapers that it has been passed. It is quite impossible for me to express any opinion respecting its provisions until we see them. I do not know what changes may have been made in the Bill during its passage through Congress, and I am therefore quite unable to indicate what would be the policy or action of the Government with respect to it."

Quite so. We do not know exactly what changes have been made in the Bill during its passage through Congress. Therefore we must wait until we do know. Meantime we have telegraphed for a copy of the Act.

A meeting of the Council was called on March 12th, to consider the situation as changed by the passing of the International Copyright Act. The chair was taken by Sir Frederic Pollock.

The following Resolutions were proposed and adopted:

(1.) That at this stage of the long struggle for International Copyright carried on in America by the Copyright League and other citizens of the United States, to secure copyright to foreign authors in the States and to remove the long existing hindrance to the natural growth of American literature, the congratulations of the Society be, and hereby are, expressed by the Council now assembled.

(2.) That the Secretary be instructed on the arrival of the Act, to have it printed and to send a copy to every member of the Society, inviting their advice, suggestions, or criticisms on the probable working of the Act.

(3.) That the Copyright Committee be requested to receive these criticisms and to draw up a report on the subject.

(4.) That authors be warned meanwhile not to sign any agreements giving up their American rights, and not to accept any offers whatever that may be made until the Act shall be in working order.

(5.) That the Society without delay draw up a Petition to the House of Lords, urging the immediate consideration of Lord Monckswell's Bill.

Here are a few points which may be of use to us. They certainly will not be affected by any amendments that may have been carried.

It will be news to many, as it was to me, to hear that in many cases it will be unnecessary to take out copyright, and that the practice will still continue of sending over a whole edition in sheets and paying the duty, twenty-five per cent. on the cost of production. Take, for instance, a book which appeals to the scholarly and cultured class only, and therefore cannot possibly have a large sale. An edition of a thousand copies in sheets might cost, say £100. The American publisher would pay $125 for it. He would then produce it just as he does now, on the chance that no one else will pirate it. Why should they? It is too small a market to be interfered with. Or take a book with dainty and beautiful plates. This cannot be pirated because the plates cannot be cheaply and successfully imitated. It must be remembered that in considering whether it would pay to take out copyright, the cost of production in America is a much larger factor than it is in this country—wages are much higher, materials are higher.

To those who expect a magnificent harvest immediately—a warning. Last month there was
an attempt in the Author to show that America is taking rapid strides to the production of nearly all her own literature. Hitherto the great mass of her books have been of English origin. This is now true only of the ten cent novels. These, it is true, are English. But who can believe that the American will prefer to read of English manners and modes depicted in fiction, when he can get his own equally well presented and at the same price? At the same time, should there be any capable of really striking the popular imagination, he will do so in all the English-speaking countries alike. For him—unless he gives himself away to the first offer—there is indeed hope. How many are there among the living who possess this power? In a few months we shall see.

There is another point to be borne in mind. On this a word was said last month. The cheap libraries, even if they are not enlarged, will have another twenty years' run at least. To compete with them is like competing with the works of the dead, which can be issued by anybody and at any price. But they will continue to be enlarged. They will say to the English writers who are not so much in demand in America as to call for a copyrighted edition, “You will get nothing here except from us—we will give you twenty dollars for your rights.” That offer will be accepted, and so the ten cent library will be continued. Again, even if a writer is popular, people will ask why they should give a dollar and a half for his new book when they can get all his old books at sixpence.

The Anti-Jacobin suggests the danger that English writers may try to pander to American prejudices, manners, and customs. I do not think this is a real danger, first, because no living English authors have ever remained long enough in the States to learn these prejudices. We know the American who travels on the Continent. We meet the American gentleman in society. But neither the rich American who can travel nor the American gentleman represents the great mass of the American people, who, again, differ widely among each other. There can be little resemblance between the prairie farmer and the New England lawyer—nor between the white folk of North Carolina and the trader of Chicago. We cannot pander to ordinary American prejudice, because we do not know anything about it.

Lower down will be found a few notes on the practical working of the Bill which will not be affected by any amendments that may have been added. To these notes we add a very serious warning. Let the author be more than commonly careful in his agreements. He must reserve American rights by a special clause. He must take care not to accept the first offer that is made—men are already in the field trying to “rush” the British author, and, if he is wise, he will refuse to treat at all until he has seen how the new Act works.

On the evening of the day when President Harrison signed the Bill, he received quite a little shower of letters and telegrams. They were lying on the Presidential pillow when, at midnight, he was about to climb into the gilded tour-poster assigned to the Chosen of the Caucus. One of them, from the shade of John Milton, began as follows: “Grandson of my friend the Regicide,” it said, “I have witnessed with joy thine action of this day. Thy Republic at length proves itself a descendant of my own. Thou hast shaken off the Iniquity of a hundred years. Thou hast set free thine own people in doing justice to another nation. Lo! I see in my mind a noble and a puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse. I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.” The rest need not be quoted. Another was from Charles Dickens. “Fifty years ago,” he said, “I beat the air with my fists, fondly thinking that I was fighting an easy battle against ignorance and greed. For fifty years the best of your own people have been vainly, until now, fighting that easy battle. You have shared with us our noble inheritance, the literature of the past; but the baser sort among you have stolen the literature of the present. It was unworthy of a nation desirous to be thought great. The loss you have inflicted upon us is that of dollars only. Upon yourselves you have inflicted the starvation of your own literature. Henceforth, however, what is yours is ours, and what is ours is yours. Farewell.” There were also telegrams from Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, George Eliot, and others. They were the same in effect, though the words differed. “We complain no longer,” said Charles Reade. “Earthly injustice affects us not. Its memory has no longer any sting. Yet we rejoice that we stood up for honour and equity while we lived. And for those who have followed us, we are glad that your people have at last chosen the better way.” These are noticeable communications, and I hear that they are to be preserved in the Washington Library.
I am very pleased to publish the following communication from Professor Middleton, of King's College, Cambridge:

"After the many instructive warnings to authors which you have printed, with regard to what might politely be called the conventional morality of certain publishers, it may be a pleasure to turn to the other side of the picture, and receive a statement which will show that there are publishers in Britain whose practice is not only just in the highest sense of the word, but even goes beyond that, and amounts to real generosity.

"I had an agreement with a well-known firm that they would publish a book of mine, and pay me for it a certain sum of money down, as soon as the book was printed.

"This sum I received, expecting nothing further.

"Some time after, without any suggestion of mine, I was informed by my publishers that they proposed to give me half-profits in addition to the lump sum they had paid me for the copyright of my book—a quite voluntary piece of generosity on their part. Since then I have received, as half-profits, a sum about equal to the original payment for which I had bargained.

"That is to say, that in consideration of my book being a success, the publishers have paid me nearly double of what they were bound to do.

"Though I have no authority to do so, it can, I hope, offend no one if I mention that the publishers referred to are Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh and Soho Square, London."

This document should be read prayerfully by certain reverend and revered friends of ours. Religion, we know, is not a thing of works, which are rags. Yet the carnal man remarks with surprise that a thing like this is done by the secular, not the sacred, publisher. Messrs. A. and C. Black were influenced by that spirit of justice which goes beyond the letter of the agreement. Professor Middleton, having signed his agreement, had no further claim, made none, expected nothing more, and entertained no other feeling towards his publishers than that of friendly content. Yet they went beyond their agreement. One is willing to believe that other cases of the kind are not unknown, though they are certainly infrequent. Personally, I would prefer such a system of publishing as would allow both publisher and author to know beforehand in what proportion results would be apportioned, and such a system I hope that we shall arrive at. Then indeed will come the Golden Age, and we may all crown ourselves with garlands, take down our harps and sing madrigals by purling brooks, authors and publishers together, while the world looks on envious and admiring.

There was held a dinner, the other day, of Publishers and Booksellers. I hope that, before long, the other branch, perhaps the lower branch, of the Literary Profession—that of the Authors—may be admitted, as a branch, to this gathering. The chair was taken by Mr. John Murray, Junior. A person, whom I once believed to be a friend, brought me, the day after the dinner, a paper containing what purported to be an extract from his speech. I am a credulous creature, and I sent it to press. I have since discovered that I was the victim of a hoax. These words, in fact, did not form part of the speech. Nevertheless, as they seem to me brave and honest words, and such as one would expect from the heir apparent of the House of Murray, I prefer to believe that they were spoken. The following, then, is the forged document in question:

The Chairman then alluded—it does not appear from the reports that he so much as mentioned the Society—to the Society of Authors. "This association of writers"—really, he said nothing of the kind—"has of late proved that it aims at becoming a great power in the world of living literature. It has detected and exposed many of the cheats and robberies practised by the dishonest members of our trade: it has caused restitution to be made to many victims; it has diverted a great amount of business into the hands of honourable houses. For these reasons, gentlemen, we have every cause to congratulate ourselves upon its prosperity and activity. We ought to welcome any step which helps to purify the moral atmosphere and maintain the honour of the calling by which we live. Recently the Society has issued two books which are, I venture to say, the most noteworthy things ever done for the higher interests of publisher and author. The first of these, called the 'Methods of Publication,' shows exactly what is meant by every kind of agreement—what the publisher offers the author and the author cedes to the publisher. It also shows the frauds which are commonly practised. This exposure will be new to most of us here present. But it cannot fail to do great good. The next book is called the 'Cost of Production.' By these two books the author is, for the first time, placed in the position of knowing what his agreement means, namely, what risks his publisher runs, if any, what are his reasonable expectations, and how the joint venture is shared. Gentlemen, an honourable man has nothing—he can have nothing—to conceal. We therefore rejoice at the publication of these books, and we congratulate the Society upon the steps it has taken."
The enclosed is a sign of the times. It has been sent to me by one of the promoters of the movement. We shall rejoice to learn that the new Association is flourishing. Meantime, why women alone? Why not men and women?

“We the undersigned, pledge ourselves as authors who believe in pure literature and high standards of literary work, to co-operate as members of a Society to be known as—

“The Authors’ Guild of American Women.

“We are convinced that union is strength and consultation a source of education; and we hereby pledge ourselves to aid each other in all legitimate channels of work; to exercise our utmost diligence to purify publications; and to insist that literary work performed by women, if worthy of publication, is also worthy of just remuneration.”

The following communication needs no comment. One might, however, point out to the people concerned, that these things get talked about and do not improve the name of the House concerned. Also, that authors are getting more shy and suspicious every day, and more inclined to inquiry.

“In December last, induced by a friend, I sent a MS. to a certain firm of publishers. Hearing nothing about it I wrote in January two letters to them, pointing out that delay would destroy my chance of publication for the season, and requesting their answer or the MS. They did not vouchsafe a word of reply for some weeks, when I received a curt note informing me that my MS. would be returned if I sent stamps for the purpose. I sent stamps, and after two or three days I got back the MS., all crushed, dirtied, and disordered. On putting it to rights I found one section missing. I wrote again, and after another delay of some days, the missing part was sent to me without one word of apology.”

The preceding case of discourtesy on the part of a publisher is capped by a case of equal discourtesy on the part of an editor—a religious paper this. Religion, we know, forgives every kind of sin, which is why sweaters flourish in religious societies and editors of religious papers behave like the gentleman mentioned below,

“In September an author sent to this editor an article for his magazine. He was careful to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope in accordance with the directions to contributors.

“He waited five months in patience. He then wrote, politely pointing out that he had heard nothing about it.

“No reply at all.

“He waited nine days and then wrote again, saying that if he obtained no reply he should lay the matter before this Society.

“The MS. was promptly returned, but without a single word of explanation or commentary."

An editor has, no doubt, to wade through a vast quantity of rubbish, but that is no excuse for absolute discourtesy.

The preliminary Committee of the Authors’ Club has been formed. It will begin to meet at once in order to draw up a working scheme for the foundation of the Club on a stable basis. The Authors’ House will not be forgotten, should there be found room for it after the establishment of the Club. I beg to announce that I am not a member of this Committee, a statement which will perhaps make it unnecessary henceforth for the irresponsible paragraph writer to call it my club. But I hope they will elect me a member.

The little exhibition of bindings of which mention was made last month is at Tregaskis’, Holborn. It is now open to the public. All those who care for binding should visit the place before the books are dispersed.

I once more invite members of the Society to consider the Author the natural home for all kinds of questions, cases, points, difficulties, anecdotes, &c., connected with literature. I do so because there is a danger that the paper should be regarded as nothing more than the organ of counsel and advice as regards agreements. That—most certainly. But we are not always signing agreements, and in the world of letters there are many interests.

The lovers of the works of Richard Jefferies are rapidly increasing in numbers and in enthusiasm. I am sure that a great many of them are on the lists of the Society—among our 750. Be it known to these that a bust of this great interpreter of Nature has been executed, that the Bishop and Dean of Salisbury has granted permission to place it in the Cathedral—and that the subscriptions still fall short of the amount required. Will every reader of this note—that is, every reader who can appreciate the “Pageant of Summer”—send me something towards the completion of this work? I do not beg in the name of Literature generally, of all authors, but only of those who belong with me to the company of those who feel that never did any man write of field and wood, of hillside and of
hedge, as this man wrote. The treasurer of the
fund is Mr. Arthur Kinglake, but I will receive
subscriptions and send them on.

On Friday last the first performance at the
English Free Theatre took place. The piece was
Ibsen's "Ghosts." The accounts of the play differ a
good deal. If the critic is an ardent Ibsenite he
says that it is a most beautiful play. If he is not,
says that it has all the faults which an acting
play ought not to have. If he is a disciple he
says it is a most wonderful sermon. If he is not,
says that sermons are things which can, and
should, be delivered before the whole people with
open doors, not with shut doors and in fear of the
Lord Chamberlain. One thing is agreed upon by
all, that the piece owed whatever success it ob-
tained entirely to the acting of one lady. I suppose
that Ibsen has some message to deliver or he
would not have so many admirers. Meantime, let
us for the present suspend our judgment on the
new Free Theatre.

WALTER BESANT.

A NOTE ON THE NEW ACT.

On and after July 1st, authors, no matter what
their nationality, will be able to acquire
copyright in the United States, to add sixty
millions to their "public." It is simply impossible
to exaggerate the importance of such a change, not
only to "popular" writers, but to the authors
of all standard works. We hope in the next num-
ber of the Author to give the Revised Statute as it will
pass into law. But, meanwhile, sundry considera-
tions suggest themselves. The conditions attached
to the acquisition of copyright are not a little onerous.
Imprimis, it is necessary (1) that before the day of
publication (in any country) the applicant should
deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress,
&c., a printed copy of the title of the "book, map,
chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving,
cut, print, photograph, or chromo, or a description
of the painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or a model
or the design for a work of the fine arts for which he de-
sires a copyright"; and (2) "not later than the day
of publication" (in any country), deliver at the
office of the Librarian of Congress two copies of such
copyright "book," &c., or in the case of a painting,
&c., a photograph of the same. But in the case of a
"book" it is provided (3) that the said copies shall
be "printed from type set within the limits of the
United States, or from plates made therefrom." This
provision was extended by the famous "chromo
amendment," so as to require engravings, cuts,
prints, photographs or chromo lithographs to be
printed from engravings, cuts, negatives, or drawings
on stone made within the limits of the United States,
or from transfers made therefrom. But, according to
Reuter's cablegram of the 2nd inst., this amend-
ment was amended by the Conference Committee
of the Senate and the House of Representatives so
as to confine its operation to "lithographs, chromos,
and photographs," all of which, to be the subject of
American copyright, must, we take it, have been
"produced" within the States.

A question at once arises as to the definition put
by American law upon the term "book." Does it
include, as in England, "every volume, part of a
volume, pamphlet, sheet of letterpress, sheet of
music, map, chart, or plan separately published"? If
so, obviously, the necessity of securing copy-
right arises from the commencement of publication.
It will be necessary, for instance, in order to obtain
American copyright, to duly deliver each and every
part of a serial story or work published in parts.
But as against this it may surely be argued that the
"day of publication" is the day of first publication
in complete form. (4) The "person claiming" the
copyright, may again, it appears, from Section 4952
of the Revised Statutes, be the "author, inventor,
designer, or proprietor of any book," &c.—a
sufficiently wide definition. Is it intended that
anyone, acquiring priority, should, by going through
the necessary formalities, become the owner of the
copyright? Or is it necessary that he must acquire
rights from the author or his assigns?

The effect of the Bill upon the English publishers,
printers, compositors, bookbinders, and paper-
makers cannot as yet be determined. But the
fears which are openly expressed that New York
will become the centre of the book trade, are, we
believe, exaggerated. If English "stereo" is ex-
cluded from the States, in the case of copyright
works, it is practically certain that American
"stereo" will prove useless in England. The differ-
ence in typography alone would prove a fatal
objection. The same remark applies to the im-
portation of sheets or bound volumes from the
States.

It may, too, be remarked that in case it should
be necessary, there exists a useful machinery under
the Merchandize Marks Act. If there is any doubt
as to the "country of origin," the Customs author-
ities can require this to be declared on every copy.
"Printed from type set within the limits of the
United States," would not, in England, be a popular
line on a title-page. The "cost of production"
will, too, thanks to the McKinley tariff, remain
much higher in the States than in England, and
English papermakers and bookbinders have not
much to fear.
IN THE LAST DITCH.

ONE of the oddest and most unfortunate phenomena in the history of the copyright discussion," says the New York Nation, "is the appearance every now and then, when the Pirates are ready to throw up their hands and ask for quarter, of some moralist or theologian to cheer them up and encourage them to make some further resistance, by proclaiming that the poor men have done nothing wrong, and that we must not call them hard names or disrespectfully use them."

The last appearance of the moralist or theologian, one is pleased to observe, is that of an Englishman. Not an American at all. An Englishman of letters. A very distinguished man of letters. His name is here suppressed because he does not appear to have sent his protest to any English organ. He has been protesting in an American paper against certain harsh language used towards the House of Representatives for failing to pass the Copyright Bill last session. As regards the bad language, it never did any good to call names, and it never will. Yet we shall always continue to call names because it relieves the feelings. Hear, however, the Nation further in the matter.

"But what concerns us now is the reasons Mr. A. gives for depreciating vituperation. One of them is that all property, and especially literary property, is the creation of law, and that copyright is 'a purely artificial privilege,' and that, therefore, it is highly indecent to speak of persons who publish other men's works without paying for them, as 'thieves' or 'pirates.' That this man should offer the world, in such a cause, the plea that property is the creation of law is very curious, because there is hardly a step in the creation of the present English Constitution, from Magna Charta down, which was not a protest, in some shape, against the doctrine that a man's moral right to his goods and chattels is at all dependent on the provision made by law for his protection in the enjoyment of them. The great doctrine that taxation without representation is a thing to be resisted with the sword, if necessary, rests on the very proposition which Mr. A. denies. When Hampden refused to pay the ship-money because he had not voted it through his representatives, seven of the twelve judges decided against him, and his refusal was therefore illegal; but he persisted in it, nevertheless, to the death, and all Englishmen now hold his memory in reverence therefor. The amount was trifling, but, as has been finely said, if he had paid it he would have been a slave.

"Property, in truth, in its moral aspect, is no more a creation of law than justice is. It was created, as justice was, by the appearance of a second man on the globe. On each of the two there then descended that great moral obligation which the friends of copyright now seek to have embodied in legislation—the obligation not to steal and not to covet his neighbour's goods, his ox or his ass, his man-servant or maid-servant, his wife, 'or anything that is his.' This obligation existed before either Parliaments or kings, before even the Ten Commandments. It arose out of the very nature of things. Mr. A. confounds, as do thousands of inferior men, the question of right with the question of security. Law cannot give a man a moral right to the product of his labour, nor can it take it away from him, a good illustration of which rule is to be found in the institution of slavery. The law deprived the negro of all legal rights, but it could not touch any of his moral or natural rights. What the law does for property is to give it security. It can, by denying security, as in the case of literary property, make it worthless, but it cannot lessen the owner's right to it. It cannot diminish the moral guilt of stealing it from him. What the apologists of Pirates mean, therefore, when they talk of the law as a 'creator of property,' is simply that no man can, without the help of the law, get from property the sum of those pleasures which make it valuable. This may be true, but how can this fact excuse in the forum of morals the man who avails himself of this absence of legal defence to appropriate as much of his neighbour's goods as he takes a fancy to? Is it possible that when Arabs strip travellers in the desert, the offence is not robbery, but a failure of the law to create property in watches, guns, and camels in that particular region?

"Mr. A., in like manner, when he comes to speak of copyright as 'a special privilege,' confounds plagiarism and piracy. This is the most fertile source of misunderstanding in the whole discussion. What is a plagiarist? It is, says the dictionary, a man 'who purloins the words, writings, or ideas of another and passes them off as his own.' Now, it is no easy thing to convict a man of this offence unless he makes long textual extracts. The ownership of an idea, and even of forms of expression, is generally very difficult to trace. The same idea often occurs to hundreds of men at the same time, and often finds very similar expression at the hands of hundreds of different authors or writers. Therefore defenders of literary property have never attempted to set up the doctrine of 'property in ideas' which opponents of copyright are so fond of attacking. They have never maintained that it is or ought to
be unlawful to use a thought uttered by one man for the moral or mental culture of another man, or of forbidding the reproduction, in one man's book or speech, of as many ideas of other men as he can collect or re-cast to suit his purpose. Authors or writers who do this a good deal, undoubtedly incur discredit by it with their fellows and the general public. It greatly damages a writer's fame to be rightfully accused of want of originality, or of imitation, or of getting materials at second-hand. But no one has ever proposed to punish or restrain this sort of misappropriation by law. No one has ever contended for the infliction on the purloiners of other men's ideas of any penalty but ridicule or disgrace, although their name is legion and their depredations ruthless and notorious; and yet a very large proportion of the Pirates and their apologists expend all their strength in showing that one man may lawfully appropriate another man's ideas for his own use or behoof, or even present them to the world as the product of his own brain.

"What the champions of copyright, both national and international, assail is, not the appropriation of one man's ideas for another man's use and behoof, but the sale of one man's ideas and forms of expression in open market by another man in competition with the author. This is 'piracy.' This is what we ask to have stopped and punished by law. We do not say to Pirates, You shall not, while denying the right of property in it in the hands of the original author or compiler, treat it as property in your own hands, and offer it for sale in competition with the man whom you are plundering."

**DO ENGLISH PEOPLE BUY BOOKS?**

The theory that English people never buy books has long been a commonplace with writers of leading articles and press paragraphs. It is one of those fine old truths which are not to be questioned: it is taken as proved. The undoubted fact that novels are published at a price which prohibits their purchase, is held to establish the theory, which is irrefutable from a certain point of view—that naturally taken by one who buys books from him who creates them. Without doubt, while the prices of books were high, and when the book club provided all the new books, very few even of the richer households bought books at all. The book clubs, however, have nearly all vanished; their place has been only partly, not altogether, taken by the Circulating Libraries. The country has become very much richer than it was a half century since; it has also become much more populous: the education of the people has been enormously developed, and the taste for reading has grown with the education of the people. Therefore it would seem as if the circulating libraries alone would hardly suffice for the wants of the reading public. In addition, the last half century has witnessed the growth of the colonial empire from a few hundred thousands to something like twenty millions. And they have no circulating libraries at all. Yet they read.

Let us, however, for the moment disregard the colonial demand. What do we see at first sight? Take, first, our own houses. Everybody knows the house where the dining room contains a bookcase filled with books which are never changed and never taken down. Gibbon is there; Robertson is there; probably Blair's sermons; Hume and Smollett; a Gazetteer; an edition of the Spectator. Formerly, that is to say, twenty years ago, or so, this book-case contained all the books of the house. Now, however, there are other shelves—a case in the drawing room filled with poetry and pretty editions: a bookcase in the school room, or breakfast room, filled with modern and new books—there you will find Rider Haggard, Stevenson, Lang, Black, Hardy, Blackmore, the newest essayist, not to mention Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Collins, and Reade. There you will find evidence that somebody or other in the house not only knows contemporary literature but buys it, and that plentifully, and with no sparing hand.

Again, watch the bookstall at a London railway station. The place is not a stall, it is a great shop filled with new books. Here are all the newest works, the biographies, the dozens of Series, the novels, the essays—everything. Stand beside the place for a quarter of an hour before the departure of the express. Look at the people. They crowd about the stall: they are all buying books. Consider that this goes on every hour from morning till night—for twelve hours, or thereabouts, the people flock to this stall and buy books. Consider, further, that there are a dozen such stations in London, and that the same thing goes on at every big town in the United Kingdom. Will you still consider us a nation which does not buy books?

But—a point which seems to make against the extension of the book trade—the country booksellers' shops have certainly decreased in import-
ance and in profits during the last half century. That is quite true. The bookseller of the old county town was a person of great weight and consideration. He had down all the new books, the clergy and the reading public of the place looked upon his shop as a place where literary news could be heard and the new books examined. But then there was no other way of getting the literary news. The country papers had none, the London literary papers went but little out of London, the people seldom went to town. They were therefore dependent upon the local bookseller, who, as one who studies his market, provided for his customers the things which he knew they would take. Also, a thing of the greatest importance, there was no discount of threepence in the shilling, and the published price was high. A bookseller who sold a book for 10s. 6d. which he had purchased for 7s., managed to do very well. He was a substantial person: on the social ladder he ranked first among the tradesmen: he stood next to the solicitor and the doctor. Now, he has to give a discount of threepence in the shilling. His half-guinea volume is reduced to three and six, which he sells for two and eight, and for which he pays two shillings. Therefore, he is faint to sell, in addition to books, stationery, photographs, albums, fancy things, and perhaps toys. His customers are independent of him; they learn easily from the reviews all that goes on; they order their books from London, or from the railway stall, and they desert the local shop.

The book trade, in fact, has increased a thousand-fold, and yet the bookseller has decayed.

Consider, next, the publishers' lists. I have before me the *Athenaum*, which contains, I suppose, more book advertisements than any other paper. This single number represents fourteen firms of publishers, most, in fact, of what are called leading publishers. It is by no means the best publishing time of the year. Yet, leaving out the books which are announced only, no price being affixed, we find an astonishing activity. Of biographical works there are 28, ranging in price from 2s. 6d. to £5 5s.; of essays there are 29, namely, 9 at 2s. 6d., 3 at 3s. 6d., 3 at 5s., 7 at 6s., 1 at 7s., 1 at 7s. 6d., 1 at 9s., and 4 at 10s. 6d. Of fiction there are some 90 works, counting new books and new editions, viz., 17 at 3s. 6d., 9 at 21s., 1 at 17s., 24 at 6s., 1 at 12s., 3 at 7s. 6d., 29 at 3s. 6d., 1 at 5s., 4 at 2s. 6d., and two or three at 3s. 6d. We may pass over art books, histories, and one or two books of travel. If we look at this advertisement sheet in another three months, most of these books will be changed for others. Now, if you please, for whom are these books published? For the circulating libraries? They may take all the three volume novels. For whom are the other books issued? For the general public. These advertisements represent the sale of, at least, half a million volumes; and, to repeat, the lists will be all changed in three months' time. Is that, then, the whole life's duration of our modern literature? It is of the great majority of books that are published. We remark on the price of these books. The favourite prices are 6s. and 3s. 6d. The books most bought are novels either at that price, or those in the cheaper form at 2s., which are not generally advertised in the *Athenaum*. And the novels which become popular retain their vitality for many years. Not to speak of Scott, Dickens, or Marryat, any popular novel of the last forty years is popular still.

But these, remember, are only the advertisements of a casual week. Consider, one after the other, the general list of a great publisher, that long and encyclopaedic document embracing all subjects, and all authors, dead and living; think of the lists of the religious publishing houses, which cater chiefly for the uncultivated class, and administer doctrine disguised as fiction; think of the immense lists of books by the so-called popular houses, which issue cheap literature. One would like to have an enumeration and an analysis of all the books at this moment offered to the British public by the publishers. Certain it is that no shop could contain a tenth portion. Yet they are in demand—else they would be withdrawn from the list. For whom are these thousands of books published, and year after year reprinted? For this folk who never buy books.

In fact, a great change has come over us in this as in every other respect. Increased ease in circumstances with an increased taste for letters has caused us to buy books as we never bought them before. We are now buyers on a gigantic scale. Every good book is caught up eagerly. There is no longer the slightest foundation for the old bogie of risk; there is no risk about a good book except the risk of over-printing, which no prudent man will incur; there are novelists, not by ones or twos, but by the score, whose books are in demand unknown even to such admirable writers as, say, Mrs. Gaskell, of thirty years ago. The three volume novel has its run as of old; I have not heard that it is decreasing in demand; but when the cheap edition of it comes out, if it is a favourite, it is bought by the very people who have first read it from the library.

Whether we devote as large a proportion of our expenditure to buying books as we should is another question. The mind must be nourished as well as the body; it requires continual reception of new facts, new thoughts, new theories, new lights, new arguments. It requires continually to be refreshed by the exhibition of the old things. In an ordinary middleclass household the wife spends £400 a
year on her house; the husband, £75 a year on his wine; the family, £150 a year on clothes; the same amount on travelling; there is also rent; there are the hundred and fifty little things in which money is wasted all day long. How much is spent on books? Formerly, three guineas a year. That was all. Only three guineas a year for the circulating library and for books, nothing, except a birthday present or two, and what the children bought out of their pocket money. But as for any idea that it is the duty of a man of culture to buy his mental food as he buys his meat and bread, that had not dawned upon their minds, nor has it yet, though, for convenience sake, people have begun to buy, and will, before long, buy yet more largely.

It will be now understood from these considerations why we drew up certain questions and submitted them to certain well-known booksellers in London; our best thanks are due for the courtesy with which these questions have been answered. They were not meant to be inquisitive or prying questions, but general, and directed mainly to finding an answer to the question at the head of this paper. Had not the views already expressed been confirmed, in the main, by these answers, they would not have been advanced.

The following, therefore, is summarised from the replies received. Those received from different houses are put together so as to present a continuous opinion.

Every well-educated Englishman buys some books. In every house will be found shelves filled with books, chiefly new, and in most houses there is a library, or study, or school room. Students of all kinds have to buy their text books—a large trade in itself; most professional men have a taste for reading, and are frequently very good buyers. Schoolboys, besides having to buy school books, and young clerks, are great buyers of the cheap reprints of Lytton, Ainsworth, Dickens, Jules Verne, &c., which are sold at 4½d. a copy. Ladies are not, as a rule, good book buyers, except of books for children, and for household purposes; when they do buy, it is the two shilling novel. Country people and visitors buy a great many books. City men are often large and constant buyers. Some have their favourite authors, and buy everything that bears the name. The ordinary middle-class Englishman, he who lives by his shop, does not, as a rule, buy or read books at all. His daily paper is sufficient for him. Yet he will, on occasion, buy something that strikes his imagination, or that is much talked about.

Opinions differ as to the best price for selling a novel. One, for instance, finds that the price of 6s. is paid as readily as that of 3s. 6d. Another says that the best way to treat an author is to publish him in uniform binding at 3s. 6d. In the case of a really good and lasting work it seems best to have several editions at 6s., at 3s. 6d., and at 2s. 6d. books have an enormous sale. They are generally editions of books whose copyright is lapsed. There is, therefore, no author to be considered. If 100,000 copies go off, the publisher gets 1d. a copy, and the bookseller 1d., and so a handsome profit is realised.

There is always a great demand for old works of fiction. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Scott, Marryat, Charles Kingsley, and Wilkie Collins, still continue in greater popularity than any living writers. The bookseller suffers the living writers to drop out of his shelves, but always keeps them well stocked with these dead writers.

Books of travel very quickly die when the first curiosity is satisfied. Yet there are a few exceptions. Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," the "Voyage of the Sunbeam," Waterton's Travels, Cook's Voyages, are always in steady demand. Very few people buy new poetry. Yet for Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold, Mathew Arnold, and Longfellow there is always a steady demand.

As regards essays: these vary with the subjects. For steady demand we may mention John Morley's Essays, Charles Lamb, Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life," Carlyle, &c., while for sudden popularity may be cited Augustine Birrell and Jerome.

Books of biography possess either a wide interest soon satisfied, as in the life of a man recently dead, or an abiding interest as is shown in the steady demand for the many series now before the world.

Books of history are always in demand. The most popular are Macaulay, Green, and Froude. The "Story of the Nations" series is very popular.

The most popular American authors are, taking them in order of demand—Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Marion Crawford (if he is to be reckoned an American), and Howells, Henry James, Holmes, Emerson.

Foreign books do not compare in popularity with native productions. Daudet, Georges Ohnet, Boisgobey, Gaboriau, Dumas, Eugene Sue, Jules Verne, are largely asked for.

The discount of 3d. in the is. has been much discussed by the trade. A Booksellers' Association has been formed to consider this among other matters. They have come to the conclusion that the discount must be retained, but that it must not be increased.

As regards the extent of the colonial trade, no statistics have been furnished, and perhaps one cannot expect to arrive at any. But one bookseller pertinently points out that many houses are
engaged in nothing else but the export of books, a fact which proves that the trade is very great.

Enough has been adduced to prove that it can no longer be charged against us that we do not buy books. On the contrary, we buy vast quantities. Whether we buy as many as we ought, considering the number we read, is another matter. In our next number we may perhaps, by some analysis of publishers’ lists, arrive at a closer estimate of the vast national interest of what is familiarly called the Trade.

UN DÉBUT DANS LA VIE.

"You are now, Martha Londers," said the Matron of the Orphanage, "about to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of life. Your career begins to-day. It depends upon yourself where it ends. It may be that you will rise to be housekeeper in a mansion, or even—such things have happened—to be Matron of an Institution."

Martha Londers blushed; that is to say, a naturally rosy face became fiery red, or even, in spots, purple; then she smiled—with breadth; then her eyes became humid, and a big tear, not of sorrow, but of joyful, emotional hope, swam gently over the amplitude of her cheek; and her nose, naturally broad, widened and glistened. The occasion was great; the emotion of Martha was natural; for the first time in her life she was going to leave the retreat of the Orphanage, and to enter upon the world. All was before her: she was seventeen years of age, and she was beginning her career as assistant housemaid. What then? Many a field marshal has begun as a common soldier; many an archbishop has risen from the plough. To have one foot upon the ladder, even it be the lowest rung, is something. Martha Londers had two—solid and substantial feet they were—and she felt as if she must rise.

"You must be ambitious," continued the Matron. "Remember that your present wages—they will be ten pounds at first"—Martha gasped and choked—"are only a beginning to one who is ambitious. She who means to rise must show her ambition by her work. She must be active, early rising—I think I have detected in you, Martha, a tendency to an inclination to love your bed—thorough and zealous. Let all that you do be well done, thoroughly done—done in earnest—done as if you meant it to be so well done that not even the most scrupulous housewife could detect a fault. With these maxims to guide you, Martha Londers, I may safely leave you. To some girls I should add a warning about beauty being only skin deep,"—where, as in Martha’s case, it is deeper than that, it sinks below the surface and becomes invisible.—"To you I would only say that temptation to all women, beautiful or otherwise, frequently assumes the shape of Man. Beware, therefore."

"He will be home," said the housemaid, "to-morrow morning. The Master’s study has been left to the last. You can do it this morning, Martha. As he won’t have it touched while he is at home, make a good job of it."

It was eight o’clock in the morning. The day was all before her. Martha felt that her work—she had only been in the house two days—was already appreciated. She had been kindly allowed to scrub the greater part of the house from garret to cellar, and she was now entrusted with the important mission of cleaning up the Master’s study.

Everybody in the collecting line knows the name of that Master. No man had a safer judgment about Aldines and Elzevirs; his collection of Elizabethan poets was almost complete; he knew the prices of books better than Mr. Bain himself; and he could talk by the hour of the prices which books had fetched. Then for bindings, he knew the work of everyone, Maioli, Grolier, Éve, Derome—all—and he possessed specimens which were the envy of all his brother collectors. Again, he had books which belonged to the library of Marie Antoinette, of Madame Du Barry, Madame de Pompadour, and others whose books are valuable for their bindings and their rarity. In fine, the chase of books was the chief occupation of his life. What sayeth "A. L." in his book of the Library?

"Pour tout plaisir que l'on goute icy-bas
La Grace à Dieu. Mieux vaut, sans altercas,
Chasser bouquin. Nul mat n'en peult s'en suivre.
Or sus au livre ; il est le grand appas.
Clair est le ciel. Amis, qui veut me suivre
En bouquinant?"

He was a man—say, rather, a collector—of catholic tastes, not bounded by books alone though his real strength lay in books. He had, for instance, on a great study table beside the catalogues which formed his library of reference, trays of valuable coins; he had Things—he called them Things—in bronze, Things in brass, Things in silver; panels lay about with wood carvings upon them—precious carvings picked up at sales, in bric à brac shops, Things from city churches which they were pulling down, Things from Egypt, Things from Etruscan tombs, Things from Phoenicia, Things from Tunis, Things from Spain, Things ancient, Things medieval. The study, in short, a large and
handsome room on the first floor of a big house in Fitzjohn's Avenue, was crammed and crowded with old and curious Things.

And Martha Londers, bursting with impatience to show her zeal, was turned into this room to clean it up.

It was the last day of the Master's summer holiday. He had spent it wholly among the Italian shops. It was never too hot for him, so long as he could sit among the Things. Rome in August was as pleasant as Rome in April, provided there were Things to look at. Where are there no Things in Italy—Land of Things? It was over, and he was on his way home. And Martha Londers was in his study.

She had the house all to herself, because the other servants went out for a holiday and left her alone with her work. Alone? No, not alone. There sat on a corner of the highest shelf, invisible to Martha, a Creature which grinned and mocked and laughed, and held its sides and rolled about with laughing. But not aloud—so that Martha neither heard nor saw, but went on with her work.

Thorough work; zealous work; work in which the most scrupulous housewife could find the least fault or omission. Work methodical and complete. Observe that Martha had never before seen a study or a library. There were books for the girls at the Orphanage; they were distributed for Sunday reading between the three services; but a library she had never before seen.

First she surveyed the whole; then she took down a book and found that it was dusty on the top, and that the shelf behind was very dusty. Then she saw that many of the books presented a faded and careworn exterior which she thought she could improve; and she observed with concern that a great quantity of the Things wanted cleaning badly.

She went out and returned bearing a mop, a bucket of warm water, some soap, a scrubbing-brush, a knife for scraping, some plate powder, and other ingredients, with the help of which she purposed to pass a useful and a pleasant time.

As she was alone in the house she sang over her work. At the Orphanage the girls only sang hymns. Martha, therefore, in a contented murmurous kind of croon, while she scrubbed with zeal, beguiled the time with "Lead, kindly Light."

She first removed the books from the top shelf; then, mounted on a chair, she sluiced that shelf with water and scrubbed it with soap, wiping it dry with a towel. It was beautifully clean when she finished it. No one would blame her, of course, because the water dripped through upon the books below, lodged and lurked between their bindings, and splashed their backs. She took out those of the second row, wiped them dry with her towel—everybody knows how a book bound in Russia leather or Morocco is improved by a splash of water and a good rub with a damp towel—and proceeded to sluice and scrub the boards; and so on until the morning was spent—the shelves completely cleaned, and the books, one and all, beautified for ever with her towel.

Martha, well content so far, now retired to the kitchen and made a hearty meal off the cold mutton and potatoes provided for her by the cook before she left the house. She then mounted the stairs once more and began the second part of her work, singing again; but she changed her tune and now encouraged herself with "Art thou weary? art thou languid?"

All day long the Creature who sat on the highest shelf laughed and rolled about with laughing. But he was invisible to Martha.

When, about seven in the evening, she completed her job, she had scraped and polished the bronzes, the coins—for which she used a file—and the old silver; she had "restored" the old leather bindings with a material commonly used for saddles; she had cleaned and wiped the books; some, though very old, had never been cut—this omission she repaired; others, mostly pamphlets, which had ragged edges, she cut even and neat with a pair of scissors; the wood carvings she had scraped when that process seemed necessary, and in all cases had scrubbed so that the panels now looked really beautiful. No one would notice and, indeed, it could not matter, that a few bits had come off—a grape or two, a flower, a flourish, the round knob of a cherub's nose. Finally, the Things looked now so very, very much better for their thorough repair and so different from their former grimy condition that Martha's honest heart swelled with pride and pleasure. What would the Master say when he returned? He would look about him with surprised satisfaction; he would ask what new hand had done this: he would be told that it was the hand of the new under housemaid, Martha Londers; and he would nod his head, promising himself to keep his eye upon Martha. Perhaps he would send for her to express his satisfaction and his approbation. When Martha, on her knees that night, made the usual confession of her sins, she could not help—it was not in human nature—feeling that for once the good deeds outweighed the bad, and left a balance to carry forward. "Twas a Papistical thought, but she knew not the errors of the Roman Church, and may be excused.

The Master, who had been travelling all night, arrived about seven o'clock. Martha observed him with curiosity. He was an elderly man, somewhere in the fifties or perhaps in the early
sixties; he was red-faced and of a full habit, but he moved with activity—a collector is always active; sometimes, to get before other collectors, he must even run. He entered the house. Martha was dusting the stairs and dropped a curtsey which he noticed with a nod. It will be a nod and a smile to-morrow, Martha thought. He went up stairs—but no—not yet—not into the study. He first had a change in his bed room, and then he descended to the dining room and took breakfast and the morning paper; he then, being fatigued with his night's travelling, fell asleep in his easy chair and so continued until noon or thereabouts.

When he awoke he rose, yawned loudly, and walked to the door. Martha was dusting the hall clock. Now, at last, he was going into his own study.

He was.

As he went up the stairs Martha in her agitation nearly slipped off the chair on which she was standing. She stopped her dusting, and steadied herself to listen. Surely, surely he would notice—he would not fail to notice—the thoroughness of the cleaning, the zeal of the cleaner, the completeness of the job. He must notice it; he must ask who did it; he must be ready to-morrow with a smile of appreciation.

What was that? The house trembled from rafter ridge to basement; the walls rocked to and fro; the glass on the side-board vibrated musically but strangely; the pictures rocked and swung; and Martha's heart stood quite still.

A roar—a long prolonged roar; another roar; a third, louder and more terrifying. Martha's cheek turned white and her knees trembled beneath her as she stood upon the chair. Then a howl—a prolonged howl as of a wild beast in agony—and then the ringing of the bell—the study bell, as if all the bells in the whole house were ringing at once. Then a hasty footstep upon the landing, and the Master's head, purple, his eyes standing out, his arms outstretched, his fists clenched, showed over the balustrade, while he cursed and swore with such language as Martha had never before heard even from the lowest court, while the Orphans took their walks abroad. Her head reeled; she fell from the chair headlong and lay upon the floor.

The housekeeper rushed up the stairs. "Good Lord!" she cried, "what's the matter?"

The Master seized her by the arm and dragged her into the study. Now reduced to speechlessness, save for half articulate interjections which betrayed his emotion, he pointed to the trays of coins, to the bronzes, to the old silver, to the books—to the Things. The woman, who knew what Things meant, gazed in stupefaction. The Master roared again. He could now do nothing but roar.

Downstairs, in the hall, Martha came to herself and sat up sick with fright. What was the matter?

The other servants were gathered at the foot of the stairs listening. Presently, the roaring died away, and the voice of feminine weeping and lamentation, mixed with masculine thunderous rumblings, succeeded.

Still the housekeeper came not down, and still they listened awestruck by the unknown disaster. No one took any notice of Martha, though she had got a lump as big as an egg at the back of her head by her fall, and though she was white with terror. For now she understood, somehow or other, that the trouble overhead was connected with herself.

At last, the housekeeper came down, her eyes red with tears.

"Martha," she said, with an attempt at calmness, "go upstairs and pack your box. Not another hour shall you stay. Go! You shall have your month's wages. Go back to your Orphanage. Tell them that sent you out that you're only fit to scrub the floors of your Asylum. Go! She's ruined," the housekeeper explained, "the whole of the Master's collections—the finest collections in London. Ruined and spoiled them all, she has. That's all. Nothing more. Books and coins, and old silver and all. Go, I say, for fear I take and slap you. Ruined them all. The work of the Master's life ruined, and in a single day by a ... by a ... by a Drab." Martha screamed and fled. "Oh! it's too much—it's too much! Poor dear gentleman! He's quite broken hearted. He can never, never get over it. He's quieted a bit, at last, and he's sittin' on the floor now, with his ruined collections round him."

This was Martha Londers' entrance upon her Career. This was the lamentable fashion in which she returned to the Matron that same day.

THE SIGNED ARTICLE.

T
HE proposal of Mr. Atkinson to compel the writers of editorial articles to sign what they write has not led to the discussion one might have expected. But Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his "Echoes of the Week," had some very interesting remarks on the merits and demerits of the signed article. He says, "I have always been a strenuous advocate of the anony-
mous in journalism so far as leading articles are concerned." Few people are better qualified to speak with the authority of so experienced a journalist as Mr. Sala. If anything should be anonymous surely it is the leading article, which is supposed to be the expression of the opinion of the whole staff of a paper or party rather than of an individual. Nevertheless there seems to be a tendency now in favour of signed articles, other than editorials in the weeklies, for instance; and the monthly reviews are certainly more read than the stale confections of the Quarterly and Edinburgh, which, if people ever read at all, they pay little heed to. True, there is a pleasant antiquarian flavour about the notorious reviews on Keats, Byron, Thackeray, Tennyson, and the Brontës. They are relics of the haute école of scurrility— that scurrility which, though like everything else, as we are told, is in its decadence, is found not in the new journalism, but in the newest, the brand-new journalism. While endorsing the opinions of Mr. Sala, it is impossible to agree with Mr. W. H. Smith, that "the liberty of the press," with rare exceptions, is far from being abused. The most disgusting personalities about eminent men are read every day with relish by thousands. We hear what an eminent poet eats for breakfast, what a politician drinks for dinner, the colour of the hair of the eldest daughter of an eminent painter, and the details of an internal disease that a well-known doctor is suffering from. If this is tolerated would we be any better by knowing who the purveyor of such small talk was? What middle-man of journalism is responsible for jottings from the area, nursery, and servants' hall?

No, far better to let him or her remain anonymous. Again, the question of reviewing books is an insurmountable objection to signed articles. Some books are bad, and some we do not like. A reviewer would be plunged into an impossible correspondence, and the editor would come in for his share if a review were signed. Why review books at all? is the question some people ask; but authors, especially young authors, like other human beings, are vain, and prefer to have their works attacked than not noticed at all. Anonymity in an article on some general question by an unknown writer, gives that article a value it might not otherwise possess. It is a distinct blow to learn that some fine piece of criticism is not by a Pater or Saintsbury, or an Andrew Lang, but the first effort of a Mr. Snook, who has just left the University. Then, too, there are many really important things a journalist might say (personality and scurrility barred) that he could not and would not care to say if the article were signed. That is why the Saturday Review contains so much the best reading in the whole of any of the weeklies. The signed article should be left to the monthly reviews, where we can find out what Mr. Gladstone has been reading, and what Mr. Parnell is thinking of. This, we believe, is the public point of view. Many eminent writers take the other side of the question; but in a daily morning paper, at any rate, the only signed contributions should be Reuter's telegrams and the advertisements, so that false news and false witness may be traced to their original source. Perhaps the most offensive type of the brand-new journalism which is always anonymous, is art criticism. Like science, art requires a thorough expert, and while anyone is at liberty to dislike this or that painting, no one should indulge in personal abuse and offensive invective of the painter himself.

In all journalism, where some qualification as well as opinion is requisite, it is as well that a name should appear; to use Mr. Atkinson's words, "so that the public may know in each case how much or how little attention is due to each article."

F.

IN GRUB STREET.

The proprietors of Answers are certainly the most generous patrons of literature. They have forwarded £1,000, I am told, to the widow of a man who was killed on the railway, because he had in his possession a copy of their entertaining periodical when he met his death. The advertisement was certainly a splendid one. The widow of any gentleman found dead with a copy of the Author on his person, will receive either a thousand copies of the current number, or a free copy for life. This generosity should be encouraged in all grades of journalism and letters. The Author, though only costing sixpence, is worth quite a guinea a number.

There are many authors who will not sympathise with Ouida's complaint in the Times, and who would have considered it rather a compliment than otherwise to have their nom de plume utilised in the interests of commerce. It was an act, however, of flagrant literary piracy, and let us hope that the company will be courteous enough to find some
no less musical and attractive sobriquet as that which at present belongs to a distinguished authoress. Shakespeare's creations have been used to advertise soap and pills, so that Ouida is certainly in excellent company.

There is a "melancholy and altogether pathetic interest" attaching to the last story of Mr. Ignatius Donelly's Great Cryptogam, in which a Daniel indeed came to judgment. An American farmer, according to Black and White, had purchased his two volumes under the impression that Shakespeare would be exposed; when, however, the tallyman came round for payment he professed himself unconvinced, and returned the books. A law suit followed, and the learned judge, who had something of an Arabian caliph in him, decided that the farmer would have to disprove the cryptogam before he would be exempt from payment. Had it gone the other way, a very dangerous precedent would have been created. For, on the same principle, we might refuse to pay booksellers who supplied us with dull or disappointing works.

The biography of John Wesley, by J. H. Overton (Methuen and Co.), is one of the very best of the many lives that have been written, and shows the great preacher in quite a new light. The compliments that are being paid by one sect of Christians to another now-a-days are very charming. At the same time it appears strange for the press, commenting on the Wesley centenary, to say that Wesley "belongs as much to the English Church" as to the Nonconformists. The same thing has been said of Newman lately. Now these two eminent divines made themselves famous, either by leaving the English Church or causing others to leave it. I do not think, therefore, that the Anglican Church can lay much more claim to them than the Roman Communion can Dollinger or Renan.

To return once more to Mr. Andrew Lang's "Essays in Little." The boldest of us may tremble before admitting that we disagree with him. There is no more appreciative writer living, unless it be Mr. Ruskin; then why cannot he see something in the Russian novelists? He is always tilting at them: whether he is speaking of Dumas, Thackeray, or Dickens. Perhaps it is the admirers of Tolstoi that Mr. Lang objects to. There are three ways of taking Tolstoi: one of them is to read him, the second way is to admire him, and the third way is to abuse him. Mr. Lang has tried a combination of all three, but surely one may burn incense at the high altar of Shakespeare, let us say, and at the same time have a side chapel for Mr. Andrew Lang. Cannot the same argument be applied to Dumas and Dostoiefsky? In Tolstoi's short stories especially there are moments as good as any in English literature.

Speaking of Dickens again, Mr. Andrew Lang is very angry with those people who say they cannot read Dickens, but it is much better to say so than to pretend to an admiration of the "darling of the English people." In one of Mr. James Payn's delightful essays on the sham admiration of literature, he tells several amusing stories thereon, one of a lady who confessed she could not see the fun of John Gilpin, and a gentleman who preferred the "Earthly Paradise" to "Paradise Lost." Even at the expense of cutting a poor figure, surely it is better to be honest about what you like to read. I much prefer reading, for instance (I know many will, but in secret, agree with me), "Essays in Little" to Milton's reply to Salmasius.

The death of Poet Close was a local rather than a national loss. No doubt some future Mr. Andrew Lang will be able to find something as amusing in his work, as Mr. Lang has found in that of Haynes Baily. Like Mr. Martin Tupper, he belonged to the good rather than to the great. The death of Fortune1du Boisgobey, though hardly noticed in most of the English papers, received an eloquent obituary notice in the pages of the Saturday Review. I confess that I envy those people who were amused by him. I think Hugh Conway told much better stories, and that several other English writers of sensational fiction are better than this French novelist on his own ground.

All writers of sensational novels have at one time or another been hard pressed for an idea, and the mysterious disappearance of a lady from the Law Courts the other day is full of suggestion for a capital romance. Some enterprising journal might offer a prize for the best story founded on the incident. It would be very amusing to see how each person worked at the explanation of the mystery.

Mr. Egerton Castle, having already distinguished himself as an author, has been winning further laurels at the Lyceum. "Consequences" has
reached its second edition, so let us hope it will soon appear in one volume. If poetry is in danger, fiction is certainly safe when Mr. Castle has won the public applause. Perhaps he will be generous enough to give us also ere long a second edition of his delightful lecture.

The March number of the *Fortnightly Review* which, with the exception of the *Author*, is the best, I think, of all the monthly periodicals, is particularly interesting. Mr. Swinburne has some splendid stanzas for a statue of Marlowe, and Mr. Meredith continues "One of our Conquerors." Mr. Oscar Wilde gives a very original form of a preface for "Dorian Grey," in which he rebukes his critics in a series of pregnant aphorisms. "Dorian Grey," who shines like an evil thing in a very good story, will shortly appear with more harmonious surroundings than *Lippincott's Magazine*. Among the many good articles in the *Fortnightly*, that on "Rossetti and the Moralists" is unfortunate. The writer seems to me to have entirely misconceived Rossetti's genius, and misunderstood the position he occupies in literature and art.

Mr. George Moore has reprinted more than a dozen articles. They form a most interesting volume. It would be pleasant to notice many of them at some length. The articles on Balzac, Turgeneff, Verlaine, Rimbaud, are highly suggestive, as is indeed all Mr. George Moore's work in his special field of criticism. With regard to Turgeneff, I have never understood the disproportionate admiration felt for the least remarkable of the new Russian novelists. We have again studies on "Le Reve" and Ibsen's "Ghosts." The "Notes on Ghosts" has come very opportunely before the appearance of the play at the Royalty. If there is anything to be said against Mr. George Moore's book, it is that the egoism which he displays is to be regretted.

Perhaps the article on the new pictures in the National Gallery is rather out of place in a volume on literary subjects, nor can I think that the pictures of Mr. Frith are otherwise than eminently in their place in the British School. Whether that school deserves a place in the Gallery is another matter.

Verlaine is one of the most remarkable characters of the second half of the century, reminding us, as we are apt now to forget, that strong and sincere religious belief has always been found compatible with great disorder of life. A consideration of his life and works would be a wholesome occupation for "Moralitarians" of all kinds. They cannot do better than begin with Mr. George Moore's study. The "Balzac" is an article first printed in the *Fortnightly*, "increased to nearly three times its original length," and greatly improved. As a realistic critic of Balzac, Mr. George Moore is far superior in power and appreciation to any other Englishman. His notice of that little appreciated and most powerful étude, "La Vieille Fille," is masterly, and his remarks on "Le Curé de Tours" entitle him to even higher praise; they are peculiarly terse and elucidating, a really fine example of appreciative criticism. I cannot wholly agree with Mr. George Moore's rubric, "that probably the only way to convey a suggestion of the genius of the great novelist lies through the minor pieces." But certainly the minor pieces have never been sufficiently considered, and "La Vieille Fille" is one of the finest, superior in every respect to the better known "Femme de trente ans."

Apropos of Balzac, compilers of anecdotes concerning him generally forget the characteristic note of Hans Christian Andersen in his "Mit Livs Evenyr." Describing his visit to Paris in 1843, he says:—"Balzac, whose acquaintance I made at this time, I first saw in the salon of Madame la Comtesse de Bocarmé, as a fashionable, well-dressed personage. His white teeth gleamed between his red lips. He seemed a jovial man, but he did not talk much, at any rate in that circle. A lady who wrote verses fastened herself on to him and me; she drew us aside to a sofa and sat herself down between us. While she was talking with modest hesitation about how small she felt between us, I turned my head and caught sight behind her back of Balzac's laughing, satirical face and half-open mouth, slyly turned towards me. This was our first meeting. One day I was going through the Louvre. There I met a man in face, figure, and gait exactly like Balzac. But the man was dressed in shabby, worn-out clothes—really dirty they were. His shoes were all burst out, his trousers besattered with dry mud, and his hat all misshapen and cracked. I stopped short; the man smiled at me, then I went on, but he was so incredibly like—I turned back, ran after him, and said, 'It can't be Herr Balzac!' The man laughed, showing his white teeth, and said only, 'Monsieur Balzac started for St. Petersburg this morning.' He pressed my hand, his own was fine and soft, he nodded, and was gone. It must
have been Balzac; perhaps he had been on one of his exploring expeditions among the mysteries of Paris. Or was the man someone else, who, being extremely like Balzac, and having often been taken for him, was amusing himself by mystifying a foreigner? Two days afterwards, when I was talking to Madame Bocarmé, she gave me a message of farewell from Balzac—he had gone to St. Petersburg."

As we might have expected, a delicate, half-satiric sense of humour was the point of contact between the all-comprehensive Balzac and the charming, childlike Dane. How delighted Balzac would be with the exquisite blending of pathos and humour in the tale, "En Hjertesorg," the grief of a little child who had no trouser button to pay the toll the other children exacted to attend the funeral of a dead pug.

Everyone knows the story which Byron told Medwin. Shortly before Shelley's death he had a horrible nightmare. "He thought that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him; he got up and followed it; when in the hall the phantom lifted up the hood of his cloak, showed Shelley the phantasm of himself, and saying 'Siete satisfatto?'—vanished. Shelley had been reading a strange drama, which is supposed to have been written by Calderon, entitled, "El embozado, ó el encapotado." It is so scarce that Washington Irving told me he had sought for it without success in several of the public libraries of Spain."

Where did Shelley obtain this play? Was it a Spanish play at all which he had read? Were Byron or Medwin correct? Does Washington Irving throw any further light on the subject? The authorship of Calderon is immaterial; so many plays by other authors were printed as his in his lifetime that it was necessary for him to make a list of his works. This list is known to be incomplete, but the point for remark is that no play entitled "El embozado" or "El encapotado" is mentioned in any of the exhaustive editions of Calderon among plays erroneously attributed to him. The title, again, is not mentioned in the lists of anonymous Spanish dramas. On the other hand there is a play of Agustin Moreto which in certain details suggests that he may have known some such story. The subject is a fascinating one, suggesting, as it must have done, one of the finest tales of the greatest of English writers of short tales, and again brought to our memory by the wonderful pen and ink sketch of Rossetti called "How they met themselves." The well-known stories of Théophile Gautier and Robert Louis Stevenson represent a similar but not the same idea; at any rate the point of view from which they regard the idea is different. Can any of our readers give any information concerning the play?

Miss E. S. G. Saunders is bringing out a volume entitled, "Thoughts for the present Lectionary; or, the New Christian Year."

Mr. Stanley Little contributes an article entitled, "The Camera's Service to Art," to the April number of the Photographic Quarterly.


He has also an article on "The Papuan and his Master," in the Fortnightly Review.

Under the pseudonym of Evelyn Ballantyne, Mr. Eustace R. Ball has contributed on Continental Music Halls to the March number of the Theatre.

An article on "Weighing the Stars," by Mr. J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S., appears in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, and another on "Planetary Nebula" in the February number of the Monthly Packet.

A new and cheaper edition of Mr. James Sully's "Pessimism," with a review of pessimistic literature up to the present date, has just been issued by the publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

Mr. William Westall has written a one volume story, entitled "Back to Africa: A Confession." It will be published by Ward and Downey in the course of the present month.
THE PARNASSUS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

THE Association consists of one man, Mr. Joseph Haggerston Dalston. With him are associated as many literary aspirants as he can persuade to publish with him at their cost and risk.

Here is my experience with Mr. Joseph Haggerston Dalston. Some time ago, while I was concluding a novel with which I intended to astonish the world, I received a letter from Mr. Dalston, stating that he was an author's agent, and as he enclosed what appeared to be bond fide testimonials, I replied to his letter. This reply doubtless warranted him in assuming my inexperience of business.

In subsequent letters he offered to read my story for a fee of one guinea. This, for what he called himself, "an editorial expert whose opinion should be at once authoritative and final," was not expensive. Before closing with his offer, however, I asked for proof that he had that influence with publishers which he claimed. By return came a letter enclosing one of recent date, from a publishing house of the highest standing, which was to the effect that they were very much obliged to him for having brought them the MS. of Mr.:-- which they were prepared to publish immediately, paying the author a royalty. This proof seemed to me sufficient, especially when read in connection with the following wail of Mr. Dalston. "Unfortunately, however, even in large London publishing houses of assured authority and repute, few follow religiously the 'reading' of a new MS. by an unknown writer, while so many known (yet not always repeatedly successful) authors are at the 'beck and call' of the majority of the large publishers to go on at any time mechanically writing 'to order'—too often a curse to the 'pot-boiling' reputation of the author, and ergo lesseningly attractive to these authors' favourite readers—a majority of the stupid reading public, too easily and too stupidly satisfied, to the oft-time exclusion of a new writer waiting with better work, but unable to pass with it through the barrier that too often bars the way to talent and genius in other directions than 'literary land.'"

The "rough copy" of my manuscript I forwarded to his address for an opinion.

Nearly a month elapsed before I obtained any reply, but repeated applications elicited the following: "Your MS. has really demanded from me more attention and deliberate care than I had at first anticipated. In the first place, I may say, that I did not like your introduction, but the concluding chapters minimise my first objection, which we may now let pass. The opening is clever and startling, and prepares the reader's mind with a powerful piquancy for the more attractive artistic 'actualities,' so skilfully drawn throughout the book; and the successive chapters increasing, as they do in interest, will hold the reader in sensational subjection—fascinated by that mental mesmerism which enthralled at every turn of your pages.

"Splendidly subjective and appalling are Chaps. xxi and xxii. 'The Captain' also is interestingly introduced and cleverly conducted to his doom!

"Other chapters teeming with touches of talent will gain 'good words' for your work from the Reading World and Critics, even as fine presentations of human passion, the littleness of life, and the greatness of death portrayed by your pen, inter alia in —, —, —, have never been formed in the one time ever-praised pages of Bulwer! Dickens!! and Wilkie Collins!!

"So swayed in this connexion, then, I hold to the belief that there are 'situations' in your narrative that will awaken attention from many who are now steeped in sluggish 'society' stupor, whilst the psychological problems still awaiting solution will invite keener study from the scientist, and 'set the mind thinking!'

"The lurid light of English intellectuality, quickening in its intensity by recent remarkable revelations in the Press, now searchingly turns toward that little is known of lawless life in Africa, that mysterious and uncivilized clime—and in the near future, perhaps, when we can discern more truths—coming to us, though they may, through the thinly-veiled romanticism of another Hanwell—then your and other philanthropic warning words shall stir the public pulse into indignation or revolt, until the lightning message of mercy, release, and reform is flashed from England to Mashona!"

I am still inclined to think that this gratifying opinion is worth the guinea it cost me, especially when it is compared with the trivial comments of friends who have begged my books, or of critics whom I have feasted, treated, and entertained at a much greater cost. The indefatigable Mr. Dalston did not, however, expect to rest with one guinea, for with the letter which accompanied his opinion, was one with "Suggestions for Publishing," in which I was reminded that, "Looking at the immediate interest that would probably result from bringing out the book at once, it may be considered expedient to publish the book on the author's own account! Mr. Haggerston Dalston, trading as the Mongoose Publishing Co., and publisher of the Muse's Herald, will undertake the work. "The first cost would be £100 (the actual cost of producing
the first edition of a book in same form as proposed by Mr. Dalston is £23 17s.), after sending 100 copies for reviews, &c., the sale of 900 books, 1 vol., at 6s. (less discount to trade, &c.), would leave about £80 net profit. A smaller size type and vol. would cost £60, first edition, and leave about £40 net profit. The total editions of the first twelve months would probably leave a net profit (if published as suggested) of £1,000 to £1,575."

It would be interesting to know the figures upon which the estimated profits are based; there is a preciseness about the £1,575 greatly at variance with the round sum of £100, the estimated cost of production.

I did not close with the offer, and directed my man to "place" the story with a good firm of publishers.

A few days later he wrote making a further offer to publish on same terms as had been accepted by an author whose agreement (!) he forwarded to me. "You will forward me a cheque for £10, agreeing to pay a further £10 on receipt of proofs, and a final £10 when the book is in your hands, remaining risk and profits will be equally divided between publisher and author."

Returning the stamped agreement of the author who had accepted these terms (his book has not yet appeared), I again asked Mr. Dalston to get my MS. accepted by a publisher. He wrote me that his offer was not "unworthy of acceptance," seeing that, for the gradual outlay of £30, an edition of 1,000 copies would have expeditiously followed, then for six weeks failed to reply to any of my letters.

"Respecting your MS.," he wrote in the last letter I received from him, "I am greatly disappointed at receiving it back from ——, whose manager I had seen before submitting yours and two other MSS.—all now returned.

"When unaccepted, the daily consensus of successful scribblers seems to be—publish on your own account; but of course, this, as you know, is not an easy matter. However, I shall venture to publish the three MSS. (yours and the commercial's, and that written by a doctor's wife) under the following conditions, namely:—£10 in advance, £10 further to be paid to me when proofs are in the hands of author, and £10 when the book is published and distributed, profits after publication to be equally divided between author and publisher."

This being a similar offer to the one already proffered and refused, I determined to call upon the man and to secure my MS.

The gentleman who is manager of the Mongoose Publishing Company, manager of the Muses' Publishing Association, editor and publisher of the Muses' Herald, must surely be a busy man, yet I had to call many times at the room—it was on the second floor back—before I found the room occupied. Mr. Dalston is not a young man, and he has a pleasing manner of address. He rarely speaks to the point, but abuses in general terms all the publishing houses and their readers, and he never allows you to leave his presence without asking you for a money contribution to one or other of his ventures.

As for the contents of his office there were two chairs, a table, a set of pigeon holes and MSS. In fact, the room was entirely furnished with MSS. It was simply full of "copy" piled from floor to ceiling, lying upon chairs and table, and floor, and fender. By a lucky chance my packet was uppermost of a newly made file, and was rescued without difficulty.

Mr. Haggerston Dalston is now manager and everything else of a brand new association called the Parnassus Publishing Association. A clean sweep has been made of the MSS., and the name plate at the house and the Muses' Herald being defunct, with the Mongoose Publishing Company, a new plate is in preparation showing that here are the Central Offices (second floor back) of the "Parnassus Publishing Company" and of "Parnassus Slopes," its magazine. Authors are now being invited by such papers as will take the advertisements, to send their MSS. to the Company, and the old game has begun again. The bait is the offer of "remunerative openings" and the promise that "suitable MSS." are promptly paid for.

As for the magazine, every contributor must pay in advance for a whole year—it will probably collapse in a month or two, as happened with "Parnassus Slopes."

Then the Company will disappear too. What becomes in the end of all the MSS., nobody knows. Perhaps not one in a thousand is worth anything. Yet that such an end—disappearance in this sink of low cunning—should be the fate of MSS. about which so many glowing hopes were formed, is melancholy indeed.

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CORRESPONDENCE AND CASES.

(The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed or the statements made by correspondents.)

THE PRODUCTION OF VOUCHERS.

A CASE has been lately brought before a London Court which promises to become interesting and useful. It was to this effect. A certain publisher transferred his business
THE AUTHOR.

to another firm. Two of the authors whose books he had published on the "half-profit" system, moved by Counsel that the second firm should be called upon to find vouchers for all the items of receipts and expenditure supplied to the authors. Their Counsel argued that the first firm only was responsible for any claims. The judge, however, granted the order asked for, reserving the question of costs. We hope to publish the further history of this case.

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ON ADVERTISEMENTS.

I wish to draw the attention of your readers to two points which are generally lost sight of by an author when signing his contract. When disposing of a book upon the royalty system, one of the usual clauses is, "That all expenses of advertising shall be borne by the said publishers."

It is by paying out monies for advertisements in addition to disbursing the cost of production that the publisher earns his right to his lion's share, i.e., the amount of cash that remains after paying the royalty to the author.

Now let us suppose the case of an author who is pretty well known and whose three volume novels will be assuredly subscribed, we will say, to be well within the mark, to five hundred copies. If the publisher does not advertise at all he nets the entire difference between the trade price and the cost of production less the author's royalties—upon the five hundred copies. Therefore the less he advertises the better for it.

But this is not all, the author who is absolutely in the hands of his publishers in the matter of advertising, often finds his book a sort of Christian thrown to the lions. The reason is not far to seek; somebody has to be "gibbetted," somebody has to be "guyed," and naturally the books that are not advertised go upon the black list, and the reviewer is given a free hand and told to work his wicked will upon them.

The result of such "gibbetting" is probably not felt by the author till he comes to dispose of his next venture, say to some other publisher. "Your last book was very severely reviewed, Mr. Nibbs," says the publisher, "and we have sent over to our friends, Messrs. Barabbas, who tell us that only five hundred copies were subscribed."

The writer once published an eight and sixpenny book, on the half-profit system, which ran into a second edition. There were no profits, because the book was advertised not wisely, but too well. "If," thought the writer, "that mighty firm went on with a second edition, surely there must be profits, some profits, at all events, upon the first." Not a bit of it; the book was said to be swamped by advertisements. The writer went through the list of advertisements, and he found that his book had been advertised in the "Piscatorial Bulletin." He innocently wondered at this selection; when he found who the Bulletin belonged to, his wonder ceased. Perhaps after all the Fishing Fraternity are fond of oriental experiences. Who knows but that they may buy up the whole second edition? Not that the writer cares one brass button, because even if it were so, he feels certain that no half profits would ever accrue to him, because of course they'd be all mopped up by judicious advertisements in the "Piscatorial Bulletin," &c.

[The writer will find the subject of advertising treated in Mr. Sprigge's "Methods of Publishing." —Ed.]

AUTHORS AND REVIEWERS.

There are two questions I should like answered. First—Do reviewers conscientiously read the books with which they deal? Second—Do their criticisms honestly reflect the opinions that they have formed?

Now any author worthy of the name must value and appreciate criticism which, however adverse, is nevertheless honest, discriminating, and intelligent. So far, at any rate, even if no farther, do I consider myself worthy to be called an author. I like being told what points in a work of mine are good, and what are bad. It is an intellectual satisfaction to me, and I feel precisely the same sort of gratitude to any reviewer that an intelligent student of painting or music unquestionably feels towards an able teacher, however severe his strictures occasionally may be. But my faith in critics, and consequently my good disposition towards them, have been considerably shaken of late. I find they contradict each other so wildly, that it is impossible for the most humble-minded writer
to learn anything from them; and they occasionally give grave grounds for the suspicion that they have never even read the book they are professing to review.

Let me give an instance from my own experience. Two years ago or thereabouts, I published a novel. The book was widely reviewed, and I, a tyro in the art of fiction, felt very curious indeed to see how my first effort would be received by experts. Here are some of the verdicts.

The Saturday said it was undeniably a clever book—satirical, humorous, and amusing; apparently the work of a man who had observed and thought; an original and readable novel.

The Atheneum said that it was the most completely worthless novel the editor had seen for a long time.

The Manchester Examiner said that were the critic compelled to characterise it by one epithet, that epithet would be "vivacious." Unflagging vivacity was its great charm.

The Sunday Times, on the other hand, condemned it as "always dull."

The Manchester Examiner, again, praised my "constructive ability"; while—

My publisher's reader informed me that a lack of constructive ability was my chief weakness.

I might fill two columns of your paper with similar examples. But surely these are enough—enough to bewilder anybody. Am I dull, or am I vivacious? Am I clever, or am I a fool? Is my book original, satirical, humorous, &c., or is it the most completely worthless novel out? Surely I am not unreasonable in asking whom I am to believe.

One word more. I spoke to my publishers about one of the notices—a notice which appeared to me gratuitously and unintelligently insolent. "Oh!" replied the worthy man I was addressing, "I think I can explain that. The gentleman who wrote that review of your book threatened to 'slate' whatever we might send him, unless we advertised in his paper. We did not give him an advertisement, and you, unfortunately, are made to suffer."

Perhaps this may throw some light on my second question.

AN OBSCURE NOVELIST.

In January, 1889, a MS. was accepted for a certain periodical. In May the publisher was changed. In July, the new publisher accepted three other MSS. and "also the one sent to the late Editor," the price of the whole being stated by letter. My writing name was published among the other contributors, and I was urged in different ways to help to make the magazine known.

None of the MSS. appearing, after eighteen months I wrote to ask the cause, and was coolly informed that the Editor had more MSS. on hand than he could use, and he would return them.

I offered to wait, but positively declined to have them back, but by return of post they arrived in a very tattered condition. There was neither "smash" nor "crash" in this case—the periodical is said to be flourishing.

M. J. D. S.

LITERARY GODCHILDREN.

There is a literary Nemesis when a popular author suffers from the intrusion of the manuscripts of aspirants after fame. But when an unknown writer—who finds a difficulty in having an article accepted, and as great trouble to get paid for it—is troubled for advice and assistance in getting the work of others placed and remunerated—then the Furies are the old women one blames for the mismanagement of affairs.

Fifteen years ago a friend of mine wrote a play and demanded my opinion of it. I did not dare to give any expression of criticism of a tragedy that he assured me was more tragical than Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," and more impregnated with humour than Schiller's "Wallenstein." I was even able to refuse when I knew that one of the poet's friends said, "No such work of genius had been written since Shakespeare's plays first saw the light." Fortunately, I escaped without much censure in this case. My friend said that he regretted my decision, because he "had a certain amount of respect for my taste." He did not insist on submitting his proofs to me.

The next experience was more amusing, if a little more costly. A schoolboy who had got into debt wrote to a member of my family asking for 7½, stating that he was about to write a three volume novel, that he had money owing for a short story, and enclosing some of his essays. The money was sent without any literary advice. And by the next post came a request for 115. more "to save him from disgrace."

Another manuscript was submitted to my judgment by a young woman who wished to make a profession of letters. It was clearly written, well paragraphed, and fairly interesting in matter. I had great pleasure in encouraging the writer, and urging her to perseverance. Now, I am glad to write, she is successfully supplementing her income by her pen.

The last case is perhaps the most painful. In my desk at this moment there lies a morocco bound volume, in whose pages a beautiful, unfortunate girl has written part of her life experience. She
asks my opinion of her confession. It has originality and observation, but otherwise it is unreadable. The writer is sensitive, and so much spoiled by the flattery of her friends, that it will be puzzling for me to speak the truth without giving some pain.

Gratuitous Contributions.

I lately offered a short story to the editor of a popular magazine. It was accepted, but when I came to ask what was the scale of remuneration for such contributions I was blandly informed that ladies and gentlemen were usually willing to supply the magazine in question with "copy," without hope of any other remuneration than the pleasure and glory of seeing themselves in print! Now this is by no means a rare instance of a practice on the part of authors which I think cannot be better described than as the process of "cutting their own throats." The lamentable weakness with which writers consent to give away the work of such brains as they possess is one to be severely deprecated. It is to my thinking an act of arrant folly, injurious not only to those who indulge in it, but to others. I can, in fact, conceive nothing more mischievous, as lowering the price of literature in the market, than this habit, widely spread as it is, of gorging the pages of periodical publications with gratuitous contributions to the exclusion of matter that would otherwise be paid for. For is it to be expected that the proprietor of a magazine would pay for the stories, articles, &c., offered to him by some writers when he is able to get any quantity of such compositions from others at no cost whatever?

The scale of pay allowed by many magazines is poor enough as it is. It is not uncommon for certain very well-known periodicals to offer such miserable remuneration as 2s. and 2s. 6d. a page, while 5s. a page is considered in such quarters as something magnificent in its liberality. I have really been surprised to find how strictly moderate are the views on the subject of payment entertained by the conductors of magazines which might be expected to offer at any rate something like adequate compensation for one's time and trouble. The reason of this parsimony is of course "gratuitous contributions." It is poor stuff for the most part, no doubt, that is thus given away, but it seems to be good enough for the editor's purpose. But, I contend, everything, whether good, bad or indifferent, should have its price. It is not to be expected that the magazines should be filled in every page, every month, with first-class literature. Many of these periodicals are circulated among a class of readers who are not over particular as to the quality of the wares supplied to them, just as in other markets people are content with cheap and inferior articles. Yet everything is surely worth something, if it can be sold, and every story, or other lucubration, which is worth printing ought to be worth paying for.

I am afraid it must be said that ladies are the worst offenders in this particular. I do not greatly blame them. They have, as a rule, little experience or knowledge of the business side of literature, and though some of them dream of making fortunes by their pens, too many, with an excess of diffidence, think they can hardly aspire so high as to be paid like what they call "a regular author." It is these amateurs who cheapen the literary market, and many of them are worth a price, even though it be a small one. Let them at any rate not be content with the mere acceptance of their stories and sketches, but ask for pay, and, when refused, withdraw their contributions and send them elsewhere. Many an article which would be eagerly taken by one of those editors who never pay when they can help it, would be found acceptable by others of more liberal habit. At the worst, failing to get their contributions into the paying magazines, they could fall back upon the non-paying ones. These last only deserve to have the very dregs of the scribbling art.

I therefore raise my voice in earnest protest against this pernicious custom of offering contributions for nothing, or allowing them to be published without any remuneration whatever. The Society of Authors, I think, could do no greater service to the cause at least of periodical literature than by making it as widely known as possible that all contributors to magazines, &c., will be duly paid for if only the contributors are firm enough to refuse to write for nothing. If such an appeal did not put a stop to this practice it might at least diminish the mischief arising from it. Pray then advise all authors, amateur and otherwise, whenever it is proposed to print their contributions for nothing, to return the reply so often received by some of them—"declined with thanks."

No Pay, No Pen.

A Coincidence?

Will you allow me to draw attention to a case of curious similarity between two stories—the one by Mr. Ernest Rhys, entitled "The Last Dream of Julius Roy," which appeared in Macmillan's Magazine last month, and the other signed by my name, which appeared in the Newbery House Magazine
of July, 1890, and which was entitled, "A Great Success." I sketch the outline of the two stories in parallel columns:

**My story.**

"A GREAT SUCCESS."

**July, 1890.**

An author after a long life of failure starts from Trafalgar Square in a condition of abnormal excitement, and rushes down the Strand, intent upon lunching at a Tavern, Fleet Street being suggested. He orders a lunch which for him is unusually sumptuous. He has been full of unreal inflated hope, but overhears a conversation in which he realises for the first time the abjectness of his own failure. He has had ale with his lunch. He throws his arms over the table, lays his head on them, falls asleep and dreams. The dream takes the form of his own troubled experience. Again he is "hurrying through the streets of the great city." He is on his way to the palace of Fame. There is a gate which has to be passed through; before he gets in he has to present a gift. This gift he holds in his hand, but it dwindles and vanishes. He falls before the door at last, defeated and in despair. Then the dream changes; the door is unexpectedly opened by an unseen hand, and he beholds a face known yet unknown, which smiles upon him. The poor author enters in to find the aspiration of his life satisfied in ways not looked for by him. When found by the people of the Tavern, he is dead.

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**Mr. Ernest Rhys's story.**

"THE LAST DREAM OF JULIUS ROY."

**February, 1891.**

An author after ten years of failure, starts from Trafalgar Square, goes to Pall Mall to put on a dress coat, and finally returns in an abnormally state of excitement on his way to a Tavern ("The Three Friars") in Fleet Street, to have supper there. He orders an unusually sumptuous meal. He has been realising the abjectness of his own failure, but on his way he meets with his old love, who gives him a flower, and he is now in a state of wild, unreal hope. He has wine with his supper, and he throws his arms over the table, falls asleep, and dreams. The dream takes the form of his own troubled experience. He is "being whirled rapidly through the streets of a dark and unknown city." in a carriage with the beloved woman by his side. He gets to a place which is a Theatre, and sees a phantasm of himself on the stage struggling in vain to pass in at a Gate; the phantasm falls down at last before the Gate, baffled and defeated. He goes on to the Stage to look after his own Phantasm. He himself knocks at the Gate, and it is thrown open, and the beloved woman stands before him smiling. Then he receives in unexpected ways the desire of his life. When the waiter comes to rouse him, he is dead.

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**E. Fairfax Byrne.**

**THE AUTHORS' CLUB.**

I am in favour of an Authors' Club. I think it would be greatly to the advantage of authors to come together oftener than once a year at a big dinner, and to have more frequent opportunity of exchanging ideas and "comparing notes." Of this I can give an illustration. Two years ago at our annual dinner, I sat next to a brother novelist, whose acquaintance I then made for the first time. That morning I had received from the editor of a weekly magazine of whose financial position I knew nothing, a request to write a Christmas story for him. Thinking my neighbour might be better informed, I inquired whether he had ever done ought for the periodical in question. "Yes," says he, "I did a Christmas story for it last year but one, and I have not got paid for it yet."

On this hint I acted; when I answered the editor's letter, I named my price, and made it a condition that I should be paid on his receipt of my MS. With this condition he did not see fit to comply, and I did not see fit to write the story.

Again, the other day I chanced to meet a member of the Society of Authors at the office in Portugal Street, to whom I mentioned that I had been requested to write a story for a well known magazine. "Be sure you make a bargain beforehand," he observed, "or you will get a good deal less than you expect." On this hint also I acted. I named my price, and was offered half—which I did not accept. Observe that in neither of these cases did the editor make any mention of terms. That, presumably, was to be left an open question, and would have proved a troublesome one for me, a trouble from which I was saved by being a member of the Society of Authors.

The chief difficulty in the formation of an Authors' Club seems to me to lie in the definition of "author." Will every man and woman who has written a trashy novel or volume of poetry, and paid for its production, be eligible for admission? And if not, where will you draw the line? W.

[The line must be drawn by the Committee or the managing body of the Club. — EDITOR.]

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**THE AUTHOR'S BOOK STALL.**

[This column is open for lists of books wanted, books offered for exchange and books offered for sale. Initials must be given for reference, not for publication, and the editor will place correspondents in communication with each other. Books must not be sent to the office of the Society. Letters enclosing list may be addressed "X," care of the Editor. It must be understood that no responsibility rests with the Editor or with the officers of the Society.]

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**Books for Sale.**


Address "E.A."
THE AUTHOR.

Henry Irving. Shakespeare. 8 vols. Édition de luxe, uncut, in original cases. 11 guineas.
Ionica I and II. The very rare first edition with author's corrections; handsomely bound.
Aucassin and Nicolette. Translated by Andrew Lang. (Nutt.)
Cupid and Psyche. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. (Nutt.)
Musa Protova. A. H. Bullen. Privately printed; small paper.
Lyrics of the Elizabethan Age. A. H. Bullen. Small paper. (Nimmo.)

For Exchange.

Address "E.A."

Morris' Vision of Saints, for Epic of Hades.
Kingsley's At Last.
Trollope's Decade of Italian Women.
Emerson's Representative Men.
LyricsoftheElizabethanAge. A. H. Bullen. Small paper. (Nimmo.)

List for Sale or Exchange.
Bell's Chaucer. 1782.
Life of Condé. By Lord Mahon. 1846.
Massinger's Plays. Edited by W. Gifford. 1853.
Schiller's Werke. 10 vols. Very handsomely half-bound.
Chansons de Victor Hugo. 1865.

Wend Lend.
Stories of Apparitions (Duchess of Mazarine, Mrs. Veal &c. Title lost, old.)
Pritchard's Heroines of Welsh History.
Address G. M. Williams, Aberclydack, Nr. Brecon.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.

Fowler, Rev. Edmund. We Praise Thee, O God: The Choir Boy's Little Book. Skeffington. 6d.
Jeffreson, H. H. Magnificat: a Course of Sermons. Paul, Trübner and Co. 2s. 6d.
Pollock, J. S. Vaughton's Hole: Twenty-five Years in It. Mowbray. 1s.

Stearns, L. F. The Evidence of Christian Experience: Being the Ely Lectures for 1890. Nisbet. 7s. 6d.

Address "E. A."

History and Biography.
Cruckshank, George. Memoir. By Frederic G. Stephens; and an Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank by W. M. Thackerery. (Great Artists.) Low. 3s. 6d.
Drake, Sir Francis. By Julian Corbett. Portrait. (English Men of Action.) Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
Holland, C. Gleanings from a Ministry of 50 years. E. Stock. 5s.
Thackeray, W. M. Life of. By Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials. (Great Writers.) W. Scott. 1s., 2s. 6d.

General Literature.
Black, William. Stand Fast, Craig Royston! 3rd Edition. 3 vols. Low. 31s. 6d.
Buchheim, C. A. Materials for German Prose Composition. 14th Edition. With a List of Subjects for Original Composition. Bell and Sons. 4s. 6d.
Cameron, Mrs. Lovett. This Wicked World: a Novel. 4th Edition. F. V. White. 2s., 2s. 6d.
THE AUTHOR.

CASTLE, Egerton. Consequences. 3 vols. 2nd Edition. Bentley. 31s. 6d.
COBB, T. On Trust. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 31s. 6d.
CROMMELIN, May. The Freaks of Lady Fortune. F. V. White. 21s. 6d.
GRAHAM, Scott. A Boat from the Blue. Sampson Low. 31s. 6d.
HAGGARD, H. R. Cleopatra. New Edition. Longman and Co. 31s. 6d.
HARDY, T. Two on a Tower: a Romance. New Edition. Low. 21s. 6d.
HARLEY,BERT. Sappho of Green Springs, &c. With Frontispiece and Vignette by Hume Nisbet. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
JAMES, Henry. The Tragic Muse. New Edition. Macmillan. 31s. 6d.
KEARY, C. F. The Vikings in Western Christendom. A.D. 789 to A.D. 888. Fisher Unwin. 15s.
KENYON, EDITH C. Little Knight. Chambers. 1s.
KIPLING, Rudyard. Wee Willie Winkle, and other Stories. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
KNOWLES, R. B. S. Glencoonoge. 3 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 25s. 6d.
LANG, Andrew. Essays in Little. With Portrait of the Author. (Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour.) Henry and Co. 21s. 6d.
—— Lamb's Adventures with Ulysses. With an Introduction by Edward Arnold. 1s. 6d., 21s. 6d.
LELAND, C. G. Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling. Illustrated by numerous Incantations, Specimens of Medical Magic, Anecdotes and Tales. Copiously Illustrated by the Author. Fisher Unwin. 16s.
LOVELL, Arthur. The Ideal of Man. Chapman and Hall. 31s. 6d.
—— Political Essays and Writings. Vol. V. Macmillan. 6s.
McCARTHY, JUSTIN, M. P. Sir Robert Peel. Being the 3rd vol. in the Queen's Prime Ministers Series. Edited by Stuart J. Reid, with Photogravure Portrait. Sampson Low. 31s. 6d.
MIGHT, BERTRAM. A Romance of the Cape Frontier. Popular Edition. Heinemann. 31s. 6d.
MURRAY, D. CHRISTIE, and HERMAN, HENRY. He Fell among Thieves. 2 vols. Macmillan. 12s.
NISBET, HUME. A Colonial Tramp: Adventures through Australia and New Guinea. 2 vols. Illustrated by the Author. Ward and Downey. 31s. 6d.
—— The Black Drop. Trischler and Co. 21s. 6d.
—— Bail Up! 3rd Edition. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
—— The Papuan and his Master. (Fortnightly Review.) OLIPHANT, MRS. Janet. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 31s. 6d.
PAYN, JAMES. The Burnt Million. New Edition. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
PRYCE, R. Just Impediment. 2 vols. Ward and Downey. 21s.
—— Quiet Mrs. Fleming. Methuen. 10s. 6d.
ROBINSON, F. W. Her Love and His Life. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 31s. 6d.
—— No Man's Friend. Hutchinson. 21s. 6d.
ST. AUBYN, A. A Fellow of Trinity. New Edition. With a Note by Oliver Wendell Holmes and a Frontispiece. Chatto and Windus. 31s. 6d.
THOMAS, ANNE. That Affair. 3 vols. F. V. White.
WHITBY, BEATRICE. The Awakening of Mary Fenwick. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.
WILLS, C. J. John Squire's Secret. 5 vols. Ward and Downey. 31s. 6d.
WOODS, KATHARINE. A Web of Gold. Cassell. 6s.

Poetry and the Drama.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation. Longmans. 7s. 6d.
AUSTIN, ALFRED. Savonarola. A Tragedy. Macmillan. 5s.
AUSTIN, ALFRED. Prince Lucifer. 3rd Edition. Macmillan. 5s.
MACKAIL, J. W. Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology. 2nd Edition, with a Revised Text, Introduction, Translation and Notes. Longmans. 16s.
SHELLEY, P. B. Poetical Works. Edited by Edward Dowden. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
STEVenson, A. L. Raymond: a Story in Verse of London and Monte Carlo. Paul, Trübner and Co. 31s. 6d.
STEVenson, R. L. Ballads. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Art and Architecture.

JOPLING, LOUISE. Hints to Amateurs: a Handbook on Art. Chapman and Hall. 15s. 6d.
RHEAD, G. WOOLLIScRoFT. Etching. With Illustrations by the Author. (Darton's Manuals for Home Work.) Gardner, Darton and Co. 15s. 6d.
Slatcr, J. H. Engravings and their Value: a Guide for the Print Collector. L. W. Gill. 7s. 6d.
THE READING OF MANUSCRIPTS.

We beg to call attention to the following, which we reprint from the report of 1890:

Regulations concerning the Reading of Manuscripts.

The fee for this service will for the future be one guinea, unless any special reason be present for making it higher or lower. The amount must then be left to the Secretary's discretion.

For this sum a report will be given upon MSS. of the usual 3 vol. length, or upon collections of stories making in the aggregate a work of that length.

In every case the fee and stamps for return postage must accompany the MSS.

The fee will be given entirely to the Reader.

The Reader will not attempt to give an opinion upon works of a technical character.

It is requested that a label may be sent with the MSS., having upon it the Author's name, the nom-de-plume (if any) under which the work is written, and the address to which the MSS. is to be returned. This communication will be held as confidential.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January, 1891, can be had on application to the Secretary.

2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all members.

3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 25. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March, 1887.


5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. Squire Sprigge, Secretary to the Society. 15.

6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. 25. 6d.

7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. Squire Sprigge. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Price 35. (A new Edition in the Press.)


Other works bearing on the Literary Profession will follow.
TO AUTHORS.

In view of the passing of the Copyright Bill in America, allow me to draw your attention to the fact that this measure, by securing Copyright to you there, will greatly increase the value of your future work, provided proper arrangements are made on your behalf in the United States.

As you are no doubt aware, I have for many years acted as the Literary Agent, and conducted the entire commercial dealings, of many of the most eminent British Authors. I have friendly business relations with all the leading Publishers, both in this country and in America, and am, therefore, in the best position to take advantage of the present state of affairs, and obtain in both countries the very best terms for Authors.

As Author's Agent—and, I may say, the first and only one to act in this capacity—I make it my study to advance the Author's interests, my remuneration being a commission on the amount received through my exertions.

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Those who wish to be proposed as members may send their names at any time to the Secretary at the Society's Offices, when they will receive a form for the enumeration of their works. Subscriptions entered after the 1st of October will cover the next year.

The Secretary may be personally consulted between the hours of 1 p.m. and 5, except on Saturdays. It is preferable that an appointment should be made by letter.

The Author, the Organ of the Society, can be procured through all newsagents, or from the publisher, A. P. Watt, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C.

A copy will be sent free to any member of the Society for one twelvemonth, dating from May, 1889. It is hoped, however, that most members will subscribe to the paper. The yearly subscription is 6s. 6d., including postage, which may be sent to the Secretary, 4, Portugal Street, W.C.

With regard to the reading of MSS. for young writers, the fee for this service is one guinea. MSS. will be read and reported upon for others than members, but members cannot have their works read for nothing.

In all cases where an opinion is desired upon a manuscript, the author should send with it a table of contents. A type-written scenario is also of very great assistance.

It must be understood that such a reader's report, however favourable, does not assist the author towards publication.

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READERS of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:—

(1) NEVER to sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

(2) NEVER to enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends, or by this Society.

(3) NEVER, on any account whatever, to bind themselves down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

(4) NEVER to accept any proposal of royalty without consultation with the Society, or, at least, ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

(5) NEVER to accept any offer of money for MSS., without previously taking advice of the Society.

(6) NEVER to accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility without advice.

(7) NEVER, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, to pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

(8) NEVER to sign away American or foreign rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

(9) NEVER forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.
NOTES AND NEWS.

THE President of the United States signed the International Copyright Bill, the papers say, with a quill taken from an American eagle—an eagle of the bald variety, caught for the occasion, and kindly persuaded to have the feather pulled out of the wing by the united pleadings of the British Lion and the Eagles of France, Germany, Austria and Russia. It was a beautiful quill, though the noble bird appeared to resent the loss of it and the pain caused by its extraction. The cutting of the quill was undertaken by the Secretary of the International Copyright League, Mr. R. Underwood Johnson. After the signature, he received the instrument as a reward for his services. On his return home Mr. Johnson found, we are happy to report, his desk ornamented with flowers and small United States flags—why not the flags of all the world?—in honour of his success.

A copy of the new American Copyright Bill has been sent to every member of the Society, with a request that he will read it and forward any remarks or suggestions on the subject. Some replies have already been sent in, but too late for this number. It would be well if most of us, who are not lawyers, would, before writing on the subject, read Sir Frederick Pollock's article in the current Contemporary. His last words are a warning:—

"Learned friends who may do me the honour to read this paper, will perhaps think that I have insisted too much on elementary legal conclusions. But there are amateur lawyers as well as learned and qualified lawyers, and the law of copyright is called a favourite hunting ground of amateurs. When an amateur lawyer once goes a mare's-nesting among Acts of Parliament, there is no knowing what falls may ensue to him, or anyone who follows him; and my only fear in this respect is that I may not have been elementary enough."

Our members are therefore solemnly warned that we do not ask for the opinions of the amateur lawyer on points of law.

M. Zola is the new President of the Société des Gens de Lettres. The accumulated funds of this Society now amount to £95,000, of which two-thirds are available for pension purposes. When shall we be able to boast of our accumulations?

The Société des Gens de Lettres according to the Débats, is contemplating a new departure. It will no longer confine its operations to the maintenance and protection of the material interests of literature, but will become a kind of Academy, admission to which will be a distinction only conferred on those of proved and marked ability. This proposed change, it is said, explains certain exclusions or blackballings which have recently taken place in the Society. One of the rejected candidates was a lady, and at first it was supposed that the Committee wished to exclude women altogether—which, in the words of Euclid, is absurd. Therefore, that could not be the cause of rejection. But, the Débats asks, what power has the Society to change its constitution? It is not a question of titular membership. The Committee are trustees for a great Pension Fund, created for the benefit of all littérauteurs. If it becomes an Academy, the Government would have the right of withdrawing this Trust and creating another Society. It is, in fact, as if the Institute of Civil Engineers would have none but the best and most famous engineers. We have ourselves learned so much from the practical common sense of the Société that one is sorry to hear of such a change even in contemplation. As for ourselves, we are the servants of all writers of every degree. Membership is open to any who have published a book. We advance no other object than the protection of our material interests.

If this Society should happen to want in the course of the year assistance, unpaid, voluntary, and active, are there any members—or friends of members—who would be ready to give it? If so, will they kindly give me their names and tell me what they could do for us? It is the strength of our Association that most of the work hitherto done for it has been done by unpaid members, who have nothing whatever to gain out of it for themselves. As things look at present, I think that there will very soon be work enough for a good many more volunteers.

Here is a satisfactory testimony to the good results of what seemed to some a barren controversy. The writer's name is suppressed for obvious reasons. For one thing he might incur ecclesiastical censure, or even bell, book, and candle, which would be dreadful. "With regard to the S.P.C.K., against whom you took up the cudgels last year for those who are unable or afraid to do so themselves, I have reaped the benefit in increased payment for work of mine. This has the, perhaps,
intended effect of preventing my voice from being raised with others." Can the Literary Housemaid of the Church be cleaning and sweeping—it would be the spring cleaning—with the aid, one supposes, of the Literary Cook of the Church, and the Literary Charwoman of the Church?

Mr. Edmund Gosse very wisely and opportunely calls attention, in his article in the April Contemporary, to the distinction between literary merit and pecuniary reward. They are, as we have already insisted more than once in these columns, things which have no necessary relations to each other. The most popular of authors may be the most worthless, so far as regards many essentials of literary style and form. One or two qualities, and these certainly the rarest, the successful man must have. First of all, he must be able to catch and to rivet the attention. If he is a novelist or a dramatist, he must have "grip." Now I think it will be allowed that "grip" is a very valuable quality indeed. But we must altogether put out of our minds the idea that the author who makes a large income is therefore a good writer. I say, altogether, because there is not only no proportion, but there is no possible comparison. For instance—not to touch on living examples—the late Countess of Blessington made for some years a very large income indeed by her novels. Let anyone, now, try to read those terrible works. At the same time it is not in human nature for the popular author not to believe that his head also touches the skies. After all, this only means that persons of cultivation, education, and taste will desire the best literature, and the lower sort the lower literature. Now the lower sort will always be the larger sort.

Mr. Gosse further says that he considers the Society of Authors as a firm of solicitors acting solely for literary clients. That seems to me on the whole a very fair definition. But there is this important difference. A firm of solicitors sends in its little bill. The Society of Authors does not. The solicitors interpret, explain, and employ the law for their clients only. The Society of Authors publishes information about law and the breaking of the law for all the world to read.

Now this is a very apt illustration of what may be done when authors combine. We have a Copyright Committee composed entirely of lawyers. They have done for us what we certainly could never do for ourselves, working separately and by means of protests and letters in the Times. The passing of this Bill, which is in no sense political and attacks no interests, we may regard as merely a matter of time. Another illustration of what may be done when people combine is to be found in the two books of the Society—the "Cost of Production" and the "Methods of Publishing." Hitherto, authors have been kept designedly in the dark as to the actual cost of printing and producing a book. They have been kept equally in the dark as to the retail prices and the actual proceeds of their books. Therefore they could not possibly tell what any agreement submitted to them meant. By united action, that is to say, by supporting an office and a staff, whose duty it was to work and to collect information, this has now been done. Henceforth, no author need sign any agreement without understanding exactly what the publisher offers to give him and what he designs to keep for himself. No honourable man can possibly object to this understanding. It is there-
before a step in which all honourable publishers as well as all authors must rejoice over. And it is the first fruit of combined action.

A lady sends me, as a protest against the book-sellers' opinion that women buy few books except novels, a list of books purchased by herself and her sisters during a few years of residence in the country. The letter is not for publication, but I hope I do not violate confidence if I say that these ladies seem to have read—and bought—all the principal books of the last two or three years, together with a great number of standard books by authors now deceased. There are books of science, books of religion, histories, biographies, belles lettres, poetry, and fiction, the books of the last-named being in a very small minority. The large amount of poetry in the list seems to confirm my belief that we are going to have a return of the popularity of poetry, not of course among the baser sort who have never loved poetry, but among those of cultivation and education. But perhaps these ladies are exceptions even among the higher class. The list gives one a glimpse into a very pleasant and refined interior. Such ladies want no vindication, and such statements as that against which my correspondent enters her protest do not apply to them.

We have spoken in the Author of recent American verse, and it was suggested that since there are so many living poets in the States it would be well if some of their work was introduced to English readers who are thirsting for new poets. I am happy to say that something has already been introduced in this direction. A dainty volume in brown paper ("Garde Joyeuse," Frank Murray, Derby and Nottingham) has been presented to me. It is a collection of Society verses. They suggest Praed and Austin Dobson, with a reminiscence here and there of Andrew Lang. Many of them are very pretty and dexterous. Perhaps some of our readers would like to make acquaintance with the volume. I am not able to state the price. Here is one little thing, as light as froth, but pretty. It is called "Private Theatricals."

You were a haughty beauty, Polly
(That was in the play),
I was the lover melancholy
(That was in the play);
And when your fan and you receded,
And all my passion lay unheeded,
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,
They were in the play.

I met my rival in the gateway
(That was in the play),
And so we fought a duel straightway
(That was in the play);
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,
And you rushed over, softened newly,
And kissed me, Polly! truly, truly,
Was that in the play?

The author of this little poem is Miss Louise Imogene Guiney. I should like also to quote Miss Eva L. Ogden's "The Sea," but I think it has already appeared in some English magazine. At least the lines seem familiar to me.

I have had a good many communications from novelists on the subject of reviewing quite apart from the subject of the School of Novelists, considered later. It is natural that authors should feel strongly upon the subject. There never was a time when they liked the reviewer, either the one who wields the bludgeon, or the one who carries the rapier, or the man who employs the dissecting scalpel. Therefore one accepts the ordinary grumble as a grumble, and nothing more. Yet there seems a real grievance in the lumping of a dozen or twenty novels into a set to be reviewed in a single column or two columns. This makes it not only impossible to give anything like a review—what may be called a serious review—to a work of art, but it degrades a most important branch of literature thus to treat it as if all the books of this branch are to be thrown together into a heap. Moreover, it is absolutely absurd to expect a man who works for pay to read books of which he has to furnish a dozen reviews every week. The thing is too ridiculous. There are, for instance, papers in which books receive a line and a half or two lines of notice. How much of these books can be read? Now, we cannot possibly make good reviewers out of bad, but we can reconsider the rights and uses of reviews. Certainly the contemptuous "batch" method of reviewing can do no good at all to either authors or publishers or the interests of literature. Perhaps editors only want to have their attention turned to the absurdity.

The reviewing of novels in the batch was started at a time when novels were about at their lowest point of commonplace and conventionality. Fiction is now the most vigorous branch of letters, the most useful, the most instructive, the most influential, in every civilized country throughout the world. It is monstrous that novels should be still treated as if the best novel was a thing of less importance than the most trifling addition to the many series of
biographies, each of which gets its two columns of notice all to itself. We must not allow this question to rest.

The following is a somewhat remarkable question: the Society, so far, has not been able, such is the ignorance of its staff, to furnish an answer.

"Mr. A. B. presents his compliments to the Society of Authors, and would feel exceedingly obliged if they would kindly inform him what the cost of an international copyright would be, and also the price of one for Great Britain and the colonies; also how Mr. A. B. could succeed in procuring a copyright when required."

It has been brought to the notice of the Society that under the existing conditions of Registration of Copyright, the following extraordinary position can be arrived at. The instructions for Registration under the Act are, among others, as follows:—No proprietor of copyright can take any proceedings in respect to infringement unless he has previously registered his book, and, secondly, under the head of Foreign Reprints, proprietors of books first composed, or written, or printed, in the United Kingdom, desiring to prevent the importation of foreign reprints must give notice in writing to the Commissioners of Customs. If, in fact, an author has not registered his book, a foreign reprint can be made of it, and introduced into England subject to the payment of the ordinary duty, because the Custom House officials cannot take cognizance of any book that has not been registered. If the book has been registered, reprints are not admitted at all. They may be seized, but such seizure can only be made after registration has been notified at the Custom House. If, in short, the publisher forgets to enter the book at Stationers' Hall, it is possible to be undersold by the legal admission of foreign reprints. In other words, there is often nothing to prevent the ten cent. American edition actually being sold in this country beside the six shilling edition. For instance, a pirated edition of "King Solomon's Mines" would be received as such, but a kindly welcome was accorded to "Jess" at the Cape of Good Hope on account of this little formality being neglected.

A certain man—one of letters Three—has been getting money out of kindly people in the city of Philadelphia, U.S.A., by representing himself to be a brother—down on his luck—of a certain man—of letters Many—a resident in the older country. He also said that he was himself a Novelist, a Poet, and an Actor. The first and the last he undoubtedly is, and he seems to make his gifts of fiction and personation pay better than some of us here at home. The man of letters Many suffered himself to feel a certain annoyance at this incident, because he has no brother in America, nor any brother who is either Novelist, Poet, or Actor. He even went so far as to cable a message calling that man a Fraud, so that his little game is probably quite ruined so far as Philadelphia is concerned. When this was done, he reflected. Perhaps he had been hasty. He considered. The art of Personation has become in the States almost a Fine Art. As in Mark Twain's well-known case of Faded Greatness, the American Fraud has always hitherto been a noble Lord. That he should now become a common Novelist speaks volumes for the increased respect paid to the craft. Professionally speaking, the thing is a compliment. It is, in fact, most gratifying. Every one who lent a dollar to the Brother, Novelist, Poet, Actor, has taken off his hat and saluted the craft.

A curious instance of resemblance so close is to suggest how plagiarism is found in the correspondence of last month and this of E. Fairfax Byrnie and Ernest Rhys. There can be no doubt as to the similarity of the two plots. There can be no doubt of the entire independence of their invention. These resemblances are very strange. For myself, I prefer, when I can get them, plots depending on events that really happened. But these are hard to find. Here is another anecdote of resemblance. A few weeks ago a certain story went the round of some of the papers. It came straight from a far off country. Then the following discoveries were made:—(1) that the leading incident had been invented and used by a novelist quite recently; (2) that the leading incident was used in an American magazine ten years ago; (3) that the leading incident was used by Charles Reade fifteen years ago. Now I have not the least doubt that in each one of these cases the invention was entirely original.

It is stated by a New York paper, an American correspondent informs us, that certain English authors have entered into arrangements for publishing English books in America, and intend "either to lay down plant or to acquire control of an already established business." This is news to all the English authors with whom I have spoken on the matter. No such intention, so far as has yet been learned, exists among English authors.
The following suggestion is one which should be noted. I think we might very easily form such a branch and that we might carry it on usefully.

"There are, as I have reason to know, many persons now engaged upon archaeological or historical work who are quite willing to pay for efficient help in such matters as translations, précis, verification of references, and correction of proofs. On the other hand, there are a great number of literary men to whom such work would be a godsend.

"Do you not think that a register—through which the would-be employer could state his wants, and the would-be employed his qualifications—would help to bring the two classes together?"

If such a register were to be kept at the Society's office, or published in the columns of the Author, a small charge for each advertisement (or, possibly, for those of employers only) ought to make it self-supporting.

The expenses would be only the share of a clerk and the necessity of advertising. We ought not to take money from those who seek employment, but only from those who have employment to give, and from those who through our agency receive employment. And the money so obtained could be a very modest fee.

WALTER BESANT.

THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT BILL.

I.

By E. L. GODKIN.

(Editor of the New York "Nation.")

YOUR request that I should express an opinion in your columns on the possibilities of influence on English and American literature, jointly and severally, of the recently passed American Copyright Bill, reminds me forcibly of the warning "not to prophecy unless you know." I think even those who know most about past relations of the publishers on each side of the water with the authors on the other, generally feel most diffident about prescribing with any particularity the effects of the Bill. My own notion, which I offer with due modesty, is, that the necessities of the agitation in support of the Bill have led its advocates to overestimate considerably what it will do in the near future, either for American or British authors as a class desiring pay for their work. It was only by putting the grievous wrongs of American authors prominently in the foreground, that the attention of a considerable portion both of the public and of Members of Congress could be secured. The amour propre, too, of a large body of American authors was flattered by the plea that they were kept out of wide sales and large profits in their own country by the cheap pirated editions of British books. I have myself thought much of this argument, because I have never believed in the existence of a purely mercantile competition between British and American authors, except perhaps in railway trains, or on steamboats. I have never believed that people took an English book of the same class, in preference to an American one, because it cost a little less. Other differences than difference in price have been much more powerful as a general rule in determining the reader's choice.

Even novel writers, who are now the largest class of writers in this country, do not compete with each other, as butchers or grocers do, by offering the same goods for less money. Consequently the Copyright Bill, by making British books dearer, will not have the effect on the domestic product which a good many enthusiastic authors think it will have, and this, mutatis mutandis, is true of American books in England.

Moreover, if you go over the publishers' lists you will find that the actual injustice inflicted by piracy fell on a very small class in both countries. The number of authors whom it paid to pirate was after all limited, but the number of those who liked to think that the pirates were eager to get at them, or that they were themselves actually suffering in purse or reputation from English or American marauding, was large. There is a great deal of human nature in authors.

I do not mean by this to underrate the wrong and injustice done by the absence of international copyright. I think the unpunished robbery of ten authors a year is just as great a national disgrace as the unpunished robbery of one hundred, and the more distinguished and popular an author is, the greater shame it is to rob him. I am simply pointing out that the friends of the Copyright Bill, naturally and quite justifiably, got all the help they could from every quarter, that is, from people's illusions and vanities, as well as from their sense of justice and right. They had to do so in order to succeed, and are not to be blamed. But the effect was to magnify the pecuniary importance of the Bill, that is, to use a slang phrase here, to produce the impression that there was "more money in it" than there really was. I submit these observations as applicable both to England and America.

The great value of the Bill, in my own mind, certainly on this side of the water, lies in the aid it will render in elevating literature and authorship as a profession in the eyes of the mass of the
people. Away from the Atlantic Sea Coast the great bulk of the population have never seen an author, or anybody except newspaper editors, who makes money by the sale of any species of literature, and, as a rule, they are disposed to estimate a man's intellectual and social value by his capacity for making money. There prevails, therefore, in a large measure, also pity and contempt for the thinking class, the writers, professors, and so forth, who are unable or do not care to share in the great industrial successes of the day. This prejudice was undoubtedly strengthened and deepened by the spectacle of books made cheap by theft, and by finding that very good and prominent men in and out of Congress thought it no harm to steal them. Wares, which the law did not think worth protection, could not, it seemed, be of very great account. International Copyright will undoubtedly help to elevate the popular mind into a higher appreciation of literature as a calling, by recognizing its value as property.

The Copyright Bill, too, will probably stimulate authors on each side into seeking a market on the other, and they will thus make themselves better known. That is, they will expose their wares more, and you will in this way become acquainted with more American authors in the region of light literature than you are now, and some of those who are coming forward on this side are very promising. Whether there will ever be anything in either country in the nature of real competition between English and American novelists seems to me doubtful. Readers in every country most enjoy reading about social conditions differing widely from their own. Pictures of English and continental life will always have the charm of variety for Americans. Whether in the long run pictures of American life will hold their own in Europe may be questioned. I have always thought society here either too homogeneous, or one might say monotonous, to make America a good place for a novelist to learn or follow his trade in, in competition with Europeans. There does not seem to be enough variety of motive, type, and manners here for his purpose, but I may be greatly mistaken in this. But in any case I do not think the Copyright Bill will affect the result in any way, except, as I have said, by stimulating authors to greater activity in seeking a foreign publisher. The prospect seems to me much more encouraging for American authors in the fields of philosophy, science, law, and political economy. I do not think you know in England what excellent and vigorous work is being done by the younger generation in these fields in this country, and the prospect of a safe English market is certain to increase their industry.

The hardship supposed to lie in the clause of the Bill which calls for simultaneous publication in both countries is, I think, greatly overrated. Of course it would be for the English and American author's advantage to be able to wait before taking out his copyright in the foreign country, until his book had made a success in his own. He could then make a better bargain with a foreign publisher. But this is largely one of the hardships of the imagination. An obscure author who prints simultaneously in both countries will have in each the advantage of any subsequent success of his book in the other. If his book is taken up eagerly in England, the effect will at once be felt in his American edition, and vice versa. Moreover, the search for the foreign publisher will, for him, be no more serious than the search for the home publisher. If an obscure Englishman has no friends here to offer his work to the publishers, he will find competent persons to do it, as a matter of business, for a small commission. Organizations for this special business are, I am told, already springing up, and I feel sure that a thirty days' search, conducted simultaneously in both countries, will be just as likely to succeed here as in England. The publisher who has no wish to take advantage of the foreigner's necessities can never hold the field against the publisher who is eager to get into the market with a good thing, when he thinks he has got hold of it, now when the law protects him in the possession of foreign goods.

These views are a somewhat promiscuous assortment. The best thing I can say for them is, that they are probably as good as anybody else's can be as yet, on this topic. I repeat that I think the Copyright Bill is mainly valuable as putting a stop to the demoralizing spectacle of unrestrained, shameless cheating of foreign authors and publishers, practiced even by doctors of divinity and connived at, even encouraged, by the Government, and defended by all sorts of hypocrisy and sophistry. The demurrer in a recent suit over the piracy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," that the plaintiffs were not entitled to protection by Courts of Equity, because they had cunningly and fraudulently interpolated small quantities of American matter in the book, so as to make it difficult for Americans to exercise their ancient and undoubted right to steal foreign books, showed to what depths of degradation and absurdity we were hastening.

New York, March 31st, 1891.
II.
The enclosed letter unfortunately arrived too late for last month's Author. It is addressed to Mr. Edmund Gosse by Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary of the American Copyright League, to whom it will be found that English authors in the future will owe an immense debt.

"March 7th, 1891.

"I have only time, in addition to sending the enclosed text of the Copyright Bill as printed in the Tribune, to say that I hope you will use your influence to allay the silly talk of some of the English papers in regard to the Copyright Bill being a 'fraud.' How can a Bill be a fraud which gives unconditional copyright to artistic property, and which gives copyright to literary property on conditions, after all, not onerous?

"The abolition of the consent of the author in the importation of two copies of the English edition of copyright works in each package, is a decided improvement. I myself voted against that clause when the Bill was framed, believing that the friction it would produce would react against the law.

"I am compelled to close this letter abruptly to catch the mail, but I want to say that I believe that you and Mr. Bryce and our most intelligent English friends will not be misled by the clamour of your publishers and distributors of literary property, into forgetting the enormous moral progress, and the great material benefit to your countrymen, which this Bill effects."

Mr. Johnson's own opinion upon the Bill is thus stated by a reporter to the New York Tribune:

"Those who think that anything is to be regretted in the changes that have been made in the Copyright Bill since its passage by the House, have probably not seen the book, for in my opinion the friends of copyright have not only succeeded in defeating dangerous amendments which would have taken the heart out of the Bill, but the concessions that have been made have been of such a nature as to be a source of strength to the law in its practical working hereafter. It must first be understood that the non-importation clause was a necessary corollary of the typesetting clause. It was, indeed, the mandatory part of the Bill, and it would have been of no use to assert the 'condition precedent' of manufacture in this country for the purpose of giving the market to American workmen, if the market had been immediately taken away by permitting its invasion by books of English manufacture. Therefore, those who voted for the Sherman amendment and assumed to be in favour of the typesetting clause were in the position of the man who was in favour of the law, but against its enforcement.

"The chief point of objection on which it was necessary to make concession was in the clause which permitted the importation of only two copies of a foreign book, and required the consent of the owner of the American copyright to this importation. It is likely that had this remained in the Bill there would have been a reaction against the copyright movement, by reason of the annoyances to which the public might have considered that they were subject by having to obtain written permission to import. The substitute for this clause abolishes the requirement of the owner's permission, and the proposal of this substitute in the Conference Committee was due to a concession on the part of the typographical unions, and was done by them, although somewhat reluctantly, for the purpose of saving the Bill, a service which should not be forgotten by the friends of the cause.

"The Ingalls amendment, which permitted free importation of newspapers and periodicals, would have simply transferred the piratical establishments from the American to the Canadian side of the border, and all sorts of American books, as well as foreign books, might thus have been freely imported in periodical form, either in the form adopted by the so-called 'cheap libraries,' or in magazine form, whole books being included in a magazine. This form of publication in copyright material is seen in Lippincott's Magazine, and there is no reason why under the Ingalls amendment as originally proposed it could not have been easily adopted for piratical works. The Ingalls amendment as modified in the present Bill, however, secures the American owner of copyright against such importations of works not authorized by the author.

"The conditions of trade will, of course, have hereafter to adjust themselves, but one of the first things in connection with the Bill that seems never to have entered the minds of people, is that now the publishers under the workings of this law can afford to advertise English books more than they have ever done before, because they can feel sure of the returns to them of the wider market."

Among other opinions is that of Mr. Gilder:

"The general effect of the new law will be to improve the conditions of authorship throughout the world. Its tendency will be to increase all literary values—that is, authors will have a wider market for their wares, and by the removal of the illegitimate side of publishing, the publishing business will be strengthened and improved, and this
will also be a good thing for the producers of literature. I confess, however, that the thing which gives me greatest pleasure is the removal of the stain of literary piracy from the American flag. It is, moreover, without exaggeration, a long step forward in the march of civilization. Would to God that it had come in time to help Scott and Dickens and all the great foreign authors of our century. But the present and the future are ours, and I sincerely believe that no other single device could be so sure of giving an impulse to the literary art. Foreign artists and musical composers, as well as American artists and composers, will also greatly profit from this great victory."

The Post of New York last evening published a telegram from Washington, in which the correspondent gives an account of an interview with Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, who has charge of the Copyright Department, as to the effect of the new copyright law upon periodical publications. Mr. Spofford said: "An American periodical will not be privileged to copy a story or essay from an English magazine if the magazine has been copyrighted in the United States. An English magazine will be compelled to be reprinted in the United States in order to be copyrighted, and the same rule will be applied to a magazine as a book—in fact, for copyright purposes a magazine is a book." Asked whether it would be necessary to copyright English magazines number by number, or whether a whole year's numbers would be included in one entry, Mr. Spofford replied: "Oh, number by number. Section 11 provides that each number of a periodical shall be considered as an independent publication. That suggests at once the question whether, since the term periodical is used in the section concerning independent publications, but omitted in that relating to reprints, the point may not be raised by some English periodical publisher against an application to reprint a clause of his work. It is not improbable that such a fight will be made, though I have my own opinion as to the result."

The Americans have done their part of the work as well as they could. Have we done ours? The Society most certainly has, because our Bill, as soon as it has passed, will place Americans on exactly the same footing as Englishmen. But if the Bill does not pass, we shall probably have to wait—see the last section of the Bill (page 332)—for our Copyright until it does. This is very serious. We shall meantime do all we can to promote the passage of the Bill.

**A SCHOOL FOR NOVELISTS.**

Is Fiction one of the Fine Arts? In the current number of the New Review I have argued, on that assumption, that it has certain laws and rules and a technique, all of which might be reduced to writing in exactly the same manner as those for the Art of Painting. I then go on to show that these things may be taught, and I try to show that if they were taught our young writers would certainly be spared a good deal of trouble, disappointment, and vexation. Also, I point out that one must have the natural aptitude, or one cannot become a novelist. Such instruction would have to be very general and on broad lines only, or there would be the danger of turning out a tribe of soulless imitators. But the main point on which one insists is that Fiction is an Art. Now I see in a certain paper a letter, from one who says that he is a schoolmaster. He says, also, that boys learn the elements of English composition at school, and asks, "What more have they to learn?" Oh! Foolish and Ignorant person! They have to learn an Art—an Art—an Art! As well say that the drawing master's lesson once a week can make a Royal Academician! The writer, however, illustrates the general belief on the subject. Everything else, it is acknowledged, has to be learned and studied. The Art of Fiction alone is supposed to come by nature. An Art? They cannot understand how it can be called an Art. This little paper of mine, however, has called forth two papers, one in the Saturday Review and one in the Spectator, which deserve consideration.

In support of these contentions of mine, I advanced certain facts—they are facts not to be denied, viz., that young novelists do not learn anything from their critics; that the ordinary critic knows nothing about the Art of Fiction; that a great deal of so-called novel reviewing is scandalous and inadequate; and that there is no reason at all why writers should allow their books to be sent to papers which continue to review them in this scandalous and inadequate fashion.

These facts I repeat, and am prepared to maintain, if necessary, by quotation from the journals which review novels. The Saturday Review, which takes up the subject and becomes somewhat heated over it, as if it were itself attacked, treats it personally—which is not fair fighting—and plainly intimates that I am the last person to harbour animosity towards reviewers. First, I harbour none, as I have explained, any more than one harbours animosity towards a blind man in saying that he is blind. The ordinary reviewer of novels, I say, knows nothing of the Art of Fiction. Well,
it is not an answer to say, "A pretty fellow you are, to attack reviewers!" The thing is to consider whether the charge is true. And it is not enough to say that you know this paper and that paper where it is not true. We must take all the journals together and consider whether it is true generally. Or the writer may mean that I, who have been treated more kindly than my deserts perhaps—God knoweth—should feel myself bribed not to review reviewers. If not, what does the Saturday mean?

The writer goes on to say, "The really curious thing is that the author of this paper should first think that it is the critic's duty to teach their art to authors whose works he criticizes; and secondly, that he should fail to perceive that even the briefest judgment of a competent critic is based upon, and necessarily implies, the study and knowledge of the art which he denies to reviewers."

These lines have no justification whatever. They are a distortion of my words. I nowhere said that such is the critic's duty. I nowhere implied any failure to perceive this simple truth.

It is not, in fact, the duty of the critic to teach his authors. It is, however, his duty, before he undertakes to review novels, to learn what are the points of a good novel, and what goes to make a good novel.

Further, it is impossible for a competent critic to write a review without teaching his author something. It is equally impossible for an incompetent critic to teach his author anything.

Now, then, is it, or is it not, true, that the ordinary review of a novel teaches the author nothing? I will quote presently a few words bearing on this subject from a writer who speaks with authority.

Again, a competent critic may certainly dismiss a book in a few scornful words—such as those quoted by the Saturday Reviewer. And these, as the writer says, and I nowhere deny, may be just, true, well deserved, and based on sound criticism. The few words are the judgment of the critic. Without explanation they mean no more than what I said; that is, either they mean "I like the work," or, "I do not like the work."

A judgment, however, is not a criticism or a review; it is only a part of a criticism. It is the summary of the matter. Is the reviewer always, then, to give his reasons? That is a matter for him to consider. It may be that his name alone gives weight to his judgment. It may be that he thinks the paper in which it appears gives weight to his judgment. In any case, can he wonder if the author should say, "This man dismisses me with half a dozen scornful words: he gives no reason, argument, or example. This judgment does not advance me in my endeavour after better work: it does my publisher no good; it does literature no good. I will not ask him for another. Why should I ask an opinion of a man who only tells me that my work is worthless and refuses any reasons?"

Can the Saturday Review object to the author taking that line?

I will now recommend the Saturday Reviewer to read a page or two in Mr. George Saintsbury's "Essays in English Literature" (page xxiii). He there says (the italics are ours):—

"That a very large amount of reviewing is determined by doubtless well-meaning incompetence, there is no doubt whatever. It is, on the whole, the most difficult kind of newspaper writing, and it is, on the whole, the most lightly assigned and the most irresponsibly performed. I have heard of newspapers where the reviews depended almost wholly on the accident of some of the staff taking a holiday, or being laid for a time on the shelf, or being considered not up to other work; of others, though this, I own, is scarcely credible, where the whole reviewing was farmed out to a manager, to be allotted to devils as good to him seemed; of many where the reviews were a sort of exercising ground on which novices were trained, broken down hacks turned out to grass, and invalids allowed a little gentle exercise." He goes on to say that he knows of not a few papers and not a few reviewers in which and by whom the best work possible is given to one of the most important kinds of work.

I do not remember that the Saturday Review expressed, at the time when these words appeared, any objection to this sweeping condemnation of the prevalent modes of reviewing. Yet my charge is a mere trifle compared with it. All I say is, that the ordinary reviewer of fiction—only one branch of literature—does not recognize that he has to do with a Fine Art, does not know that there is an Art of Fiction, and never by any remarks, criticisms, or judgments of his assists the writer.

Would the Saturday Review blame the novelist who refused to give his books for review to Mr. Saintsbury's broken down hacks, novices, and invalids? Or to papers where the reviewing is put out to farm? Or to those whose reviewers are considered not fit for any other work?

I say that, not only out of self-respect, but out of respect for literature, an author ought to refuse his books to such papers. This the Saturday Review very needlessly calls "boycotting" those papers. It is not a fair use of the word. You do not boycott a workman because he works badly. You leave him: you ask someone else to do the work.

The Saturday sneers at the proposed School of Fiction. It will, however, come. Of that there is doubt. Let us turn again from the Saturday to
Mr. Saintsbury. He says (p. xxiii of the same work), "I think that if I were dictator, one of the first non-political things that I should do, would be to make the order of reviewers as close a one, at least, as the Bench of Judges, or the staff of the Mint, or of any public establishment of a similar character." He, you see, would have a College of Reviewers. One of the things they must learn to qualify for the fellowship in that College would be the technique and the laws of the Art of Fiction. Will Mr. Saintsbury allow them, in order to facilitate their studies, to attend my School of Fiction?

There is, however, an article in the Spectator which is much more useful for our purposes, because it artlessly and ingenuously illustrates the common attitude of mind towards this Art of Fiction. It is written by a person, apparently a Lady—it might have been written in the Thirties—who believes that there is no Art of Fiction at all—"no such thing, my dear, I do assure you." Indeed, if you come to think of it, "What is there to teach? The most would be to tell a pupil whether he wrote good English, or whether he had a natural aptitude for conveying his ideas to other people. What Mr. Besant is pleased to call technique is not technical or teachable; it is the nice tact, the delicate faculty ..." and so on—and so on; we know the prattling flow of the brook. "We should say that in writing a novel there was no more technical knowledge involved than that in the power of writing intelligibly"!!! The notes of admiration are not in the original. But what a noble sixpennyworth is that which contains such a sense as this! This article ought to glorify and light up the Spectator for a twelvemonth at least. It ought to enlarge its circulation enormously. Not a tea-table in all Islington should be without it.

This, you see, is the actual opinion, put more baldly and more plainly than one could have conceived possible, of smug, suburban, Philistinism, wholly ignorant of Art and all its methods. It is the opinion of the class who look at a picture for the story, and think it grew of itself.

Construction, grouping, selection, dramatic effects, development of character, the weaving of a plot from a central idea, colour, atmosphere, and all the rest of the technique (not the "nice tact, delicate faculty," and um—um—um) come by nature and instinct!

Remember that what I claimed was that this technique can be taught—not that a novelist can be created. He is born, but I would clear his way for him, so far as teaching and direction can clear a way. This technique consists, according to my Lady Solomon, "in the power of reading and writing." Oh! most wise and learned Judge!

Of course these things are acquired, even by the greatest genius, by study, observation, comparison, and practice. At this Society, I am happy to say, we have been enabled, without fuss or parade, to clear the way for a good many young writers who have come to us for help. We have not created novelists, we have not tried to do so, we have only taught them what it is to be a novelist, and we have given them a few elementary lessons.

The Spectator asks plaintively what help or instruction the reviewer can give? Why, since the reviewer denies that there is any Art in Fiction, none—none whatever, Madame. If that is also the belief of those who actually do the reviews for that paper, the sooner we stop sending it novels the better. But I have good reasons for believing that the writer does not represent the views of all the staff.

Then it asks what I mean by the "base and ignominious" terms by which many writers are persuaded to publish their works. Oh! This good lady knows nothing—nothing at all!

I call it base and ignominious when a writer has been refused by all the honourable Houses, because the work is worthless, to accept the offer of some wretched swindler who persuades him that there are going to be vast profits, makes him pay a lump more than enough to cover the whole cost of production on the pretence that it is a half, or a third; cheats him in advertisements, corrections, and everything, and gives him back nothing but a book ill-printed, on vile paper, ill-bound, sent out to be cut to pieces by the reviewers. These tricks are exposed month after month in the Author; but this writer has never heard of the Author. Is it, or is it not, ignominious to publish under such conditions?

One more gem from this wonderful article. "Until now," the writer says, "we have happily believed that the tale of the story-teller and the song of the poet were the results of unpremeditated Art, even as the strains of the skylark." Have you really thought so, Madame? They used to think so sixty years ago in the sweet days of Felicia Hemans and L. E. L., and the bulbul and the gazelle. All spontaneous—all by the light of genius—all by instinct. The poet has no workshop. To him, rhythm, rhyme, metre, form, the rules of verse, the history of verse, the modern conditions of verse, come by nature—all—all—born with him, as the song with the skylark and the quack with the duck. Yes, indeed—indeed. How lovely—how beautiful—how tender—and how TRUE!

W. B.
MR. F. HARRISON'S article in the current number of the Fortnightly Review on "Editorial Horseplay" is particularly entertaining reading. An attack on an editor by one who is at once a serious Radical and a brilliant litterateur will not fail to delight the somewhat bored world of review readers. Mr. Harrison is heated, moreover, and strikes hard, and a display of temper in a languid age is, some will think, exhilarating. We cannot greatly wonder that in most of the comments on the article which we have happened to see, Mr. Harrison should be treated a little jocosely. His proposal to restore the Elgin marbles to Greece looks a wee bit Quixotic, and his wily editor, Mr. James Knowles, has the indisputable advantage of representing British Philistinism shaken with side-splitting laughter at the idea of a preposterous bit of unpatriotism. Yet amusing as is the spectacle, it has a larger and more serious interest too. It raises questions of real moment to all men of letters. For the editor is a publisher, and the proper definition of the relation of the contributor to the editor is now-a-days, when most writers have to win their spurs in the pages of reviews, no less needed for the safeguarding of authors' rights than the settlement of the relation of the writer to the other kind of publisher.

The facts seem to be simple enough. Mr. Harrison, an old member of the Nineteenth Century staff, sent an article to Mr. Knowles advocating the restitution of the Elgin marbles to Greece. This article was duly published. Three months later there appeared in the same journal a reply to Mr. Harrison, having as signature, "The Editor." The article treats Mr. Harrison's project with boisterous ridicule. According to Mr. Harrison it as good as calls him a "platform Pharisee" and other pleasant names of the same kind, and describes his article as "flat misstatement." Mr. Knowles appears to justify this guffaw-like explosion of editorial dignity by saying that Mr. Harrison had consented to having his literary bantling tossed about in this merry fashion, a statement which Mr. Harrison stoutly denies, and which those who know this gentleman's predilections and customary literary manner will probably find it hard to understand. With a charming appearance of fair-play Mr. Knowles invites his adversary in the sportive combat to rejoin. At the same time he shrewdly bethinks him of his editorship, and lays it down as a proviso that the rejoinder must meet with his own approval. Mr. Harrison refuses to dance to this editorial piping, and prefers to send his reply to the Fortnightly Review. Here he lays on his former editor some pretty hard blows, going so far as to hint pretty distinctly that he does not believe that Mr. Knowles himself penned the facetious periods to which he has subscribed his name. We should suppose that even Mr. Knowles will view this insinuation as passing a joke; but there is no knowing.

It certainly strikes us, as it strikes Mr. Harrison, that Mr. Knowles is taking a new view of the editorial function. We cheerfully allow the autocracy of the editor. It is his to accept and to reject as he will. He is at perfect liberty to contribute articles to his own journal. But then, "noblesse oblige," and the editor retains his autocracy on the condition that he does not jump down from his judicial bench and join in the fray of his literary litigants. To desiderate the excitement of the contest, and the power of the umpire at the same moment, is soaring too high for mortals. In the contest of the law court, of the political arena, of the field, this is well understood. How is it, one cannot help asking, that a code well recognized by gentlemen in other professions seems still ignored in the literary domain? We are not prepared to go with Mr. Harrison, when, as we understand him, he says that by publishing his article his editor made himself responsible for its general soundness. As we all know, Mr. Knowles has delighted in making his journal a forum for the presentation side by side of the most opposite views. Yet good feeling might well have hindered an editor, even when seized with the mighty impulse of laughter, from holding up his own contributor to the contempt of gods and men. Our editors are often men of high culture and courteous feeling, and the present writer owes them much. We must pray that the Society of Authors may succeed in educating the rest up to the same level of excellence.

J. S.

"THEY ALL LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTERWARDS."

(Fairy Books, passim.)

I AM glad to have had this little adventure.

It has grieved me much to think that while our literature has been growing so wise and so purpose-full, the fairy story has remained the same pleasant irresponsible thing that it has ever been. Physiology and psychology unroll their cheerful page for the adult, and we learn how a man's liver can be made answerable for the crimes in the first two volumes, and his grandmother's tendencies for
the retribution which comes in the third. But in children's books this marked improvement has not yet taken place. The teachings of science here are still defied, and the results of heredity neglected. Now this should not be, and I see an opportunity to alter it all. My eyes have been opened. These impossible and immoral stories must be re-written from a rational point of view, and endowed with something of the enlightened spirit of the age.

But to my adventure.

We were walking down the main thoroughfare of the stately city where the heroes of fairy-land go when they are out of print. I do not know how we got there.

"Here," said my conductor, indicating a handsome building, "is the club. Come in and have some coffee. It is rather exclusive, for we only admit genuine figments, as poor old Selkirk will tell you. Though between you and me he was pilled as much for his habit of saying he was monarch of all he surveyed as for any truth in his career."

These remarks made me look at the speaker closely, and I recognized him immediately. The high shapeless peaked cap, the short jacket, and open-kneed breeches and buskins, all of goat-skin, betrayed the hero to me.

"Robinson!" I exclaimed, "this is indeed a proud moment for me."

"It is very good of you to say so," he replied, handing to the portier two pouches of ammunition, a goat-skin umbrella, a fowling-piece, and a parrot—"very good and kind indeed, for I understand that I am not of much account in the world now. I hear, indeed, although I can hardly credit it, that I am not even in the best hundred books."

We went upstairs into the smoking room, a magnificently furnished apartment, whose ceilings were covered with carpet, and whose floor was painted like a ceiling. Little brick-coloured engravings stood about the room on tables, and large purple-tinted plates were fastened to the walls, between panels of Lincrusta-Walton work. Also there was gilt about in places where one badly brought up would hardly have expected it.

"Copied from your Junior International, I believe," said Crusoe, snuffing perceptibly, "and considered to be the acme of comfort. There are points, you know, about living insulated, without upholstery."

We had not been seated long, when there entered two superlatively handsome young men, dressed in the extreme of fashion, who appeared to accept as their bare due the homage which was spontaneously tendered to them by all present. Crusoe, among others, rose from his seat and bowed as they came in.

"Who are they?" I enquired.

"The short one is Prince——" (here he whispered the name into my ear, cautioning me not to repeat it, as the Prince's name had so far escaped print), "who married Cinderella; his companion is Prince Charming, the husband of the young lady so well-known, and so widely celebrated as the Sleeping Beauty. Shall I introduce you?"

"Thank you," said I, "I shall be profoundly obliged for an opportunity of obtaining a personal knowledge of gentlemen whose lot I have envied so often."

The demeanour of my new acquaintances, to whom I was immediately made known, surprised me greatly, for the face of each wore a look of permanent dissatisfaction. Yet I had the authority of much uncontradicted tradition for believing that all the future was to have been for them a sojourn in eternal happiness. Was it that as Princes they disdained to manifest any outward appearance of happiness? For I knew that in some circles a settled and serene sulk did duty for "the repose which stamps the caste." Was I face to face with a genuine or a spurious melancholy?

I resolved to ask them, and I did.

"Really," said Cinderella's husband, "my unfortunate position is so well known that it were the veriest of affectations to disguise it. I have married in the scullery, and am repenting at leisure. Cinderella," he added, pityingly, "is a good little girl, but entirely without manner. You remember, of course, her bringing up—it is very hard on us, but everybody knows it—and you can scarcely, therefore, wonder at her lack of distinction. Ah! I ought to have married one of her sisters—fine girls, sir, with a style too! Either would have jumped at me."

"But," said I, "your wife has the sweetest disposition, and surely that, combined with beauty, should bring happiness to a husband's home."

"Maybe," said the Prince, "but she doesn't make me happy. You see, she has no adaptability and no malleability. She has never made any attempt to fill the position in which I have placed her. I grant you that her housekeeping is excellent, but then house-wifery is a talent which a princess would do well to go out and bury. It never would be missed."

"I think," broke in Prince Charming, "that you are making the worst of your case. At least your wife is an intelligent girl, and you get your meals regularly. How would you like to be tied to such a wife as mine?"
"Yours, Prince?" I exclaimed, "why, the Sleeping Beauty is the loveliest and purest maid in the annals of fiction."

"I only wish I had left her as I found her," returned Prince Charming, viciously. "Entrez-nous, my wife is next door to an idiot. She spends the day arranging herself on sofas. A photographer attends to reproduce the results, and I am expected to pass judgment upon each picture, and say if she appears lovelier in this or that pose, than when she lay asleep among the briars. She has no ideas, no powers of estimation or comparison, no knowledge whatever of life. What, indeed, can be expected from a girl who has passed all her maiden life asleep? But if I had only thought for a moment, I should have foreseen all this ere I woke her—and I should have retreated on tip-toe."

Just then a very pleasing young man came into the room, and looked ingratiatingly about him. He was apparently well-known and popular, for he was greeted with nods and smiles by most of those present. His clothes were magnificent, for he was a leader of society. That's what she is. We have all sorts of explorers and nigger-drivers about the place. (No offence to you, Crusoe.) She writes for the monthly magazines. Sometimes her grammar gets guied, but her sentiments are all right, for she lifts them from Confucius. She speaks in public, and will blurt out to a collected crowd things which a man would get kicked for whispering; but she doesn't speak to me except before company and to keep up appearances."

I murmured my sympathies as he rose to go.

"Concerning marriages," said Crusoe, as he showed me downstairs. "What the wise ends of God's providence are in such a disposition of things I cannot say. There are those who rashly presume to judge by the experience of others. There are those who still more rashly arrive at general conclusions from the consideration of their own private affairs. I am pleased to have met you. If you ever write story books you might omit that tag. It annoys us here terribly."

I was glad to leave for I remember that my companion was sometimes a tedious old gentleman.

* * * * *

Now after this I see before me a future for somebody. It is clear that the fairy-story—as she is wrote—is inconsequent and immoral. It has no message. It is untruthful. The characters themselves feel it. Will this not be very generally found out? Do you think a fin de siècle Board School child will tolerate such void and formless attempts towards its amusement much longer?

And this is the future for somebody:—Let him take these old stories and write them up to date. Let us know the psychological reasons for the failure of the elder two brothers and the unvarying success of the third. This is no accident: it happens too often. It is a mental problem worthy of Maudsley's consideration. Let him paint for us the animal qualities of the Beast cropping up in his descendants, in happy blend with the personal traits of Beauty their mother, and the unamiable characteristics of their aunts. In this way it seems that we might attain to a Literature of searching
character insight, and the coldest scientific accuracy, with the extraordinary and pleasing addition of a readable story.

Some "damned" English poet might be entrusted to re-write snatches of nursery rhyme to be used as chapter headings.

There is money in this idea. The Society has therefore patented it, and will be happy to entrust the commission to the author who passes first in a competitive examination for the post. Names will now be received by the secretary. The compulsory subjects will be:

The works of Zola, Kipling, Tolstoi, Wilde, and Paul Verlaine—in English.
Carpenter's "Mental Physiology."
Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."
Brewer's "Dictionaries of, &c."

In addition the candidates will have to satisfy the examiners in one of the following books:

Hans Andersen's Stories.
Grimm's Stories.
The Arabian Nights Entertainments, unbowedlerized.
Cobbett's English Grammar.
Any Standard French Dictionary.

The books will be published by the Society on the half-profit system, and the author will be paid, upon repeated application, whatever sum the Committee think will make him shut his mouth. This sum will be taken to represent his due share, and no further question can be allowed to arise about the matter, as the Committee are not as a body or individually in the habit of having their bare words doubted.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGUE."

There could not have been a better way of keeping the Feast of Fools than by a visit to "Monsieur Pierrot," at home, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The most exquisite gourmet of folly could find no fault with a banquet so rich in rare and delicate food for laughter and unexpected flavouring of grateful bitter herbs. I was not alone in the audience; we went to laugh and criticise, and came away conquered and in tears. We have made the acquaintance of a great author. Monsieur Michel Carré fils has written a most pathetic comedy without words. He has overcome not only a dramatic, but a literary difficulty. The phraseology of lives somewhat sordid, placed midway between poverty and affluence, between ignorance and high cultivation, is so antipathetic to either extreme as to deprive the class using it of their sympathy. In "L'Enfant Prodigue" we see before us mediocrity relieved of all its pettiness, in its dumb human agony. It is the story of the great sorrow of petty comedians, the little tragedy of a family of fools. Until we knew Monsieur Michel Carré, we should have said no one could have done it so well, not even Charles Lamb, Gérard de Nerval, Hans Andersen—only Balzac himself. Again, the play could scarcely be better represented. Monsieur Courtès as Pierrot père exhausts my praise. Madame Schmidt as Madame Pierrot is very nearly as powerful. Consider how perfectly they co-operate with the author. In the first act, we have the comely, smiling, indulgent French mother, slightly indifferent to a husband many years older, but utterly devoted to her son. The father is the typical middle-class Frenchman, getting old, narrow-minded, irascible, respectable, and a niggard. The family is prosperous in an unpretending middle-class way; the old man stints his son, and stints his wife and himself in order to save for him. The gay and indulgent mother keeps as a matter of course a cheap commonplace statue of the Virgin as an ornament in the corner of the room. A lamp hangs before it. The family is prosperous; she has let the lamp go out. Notice when the boy has been sent off to bed, how comfortably they settle themselves, how Monsieur Courtes reads his newspaper; we can follow him through all the items of news. At last he finds a story "un peu piquant." His delight, her propriety and her smile, furtive without the least touch of prudery—how delicately this is acted! At length they fall asleep, gradually, peacefully, the sleep of body and conscience both untroubled by digestion.

They wake to find,—what we know (for the moment Monsieur Courtès and Madame Schmidt are on an exact equality with speaking actors), for words here would be impossible. Nothing could be more masterly than the contrast between their simulated, agonizing sleep, and their natural, quiet dozing. Monsieur Courtès is particularly fine. The effect of their awakening we see in the fourth act. The sorrow has inspired the dull mediocrity, the bitter herbs have given a delicate flavour to the common meat, the woman's tears have served as oil to her holy lamp. The commonplace ornament has become the Mother of Mercy. Both the parents are aged, the mother saddened, the father softened; but he is old Pierrot still. If he were not still a little irascible we should not be afraid to laugh at him without the least sarcasm, and this is the highest, rarest proof of good-will. There is the old hackneyed scene, the unused platter, and the vacant chair; but these respectable "bourgeois," retired clowns, make it heart-rending. The mother, of course, shows plainly
that she cannot restrain her tears, the old man affects indifference,—and fills the empty glass. By some strange prophetic instinct he leaves it to restore an unexpected guest. Every movement of Monsieur Courtès's face is a study as Pierrot scolds and comforts his wife. There is no tobacco in his jar; this is a good excuse. The hot atmosphere must be raising the lump in his throat. He feigns anger; he must himself go out in the snow to buy tobacco. When Madame Pierrot is left alone she breaks down utterly, but she has still hope; she confides in the plaster image, which has attained to the highest eminence of the best art by becoming to her the greatest of realities. While her husband is away she can take out an ordinary cabinet-sized photograph and hug it to her breast and dandle it in her arms. All heroines of melodramas do this, but here it is terribly pathetic. We could swear it is blotted and stained with real tears. Then in comes the old man again, still the old Pierrot; he picks up a piece of bread which has fallen on the floor and looks angrily at his wife as he blows the dust off. He won't have waste in his house; then we remember, after all, he is not so well off now. Presently, when old Pierrot is out of the room, the prodigal returns, faint and weary. His mother, of course, has no thought of reproach. She holds him to her breast again, that is enough. She refreshes him with the wine his father could not taste. The father comes back; she nods to the Virgin, alive to her, standing there in the room, to remind her that she must help now, she must make the father forgive. The mother has no thought of any moral law concerning punishment and the fruit of faults. But old Pierrot is a fool, by profession only. He won't take back his son, to rob him and ruin himself a second time. He must make atonement. To the Frenchman whose neighbours have died on their own doorsteps, killed by a foreign invader, ser to her, standing there in the room, to remind her won't take back his son, to rob him and ruin vice in the army has a sacred character unintelligible that she must help now, she must make the father comes back; she nods to the Virgin, alive to her, standing there in the room, to remind her that she must help now, she must make the father forgive. The mother has no thought of any moral law concerning punishment and the fruit of faults. But old Pierrot is a fool, by profession only. He won't take back his son, to rob him and ruin himself a second time. He must make atonement. To the Frenchman whose neighbours have died on their own doorsteps, killed by a foreign invader, service in the army has a sacred character unintelligible to races only accustomed to aggressive wars. And so we leave the family, wondering at the fool's wisdom.

By dwelling so long on Monsieur and Madame Pierrot, I do not wish to imply dissatisfaction with the acting of the other parts. All are very good. In one gesture of the negro servant, Monsieur Jean Arcueil, as he pauses an instant before he leaves the room, is expressed the whole conversation of the servants' hall in a "bijou residence," whose mistress still retains the characteristics of a pretty washerwoman when she is dressed in silks and satins. Mdlle. Zanfrettata makes a lively and clever "Phrynette"; the little touches showing she has after all some sort of fondness for her generous and devoted boy, are very pretty. Monsieur Louis Gouget also makes an excellent baron, once he is le baron Hulot of "La Cousine Bette," to the life.

THE remedy for the state of things complained of by "An Obscure Novelist," can only be found in the reform of the reviewing system. At the same time it may be pointed out that the exercise of a little discrimination by the "Obscure Novelist" would have saved him the troubled mind which a very common experience has occasioned. The opinion of the Little Puddledington Star is surely not so important to him as the criticism of the Saturday Review. Then he appears to suffer from the delusion that all reviewers are critics. Let him distinguish. It were unreasonable to look for criticism in a journal where six, or eight, or more novels—good and bad, foreign and English—are "noticed," week after week, in a single brief article that occupies space which would be inadequate to the criticism of a single notable novel. Such a system may commend itself to publishers, and may be very suitable to a trade journal, but it is nothing less than scandalous in a newspaper that professes to review and to represent current English literature. As to those other papers of which "An Obscure Novelist" writes, whose reviews are determined by their advertisements, they can be, and should be, surely left bookless by all authors and publishers.
The needed reform can be best effected by editors. Unfortunately it appears that it would first be necessary to convince a large number of editors that reviewing is a subject of any importance at all. It is notorious that reviewing is regarded in many quarters as a field of experiment for testing the competency of the young hand, or for proving—for the 12th time—the inveterate disabilities of the ancient hack. In short, what is, as Mr. Saintsbury forcibly puts it, “on the whole the most difficult kind of newspaper writing” is also “on the whole the most lightly assigned and the most irresponsibly performed.” Now if all editors would but devote a fair proportion of their time and energy to these matters, the evils discussed by “An Obscure Novelist” would be greatly diminished.

II. Baron Tauchnitz.

“Can you tell me by what right Tauchnitz publishes cheap editions of English books for continental circulation, and in what respect this differs from piracy?

“I have heard or read that Tauchnitz always pays authors pretty liberally, but is he obliged to do so? And why is it that Tauchnitz alone seems to have the privilege of printing cheap editions?”

The writer is under a misapprehension. Baron Tauchnitz has no such rights as he supposes. To reprint an English author without his permission would be an act of piracy. Baron Tauchnitz always purchases the right. The reason why he is alone as a publisher of English books for continental cities is simply that, though others have tried to set up in rivalry with him, they have not hitherto succeeded. Messrs. Heinemann, Balestier and Co. are now making another attempt. They are said to have secured a good many leading English authors. It remains to be seen whether their venture will be crowned with success or not.

III. From “Chastelard.”

I have been much puzzled by two allusions in Mr. Swinburne’s dramas, and hope that some of the readers of the Author may be able and willing to lighten my darkness. One of these is to be found in Chastelard, Act iii, sc. 1; the hero speaks—

“Have you read never in French books the song Called the ‘Duke’s Song,’ some boy made ages back, A song of drag-nets hauled across thwart seas

And plucked up with rent sides, and caught therein, A strange-haired woman with sad singing lips, Cold in the cheek like any stray of sea, And sweet to touch? So that men, seeing her face, And how she sighed out little Ahs of pain, And soft cries sobbing sideways from her mouth, Fell in hot love, and having lain with her, Died soon?”

Is there any foundation for this? Does such a song as the “Duke’s Song” exist?

The other allusion is in Rosamond, sc. 3. King Henry says—

“I am as he that saith In the great song sick words and sorrowful Of love’s hard sweet and hunger of harsh hours.”

To what “great song” could our Second Henry thus refer?

Ramsay Colles.

IV. Gratuitous Contributions.

Can the gratuitous contributions, complained of in the March number of the Author, explain the proceedings of the publisher with whom the writer of the paragraph, headed “Accepted,” has had to do? The remuneration offered was certainly extremely liberal, compared with what “No pay, no pen” speaks of as being “considered in such quarters something magnificent.” Has the publisher in question discovered he can secure contributions gratuitously, or at least at half, or quarter, the rate agreed on, and so have broken his contract?

Neither Pay nor Pen.

IV. “The Last Dream of Julius Roy.”

Mr. Byrne shows such a pretty faculty of paraphrase in his version, in last month’s Author, of my story, “The Last Dream of Julius Roy,” that I am sorry to have to discourage him in the ingenious art of manufacturing resemblances betwixt his own and other people’s stories. Until his letter, I had supposed the “Newbery House Magazine” to be a theological review—a very good reason for not going to its pages for fiction. Indeed, I had never seen either the magazine or his story. But the suspicion of plagiarism, like that of heresy, is not easily upset; and, supposing my story to have been written after his had appeared, he would still probably make the most of that contingency. So I hasten to add that
"The Last Dream of Julius Roy" was written first, early in 1889, had some considerable circulation in MS. during that year, and was eventually sent to the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine before July, 1890, the date when, we are told, the story resembling it appeared. I hesitate to turn the tables upon Mr. Byrne, as an avowed writer of fiction, by suggesting that he may have been among those who read my story in MS.

Ernest Rhys.

Llantysilio, April 6th, 1891.

VI. The Signed Article.

Sir,—In response to your invitation appended to the article of " F.," in your last issue, allow me, as an old journalist, who has been engaged in editorial work on daily papers for many years, to say a few words on the above subject. From the point of view taken by the Society of Authors with regard to all such matters there can be no doubt that the signature of newspaper articles would be greatly to the material advantage of the journalist, for it would enhance both his social status and his pecuniary value. Many an able leader writer now unknown would, if he signed his articles, become famous and obtain higher terms for his services. As it is, some few journalists, are well-known by name to the public independently of their avowed literary work, and although their newspaper articles are not identified as theirs it is a matter of notoriety that they write for certain papers. All these gentlemen are presumably very highly paid, but they have many colleagues of great ability whose names are much less familiar to the public, but who, if they were equally celebrated, could command similar remuneration. Now it is the special function of the Society to improve the author's position, and so far as the journalist is concerned nothing could be better calculated to effect that end than the removal of the veil which hides not his talent, but his personality from the public. I have in my mind many men, it would be invidious to mention names, who have been labouring for the public for years, turning out day after day brilliant or solid articles, representing an aggregate of brain work, which, if embodied in a book or books, must have rendered them famous and perhaps prosperous. Yet the public never heard of them, and they have remained content in their modest obscurity, subsisting on their moderate salaries, and their obituary one of these days will probably be contained in a six-line paragraph.

Yet all journalists, obviously as a change in the present practice would be for their benefit, are by no means in favour of abolishing the anonymous system. In fact, I rather think that the majority are opposed to such an alteration. They are led to this conclusion by several different considerations, but there is one of a practical character, which they generally recognise as presenting an insuperable obstacle to the proposed "reform." All newspaper work must be edited, and it is edited habitually to an extent of which the public are hardly aware. In every well-regulated newspaper office a despotic discipline is exercised, almost as strict as that on board a man-of-war, and no contribution is sacred to the editor. He, or his assistant, alters, corrects, deletes, amplifies, and re-writes as he pleases, and his authority in this respect is never questioned. The contributor knows that his article is anonymous; the editor is responsible for it, not he. Now this editorial supervision would be rendered practically impossible if articles were signed. They would not be the work of the writer whose signature was attached to them, and no self-respecting journalist would allow writings to go forth to the world under his name which were not all his own.

I have reason to know that there is a very strong feeling among both newspaper proprietors and newspaper writers against the abolition of the anonymous system, and I doubt very much whether, in our time at least, the directors of any great journal will be induced to make the proposed change. It is possible, however, that one of them may be bold enough to try the experiment at any rate to a limited extent, publishing, say, one signed article in the nature of a leader every day, instead of putting it into the form of a "letter to the editor," a practice frequently adopted.

I think, in short, that it would be very desirable to effect some modification in the present anonymous system. Certainly it would be to the advantage of the journalist in every way. But that which is desirable is not always practicable, and anything like a general signature of all articles in English journals is, I fear, quite out of the question.

I am, yours, &c.,

Fleet Street, March 29th.

E. J. G.

VII. Note on a Case.

At — County Court recently a singular publishing case came up for hearing. The plaintiffs, Messrs. A. B. and Co., sued Mr. C. D. for nonfulfilment of the terms of a contract entered into in February, 1890. It appears that the defendant signed an agreement with the plaintiffs, by which he bound himself to superintend the translation, editing, and general preparation for the press, of a certain well-known series of volumes. The first
volume of the series was to have been published, if possible, in September last year. Various reasons were brought forward by the defendant's counsel, accounting for the delay in the preparation of the volumes, notably the difficulty of adapting the work to suit English readers and the question of international copyright.

The terms of the agreement as stated in court are so peculiar that they are worthy of being recorded in these pages. For translating, editing, and preparing for the press, the defendant was to receive the sum of £25, each volume to be published monthly, payable one month after publication. Payment for the first volume, however, it appears, was made in advance. Out of this sum it was suggested by the plaintiffs that the defendant should pay £12 each for the rough translation of the volumes, and about £5 or £6 for illustrations in each volume. All expenses for corrections (exclusive of printer's errors), exceeding 10s. for every 32 pp., were to be borne by the defendant. None of the volumes have less than 250 pp. of over 270 words each.

The claim of the plaintiffs was for the return of the volumes lent for the purpose of translation, the £25 allowed in advance, and £20 damages, also costs. Judgment for £25 was given for the plaintiffs, his Honour at the same time expressing sympathy towards the defendant when considering the terms of the agreement.

[Editor's Note.—This is a case in which the defendant signed an agreement without considering whether he could carry out the contract. For £25 he was to arrange the purchase of copyright, pay a translator—say £12 for sixteen sheets, or 15s. a sheet of 4,320 words, that is, 1d. for every 24 words. It is the wage of a road-sweeper. He was also to spend £6 in illustrations, and to pay corrections. Naturally, he could not carry out the contract. No doubt he ought to have thought of this before signing it. It seems to us, however, that equity ought to relieve persons from the burden of such contracts as these. It is well for us to know that such contracts as these are still submitted to literary men.]

VIII. The Cost of a Stamp.

An author accustomed to signing the agreements submitted to him by his publishers in the form which may be called "the ordinary royalty agreement," endeavours to embody similar terms in a letter to his publisher, and on sending it to Somerset House to be stamped, is surprised to receive it back with a 10s. stamp impressed on it instead of the 6d. stamp which he has been familiar with upon his usual agreement. His letter runs thus:

"Gentlemen,

In consideration of the prepayment of pounds on account of royalties and of the further royalties hereinafter mentioned, I hereby transfer to you the international copyright and all other rights, if any, in a story written by me entitled '—' without any restrictions whatever as to methods, times, or places of publication or dramatisation." Then follow the details of royalties to be paid, an undertaking to correct proofs, and the author's signature. There can hardly be any doubt that the reason why the document set out was not stamped with a sixpenny stamp, but at a higher rate, is that it was considered at Somerset House to be, as indeed it apparently is, a conveyance on sale, which is defined in Section 70 of the Stamp Act of 1870 (33 and 34 Vic., cap. 97), to include 'every instrument whereby any property upon the sale thereof is legally or equitably transferred to or vested in the purchaser.' It has therefore been charged with an 'ad valorem duty,' which appears to have been arrived at by a calculation which fixed the value of the property sold at between £75 and £100. It must be recollected, by those who would immediately conclude that a document in the form of an agreement would be the better one for authors to use in dealing with their copyright, that it by no means follows that because a piece of paper is only headed, 'Memorandum of agreement between A. B. and C. D.,' that it is not an instrument whereby property is legally, or at all events, equitably transferred. That would depend on the construction of the words which treat particularly of the contemplated assignment, and on the contents of the document as a whole. It can safely be presumed that if such a document were handed in at Somerset House with a request that a 6d. stamp might be affixed to it, it would be affixed without demur, while the question whether it was a transfer or not, and if so, whether it was sufficiently stamped, might arise at some future time to perplex and annoy a person claiming under it.

"If any person wishes to ascertain beyond doubt the amount of duty with which any executed instrument is chargeable, he may (by Sections 18 and 19 of the above-mentioned Act) require the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to express an opinion as to whether it is chargeable with duty, and to what extent. If they consider that the instrument is chargeable they are bound to assess the duty, and any person who is dissatisfied with the assessment as made, may within twenty-one days after the date of it, and on payment of duty in conformity with it, appeal against it to the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, and may for that purpose require the Commissioners to
state and sign a case, setting forth the question upon which their opinion was required and the assessment made by them.

"The Commissioners are then obliged to state and sign a case accordingly, which in due course is agreed before the proper Court, and the person whose instrument was to be stamped may end by taking the matter up to the House of Lords, and obtaining their decision upon it. If he succeeds he will get back the amount he has overpaid, and his costs; if he loses, he will have to pay the costs of the Commissioners as well as his own. It must be pointed out that it would be found impossible to recover money overpaid for duty unless the steps indicated above had been taken, and the Commissioners formally asked to assess the duty; and it should be borne in mind that although the royalty agreements signed by authors and publishers may be habitually stamped with a sixpenny stamp, it by no means follows that they ought not to be charged with an ad valorem duty instead. An Act of Parliament passed in 1889 (52, 53 Vic, cap. 42, sec. 15), enacts that 'Any contract or agreement made in England or Ireland under seal or under hand only or made in Scotland ... for the sale of any estate or interest in any property except lands, tenements (and certain other specified species of property which do not include copyrights), shall be charged with the same ad valorem duties to be paid by the purchaser as if it were an actual conveyance on sale of the estate interest or property agreed or contracted to be sold.' It should be remembered that (under 5 and 6 Vic, cap. 45, sec. 43) the copyright of a book duly entered in the Book of Registry of Stationers' Hall may be assigned by its registered proprietor, by entry in that Book of Registry, without being subjected to any stamp or duty. An agreement to assign the copyright in a book so entered, or which is intended to be so entered, would presumably require a sixpenny stamp only, and one would think that this form of transfer would consequently in many cases be found the cheapest to adopt.

E. A. A.

IN GRUB STREET.

A LADY'S experience. "I wrote a little book for which I received the sum of £5. It ran up to 10,000 copies at least. It was sold for a few pence only. The publishers refused any further payment on account of its success." Technically, of course, they were quite right. The author had accepted the agreement, and there was nothing more to say. But—mark this—the publishers knew pretty well, beforehand, what the sale would be, because they had previously issued many other books of the same kind. Therefore they knew very nearly what the proceeds would be. I have calculated that the publishers made a profit of about £70. Now, I repeat, when they gave the author this wretched £5, they knew that they were going to make this profit. Are we right, in any definition of Sweating, to accord to this Firm the rank and title of Sweaters? And I wonder if anyone can guess the name of this Firm of Sweaters.

The Authors' Syndicate is under the voluntary and unpaid management of Mr. W. Morris Colles. The Honorary Treasurer is Mr. Walter Besant. The principle of the Syndicate is quite simple. The author gets all that is received for his work, except a very small percentage to pay for clerking, printing, and postage. Mr. Colles begs all authors to understand that in arranging with the papers the name is the first thing; that until a writer has made himself a name, this form of publication is impossible for him: and that nothing can be done in a hurry, papers being generally engaged a year and more in advance.

John Strange Winter is engaged upon a new serial story for Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper. The appearance of her new venture, "Golden Gates," must be recorded as one of the literary events of the month. It is said that 100,000 copies of the first number went off.

Mr. Henry Cresswell has in the press a new novel, in three volumes, entitled "The Hermits of Crizebeck," which will be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett early in May.

At recent book sales, the first edition of Bunyan's Holy War (1682) sold for £32; the original monthly parts of Vanity Fair for £21 5s.; Walton's Compleat Angler in the original binding (1653) and Cotton's Compleat Angler (1676), first editions, fetched £310; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, first edition (1766), £35 10s.; Charles Carib's Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret, £20 10s.; the Poems by Two Brothers went for £17. At Boston the MS. of Poe's Eulalie fetched $225 the other day. At the Women's Press Club at Boston Miss Louise Imogene Guiney showed a ring containing fourteen hairs from the head of Keats—the history of that Rape of the Lock is not tendered with the statement.
The Critic of New York tells a tragic story of a lady who grew discontented at the prices she received for her work. It was all signed, but she thought that she ought to be paid more than she got, and she fancied that she was underpaid simply because she was a woman. She therefore tried the dodge of signing with a masculine name, and sent off her next MS. with a nom de plume. She received no answer. Presently, however, she found that her work had been used, and had appeared in the magazine to which she sent it. She wrote at once to the editor, reminding him that she did not work for nothing. He sent her, promptly, a cheque for £2! She had been accustomed to receive for her work in own name, and for papers of the same length, at least £35! This experience has made her resolve to remain a woman.

An article on Professor Lockyer's "Meteoritic Hypothesis," by Mr. J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S., appears in the Gentleman's Magazine for April.

Some time last year a lady came to this Society with "a case." It was a pretty bad case. She was resident in a colony. She had written a book which she was anxious to publish. She made the acquaintance, in the colony, of a wandering publisher, who undertook her work on conditions. She was to advance him £100 down with the MS. The copyright was to be his. She was to receive some share—the author says, "as much as he might choose to give me"—of the profits. And—which shows a truly bold spirit—she was to bind herself down to publish whatever other books she might write, all her life, on the same terms. The hundred pounds was "towards the expense of publishing," and, of course, it would cover the whole expense. A solicitor pointed out to the lady how disastrous the agreement was, and she came to England and placed the matter in the hands of a London solicitor. The Society, therefore, could not offer to do anything for her until her own solicitor had acted. It is pleasing to report that he succeeded in getting the agreement cancelled.

She then, without consulting the Society, sent her MS. to another publisher, who undertook it on the beautifully simple condition that she should guarantee the sale of 500 copies to begin with. It is not stated what price he charged her. It is possible it was 4s. 2d. a copy, in which case she would have to pay over a hundred pounds. In other words, she was as badly off with her second publisher as with her first. After these copies she was to receive a royalty of 10d. a copy on the remaining 500 copies. There was also an agreement about a cheap edition which does not concern us here. The second part of the case illustrates our reiterated statement about risk. Here we have the publisher guarding himself against risk or possible loss by making the author take as many copies as would pay the whole expense of production to begin with. If he sells the rest of the edition of 1,000 copies, he will realise about £85, out of which he will have to pay the author £26 16s. 8d., so that on the first edition, unless she gets rid of her 500 copies, she loses about £80, and he wins £66. Not bad business. But suppose the lady had known, when she signed it, what the agreement meant? And now we may understand one of the reasons why certain publishers so vehemently denounce and decry the action of the Society. It is because we do not allow our clients to sign any agreements, if we can prevent them, which they do not understand.

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A BILL

TO AMEND TITLE SIXTY, CHAPTER THREE, OF THE REvised STATUTES OF THE UNITED STATES, RELATING TO COPYRIGHTS.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-two of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4952. The author, inventor, designer, or proprietor of any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, or photograph or negative thereof, or of a painting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary, and of models or designs intended to be perfected as works of the fine arts, and the executors, administrators, or assigns of any such person shall, upon complying with the provisions of this chapter, have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, completing, copying, executing, finishing, and vending the same; and authors or their assigns shall have exclusive right to dramatize and translate any of their works for which copyright shall have been obtained under the laws of the United States."

Sec. 2. That section forty-nine hundred and

1 Omit: "Any citizen of the United States or resident therein, who shall be."
fifty-four of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4954. The author, inventor, or designer, if he be still living, or his widow or children, if he be dead, shall have the same exclusive right continued for the further term of fourteen years, upon recording the title of the work or description of the article so secured a second time, and complying with all other regulations in regard to original copyrights, within six months before the expiration of the first term; and such persons shall, within two months from the date of said renewal, cause a copy of the record thereof to be published in one or more newspapers printed in the United States for the space of four weeks."

Sec. 3. That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-six of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same is hereby, amended so that it shall read as follows:

"Sec. 4956. No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, on or before the day of publication in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a printed copy of the title of the book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, photograph, or chromo, or a description of the painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or a model or design for a work of the fine arts for which he desires a copyright, nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of the publication thereof in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington District of Columbia, two copies of such copyright book, maps, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, chrome, cut, print or photograph, or in case of a painting, drawing, statue, statuary, model, or design for a work of the fine arts, a photograph of the same: Provided, That in the case of a book, photograph, chrome, or lithograph, the two copies of the same required to be delivered or deposited as above shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made therefrom, or from negatives, or drawings on stone made within the limits of the United States, or from transfers made therefrom. During the existence of such copyright the importation into the United States, of any book, chrome, lithograph, or photograph, so copyrighted, or any edition or editions thereof, or any plates of the same not made from type set, negatives or drawings on stone, made within the limits of the United States, shall be, and it is hereby, prohibited, except in the cases specified in paragraphs 512 to 560 inclusive, in section 2 of the act entitled "An act to reduce the revenue and equalize the duties on imports and for other purposes," approved Oct. 1, 1890; and except in the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import, subject to the duty thereon, not more than two copies of such book at any one time, and except in the case of newspapers and magazines not containing, in whole or in part, matter copyrighted under the provisions of this act, unauthorized by the author, which are hereby exempted from prohibition of importation: Provided, nevertheless, That in the case of foreign languages, of which only translations in English are copyrighted, the prohibition of importation shall apply only to the translations of the same, and the importation of the books in the original language shall be permitted."

Sec. 4. That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-eight of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same is hereby, amended so that it will read as follows:

"Sec. 4958. The Librarian of Congress shall receive from the persons to whom the services designated are rendered the following fees:

"First. For recording the title or description of any copyright book or other article, fifty cents."

"Second. For every copy under seal of such record actually given to the person claiming the copyright, or his assigns, fifty cents."

"Third. For recording and certifying any instrument of writing for the assignment of a copyright, one dollar."

"Fourth. For every copy of an assignment, one dollar."

"All fees so received shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States: Provided, That the charge for recording the title or description of any article entered for copyright, the production of a person not a citizen or resident of the United States, shall be one dollar, to be paid as above into the Treasury of the United States, to defray the expenses of lists of copyrighted articles as hereinafter provided for."

"And it is hereby made the duty of the Librarian of Congress to furnish to the Secretary of the Treasury copies of the entries of titles of all books and other articles wherein the copyright has been completed by the deposit of two copies of such book printed from type set within the limits of the United States, in accordance with the provisions of this act"
and by the deposit of two copies of such other article made or produced in the United States: and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby directed to prepare and print, at intervals of not more than a week, catalogues of such title-entries for distribution to the collectors of customs of the United States and to the postmasters of all post-offices receiving foreign mails, and such weekly lists, as they are issued, shall be furnished to all parties desiring them, at a sum not exceeding five dollars per annum; and the Secretary and the Postmaster-General are hereby empowered and required to make and enforce such rules and regulations as shall prevent the importation into the United States, except upon the conditions above specified, of all articles prohibited by this act.

Sec. 5. That section forty-nine hundred and fifty-nine of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 4959. The proprietor of every copyrighted book or other article shall deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a copy of every subsequent edition wherein any substantial changes shall be made: Provided, however, That the alterations, revisions, and additions made to books by foreign authors, heretofore published, of which new editions shall appear subsequently to the taking effect of this act, shall be held and deemed capable of being copyrighted as above provided for in this act, unless they form a part of the series in course of publication at the time this act shall take effect.

Sec. 6. That section forty-nine hundred and sixty-three of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4963. Every person who shall insert or impress such notice, or words of the same purport, in or upon any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, print, cut, engraving, or photograph, or of the description of any painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected and executed as a work of the fine arts, as provided by this act, shall within the term limited, contrary to the provisions of this act, and without the consent of the proprietor of the copyright first obtained in writing, signed in presence of two or more witnesses, engrave, etch, work, copy, print, publish, dramatize, translate, or import, either in whole, or in part, or by varying the main design with intent to evade the law, or, knowing the same to be so printed, published, translated, or imported, should sell or expose to sale any copy of such map or other article as aforesaid, he shall forfeit to the proprietor all the plates on which the same shall be printed, published, and shall further forfeit, one dollar for every sheet of the same found in his possession, or by him sold or exposed for sale; one-half thereof to the proprietor and the other half to the use of the United States."

Sec. 7. That section forty-nine hundred and sixty-four of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 4964. Every person who, after the recording of the title of any book and the depositing of two copies of such book, as provided by this Act, shall, contrary to the provisions of this Act, within the term limited, and without the consent of the proprietor of the copyright first obtained in writing, signed in presence of two or more witnesses, print, publish, dramatize, translate, or import, or knowing the same to be so printed, published, dramatized, translated, or imported, sell or expose to sale any copy of such book shall forfeit every copy thereof to such proprietor, and shall also forfeit and pay such damages as may be recovered in a civil action by such proprietor in any court of competent jurisdiction."
sec. ii. that for the purpose of this act each volume of a book in two or more volumes, when such volumes are published separately and the first one shall not have been issued before this act shall take effect, and each number of a periodical, shall be considered an independent publication, subject to the form of copyrighting as above.

sec. 12. that this act shall go into effect on the first day of july, anno domini eighteen hundred and ninety-one.

sec. 13. that this act shall only apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign state or nation when such foreign state or nation permits to citizens of the united states of america the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens, or when such foreign state or nation is a party to an international agreement which provides for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the united states of america may, at its pleasure, become a party to such agreement. the existence of either of the conditions aforesaid shall be determined by the president of the united states by proclamation made from time to time as the purposes of this act may require.

or sale of any book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, print, cut, engraving, or photograph, written, composed, or made by any person not a resident of the united states nor resident therein."

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THE AUTHOR.—Second Volume.

WITH the Second Volume the Author makes a few changes, but not many. It will continue to advocate the material interests of literature, not only in order to obtain justice to authors of all kinds, but in the conviction that the highest and best interests of literature are closely connected with its material interests. A literature whose producers are needy beggars, dependent on the caprice of the man with money, servile because they are poor, unable to assert their rights, unable to act together, unable to make the world understand that they have any rights, must itself tend to become poor and feeble. That it has shown vigour among ourselves even when authors have been sunk in the lowest depths, proves the strength of a plant which could flourish in a soil so ungrateful.

In order to secure the complete independence of the author, it is necessary that the methods of publishing should be based upon principles of justice and fairness both to the publisher and the author. That is to say, the services of the former must be fully recognised and remunerated, but on a scale of proportion to be regulated and agreed upon by both sides. In order to arrive at this end, it is necessary that we understand (1) the cost of printing, paper, binding, advertising, &c. involved in the preparation of a MS. for publication; (2) the trade price; and (3) the meaning of royalties as applied to author and to publisher.

It is next necessary to understand the arrangements commonly proposed in agreements submitted to authors by publishers; what the clauses mean to either side, and especially to the author.

These things have been carefully ascertained by the Society, and the results are now published in "The Cost of Production" and "Methods of Publishing."

For the first time, authors can learn for themselves their own business.

It will be the duty of the Author to keep this information steadily before the eyes of its readers.

THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

I.

Directions for securing Copyrights


Printed Title required.

1. A printed copy of the title of the book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, photograph, or chromo, or a description
of the painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or model or design for a work of the fine arts for which copyright is desired, must be delivered to the Librarian of Congress or deposited in the mail within the United States, prepaid, addressed—

Librarian of Congress,
Washington, D.C.

This must be done on or before day of publication in this or any foreign country.

What style of Print.

The printed title required may be a copy of the title page of such publications as have title pages. In other cases, the title must be printed expressly for copyright entry, with name of claimant of copyright. The style of type is immaterial, and the print of a type-writer will be accepted. But a separate title is required for each entry, and each title must be printed on paper as large as commercial note. The title of a periodical must include the date and number, and each number of a periodical requires a separate entry of copyright.

Copyright Fees.

2. The legal fee for recording each copyright claim is 50 cents, and for a copy of this record (or certificate of copyright under seal of the office) an additional fee of 50 cents is required, making $1 in case certificate is wanted, which will be mailed as soon as reached in the records. In the case of publications produced by other citizens or residents of the United States, the fee for recording title is $1, and 50 cents additional for a copy of the record. Certificates covering more than one entry in one certificate are not issued.

Two Copies required.

3. Not later than the day of publication of each book or other article, in this country or abroad, two complete copies of the best edition issued must be delivered to perfect the copyright, or deposited in the mail within the United States, addressed—

Librarian of Congress,
Washington, D.C.

Free by Mail.

The freight or postage must be prepaid, or the publications enclosed in parcels covered by printed penalty labels, furnished by the Librarian, in which case they will come free by mail (not express), without limit of weight, according to rulings of the Post Office Department. In the case of books, photographs, chromos, or lithographs, the two copies deposited must be printed from type set or plates made in the United States, or from negatives or drawings on stone, or transfers therefrom, made within the United States.

Penalty.

Without the deposit of copies above required the copyright is void, and a penalty of $25 is incurred. No copy is required to be deposited elsewhere.

The law requires one copy of each new edition wherein any substantial changes are made to be deposited with the Librarian of Congress.

Notice of Copyright to be given by Imprint.—Claimant's name to be printed.

4. No copyright is valid unless notice is given by inserting in every copy published, on the title page or the page following, if it be a book; or if a map, chart, musical composition, print, cut, engraving, photograph, painting, drawing, chromo, statue, statuary, or model or design intended to be perfected as a work of the fine arts, by inscribing upon some portion thereof, or on the substance on which the same is mounted, the following words, viz.: "Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year , by , in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington," or, at the option of the person entering the copyright, the words: "Copyright, 18 , by ."

The law imposes a penalty of $100 upon any person who has not obtained copyright who shall insert the notice "Entered according to Act of Congress," or "Copyright," &c., or words of the same import, in or upon any book or other article.

Translations and Dramas.

5. The copyright law secures to authors or their assigns the exclusive right to translate or to dramatize their own works.

Rights reserved.

Since the phrase all rights reserved refers exclusively to the right to dramatize or to translate, it has no bearing upon any publications except original works, and will not be entered upon the record in other cases.

Duration of Copyright.

6. The original term of copyright runs for twenty-eight years. Within six months before the end of that time, the author or designer, or his widow or children, may secure a renewal for the further term of fourteen years, making forty-two years in all.

Renewals.

Applications for renewal must be accompanied by explicit statement of ownership, in the case of
the author, or of relationship, in the case of his heirs, and must state definitely the date and place of entry of the original copyright. Advertisement of renewal is to be made within two months of date of renewal certificate in some newspaper for four weeks.

**Time of Publication.**

7. The time within which any work entered for copyright may be issued from the press is not omitted by any law or regulation, but the courts have held that it should take place within a reasonable time. A copyright may be secured for a projected work as well as for a completed one. But the law provides for no caveat, or notice of interference—only for actual entry of title.

**Assignments.**

8. A copyright is assignable in law by any instrument of writing, and such assignment is to be recorded in the office of the Librarian of Congress within 60 days from its date. The fee for this record and certificate is $1, and for a certified copy of any record of assignment $1.

**Copies or Duplicate Certificates.**

9. A copy of the record (or duplicate certificate) of any copyright entry will be furnished, under seal of the office, at the rate of 50 cents each.

**Serials or separate Publications.**

10. In the case of books published in more than one volume, or of periodicals published in numbers, or of engravings, photographs, or other articles published with variations, a copyright is to be entered for each volume or part of a book, or number of a periodical, or variety, as to style, title, or inscription, of any other article. But a book published serially in a periodical, under the same general title, requires only one entry. To complete the copyright on such a work, two copies of each serial part, as well as of the complete work (if published separately), should be deposited.

**Copyright for Works of Art.**

11. To secure copyright for a painting, statue, or model or design intended to be perfected as a work of the fine arts, a definite description must accompany the application for copyright, and a photograph of the same as large as "cabinet size," mailed to the Librarian of Congress not later than the day of publication of the work or design.

The fine arts, for copyright purposes, include only painting and sculpture, and articles of merely ornamental and decorative art are referred to the Patent Office, as subjects for Design Patents.

**No Labels or Names Copyright.**

12. Copyrights cannot be granted upon trade marks, nor upon names of companies or articles, nor upon an idea or device, nor upon prints or labels intended to be used for any article of manufacture. If protection for such names or labels is desired, application must be made to the Patent Office, where they are registered at a fee of $6 for labels and $25 for trade marks.

**Foreign or International Copyright.**

13. The provisions as to copyright entry in the United States by foreign authors, &c., by Act of Congress approved March 3rd, 1891 (to take effect July 1st, 1891), are the same as the foregoing.

The right of citizens or subjects of a foreign nation to copyright within the United States is not to take effect unless such nation permits to United States citizens the benefit of copyright on the same basis as to its own citizens, or unless such nation is a party to an international agreement providing for reciprocity in copyright, to which the United States may become a party. The Librarian of Congress can enter copyright for foreigners only after a proclamation of the President of the United States, certifying the existence of either of the foregoing conditions.

The right of Americans to secure copyright abroad is unchanged by the new law, pending new legislation in foreign countries, or international agreements as to copyright between their governments and that of the United States.

**Full Name of Proprietor required.**

14. Every applicant for a copyright should state distinctly the full name and residence of the claimant, and whether the right is claimed as author, designer, or proprietor. No affidavit or witness to the application is required.

**OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, Washington, 1891.**

II.

**ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.**

It is only natural and proper that English authors should wish to know more about the most ardent and active of those American friends to whom the passing of the Copyright Bill is due. It is no exaggeration, and it conveys no slight to other industrious promoters of the copyright movement, to say that, as Secretary of the American Authors' Copyright League and of the Joint Executive Committee of all the organizations
supporting the Bill, Mr. R. U. Johnson had more than anyone else to do with the final victory. In signing the Copyright Bill, President Harrison used a large quill taken from an American eagle, procured for that purpose by Mr. Johnson, to whom the pen was then returned with the President's compliments. Not many authors possess pens that so well deserve to become heirlooms.

Robert Underwood Johnson was born on Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C., January 12th, 1853. He was named after his great-grandfather, Robert Underwood, one of the early settlers of Washington, and a mathematician of ability. His maternal grandfather was John Underwood of that city, afterward for many years a resident of Wayne County, Indiana, with which Mr. Johnson's paternal grandfather, Dr. Nathan Johnson, was also long identified, having been one of the original Abolitionists of Eastern Indiana. On his mother's side the Underwoods and Ingles are of a Calvinistic strain, while on his father's side the Johnsons and Hoses who come from Loudon County, Virginia, are of Quaker stock of a liberal type, and of marked literary tastes.

Mr. Johnson's father, the late Honourable Nimrod H. Johnson, in addition to his prominence in Eastern Indiana as an able lawyer and a just and discriminating jurist, was known among his associates for his wide and exact knowledge of history, poetry, fiction, and general literature. To him Mr. Johnson owes his literary temperament and predilections. After an ordinary high school education at Centreville, Indiana, where his boyhood was passed, Robert matriculated at Earlham College, an institution of the Society of Friends, Richmond, Indiana, in 1867. In 1871, at the age of 18, he was graduated from that institution as Bachelor of Science, to which the college in 1889 added the honorary degree of Ph.D. From college he went immediately into business as clerk in the Western agency of the Scribner educational books at Chicago. After nearly two years of this work (including the year of the great fire) he became connected, in 1873, with the editorial staff of the Century Magazine (then Scribner's Monthly), a connexion which still exists.

On the death of the Editor-in-Chief, Dr. J. G. Holland, in 1881, Mr. R. W. Gilder became the Editor, and Mr. Johnson succeeded him as the Associate-Editor. This position he now occupies, with a large measure of responsibility, having also acted virtually as Managing Editor under Dr. Holland for a year in 1879-80, during Mr. Gilder's absence in Europe. In 1883 Mr. Gilder intrusted to Mr. Johnson and Mr. C. C. Buel, the conduct of the well-known Century War Series, and they had charge of it both in the Magazine and in the enlarged and revised book publication of four volumes "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," which was begun in 1887 and completed in 1889—Mr. Buel, however, having sole charge of the Magazine papers for a year during Mr. Johnson's absence in Europe in 1885-6. This trip was undertaken with the chief object of becoming acquainted with the best examples of European art and architecture, and included visits to the galleries of London, Paris, Holland, and Italy, and an inspection of the Greek monuments of Athens and Sicily.

Mr. Johnson's literary work, in addition to his daily and exacting editorial duties, has been confined to editorial and critical articles and to verse. He has not yet collected his graceful poems into a volume, but has scattered them in the pages of the Century, Harper's Monthly, St. Nicholas, the Christian Union, the Tribune, and other periodicals. He is a member of the Authors' Club, the Century Club, and the Aldine Club of New York, and of the Civil Service Reform Association, and the Free Art League. Since 1883 he has been actively connected with the International Copyright movement, having been for several years Treasurer of the American Copyright League, and a member of its executive committee of five. In 1889 he exchanged the treasurership for the more responsible work of Secretary of the League, becoming by this office also Secretary of the Joint Executive Committee (of Authors and Publishers) which was in charge of the campaign for the Copyright Bill. He was active in urging the northward extension of the East River Park, New York, and the creation of the Yosemite National Park, and has recently devoted much attention to the movement in favour of securing a better supervision of the Yosemite Valley, which he visited in June 1889, during a trip of two months to California in the interest of the Century.

In a letter just received, Mr. Johnson says:
"The problem now is to establish the foundation for the President's proclamation. I have written officially to Mr. Blaine to see that no time is lost, and taking the ground that the Bill must be made operative towards citizens of any country which is a signatory of the Berne Conference, whether that country gives America copyright or not. That was Simonds' intention in drafting that clause of Section XIII., but I fear our Secretary of State will not take that view of reciprocity. On your part, an Order in Council would, of course, put the thing beyond peradventure, and be simpler and easier than the Monkswell Bill, especially as Parliament is likely to be prorogued, and even if it continue there may be a long debate on the Bill. Of course, we cannot with a good grace ask for more than we offer. Nobody could complain if we..."
THE AUTHOR.

got just what we offer, but our step is irretrievable now, and it is your move! As soon as I hear, if I do, what view our State Department will take, I will let you know. Meanwhile, I should think the Order in Council the proper cue, if practicable, and in either case, prompt action would strengthen us here for a more liberal law in the future."

In acknowledgment of his services in the International Copyright cause, the French Government has just conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour (Chevalier), and some of his associates in the Copyright cause have presented him with a handsome silver loving cup.

E. G.

III.

The Passing of the Bill.

In the midst of manifold business, I venture to send you a hurried and imperfect account of the passage of the Copyright Bill, and the "Ladies' Night of the Authors' Club" in New York.

I find by the Author, which was here awaiting my arrival, that someone has kept you informed as to operations in Congress. While I was in Washington a friend in Congress said, "If you people want that Bill to pass, you will have to fight for it, as the printers, lithographers, &c., &c., are lumbering it with all sorts of weights." Several of us went up; and I talked "Bill" most earnestly to members of Congress in the same house with us. Through the kindness of Senator Allen, of Washington (State), I had a seat in the Diplomatic Gallery, where I could see and hear all that was going on. A great many Senators spoke eloquently for the authors, but opposed the Bill, only on account of its clauses created by trade unions, &c. Several senators made fine pleas for us, notably, a young man from Colorado, and I have the pleasure of knowing that at least one vote was changed on my account. Imperfect as it is, it seems to me to be a step forward. We are recognised as authors, we have rights; and men who were ignorant before now know that publishers generally get richer and richer as authors get poorer and poorer.

The Western Senators, (as a rule) broad-minded men from broad acres, favoured the Bill or some Bill tending towards justice. As one Senator said, "The printers, publishers, lithographers, &c. all have their unions; they are protected, but who protects the author?"

We sat listening with beating hearts longing to correct some errors, and eager to put words of truth in the speakers' mouths. About one o'clock in the morning the roll was called on the vote, and at 1.30 we went home to bed thankful for little, hoping for more.

I asked one of the Senators to forward you a copy of the Bill as revised and past. If you did not receive it, please let me know.

From Washington I went to New York, to find that the Authors' Club, for the first time in their history, had issued invitations to the ladies, following your good example. I was induced to remain over for it, and was pleased to meet many of our noted and quoted men and women.

Rider Haggard had left that day for England, to the regret of many who wished to see him.

In conversation with Noah Brooks, Stedman the Poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, and others, I spoke of the English Society and its brave work for authors.

Mr. Brooks, the President of the Club, did me the honour to say, "That, in his opinion, the three authors who were doing most to give clear, finished, and admirable pictures of New England life and philosophy were your correspondent, Sarah Ome Jeroett, and Mary E. Wilkins," encouraging tribute from a man of Mr. Brook's standing and truthfulness.

You speak of our little "Guild." Why not both men and women? Sure enough; but the men have "flocked by themselves," and we must do the best we can.

As it is, I find some women averse to any movement. They say, "Good writers get all they want"; "There is no need," &c., &c. I cannot take this narrow view, and therefore hope to make our Guild a quiet power for good.

You would laugh, I am sure, could you hear the comments on our Society in Loudon. One publisher says, "It is a sort of spite company gotten up by growlers, who cannot sell their work." Another remarks: "I observe by the papers that you are a member of that London Club. I advise you to keep out of it. They are an aggressive lot of men who want the earth." Meantime, I go steadily on doing my work.

Kate Tannatt Woods.

"Maple Nest," Salem, Mass.,
April 8th, 1891.

IV.

The Bill enacts that not later than the day of publication anywhere, there must be two copies of the work in question sent to the Librarian of Congress, and these copies must be printed in America. This is most harrassing and unjust to foreign authors. It can only be of profit to those who, having a great popular reputation, can secure
beforehand a publisher in America. But all books which are ventures or risks, or not likely to sell extensively (as, for instance, a young author's first book) cannot be benefited by the Bill. Should an author publish a book in England alone, and should it by chance turn out to be a success, there is nothing to prevent any American from taking it. There are a great many books which have a great success contrary to all expectations of both publisher and author, as I myself have experienced.

There are also a great many books of immense value to the world which do not sell well. No one book ever had such influence on the American public as the "Political Economy of Henry Carey," yet it was 30 years before the first edition of 1,000 copies was sold; I having bought the very last one. I could enumerate many such works.

According to this Bill, there can be no sending from England to America of small amounts of books—say 250 or 100—that is, if I understand the expression "prohibition of importation" in section 3, which seems to me to be very artfully contrived so as to prevent all such importation, and which certainly will be so carried out—making the position of the foreign author as regards America, on the whole, much worse than it now is. Thus I, personally, have just published a very expensive illustrated work. There is not the slightest probability that any American firm would ever print it, but enough copies can now be sold to America to materially aid the cost.

This Bill seems to me utterly adverse to all the best interests of literature. It is founded on the vulgar and ignorant opinion, too prevalent in America, that a book is valuable exactly in proportion to its sale. It will deter authors from making efforts or taking risks. It is conceived entirely in a mere tradesman-like spirit. It is really and solely devised to favour publishers as much, and authors as little, as possible. Public opinion in Europe, and the complaints of American authors have forced the American publishers and public to grant something, and so they give just as little as they possibly can.

This Bill will deeply injure the best interests of culture and literature in America. But this will be a matter of no consequence to legislators, who cannot see any difference to the public between the sale of a black letter book and its equal value in black tea.

As I said before, this Bill allows the American publishers to wait and see whether books by unknown authors (or all not copyrighted on a certain day) will succeed, and if they do, he can always reprint them.

This is so peculiarly mean and contemptible, and also cruel. It is discouraging to young authors whose first works are always risks.

However artfully it may be worded, the intent of this Bill is to allow no books to be sold in the United States unless they shall be printed there.

According to section 3 an American publisher by depositing a printed title of any forthcoming English work can effectively stop its sale or its republication in America if he be so minded. That is, he can apply for a copyright, and either make his own terms, having obtained it, or else prevent its appearing altogether.

The Bill protects the author as regards printing and publishing, but not against copyrighting his title. And this same infamous injustice exists in England. Thus, I know a publisher in London, who, having advertised a book by a certain title, the title was copyrighted by another man who legally notified the publisher that he must not use his own title. I should say in conclusion, from my very soul, that men who could conceive, carry out, or approve of any such Bill as this, would be capable of anything contemptible or disreputable. It is altogether in the spirit of the great popular theory that the minority or the weak have no rights whatever which the majority or the strong are bound to respect.

Florence.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

V.

I am not concerned with the purely legal side of the question. I leave that to Sir Frederick Pollock and other lights of the law, by whom it has already been discussed. I would merely point out that the English publisher of an American book can protect it by the simple expedient of calling it a "copyright edition." This may imply either that the book was published simultaneously in England and the United States, or that, at the time of its publication, the author was in British territory. Lord Westbury and other authorities have expressed the opinion that observance of the first of the conditions secures the American author in his copyright; all agree that observance of the second does. And who can be sure that Lord Westbury was mistaken, or that the moment the book was published in London the author was not on the Canadian side of the Niagara or the St. Lawrence, or elsewhere in the Queen's dominions? The question could only be conclusively tested by the production of a rival edition; and where is the publisher who would commit such a folly? Though he might destroy the copyright of the book, he could in no circumstances acquire it for himself, while failure in the action which would doubtless be brought against him would involve payment of his adversary's legal costs as well as his own, in addition to
THE AUTHOR.

the cost of producing the rival edition, to say nothing of the worry, and the possibility of being cast in damages. But an ounce of practice is better than a pound of theory; and, as a matter of fact, I believe that no American book described on its title page as "copyright" has ever been pirated in this country.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

VI.

MR. C. J. LONGMAN ON THE BILL.

Mr. C. J. Longman has contributed to the April number of the Economic Review (Percival & Co.) a very cogent article on the American Copyright Bill, which will be read with considerable interest. Mr. Longman points out that those writers whose published works are before the world, but have hitherto, from whatever cause, failed to attract the attention of pirates, will derive no advantage from the Act, and it is no doubt true that the enterprising American publisher will not feel stimulated to engage in undertakings of this character now that the law makes him pay the authors. It is, as Mr. Longman puts it, impossible to make people read or buy unreadable books by Act of Congress. Mr. Longman thinks that British authors will also find that they have to compete with books of their own and other authors which have been published previous to the date on which the Act comes into force, which will of course remain on sale at the old price, as the Bill is not retrospective. But as to this, it may be remarked that in the opinion of at least some authorities, copyright editions of all these books will appear, and if so, it is possible that the American public will buy the copyright edition and not the cheap one.

As to the effects of the Bill upon British trade, Mr. Longman thinks that American printers are clever enough to adapt their type and methods of spelling to our needs; that plates will be sent over here, and, in some cases, books sent over in sheets. The loss therefore in his view will fall upon printers and subsidiary trades, as type founders, ink manufacturers, while binders will not be greatly affected. As for the publishing trade, Mr. Longman thinks that it will not be much affected in so far as publishers are concerned with the publication of books. It of course follows that the best British houses will open branches in New York or Boston, and Mr. Longman, at any rate, thinks that American publishers have quite as much to fear as British firms.

VII.

Regarding this Bill solely from my own point of view—that of a writer of historical books and works of reference not likely to have a rapid or immediate sale—I see no advantage to accrue from the provisions. It is unlikely that such books should come to be printed in America, as the publishers would prefer to print in England. Wages, I presume, are less; correction of proofs must be easier and cheaper. Lastly, consideration is due to the eccentric spelling of American printers, which would, in some cases, be a disfigurement of some moment to books intended to have an educational scope. But these are matters to be profitably discussed in an open meeting of the Society.

H. G. KEENE.

VIII.

The point of faithful reproduction ought to be strenuously urged. If America desires to have English literature, she must accept it in the language in which it is written. The option of acceptance or refusal being in her own hands, she may better express her appreciation of an author's capacity in accepting him as he writes than by doing this violence both to his feelings and reputation that unauthorised and, in many cases, uneducated alterations inflict.

I do not know whether others consider this as important a point as I do, but I speak from the experience of comparing some of our standard writers' works with their American editions; and in such perusal one cannot help recognising the malignant influence a "good book spoilt" would have on a future generation, whose circumstances might put it out of their power to see the work in its original form.

B. H. H.

PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE following Petition, signed by Lord Tennyson, President of the Society, was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Herschell on Monday the 10th of May:—

In the House of Lords, Session of 1891.

Copyright.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled.

The Humble Petition of the President, Fellows, Associates, and Members of the Incorporated Society of Authors—

Sheweth as follows:—

1. That a Bill entitled "An Act to amend and consolidate the Law relating to Copyright" has
been introduced into and read a first time by your Right Honourable House.

2. That your Petitioners were incorporated on the 20th June 1884 by a Board of Trade License, granted to the Association in pursuance of section 23 of the Companies Act, 1867, under the name of the "Incorporated Society of Authors" for the following, amongst other objects: "To represent, further, aid, and assist the objects, and to protect the rights and interests in their works, of authors, and every kind of literary, dramatic, artistic, scientific, technical, educational, and musical works and publications, and the rights and interests in the same of the assigns and representatives of such authors."

3. That the present state of the Law of Copyright is eminently unsatisfactory and injurious to the interests both of producers of, and dealers in, literary, dramatic, artistic, scientific, technical, educational, and musical works, and of the public in general. The existing law on the subject consists of no less than 18 Acts of Parliament, besides Common Law principles. Owing to the manner in which the Acts have been drawn, the law is, in many cases, hardly intelligible, and is full of arbitrary distinctions, for which it is impossible to find a reason.

4. That the provisions of the said Bill have been prepared with careful regard to the recommendations of the Copyright Commission of 1878, and with the assistance not only of authors, artists, and musical composers, but of persons well qualified to represent the various business interests concerned in the production of literary, dramatic, artistic, scientific, technical, educational, and musical works.

Your Petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that it may please Your Right Honourable House to pass the said Bill into Law.

And your Petitioners will ever humbly pray, &c.

(Signed) Tennyson,
President.

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COPYRIGHT.

THE SECOND READING OF THE BILL.

Our Copyright Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords on Monday the 10th of May. Lord Monkswell, to whom the Bill had been entrusted many months ago, but who has never from the first received any encouragement from the Government, did his work bravely and well, and our Society is under a deep obligation to him. In a speech full of facts and illustrations, he directed attention to the amazing confusion of the present law in point of form, to its many admitted defects in point of substance, and to the remarkable unanimity (considering the complications of the subject) with which all interested in the subject have agreed in supporting the amendments of the law which our draftsman had thrown into legal shape. He quoted, of course, again and again from the Report of the Royal Commissioners, three of whom—the Duke of Rutland, Lord Herschell, and Lord Knutsford—were Members of the House he was addressing, to show on what a strong foundation the Bill had been built up. He duly went through the much-needed amendments—the substitution of "life and 30 years" for the present awkward term of copyright, the levelling up of artists with authors, the extinction of fraudulent dramatisation of novels, the enfriachissement of newspapers, and so on. He was strong enough to admit his weak points, such as his inability to find a complete modus vivendi with Canada, whether by a licensing system or otherwise. Finally he, or rather Lord Herschell in his name, called upon the Government either to help him in carrying our Bill through Parliament, or forthwith to come forward with a better Bill of their own. An irresistible attack!

And what did the Government say to all this? Both Lord Balfour and the Lord Chancellor admitted to the full the case for the Bill, but for some inconceivable reason the Lord Chancellor (who was too prudent to take the responsibility of dividing the House) would consent only to a second reading on condition that the Bill should not be taken any further during the present Session. Difficulties were darkly hinted at, but with the exception of that in connexion with registration, not a single one was specifically mentioned. To 50 clauses, it was said by Lord Balfour, certain draftsmen had objected. Not one of them was named. On not a single one of the main amendments, not even on the proposed new term of "life and 30 years," was a word spoken. The Lord Chancellor merely observed, that if the Bill went into Committee there would be much controversy on many parts of it, and that all such controversy would be renewed when the Bill should come again before the House. Truly, we are entitled to ask, What controversy, and on what parts? Perfect, of course, the Bill is not, but if this is all that can be said against it by critics so highly qualified and painstaking as Lord Halsbury and Lord Balfour, it is at least as perfect as any Government measure of the present session.

Of course, the matter cannot be allowed to rest. As Lord Herschell finely said in his pointed speech, which will long be remembered by all interested in the subject, the Legislature exists for the purpose of remedying imperfect and mischievous legislation, such as that on copyright is universally admitted to be. "As far as indications go, the programme
of Her Majesty’s Government,” observed the noble and learned lord, “is approaching its end. Why should they not take up such a subject as copyright and deal with it? It is a matter of interest to authors and the public alike that the question should be settled, and the law amended. I believe a great many of the supposed difficulties will vanish if once a resolute and earnest endeavour be made to grapple with them. What the 50 points of objection to which the noble lord (Lord Balfour) referred are I do not know, but for my part I believe the real difficulties would be found to be not more than three or four. If once these are settled, there will be no difficulty about a consolidation of the law.”

THE COST OF A STAMP.

I.

THE article in the April number of the Author on the cost of a stamp did not make clear what I think is very desirable to have known: that is, what the law requires in the matter of the stamping of agreements.

I have just signed an agreement to which a sixpenny stamp was affixed.

“Is this mode of stamping agreements sufficient? Is it legal? Would documents so stamped be held valid in a court of law? Or ought they to be submitted to and stamped by the authorities of Somerset House?

“I am sure that many would like a competent opinion in the matter.”

A. B.

II.

Dear Sir,

We have received your letter of yesterday and enclosures. We think there can be no doubt as to the meaning of sub-section I. of section 15 of the Revenue Act, 1889, to which attention is called in the article in the April edition of the Author. The sub-section runs: “any contract or agreement made in England or Ireland under seal or under hand only, or made in Scotland . . . . for the sale of any equitable estate or interest in any property, or for the sale of any estate or interest in any property . . . . (with certain exceptions, among which the sale of Copyright or any interest in Copyright is not mentioned) shall be charged with the same ad valorem duty to be paid by the purchaser as if it were an actual conveyance on sale of the estate, interest, or property agreed or contracted to be sold.” It follows therefore that since the passing of this Act the same ad valorem duty will be charged on a contract for the sale of Copyright or any interest in it as on a conveyance of Copyright. If this view is right, the 6d. stamp is no longer sufficient, and whether a 6d. adhesive stamp is used or the document actually stamped at Somerset House, where a 6d. stamp might well be passed by inadvertence, the document will be insufficiently stamped, and the excess and £10 penalty and interest will be charged on it before it can be received as evidence in any court of law. The Act, we think, applies not only to agreements to sell some interest in Copyright, but also to many licences to publish; but as the terms of licences vary so much it would be a matter for consideration on each document whether it came within the Act. We return you Mr. A.B.’s letter and the Author.

Yours truly,

Field, Roscoe, & Co.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Right Honourable Baron Henry de Worms has joined the Council of the Society. Mr. Robert Bateman, in consequence of leaving town, has been unfortunately compelled to resign his post on the Committee.

The number of new Members elected since December last—inclusive, because the elections in that month were for 1891—amounts to 95. This must be acknowledged to be very satisfactory. Our numbers, however, ought now to increase at a much more rapid rate. We look for a roll of Members, before the lapse of many years, numbering thousands. Let it be remembered that the Society is concerned with every form of literature, and works for Authors in every branch.

Let me call attention very particularly to the directions for securing Copyright issued at Congress, and printed on page 5 of this number of the Author.

In March last there was a large rise in the wages of compositors, to be followed, if it has not already been followed, by a rise in the wages of machinists. This fact alters the figures given in the “Cost of Production.” Those who can “do sums” may amuse themselves by adding 15 per cent, to the charges of “composing” and “printing.” The other figures remain. If authors are
told, as they have been told, that the prices are incorrect, that the work cannot be done for the money, and so forth, let them understand that this is said with intent. I tested the figures the other day with a well-known London firm, who had not previously seen them. "We will willingly do the work," said their manager, "under your prices."

The American Government have sent copies of the new International Copyright Law to all their Foreign Ministers, with instructions to bring it to the attention of the respective Governments to which they are accredited. The least that our Government can do is to take care that our own laws satisfy the conditions on which the privileges of the Act can be granted to ourselves. These conditions are simply the securing to American authors of the same powers of obtaining Copyright as we ourselves enjoy. Practically, these powers are already secured for them, but perhaps the President may require the additional security of removing a certain doubt which now exists. This must be done without the least delay.

The following extract from the Times of May the 20th seems very significant. Lord Monksowell's Bill contains no clauses such as that contemplated by the writer to the Solicitor and the Attorney General, but could be added without altering the structure of the Bill.

**The Law of Copyright.**—The Attorney-General has replied as follows to a correspondent with reference to the law of copyright:— "The Attorney-General's Chambers, 2, Pump Court, Temple, E.C., May 15, 1891.—Dear Sir,—The subject to which your letter refers is of great interest. I have always been of opinion that protection should be secured to the results of intellectual labours, whether for the author or the mechanic. You are no doubt aware that the question is one surrounded with difficulty, but I can promise you that it shall not escape my attention in the event of any opportunity arising of furthering that object.—I am, yours faithfully, Richard Webster."

Writing on the same subject, the Solicitor-General says:—

"Royal Courts of Justice, May 15, 1891.—Dear Sir,—I have a strong opinion in favour of some steps being taken to protect English labour against such unfair treatment as it is subjected to by the new American copyright law, but I do not feel at liberty to express more than a general opinion on the subject.—Very faithfully yours, Edward Clarke."

Mr. William Black has been good enough to associate myself, among others, with him in the formation of a new publishing firm. It will be established in New York, and its object will be to print and publish books by English authors in conformity with the new Law of Copyright. This notable scheme has been hatched in silence and secrecy. So silent and secret have been the preliminary steps, that neither Mr. William Black himself nor any one of his associates has even heard of the scheme, which is gravely announced in a New York paper. Now, if such a scheme were attempted it would be founded on the belief that it could do for English authors what American publishers will not do. Perhaps it is quite conceivable that a plan of this kind, launched at a great expense of capital, could be worked—provided the manager could be found. It is also quite conceivable that a similar scheme could be launched and worked in this country—provided a manager could be found. But such a manager, possessed of abilities capable of conducting such an enterprise successfully, would, probably, very soon find out that he could do better for himself, and would therefore proceed to set up for himself. And unless success was assured from the beginning, the plan would certainly not enlist the confidence of authors. I think, therefore, that Mr. William Black, like myself, prefers existing arrangements, where agreements are fair to both sides, and fairly carried out. Unfortunately the list of publishers in the "London Directory," as readers of the Author very well know, contains a great many gentry whose agreements are never by any chance fair, and never by any chance fairly carried out.

"The Society of Authors, I assure you, my dear, does no good, no good at all. Only last week, for instance, a dear young friend of mine, a girl of 17, who had just left school, sent them, for an opinion, a MS. novel which she had written for her own amusement in leisure moments. She spent a whole six weeks upon it, and it was her first attempt. Would you believe it? The reader of the Society sent back the papers with the most cruel remarks you ever saw. He said that there was no possibility of considering the pieceseriously; he found fault with the plot, and the characters, and the construction, and advised the writer to study the Art of Fiction seriously if she wished to succeed. Absurd! And after that lovely article in the Spectator, which proves that there is no study wanted at all, but that story-making comes by nature, "like the song to the skylark." It was in this case doubly absurd, and it will show how ridiculous the Society is, when I tell you that a most respectable publisher, on receiving the MS. actually offered to bring out and sell 5,000 copies, and to give her half the profits if she would only advance £150 to begin with. It was the same publisher who once gave my husband £10—a
whole £10—for the profits on his book. Of course he was most unwilling to rob the poor dear man by taking it. Well, the dear child has jumped at the offer. She is delighted at her good fortune, and counts on making £1,000 at least, and means to devote herself henceforth entirely to literature. Whereas, my dear, if she had listened to that mischievous and meddlesome Society——!

"The Society of Authors is a mischievous body, Sir. It does nothing but encourage a parcel of school girls to put their miserable trash into the hands of scoundrels who make them pay for having their books produced. The markets are flooded with trash entirely through the efforts of this Society. Say they do quite the contrary? I don't believe it. I have heard from a very good authority, the leading partner in Barabbas, Ananias, & Co.—very active new firm—that this is all they even attempt to do."

"We consider the Society of Authors a meddlesome body. They may have some good men among their numbers. I don't know. But they are distinctly meddlesome. They actually want authors to know the meaning of their agreements. Why, that's our business. We are the publishers; we act entirely in the author's interests; why does he want to know the meaning of his agreement? And the actual Cost of Production? Can't he trust us? And the meaning of Royalties? Are they going to destroy all confidence between man and man? Trust my words, Sir, if that Society goes on, Literature is doomed."

What a dreadful thing it is to have such a bad character—and to deserve it!

Mr. George Gissing ought to be publicly thanked for introducing to the world a form of literary life which has long been known to all who have penetrated into the by-ways and slums of this many-sided calling. He presents to us several well defined and by no means uncommon types. There is the young man of literary aspirations who rashly attempts to make of letters his livelihood, encouraged by the success of a single first novel. He has no education to speak of; he has no knowledge of society; he has no personal experiences; he has no travel. In fact, he is absolutely devoid of any equipment except a true feeling for Art, and a burning desire to succeed. He cannot succeed. It is not possible for such a man to succeed. He fails dismally, and he dies. In real life such a man would not die. He would sink lower—lower—until he became the wretched drudge and hack of a penny novelette publisher, which is Malebolge itself. Next, there is the young man who looks about him, sees what will pay, and how men get on in the literary profession. He enters upon his work with the intention of succeeding, and he does succeed. In real life such a man might succeed in the way indicated, but not quite so easily. He becomes an Editor. Now, one of the chief requisites in a modern Editor is that he should know many men, and belong to certain social circles. This young man, with no social position, would certainly not be made an Editor quite so easily. On the other hand, his career illustrates the advantages to be derived from accepting the existing conditions, and trading upon them. But the truest, saddest figure in the book is that of the old littérature, a critic of the former school, who hangs on to letters, getting more and more soured every day, having a paper accepted now and then, doing a stroke of work here and another there, living a life of absolute dependence upon publishers and Editors, whose work nobody wants, whose whole history has been one of humiliations, disgusts, and disappointments, who waits humbly on publishers and hopes for their "generosity." Truly, as his daughter says, his is a loathsome profession. It is the utter degradation of letters; it is Grub Street with us still. But he degrades his profession still more, for he meditates constantly upon the pride of being the Editor of a literary journal, and his only thought, in that capacity, is how he will tear and rend his brother writers. "I will show them," he says, "I will show them how to scarify." Yes, that is still the thought of certain authors. As it was in the days of Churchill, so it is now. Because a man follows the calling of letters, he must, by other followers of that profession, be slated, scarified, torn to pieces. Every other profession has its unwritten laws of decency and politeness. That of literature, none. I do not suppose Mr. Gissing's book can become popular, but from my own knowledge I can testify to its truth. I know them all, personally,—two or three of each—Mr. Yule—Jasper—Edwin—and the fidelity of Mr. Gissing's portraits makes me shudder.

Zola has been passed over in favour of "Loti." The choice of the French Academy is surprising and disappointing. For if we grant everything that has been said in favour of Pierre Loti, the fact remains that he is a head and shoulders below Zola. I have purposely abstained from reading Germinal and one or two of Zola's last. But one
can never forget *L'Assommoir*, a work of surprising power and genius. Nor can we forget *La Curée*, not to speak of those short tales in which he has hardly an equal. When all is said and done about Zola, he will take, I am convinced, a very high place, far higher than the author of the charming *Madame Chrysantheme* is likely to achieve. The election is not one which can be defended by those who would like to see an Academy in this country. But then we want an Academy of our own, not slavishly copied from the French, and able to steer clear of the shoals and rocks which are always bringing that august vessel into danger and ridicule.

An American gentleman is making application to various authors for the manuscript originals of their works. Unpublished MSS., indeed, authors have never shown any unwillingness to part with; but published MSS. — there is the difference. Very few living writers now can predict with certainty the value of their MSS. in ten, twenty, thirty years' time. Surely it is best to take the chance, refuse to sell the things, and keep them for the benefit of heirs. If an autograph work be worth anything now, its value will be multiplied by ten in as many years' time, supposing the book to live. Besides, there is the sentiment of the thing. One would like to give to one's heirs the very work in one's own handwriting, out of which some fame, as well as some fortune, has been achieved. Let us keep our MSS., brethren, and lock them up.

Ouida has perpetrated a long two-column small print letter in the *Times*. She is very angry because people syndicate their novels. She is very angry that literary agents are allowed to exist. She is very angry that so many books are published. She is very angry that this Society exists. She is very angry that a certain very clever young writer is acknowledged to be clever. She is very angry that authors find it desirable to look after their property. She is so very, very angry with everything, that one suspects the sham indignation of the satirist which compels him — poor man! — to make verses.

The genesis of the literary agent is quite natural. Owing to the chaotic condition of publishing, while the publisher depends upon the author for material; and while the author depends upon the publisher for proceeds of his work; the publisher has no recognised principles on which to base his professed agreement, and is therefore in the false position of being taken for a screw or a cheat, when, perhaps, he is only desirous of being fair and just. The author, owing to the absence of recognized principles, has to go to the publisher and make a bargain in ignorance and dependence. This dependence is loathsome and humiliating to him; he hates the conduct of his own business; he considers himself cheated and cajoled — as very often he is. All this would be avoided if authors knew what is meant by cost of production, trade price, royalties; in fact, what are actually meant by the clauses of the agreements they are called upon to sign. So long as secrecy on these points is maintained, there will remain the humiliation of the author in being dependent on what they call the "generosity" of the publisher. Now the literary agent who takes up the conduct of an author's affairs is, or should be, a business man as much as the publisher. Therefore, when he arranges an agreement, it is one business man making a business agreement with another, both being entirely acquainted with the nature of the transaction in all its details. Such a man is invaluable. To find a good literary agent, and to place all affairs in his hands is a great step towards independence. The next great step will be when we have at last discovered a method of publication fair to all sides, recognised and adopted by all sides. Perhaps then the literary agent may no longer be wanted.

Even then there will be required someone to arrange with Editors for serial rights of novelists. Everybody knows that magazines vary in their payments for serials; those which have but a small circulation cannot pay much; those that circulate largely pay more for one writer than for another. It will always be the work of the literary agent to arrange these things for his clients. I recommend everybody who has any business arrangements of importance to transact them by means of an agent. But — and here the greatest care must be exercised — do not go to any agent unless he is thoroughly well recommended, if possible, by this Society.

I do not see that we need use up much space in discussing the other points of this angry lady's letter. She calls this Society a "Caricature of Literature," without explaining how a Society can be a caricature. She says that its Members are "makers of books." So they are. So they are. So is Ouida herself, if she comes to that — she has made 30 books, I am told. In the same way Mr. Watts is a maker of pictures. She feels that literature must not be a trade. So long as literature *in its making* is allowed to be an Art, I care nothing what it is called *in its selling*. The publisher is a tradesman or a professional man, just as anybody pleases, provided that the poet remains an artist. We will think of Art while we are engaged on Art, and we will think of nothing else. When our work — our
artistic work—is in our hands, completed and ready
for issue, we will think of the property that it
represents, and we will defend that property, after
the example of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot,
Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade,
and others, now numbered with the illustrious
death. The result, therefore, if the Company gets its boxes
introduced on railways will be the total destruction
of the whole book trade now carried on at the
railway bookstalls. This is an enormous trade; it
means the diminution of the sale of popular books
by perhaps 30 per cent. This is a lively prospect
for authors and publishers alike. But one cannot
believe that any railway company will grant such
a monopoly. It means a great deal more than if
such a monopoly were granted to one great
publishing house. For every great publishing
house has all its old books to offer. The new
Company will have to create its literature, which
cannot be done in a year. Fancy reducing the
choice of readers from the thousand volumes in all
branches of literature that fill the stall at a London
terminus to half-a-dozen books in so many boxes
in the railway carriage!

The Reproduction of a Fourteenth Century
Poem: an Account of a French Family: a volume
of Essays: a Manual on Boating: a Catalogue of
Ancient Deeds: a History of Children's Books: a
Book on Angling: a Book on the Telescope: a
Dictionary of Authors: a new Novel by George
Meredith. Now, of all these books, which is
the most important? Which is most striking?
Which represents the greatest event in the
literary history of the week? There can be no
doubt of the reply. It is the novel. There can be
no doubt, further, of the respect with which—if
only for his previous achievements—the book
singed out of this list should be received by those
who review as well as those who read. The
position of George Meredith is that of the heir
apparent to the crown of English Letters. There
is no one who can venture to dispute with him
that rank. Now, a certain literary paper has
selected the bundle of books above named with
half-a-dozen other novels for review in the issue
of May the 23rd. Of course it gives the first
place to George Meredith. Not at all. The first
place is given to the Fourteenth Century Poem.
Then it gives, at least, a separate notice, a place
of honour, to George Meredith. Not at all. It re-
views him as one of the batch. As for the review
itself that is not the question, though the reviewer
shows himself utterly out of sympathy with his
author from the outset. Fancy, at this time of day,
a reviewer of George Meredith writing “In his
former books Mr. Meredith did often succeed in
writing clever passages and smart epigrams!” The
point is, that in such a paper such a writer should
be classed and reviewed with Mr. Ready-to-Halt
and Mr. Feeble Mind, and little Miss Buttercup,
fresh from school! This comes of the batch prin-
ciple. On page 19 another beautiful example will
be found of the blessings of the batch method.

It will be seen from the communications pub-
lished elsewhere in this number, that complaints
are rife about the reviewing of novels—perhaps, also, about the reviewing of books in other branches of literature, though these have not yet been considered. Among all the complaints that have reached me—many of them only repetitions—I have found none against the daily papers. On looking more closely into the question, it becomes apparent that the best friends of literature, as if they had not enough already on their backs, are quite certainly the daily papers. To have a review in the Times has generally been received as a mark of special honour. It is much to be hoped that this old practice may be continued. Hitherto, it has always been considered beneath the dignity of the paper to “slate” a book or a writer. And it showed the dignity of the paper, that it never took up a book except to do it honour. The Daily News, the Morning Post, the Standard, all keep literature steadily to the front, and all in a spirit of appreciation, willing to recognise good work, and fully aware that bad books die of their own accord. The Telegraph has its book column every week and sometimes oftener. The Daily Chronicle has its literary supplement and its weekly feuilleton. The evening papers seldom appear without a review of some new books. Of provincial papers, the Scotsman has long been a stalwart friend of literature by criticism that is for the most part kindly and always sensible. The Bradford Observer contains excellent papers on current literature, and there are many other country papers of great help to letters. In fact, the daily papers, in their readiness to note the book of the day, their general kindliness and appreciation, are of very much greater importance to us than the weeklies.

**Walter Besant.**

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My name and country were—Why care to know?
High was my birth—What, if it had been low?
Glory I won, and died—What, if no glory?
I now lie here—Who tells to whom my story?

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**Paulus Silentarius.**

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Those who are interested in literature for the Blind will please note that a new magazine called Playtime will be issued by the British and Foreign Blind Association. The magazine is intended for blind children. It will be edited by Miss Florence Nevill, and will appear every two months. The address of the Association is 33, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park.
THE AUTHOR.

mony, being desirous to be in print. If he had a desire to have anything written in History, Poetry, or any other Science or Faculty, he had his several Authors, who for a glass of Wine, and now and then a meal's Meat and half a Crown, were his humble servants; having no other hire but that, and six or twelve of their books, which they presented to friends or persons of Quality; and, when they had succeeded, if they wanted any more books, they must pay for them: further I have known some of our Trade, that when a poor Author hath written a book, and being acquainted with some Person or persons of Quality whereunto he dedicates and presents it, the Book-seller will go snips and have half shares of what is so given him. There is no Trade that I ever heard of, that gets so much by their Commodity for whatever they print, if it sells, they get eight pence in the shilling; and for those that deal with Country-Chapmen, they put off the bad well enough at one time or another; and if they are very bad, then a new title is printed as if it were a new book; and what with this and changing, they march off in time. He also frequented the Schools, and by drinking with the School-masters, and discoursing of books and learned men, he would get their custom to serve them with School-books. There was one famous Country-Parsn whom he much desired to be acquainted with, and to him he rid, telling him he was troubled in mind, and desired him to satisfy him in a case of Conscience, the which he did; and then for his satisfaction, and to oblige him, he prayed and courted him to see him when he came to London, the which he did, and all this was to get the printing of his books. My Master having had a book written for him by a Poet, the Author (not having the wit to make his bargain, and know what he should have beforehand) when he had finished it, desired payment for his pains: Nay, said my master, you ought rather to pay me for printing it, and making you famous in print. Well then, said the Author, if you will not give me money, I hope you will give me some books. How, said my master, give you books, what will you have me forswear my Trade, and be a book-giver? I am a book-seller, and to you I will sell them as soon as to another, if you will give me money, paper and print costs money, and this was all the Author could have for his pains. My Master is now one of the Grandees of the Company, and that besides the ordinary way gets him something. Not long since, he and others went a searching, and finding an impression of unlicensed books, seized them, but instead of suppressing and turning them to wast paper, they divided the greatest part of them amongst themselves, and immediately my Master sent some of them away to all his Chapmen, and the rest we sell in the Shop. It so fell out lately; that a book being to be printed, my Master repaired to the Author to get the Copy, but another of the same Trade had been there before, to whom it was in part promised; but however (out of respect to my Master) the other being sent for, it was agreed that they should have the printing of it between them; whereupon one printer was employed by them both to do the work. My Master soon after sent for the Printer, and tells him, You must do me a kindness: Yes Sir, said the Printer. It is this, said my Master, I am to give away to the Author some Books, wherefore I would have you to print 200 for me above the number, and do not tell my Partner, and I will pay you: Yes, said the Printer, and so he did, and was paid for them accordingly. But the Printer seeing the knavery of his employers (for the other had been with him; and engaged him to print the same number of 200 over, pretending some private use he had for them) he likewise printed 400 over for his own use, and publiquely sold them; and neither of them could or would complain of him to the other, because they knew themselves guilty of the same crime."

REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS.

I.

"WHAT a blessed thing it is that Nature, when she invented, manufactured, and patented authors, contrived to make critics out of the chips that were left! Painful as the task is, they never fail to warn the author, in the most impressively manner of the probabilities of failure in what he has undertaken. Sad as the necessity is to their delicate sensibilities, they never hesitate to advertise him of the decline of his powers, and to press upon him the propriety of retiring before he sinks into imbecility."

O. W. Holmes.

II.

In the year 1889 a novel was produced by an unknown writer. On March 30th of that year the book was reviewed—or noticed—in a certain paper, as one of a batch. Evidently the reviewer had read it with pleasure, for after telling the story—which never ought to be done in reviewing a novel—he added these words, "If this is——'s first novel, she has done extremely well. . . . Her characters have the stamp of good breeding,
her situations are probable, her conversations are natural and lively, and she has a good style." This was very satisfactory for the author, and perhaps caused some readers to ask for the book.

This year the lady's publishers brought out a new edition, and on April 18th last another review—or notice—of the work appeared in the same paper. It was reviewed as a new book, an accident which might happen to any reviewer. The review again took the form of telling the story—which as was said above never ought to be allowed in reviewing a novel—but this time without any word of comment whatever; and so telling it as, in the opinion of the author and some others, to condemn the book. One may be wrong, but in reading the review there seemed, distinctly audible, a kind of a sniffing.

Referring again to an article in the Saturday Review which was noticed in last number of the Author, one reads these lines, "The really curious thing is that the author of this paper should fail to perceive that even the briefest judgment of a competent critic is based upon, and necessarily implies, the study and knowledge of the art which he denies to reviewers."

No one had denied "the study and knowledge of the art" to such reviewers. But nevermind that. The point is, which of these two opinions is by the competent critic, and which by the other. Because one sniffs and the other praises. Perhaps there is a third way out of it. Critics of equal competency may have reviewed the book on both occasions, and the second man did not really mean to sniff at the book. He only had a cold.

III.

"M— W— is a story of incident, located in Scotland, and somewhat loosely written in three languages—for there is a large admixture of Gaelic, and enough French to show that the author is not too pedantic in his employment of a foreign tongue. The Gaelic is not scrappy, like the French, but occurs in long conversations, and in many successive pages. It is, moreover, sufficiently uncompromising to puzzle a reader."

This is taken from a leading Review. Will it be believed that the "Gaelic" is ordinary Lowland Scotch, the language of Walter Scott and Robert Burns? That good old familiar language is so strange to a reviewer in this Journal that he thinks it is Gaelic! As to the French, the author writes that it is simply confined to half-a-dozen ordinary expressions, such as savoir faire, tout ensemble, &c.

But Gaelic!—Shade of Sir Walter!—Gaelic!

IV.

"May I add my mite to the subject under discussion, i.e., Reviewers and Novels? Last year a novel was published, the joint work of another writer and myself. The reviews were, save for one or two smaller papers, remarkably good, but this is apart from the question. What I would emphasize is this:—At the request of the publishers, there was added a short preface. This preface is supposed to have been written by one of the characters in the book, a High Church clergyman, and this is readily understood by anyone who has read either the first or the last chapter, let alone the rest. However, if the preface only is read, the mistake is easily made of supposing him to be instead a 'real live' vicar, and into this innocently laid trap no less than four reviewers, three of them on well-known London papers, fell headlong. Now I know the poor, sad-eyed reviewer is a much-to-be-pitied individual, and I quite acknowledge the book in question was but a little one and only light reading, but editors live to boast of the correctness of their paper, and surely therefore 'The preface of'—only three words—should have been added to the sage remark, 'This book is amusing, or dull, or clever, or utterly impossible, or far-fetched, &c., &c.' I should not have written this egotistical epistle, however, only I am just a little behind the scenes of the journalistic stage, and I believe and dare aver that this one proven case is only one of many, and also that the preface system of reviewing is not confined to the smaller fry of the sea of literature. And yet not only the public but the authors themselves are dependent on such reviews for learning the true value of their work—for what author can judge his own writings impartially?—and they are also expected to accept such lazy critic's praise or blame as the judgment of Solomon. It is well, surely, to review a few books properly than many carelessly. It is time, surely, there was a school of novelists, if only that young writers might have an opportunity of obtaining fair, truthful, thoughtful, and really helpful criticism, instead of a few hurried words written by guesswork from a short preface. Wishing all success, therefore, to the new school, for which, spite of adverse opinion, I prophesy a future."

A. E. S.

V.

"'An Obscure Novelist's' questions open up fresh ground for research. Are there half-a-dozen papers which can be said to review in the real..."
sense of the word at all? In the vast majority of cases it seems the correct thing to turn on the latest-acquired printer's devil, or some half-educated hack, whose slipshod English, poverty of ideas, and stark inability to grasp even the most elementary points of the work beneath his dissecting pen, are things to shudder at. Hence, I take it, the unanimity wherewith our 'reviewers,' invariably set themselves to expose the whole plot, or at any rate enough of it to spoil the reader's interest; that of the male reader at any rate, who does not make a point of looking at the end of a book first. Such a hashed-up résumé as can be gleaned from a casual glance into the beginning and end of the book answers every purpose, since it serves to conceal their own complete lack of the critical faculty, and makes 'copy.' The author is credited with characters and scenes he never invented; if there is scope for it, only too frequently, with a geographical ignorance that would disgrace a second form boy, the allotted paragraph is filled up somehow, and our merry 'critic' (?) splashes out of his wallow and shakes himself blithely preparatory to plunging into a fresh one.

Another thing. When is fiction going to be relieved of those most idiotic and utterly unmeaning terms 'hero' and 'heroine'? In the first place, speaking with all due deference, I believe there is no satisfactory definition extant as to what constitutes a 'hero' and his feminine counterpart. Certainly, with considerable opportunities of observing human nature, both civilised and savage, in many lands, I have never fallen across any man or woman who came within measurable distance of the popular conception of this nondescript animal. But he is a very marrow-bone to our friend the 'horse-reviewer' who jumps around him, falls upon him, and cracks him, and from his spoils extracts succulent 'copy.' He objects that your 'hero' is not a hero at all. Well, you never intended that he should be, taking the term to mean an impersonation of perfectibility. And your 'heroine' is faulty and given to failure at the crucial moment. So she is. But you intended her to be. The reviewer, however, cannot, to save his dear life, grasp the fact that the principal male and female characters of the book need not necessarily be aspirants to heroic virtues, whatever these may be, and that if they did happen to realise his idea of heroics they would be as insipid and wholly uninteresting as perfect people must necessarily prove. 'Our hero'!! In the name of the Prophet, away with this fool of a word!"

VI.

"As one of the apparently hated class of reviewers, may I be allowed to state that I have the honour to review for a weekly journal, which does consider reviewing of some importance, and also, that I take special pains to do my work in a responsible manner? My editor does not wish the books to be scamped. He gives me space for extracts, and also I am allowed a free hand. I am not obliged to praise books by a popular author if I do not consider them worthy of praise, or because the publishers of the books sent in advertise in the journal for which I write. And I may add, that I have by the letters from authors (absolutely unknown to me personally) who have taken the trouble to write to me through my editor, to thank me for sympathetic notices. I always do my best to get a glimpse into an author's mind—if he has one—through his work, and then to give as intelligent a reason as my powers of expression will admit for praise or blame. I should like to quote some of the letters from authors, but it would be an unjustifiable outbreak of vanity on my part."

A Member.

VII.

"A letter in the Author for February on 'Kinds of Criticism' recalls an experience that is instructive, therefore I sent it to you to use or not, as you please.

Some years ago I was in treaty with the editor of a leading paper to become a reviewer on his staff. I had sent some specimens of work, of which he had approved, and was asked to call at his office by appointment for my instructions. He received me courteously; praised my work; then gave me a three-volume novel he wished me to review at length. As he handed it to me, he said significantly: 'Do you know Mrs. (speaking of the writer) 'I hate that woman.'" B.

I knew at once what he meant. I was to be Balaam to this journalistic Balak. Bless his friends and curse his enemies! Unfortunately I possess a conscience. I read the book carefully, and said what I thought, regardless of Balak's hint. The review was favourable on the whole, so much so, that from it the publishers extracted a quotation for advertisement. With this result to myself, however, that I was never again employed by the editor in question, who forgot, moreover, to pay me for the review.

He is no longer editing a paper in this world, therefore I may venture to give this experience without provoking him to say of me to some more facile reviewer as he hands my books for review: 'I hate that woman'!"
BELONGING to literary metaphysics is that idea of the *personality* of a house or room. Nathaniel Hawthorne treated this bizarre notion successfully in his wonderful romance of the "House with the Seven Gables," and Edgar Poe even more so in the "Fall of the House of Usher," and while other writers have made inanimate objects breathe, these are the only two English writers who have given to houses what Mr. Pater would call "soul." It is true now that some of our art guilds profess to give this quality of strangeness to furniture directly it leaves the workshop; and nineteenth century decorators claim to leave much of it in our modern rooms along with the paint and paper frieze. Mr. James Payn tells of a young shopman who described a sideboard "as not Chippendale, but with a Chippendale feeling," and this expresses the more modern phase of what originally was a very pleasing conceit.

Human mind has been compared to a kingdom, and with equal felicity a room may be compared to a person. If rooms could talk, how much they would have to tell us! What useful witnesses they would be in the Divorce Court—on a Royal Commission— or when politicians are differing about the words used at an interview. "Walls have ears" is only a metaphor at present, but doubtless some future Edison will discover a machine no less dangerous than the phonograph by which we may recover till the conversations— all the secrets a room has been the involuntary witness of. Philologists have never paid sufficient attention to the word "Room." No other synonym of equal force has been discovered. *Apartment*— what could ever happen in an apartment? *Chamber*—that, too, is impossible without some epithet as green, or blue, or red. But *Room* stands alone; for poets it is particularly useful, as it is one of the few rhymes to *gloom*.

Of all rooms in a house the library should have most to tell us. Unlike its owner it would have read all the books on the shelves, those the casual visitor sees and those he does not see—the books behind the shelves. We are often told that a man's character can be discovered by his library, I do not think this is always the case. If the books are very beautifully bound in Venetian and Levant, and have the work of Grolier and Derome on their backs, or the delicate tooling of Mr. Zaehnsdorf or Mr. Cobden Sanderson, we may be assured that the owner is either a bibliophile (one who likes books and reads them) or a bibliomaniac (one who likes books but does not read them); if the library had a tongue it would tell us which.

If one sees a library full of standard authors, as Shakespeare, Johnson, Pope, Macaulay, all bound in red morocco with gilt edges, one feels sure they are never read. It is almost fatal to have a standard author well bound; even a large paper copy *(édition de luxe)* is a little suspicious. But I may be judging others by myself, for I never can read a standard author (in red morocco and gilt edges). I always suspect the owner has bought it because it was the right thing to do.

Another sure sign of unread books is a library of first editions. They have been purchased not because the first edition of some author had better type, or passages omitted in subsequent editions, or plates of which the impressions were inferior—but simply because they were first editions. Art critics talk about "art for art's sake," and bibliomaniacs might have a similar cant phrase of "first editions for first editions' sake." I myself have a library skeleton in the shape of a first edition which I bought some years ago, hoping that its value would increase. From time to time I take it the round of the booksellers—but in vain. Nay, the very wretch who sold it to me (he called it a bargain, I remember, and it certainly was for him) now tells me he would not give two shillings for it. I will not reveal the name of the book, for I still live in hope, and I show it to my friends as the greatest treasure in my collection, for I place it back on the shelf on my return from the goblin market of the book-selling trade. Booksellers are only prodigal of digits when selling books.

But if my library has its secrets, those of my friends have theirs as well. A literary acquaintance of mine who has made some mark in the world, and writes delicate essays (pastels, he calls them), often talks in public and private about classical literature. When I speak of the achievements of one of our modern English poets, he tells me that Theocritus or Pindar have done the same thing much better. On his shelves are all the Leipzig series of the Greek poets, and Apollonius Rhodius lies open on the table, but behind the shelves, invisible to vulgar gaze, are Mr. Bohn's translations. I have forgotten all my classics, but I remember in Horace there is a line about care sitting behind a horseman; so it is with the library of my friend, "Behind his classics sits blue Bohn." I hold my peace, however, for have I not the first edition on my conscience?

Zola, I am told, has a large circle of admirers in England, yet how many of them are acquainted with him in the original? Mr. Vizetelly's versions of realistic fiction have found a place in many a private library, where they corrupt our educated youth just as much as the bank clerk and
THE AUTHOR.

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hairdresser. English people are always attacking translations, because to them they are indebted for any acquaintance with foreign literature. Here again I may be judging others by myself. As I am for being candid, let me hasten to admit that I have as large and goodly a collection of Bohns and Vizetellies as any man living. Bohns have been to me what Mary Stuart was to Mr. Swinburne,

"Red star of boyhood's fiery thought."

Bohns have solaced, have instructed, have entertained me as I feel sure they have many others. What a splendid language our English is, to be sure! There is really no necessity to learn any other. I feel I am a fine example to be held up by those who are for abolishing Greek from the schools and Italian from the Civil Service examinations. Many a translation of Dante have I reviewed; "Te duce, Longfellow," and have not Messrs. Heinemann and Walter Scott placed Scandinavian literature in my reach? Petronius, Herodotus, Pausaniae are no longer closed books for me. Mr. Bohn and his fellow workers, like the angel in Revelation, have broken the seals of a dead language. When I talk of such masterpieces familiar to me only in an English form, that I have pricks of conscience I do not deny. I am consoled, nevertheless, when I think that writers greater than I have secrets no less dark and base. What man of letters reveals his books of reference? True, one novelist, eminent for Scotch local colour, has confided to me that he has never been north of the Tweed. Nor should I be surprised to learn some day that Mr. Haggard only edited "She," in spite of his assertion to the contrary, that the MSS. are perfectly genuine, but with the insidious art of the storyteller he palmed them off as his own. In his library perhaps are concealed the letters of Mr. Allan Quatermain. Has Mr. Besant ever been further east than the Mansion House? Does Mr. Hardy live in Wessex? These are questions likely to raise some future literary controversy. They are now library secrets. Long may they remain so.

There are other kinds of books besides works of reference and translations that a man who possesses them would hesitate to show to any but an intimate friend; but I trust no married men own such things. Their price has placed them beyond my modest means, and that original virtue in all of us would have prevented my acquiring them had I the chance. I refer to those suspicious little works published in Belgium with delicate etchings on hand-made paper; English volumes (privately printed, 25o copies only) which have on the title-page the legend that they were printed at Benares by the blameless Ethiopian. And those offered at fancy prices, which all bear the title of "Serpent Worship," clothed in the modest language of a scientific brochure. I trust that a very small percentage of private libraries keep such books as these. Our pure and noble literature has fortunately supplied few examples wherewith to swell such a depraved catalogue.

R. R.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

THAT amalgam of races now called Belgian has produced a dramatist of great and original power. He writes in French, but his style raises a suspicion even in a foreigner, that it is not his native tongue. Apart from the language, the treatment of his three plays, "La Princesse Maleine," "L'Intruse," and "Les Aveugles," is sufficient proof that he is not a Frenchman. Whatever their merits or their faults, neither are French. They contain, even more than the work of his countrymen Van Beers, Huysmann, and Knopf, an element wholly foreign to French art. No doubt none of this work would have been produced without French influence, but it all bears a mark of strong native individuality. The three plays which Maeterlinck has already written give him a claim to the highest place among contemporary dramatists. So much attention has been devoted to detecting new schools of the drama elsewhere, that it is a surprise to find such a school arising in Belgium. The Flemish races are, however, proving that they possess a reserve of force, revived, but in no sense re-constructed, by foreign example.

A special peculiarity in Maeterlinck's work is the important part which he assigns to accessory effects. He animates dead matter, he humanizes his animals by some mysterious power of metempsychosis, and his atmospheric phenomena are real Powers of the Air. He achieves even more than this, for the visions of his youths, and the dreams of his old men incorporate themselves in sounds and shapes that can be perceived by healthier or soberer senses. Out of this very peculiarity arises a rare and immense dramatic merit. With him accessories never usurp a more important place. No one of them is necessary to the construction of the story, but all assist materially to develop it. They explain the situations and emphasize the characterizations, but they never distract the attention due to either. In this way Maeterlinck's is art of the highest order, perfectly simple and direct in construction, adorned but never burdened with a wealth of ornament.

The special sphere of Maeterlinck's genius is darkness, the darkness of hopeless destinies and sightless eyes. So far, he is fatalist, and only so far, for
his work is wholly free from any trace of didactic fatalism; if he founds a new school it will not be for purposes of instruction. It is noticeable that though darkness and the fears that accompany it fill his dramas, he never has recourse to supernatural agencies. The terror which he inspires, he draws, as it were, from the brains of his own characters, and expresses in the forces of nature. For pure concentrated fear I do not know anything more powerful than the death of La Princesse Maleine. You may read the play in a brightly lit room full of people, and tremble over it, when you have read "Melmoth" even, alone and at night. The murder scene recalls and surpasses the most dramatic scene in "Uncle Silas." It is, however, improbable that Maeterlinck knows the too little appreciated novelist Le Fanu. The comparison between them need not be pressed further, for Maeterlinck is superior in almost every point.

To attempt any detailed examination of the three plays would be impossible in a short space. It will be sufficient to consider how wonderful is the little scene "L'Intruse." It does not take more time to read than a quarter of an hour, it contains no episode, it is founded on no plot that can be properly so called, and yet it is absorbingly interesting, full of delicate characterization, and careful, skilful touches. It is not only the creations of the writer's brain that interest you, but the creations of his creatures' brains. This subtle compound influence upon the reader has never been achieved in the same degree of intensity and sustained so long. The blood that Lady Macbeth sees upon her hands does not leave a deeper stain. The whole of "L'Intruse" is full of this influence, the least incident in it becomes prophetic. The old Grandfather's fancies seem even to precreate incidents in harmony with his own melancholy, incidents which would not so much be noticed at the time, as remembered afterwards as having accompanied an evening full of very sad memories. There was the wind that came out from the cypress wood, and the trembling in the trees, and the searing of the swans and the fishes, and the house dog that sat silent in his kennel, and the gardener who stood in the shadow and whetted his scythe, and the door that no one could shut, and the door that opened of itself, and the carpenter to come in the morning, and the dim burning of the half-spent lamp, and the physician waiting until midnight, and at midnight the hurrying footsteps and the cry of the dumb child, and emphasizing these trivial incidents, re-creating them as omens, the blind fear of the old man. All so perfectly natural and all supernaturalized by his sick fancies.

Nor are the two similar characters of the brothers without special merit for delicate distinctive touches. Both are kind-hearted, matter-of-fact men. It is so natural for them to regret the time when the Grandfather was as "reasonable" as they were, and "never said anything extraordinary." The Father is an excellent domestic man who keeps everything in order in the house during his wife's illness. He knows all the freaks of the furniture, and expects the servant to know them too. He sees the lamp filled himself, and professes all the faith of a true housewife in it that "it will burn better presently." We are not surprised that his ultimate conclusion concerning the blind should be "Il est certain qu'ils sont la pluie." The Uncle is rather clever and inclined to be strict, but the gift he most prides himself on is common sense. He cannot endure mystery, he detects it lurking even in the voice. When the Grandfather asks, "What is that at the door?" he says, "You must not ask that in such an extraordinary voice." He has an explanation, good or bad, ready for everything. If there is a sound of mowing it is the gardener, though gardeners do not mow at night. If feet are heard on the stairs he recognises his sister's footstep at once, although she is not there. His standard of appeal is the doctor. He even has a certain sympathy for his sister's monastic order, because "the rule applies to all alike." His worst epithet is "useless," and his sagest counsel "to be reasonable." In his eyes truth and logic are synonyms. No wonder that when the blind Grandfather says, "I can see clearly there is something——" that he answers a little sharply, "Then you can see better than we can."

And here we come to another characteristic of Maeterlinck, a hint of secret invident forces, triumphing out of obscurity. Here, the irrational sight of the blind; the insight of the idiot and the animal, in "La Princesse Maleine"; and the last ray of hope falling on the new-born child, in "Les Aveugles"; these are examples of what I mean. In "Les Aveugles" indeed the climax of the drama is the appeal of the utter powerlessness of the blind, the deaf, the mad, and the dead to a powerlessness seemingly more complete still. In this scene the darkness of Maeterlinck is at its deepest. Short as it is, so much might be said about it, that it is too long to notice here.

W. W.

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LITERATURE IN IRELAND.

The miracle performed at the request of Hezekiah may be daily observed by the traveller from Holyhead to Kingstown. As the shadow of old went back on the dial of the Hebrew King, so apparently Time retreats as the visitor from
England approaches the shores of the Emerald Isle, and if he is a lover of order, he must in consequence put back his watch five-and-twenty minutes. Our relationship to the sun is not unlike our condition in other matters. The visitor to Ireland must be prepared to find the inhabitants a little behind the times. It may be that Hibernia has the same complaint to make of Britania that Diogenes made of Alexander, when he requested that monarch, who stood at the aperture of the philosopher's tub with an offer of gifts, to stand out of his sunshine. To fully realize how small the progress made by Ireland during the centuries which have elapsed since her conquest has been, one has only to turn to Spenser's "View of the Present State of Ireland," the greater part of which description is as true to-day as it was in 1599. Ireland has never enjoyed the "Piping times of peace" in which art flourishes. Like Moloch, she has always been in favour of "Open war." She has cherished so many delusive hopes, nursed so many futile rebellions, and been so much occupied in endeavouring to shake off what her demagogues designate the "yoke" of England, that she has had no time to devote to "the arts of peace." As a natural consequence, such of her children as loved the paths of wisdom, left behind them the "drums and tramplings" of petty political struggles, and found in "a land of settled government" the quiet which they sought. Thus it comes that Goldsmith's name is associated more closely with Fleet Street than with Lissoy; Burke and Berkeley and Swift are English rather than Irishmen of Letters; and the names of George Darley and Edward Fitzgerald are almost unknown in their native land; while Moore, "our western bulbul, half Cupid and half tom-tit," is still considered our "sweetest lyrist" although he has been succeeded in his post of Irish Laureate by at least one poet, the latchet of whose shoes he would be unworthy to unloose. Living Irish writers, it would seem, have, like their predecessors, adopted Punch's recipe, and endeavoured to make home happy by leaving it. Many years have elapsed since Mr. Lecky was resident in Ireland. Lesser lights have also departed from amongst us. Lady Wilde, who as Speranza fired many hearts with enthusiasm, lives in a land against which the most impassioned of her lyrics were directed. The author of "Dorian Gray," like another prodigal son has taken his journey into a far country. Rosa Mulholland has also taken flight, and Dr. Tophunter sings of Greece in the midst of London. Justin McCarthy, father and son, perhaps live more in London than among their constituents. But some writers still remain with us. Professor Dowden, for whom the Yankees made a bid when they failed to obtain Shakespearre's house, has, we believe, taken out a perpetuity in the Protestant burial ground, a fact which may be fairly considered a sign of his inclination to abide permanently with us. Dr. Mahaffy's rambles in Greece have evidently not proved sufficiently attractive to tempt him to pitch his tent on the plains of Marathon. Professor Salmon labours alternately at theology and mathematics in the Provost's house, Trinity College. J. B. Bury, "the marvellous boy," has recently electrified scholars by his edition of "The Nemean Odes of Pindar." The author of "The Wearing of the Green" writes three volume novels within sound of the sea at Blackrock; and Katherine Tynan, whose "Louise de la Valliere" and "Shamrocks" are creditable volumes of verse, lives in quiet old Clondalkin. Sir Robert Ball, whose "Story of the Heavens" might lead readers to the rash conclusion that he dwells among the stars, resides at Dunsink; and Edwin Hamilton, the Dublin Aristophanes, lives in one of the houses which overlook—

"That vast enclosure, called for brevity 'The Green.'"

We can also count among the representatives of literature resident in Ireland the following writers:—J. K. Ingram, best known as the author of the song "Who fears to speak of '98?"; R. Percival Graves, the friend of Wordsworth, and biographer of Sir W. Rowan Hamilton; A. P. Graves, author of "The Blarney Ballads" and other volumes of verse; T. Caufield Irwin, the poet; Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, whose translations include a marvellous rendering into Greek of Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters"; G. T. Stokes, whose "Irish Ecclesiastical History" is a standard work; G. F. Armstrong, author of many volumes of verse, of which the most popular is "Tales of Wicklow"; Mrs. Hartley, better known as May Laffan; the Hon. Miss Emily Lawless, author of "Hogan, M.P."; Professor Bastable; Mrs. Cashel Hoey, whose novels have won her an enviable reputation; and W. J. Fitzpatrick, author of "The Sham Squire." We have also Douglas Hyde, whose hatred of "The proud Invader" forbids his signing his name in English; the author of "Molly Bawn" and many other popular novels, who declines to grace the title pages of her books with her name; J. T. Gilbert, the historian of Dublin, and Aubrey de Vere, the veteran poet and his brother, Sir Stephen de Vere, one of the few successful translators of Horace; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who was early "forced to roam," and has continued to do so from habit; George Sigerson, author of "Poets of Munster," Hannah Lynch, whose tales have attracted much attention; P. W. Joyce, author of "Irish Names of Places"; T. W. Lyster, translator of Dunster's "Life of Goethe," and J. H. Bernard, translator with
Dr. Mahaffy of Kant’s “Critique of Pure Reason.” Mary Fitzpatrick, the novelist, and C. G. O’Brien, author of much pleasing verse. This list of names might include many others of less note, but it has already become too like the catalogue of the ships in the Iliad to tempt any reader to ask for more. It is not to be assumed that because these writers reside in Ireland that therefore their books are published in Dublin or Belfast. With the sole exception of T. Caufield Irwin, all the above-mentioned have publishers in London. The books published in Dublin are either Roman Catholic Books of Devotion or school books. Dublin cannot, like Edinburgh, boast of a Nimmo or a David Douglas, or of such a firm as A. & C. Black. Her chief publishers occasionally publish a “Justice of the Peace” or a “Law of Land Tenure.” No work of art ever issues from the University Press. Popular discontent and the turmoil which springs from discontent have banished Art from Ireland. Will Ireland ever be contented? She will, when the old days return, days in which, as Landor says,—

“Tara rose so high
That her turrets split the sky,
And about her courts were seen
Liveried Angels robed in green,
Wearing, by Saint Patrick’s bounty,
Emeralds big as half a county.”

Ramsay Colles.

“A WORD FROM YOU, SIR.”

EVERY man known to be actively engaged as a littérateur counts upon receiving half-a-dozen letters every week from people, generally young people, and in most cases young ladies who are ardently desirous of getting their works published. Sometimes they send manuscripts for perusal, assuming as a perfectly natural thing that a busy man can afford to give a day to everybody who asks; sometimes they ask advice: most often they say that they have sent the work to this person and to that, to the editor of this or that magazine, and that it always comes back rejected. The reason, they are persuaded, is not in any defects or faults of the work itself (as will be easily understood when the manuscript has been carefully read), but in the difficulty of getting a manuscript read by any publisher or editor whatever. This being so, all that is wanted is a little personal interest from one who can influence publishers and editors. “A word from you, sir, whose influence is so great, would at once remove all difficulty from my path and ensure the acceptance of my work.” Or, as sometimes happens, the work has been actually issued and has fallen flat. Then the single word of influence is asked to induce editors to give the book a favourable notice. Nay, if they happen to know or to find out—their ingenuity in finding out these little details is enormous—that a man is a personal friend of any editor, they will even ask him to use his influence with that editor, so that, against his honour and his conscience, he shall direct a critic against his honour and his conscience, to write a favourable review of a worthless book. Not only this, but they believe that the thing is actually done, and done every day. It is a curious sign of the times that such a belief is prevalent; but there is no doubt about it. A large section of the world has no belief in the honour of any class of mankind at all. They believe that trickery rules everything, from the little suburban shop to the editorial chair. It is impossible to answer such people, but those who honestly believe in the inaccessibility of editors and publishers unless persuaded by “a single word from you,” may at least be asked to consider that books are not published by caprice, or in order to gratify anyone, or out of kindness, but wholly and solely for mercantile reasons. Fortunately good work of all kinds has its mercantile value. Therefore the only thing to advise is that they should produce good work. The tears and entreaties which accompany many of these letters are most grievous to hear. A girl who is struggling to keep herself, to help others dependent upon her, to whom even the most miserable dole of the most cruel of sweating publishers would be gratefully received, can only be told the same thing. Poverty will not make a writer. It is not enough to yearn ardently after a little money; if the gift has been denied another way must be found. The “single word from you,” even if it could be spoken, would not move editor or publisher in the slightest degree, except to wonder how one could be such a fool as to utter that single word. The number of those who besiege the gates of literature increases daily, and will continue to increase, both here and in America. Indeed, where there are hundreds of pens at their futile work in Great Britain there are thousands in the United States. All we can do is to hope that their disappointment may come speedily and while there is still time for them to turn to other things.

MR. GEORGE MOORE AND HERR IBSEN.

No doubt there is much in dramatic criticism to incline a man of any taste or discrimination to adopt views opposed to the critic’s, and no doubt the irrelevancies of professed Anti-Ibsenites have produced some able defences of the “master.” Perhaps Mr. George Moore’s appearance in the Ibsenite camp may be partly explained in this way.
It is, however, disappointing to find a really just and delicate critic drawn from his judicial attitude. He would be the last to maintain that adverse criticism by Mr. Clement Scott necessarily proves the excellence of a play. He may remember also that the school in whose company he finds himself for the moment, is not wholly unrepresented in bogus prophecy. It is to be hoped, however, that he will yet examine Herr Ibsen’s prose dramas for us solely on their dramatic merits, by clearing the ground of moral questions and Ibsenite controversy. No English critic is more fit to do so.

Mr. George Moore will surely allow that Art is essentially absolute and dogmatic in principle, having no knowledge of contradiction. Argument or didacticism therefore, by acknowledging resistance to it, violates its elementary laws. That is to say, all works of art which purpose to illustrate theories or drive home arguments are so far bad art, or rather not works of art at all. This fault is what the Ibsenite school appear to claim as a merit in Herr Ibsen. It appears to assert that Herr Ibsen’s prose dramas enunciate a certain philosophy of which it approves. With the quality of this philosophy dramatic criticism has no concern at all, indeed, in so far as a critic praises or blames it he shows himself careless of the canons of Art. He has to decide whether the author is guilty of the merit of didacticism. It would be impertinent to remind Mr. George Moore, but it is necessary to remind many professed Ibsenites, that anti-Christian philosophy is not exempt from the rule against didacticism in Art. What Art abhors is teaching not the lesson, all lessons alike are beyond its sphere.

I am not, however, prepared to accept the Ibsenite claim that Ibsen is an intentional moralist, and I imagine that Mr. George Moore does not consider him so either. If he did it would scarcely praise “Hedda Gabler” so highly. The morality enunciated by the Ibsenites as a system, and deduced from Herr Ibsen’s plays, is as obvious, and therefore as inartistic, as the morals drawn by Mr. Barlow for the benefit of Sanford and Merton. The Ibsenite system may present to the vulgar an appearance of profundity, but it is none the less subject to the artistic charge of didacticism on that account. Having regard, however, to the acknowledged power of Herr Ibsen’s work, I cannot imagine he would have fallen into so glaring an artistic fault. Is it possible to account for the opinion of his followers regarding him, in this way? I believe that inquisitiveness is the most powerful quality of his mind, and has led him to the perpetual setting of riddles to which he would abhor to receive any answer. Certainty—even probability—represents to his mind a vacuum. Nothing can be more foreign to such a mind than an intention to teach, indeed the obviousness of such a charge should have protected from it a dramatist of such subtle effects. To harp on a few strings may at last become wearisome, but it is a fault against taste rather than against the canons of Art. The more serious charge of deliberate didacticism may fairly be shifted upon the commentaries of his followers.

It cannot, however, be concealed that there are other considerable faults in Herr Ibsen’s prose dramas. Perhaps the most glaring is the unreality of his protagonists. They are not human; they are not even capable of evoking human sympathy. All they touch in humanity is the inquisitive cells of the brain. They also afford illustrations of theories which can now command approval. It is true that all dramatis persona are but types to be personalized by the actor. Curiously enough, Herr Ibsen leaves less to the actor in this respect than perhaps any other dramatist. But, apart from this necessity of the drama, Herr Ibsen’s heroes and heroines are intrinsically unnatural, unreal, and inconsistent. There are exceptions, perhaps Dr. Stokmar is the most like life—but Nora, Hedda Gabler, and Rebekka West are notable examples. Hedda Gabler especially contains no drop of “the milk of human kindness” in her composition. She has no more contact with humanity than the vegetable to which Mr. George Moore implicitly compares her. He admires her as the product of Nature, which never swerves from its own ends. She was, as he says, “born to kill herself.” With all deference to his judgment be it said: She is therefore not a subject for dramatic art; a nettle would be as suitable. Some plants indeed, the pansy for instance, are said actually to possess this suicidal property. They poison their own soil and die. The objection to Hedda Gabler is not that she is monstrous; Medea, Lady Macbeth, La Cousine Bette, Melmoth, Frankenstein’s Monster, Caliban, are all monstrous, but each has some trait in touch with man; Hedda Gabler has none. She is not even an animal; Brer Rabbit and the pantomime beasts “are men of like passions to ourselves” compared with her. She is a vegetable fit to sow in one’s enemy’s garden.

Surely an essence of dramatic art is contrast and effort, primarily between the characters, secondarily within them. By praising a mere natural force as a dramatis persona, Mr. George Moore seems to ignore the latter. The triumph of a suicidal tendency is a splendid subject for dramatic art, but there can be no triumph where there is no opposition, and no opposition in “a product of Nature” “born to kill itself,” for suicide then ceases to be a tendency and becomes a law. “Man cannot yield even unto death utterly save only by the weakness of the feeble Will.” By eliminating
the Will altogether, Nature is robbed of its triumphs, and dramatic art rendered almost impossible.

J. D.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

Mr. Meredith's "One of our Conquerors" is hardly a new book by this time. It is naturally one of the great literary events of the year, and it will be the end of the year before we have found out all its surpassing merits, its wit, and characterisation hidden under that curious club-like style which Mr. Meredith wields like a rapier. Intolerable in another writer, it seems the only possible expression for one of our greatest living novelists. We could never think of his writing in any other. The critics have already had their say. Let us hope he may be saved from disciples who even now are conspiring.

The appearance of Herodotus under the auspices of Sir John Lubbock recalls what many have forgotten, the amusing lists in the Pall Mall Gazette of the Best hundred books, chosen by eminent writers. Herodotus was a very safe one to commence with, as he appeared in nearly all of them. I wonder if the working men, for whom the selection was made, will read each best book as it comes out. Sir John's list was the first and the best in a way. Other authors forgot the object in view, and simply wrote down the books they preferred, with little thought, I fear, of the working man. The Pall Mall Extra is before me, and among books I find recommended for these "factors" in the British Constitution are the Poems of Hafiz and Sadi—admirable poets let me add, but hardly suitable for the British or even the Persian working man, if there is such a thing.

"Eric Brighteyes" will, I think, rank with "Cleopatra" and "She" as among Mr. Haggard's finest works. Perhaps it will not be so popular among boys, who naturally prefer "Mr. Quatermain" and his adventures in Africa. But more critical or older readers will appreciate not only the splendid romance of "Eric," but the really beautiful writing in some of its passages, which I do not think can be entirely attributed to Icelandic originals (parallel passages of course excepted). Of course the Author has been plagiarising as usual; though I am the first to denounce him, I shall not be the last. It is the title this time. There are two other Erics I can remember, "Eric; or the Golden Thread!" and "Eric; or Little by Little"; flat plagiarism on the title page! In the next century we shall have "Little Eric Brighteyes; or the Golden Thread."

Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Intentions" (Osgood and McIlvaine) is not only one of the most amusing and delightful volumes that have come out recently, but is a valuable contribution to English criticism. The general "intention" which Mr. Wilde is anxious to enunciate is that criticism is a creative art, and not a destructive art. Mr. Wilde will, no doubt, learn with regret that he has converted his readers. The estimate of Browning is far the most tempered and critical that has appeared since the poet's death.

Certain very young men on the press are naturally annoyed to find that Mr. Saintsbury knew all about Flaubert, and the realists and the naturalists long before they were born, so they have not found his Essays on the French novelists exhilarating. Even the "adorable" Verlaine is not so new as they would have us think.

Although the French Academy has not yet recognised the poet of the Decadence, a benefit has been given for him at the Vaudeville in Paris. It was an interesting and very miscellaneous performance, attended by an interesting and miscellaneous audience. There is a very marvellous portrait of Verlaine by Eugene Carrière in the Champs de Mars this year. It should be brought to England and exhibited (adults only admitted).

At the Academy M. Loti certainly had greater claim than Henri de Bornier, who is to be consoled with, however. His play of Mahomet was prohibited by the Government not long ago, and his election to the Academy might have compensated him for his disappointment. The French Republic is very delicate about the susceptibilities of Mahomedans and Atheists. M. Francois Coppée's Le Pater met with a like fate because it showed Christianity in too favourable a light. Thermidor is the last of the offending plays. Many, I hear, are anxious for the suppression of the Ammergau Passion Play, as it is calculated to wound the Jewish community in Europe.

Of recent verse, "Lapsus Calami," by J. K. S., has already gained a deserved reputation for its author, who comes from a Cambridge college already distinguished for its minor poets—minor only from the quantity, not the quality of their work.

"Pearl," an English poem of the Fourteenth Century, edited by Israel Gollancz, is a beautiful
poem, which was worth resuscitating, and not merely a philological conundrum. The name of Mr. Gollancz is a passport for scholarship. “Pearl” is embellished with a delightful frontispiece by Mr. Holman Hunt.

Mr. James Baker's "John Westacott" and also his "By the Western Sea" have both just appeared in a cheap popular edition, and are again receiving exceptional notice from the Press. The author has just returned from a tour in Austria, where he has been completing his studies for the "Great Forgotten Englishman," upon whose life he lately published some articles in the Leisure Hour.

The Quarterly Review has been cratostratizing again. Sir John Maundeville is now the victim of its match-box. With the aid of Colonel Yule and Mr. Warner it has reduced his claims to existence, to dust and ashes. One of the great trio of credible travellers has been banished into the shades of myth. We do not know how soon Herodotus and Marco Polo may follow his flight before the impartial light of modern history held aloft by Mr. Froude and Professor Freeman, and the trusty guidance of modern travel, supplied at first-class prices by Mr. Stanley. Fortunately for Marco Polo, we believe he has a friend at court. As for the Quarterly and Mr. Warner, we can only wish them the success which has crowned the efforts of their Ephesian antitype. Perhaps even they may be contented with a reputation no longer nor more brilliant than the fame of the whilom father of English prose.

Dr. Momerie's lecture on the "Corruption of the Church," was given at Prince's Hall on the evening of May 25th. It was the most interesting theological event of the year. The Hall was well filled in anticipation of the lecturer's skill in dealing with questions which have to do with advanced thought, already proved by the brilliant sermons delivered by him at the Foundling upon "Church and Creed" and "Inspiration." The lecture of the 25th was introductory, but it will be followed, should the public show interest in the subject, by others to illustrate the mischievous effects of Ecclesiasticism upon Art, Science, Literature, and Social Institutions. Dr. Momerie is ready in the future to give these lectures free to working men if they wish to hear him.

Apropos to the above, it may interest some of our readers to hear that the June number of Messrs. Eglington & Co.'s popular "Men and Women of the Day" contains a portrait of Dr. Momerie by Barraud, and a short biographical sketch.

ON SOME CASES.

Every case, on being sent in to the Society and read, is either dealt with at once by the Secretary, or, in case of any doubtful point arising out of the facts, the case is sent to the Society's solicitors for advice. The expense of obtaining such advice is, of course, the greatest charge upon the Society's income, but no part of it is expended to greater advantage or with better results. At a late meeting of the Committee, the following résumé of recent work was laid before the Committee—it must be observed that the Committee are not usually informed of the names concerned—never, if the author desires secrecy. In that case the Chairman and Secretary only know, or perhaps the Secretary alone.

I.

1. A.B., a young author, commissioned another, C.D., to revise his work, find a publisher, and see it through the press in consideration of certain payments. A.B. refused to carry out the contract. C.D. submitted the case to the Society. It was decided that the contract had not been fairly carried out, and that A.B. should not be called upon to pay.

2. A.B. agreed with C.D. (editor of a magazine) to write certain papers on certain terms. The proprietor, though pledged by his editor, refused to pay more than about two-thirds the price agreed. Result: Full payment.

3. A.B. was to receive a certain payment by a certain date. She lived at a considerable distance from London, and had to conduct her business entirely by correspondence. She parted with her MS. on condition of receiving a certain sum at a certain date. When the time came she could get neither money nor any reply to her letters. She referred the case to the Society.

Result: Payment in full.

4. A.B. sent MS. to an editor who accepted it, and promised payment on publication. He left it with him for a year, when the editor returned it, stating that the magazine was coming to an end. Had he any right to compensation? Reply: None whatever. He should have taken his MS. out of the hands of the editor long before.
The book had been published for some time, but no accounts could be obtained. A writ was issued. The books were audited, and the accounts cleared up.

Author was induced to pay in advance for the production of his book a sum of money represented as half the actual cost. It was in reality about £15 more than the whole sum actually expended. The Secretary demanded the return of the £15 and all the copies. This was refused. A writ was issued.
Result: Return of £15 and all the copies.

A disputed claim. A.B. demanded £40. C.D. denied the indebtedness.
Result: C.D. paid £20 in settlement.

8. A publisher, on receiving a MS. sent it to be printed, and issued it without even consulting the author or submitting any agreement with him.
Result: An agreement very much better for the author than would have been made but for the fact that the author was able to procure an injunction and bring an action.

9. A.B. (author) v. C.D.
No accounts to lie obtainable by letter. Society's solicitor intervened.
Result: Accounts rendered.

10. Question submitted—
In the case of a royalty system, has the publisher the right to give away books to his private friends (not for press purposes) without paying the royalty?
Reply: Certainly not. All copies except those sent to press and those presented to author or anyone else by agreement must be regarded as sold.

II.

A certain worthy publisher wrote as follows:
"To print and produce 2,000 copies of your work will cost £140. If we add £20 for advertising, that makes £160. Give me £55 towards this initial expenditure and I will give you 12½ per cent. on the nominal price, 5s., for all copies sold." There was another clause about a decreased (!) royalty for copies over and above the 2,000, but let us be content with this.

The author accepted the proposal.
Needless to say that he did not work out the little sum in multiplication and addition which this proposal presented. Let us do so.

The trade price of a 5s. book is about 2s. 10d.

Here is the publisher's little account rendered to himself in the most favourable event, viz., the sale of all copies:

<table>
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<th>Description</th>
<th>£</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cost of production</td>
<td>160</td>
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<tr>
<td>Less author's share</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author's royalty</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Publisher's profit</td>
<td>115</td>
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Result: £283 6s. 8d.

Author's return:
By royalties - 62 10 8
Less share of expense - 55 0 0

Profit - £7 10 8

So that the author by this beautiful arrangement stands to win, under the most favourable circumstances, the enormous sum of £7 10s. 8d., while the publisher stands to win £115 16s. 8d.

Now would the author have signed the agreement had he been able to do this little sum?
Another case. The publisher says: "I will give you a 10 per cent. royalty unless I sell the book for less than half price, and then I will give you 5 per cent."
How does this work out? The book was of a kind sometimes sold for just over half price, and often sold for just under half price. The difference to the publisher might mean a few pence on each volume. To the author it made a difference of 1s. In other words, by lowering the price a few pence so as to bring it under the half price, the publisher actually gained money: This the author did not know or he would not have signed the agreement.

III.

From the Law Reports.

On April 24th, in the Queen's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Smith and Mr. Justice Grantham, judgment was delivered in the case of Maul and another v. Greenings. Mr. Justice Smith said it was a test action to ascertain the true construction of section 6 of the International Copyright Act of 1886. The county court judge of Brighton found for the defendant, and the question to be decided was whether a foreign composer of a piece of music, protected according to the law of the composer's country, but not protected in the United Kingdom, could claim the protection afforded to foreign composers.
THE AUTHOR.

by the International Copyright Act as against a bandmaster who had purchased the piece and performed it in public with his band prior to December 1887, when the Act came into force. He came to the conclusion that although neither the publisher of the piece in the country nor the defendant had any "rights" under the section they had "interests," and, therefore, the learned county court judge was right in entering judgment for the defendant. The appeal must be dismissed with costs.—Mr. Justice Grantham concurred.—Appeal dismissed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

In the March number of the Author, women writers are accused by "No Pay, No Pen" of cheapening the literary market. I wish to point out that it is often difficult to know what is the market price of one's wares. I write a good deal of verse. From one magazine I receive 5s. a poem, from another firm 10s., from another magazine 15s., from yet another £1 is. I believe these all to be regular prices, which those particular editors and publishers would not alter to any contributor. But after receiving such different rates of pay, when a new employer asks me for my charge, is it not a little difficult to fix this? And perhaps from fear of losing the employment, one may fix the price too low rather than too high. I wish more uniform rates were paid.

I like much the idea, in the April number, of the register for translators, verifiers, &c. But could not fellow authors help each other sometimes without paying for services? I should like (living in the country) of someone to look up points in the British Museum occasionally. In return I could do translations. Indeed, I would be quite willing (within due bounds) to help a fellow author without return of pay or help. And I think such services would promote a fraternal feeling in our Society. Why, in the proposed register, should not an asterisk be placed against certain names, which should signify, Willing to help a fellow member gratuitously?

ROSSIGNOL.

II.

In the Author of March I made some remarks re Advertising. I wish to state that I had no intention of making any charge against the firm alluded to, and if what I said contained anything that might be supposed to do that, I hereby express my regret.

My point was, that where advertisements appear is of great importance to authors. I had and have no animus in the matter. I am informed by the publishers that the amount charged to the book for advertising in the paper supposed to be referred to was 5s. 3d., therefore I admit that my remarks, so far as that journal is concerned, are pointless, and I hereby withdraw them.

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It is greatly to be wished that the practice, now very little observed, but slightly on the increase, of issuing machine-cut books will before long become general. We have inquired carefully into this matter. The cost of machine cutting is infinitesimally small. Where we have been able to get the cost estimated, a shilling for every hundred copies is the highest amount we have heard named. The average time expended by amateurs on cutting by hand we believe to be 20 minutes per octavo volume of 1000 pages. If any of our readers (always excepting Mr. W. H. Smith's very expert boys) can accomplish the task of cutting more quickly, we shall be glad to hear from them. Moreover, very few amateurs can cut with proper neatness, and efficient paper-cutters are often (as on a railway journey) not to be had by the reader. But stay! Perhaps the present foolish system is kept up for the benefit of those who do not like to have their books cut quickly for them by other people, but rather cut by themselves only with extreme slowness in order to lengthen out the process of reading. If we have any such amongst our readers, we should like to hear from them. To reviewers the machine cutting would be an unmixed boon, for a reviewer never, or at least hardly ever, reviews a book which he has not first cut.
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PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January 1891 can be had on application to the Secretary.
2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all Members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (Field & Tuer.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March 1887.
5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. Squire Sprigge, Secretary to the Society. 1s.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. 2s. 6d. Out of Print, New Edition now preparing.
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. Squire Sprigge. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Price 3s. Second Edition.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

I.

ACTION OF THE SOCIETY.

By the time that this number of the Author is in the hands of readers, it will probably be known whether the American International Copyright Act is held on the other side of the Atlantic to include writers of this country or not. It is time, therefore, to place upon record and to make quite plain the action of the Society as regards the position of American authors in Great Britain.

This position is perfectly well known. Two Law Lords of the highest eminence held in a certain case that Americans can obtain copyright by simultaneous publication; two other Law Lords, of perhaps lesser eminence, doubted. There has never been any doubt that by a term of residence on British soil copyright could be secured.

The Society two years ago undertook to draft a Bill which should amend and consolidate the Law of Copyright in this country.

In this Bill a clause was inserted which would have removed at a single stroke any doubt as to the position of the American thus made as free as ourselves.

It was found, however, impossible when the Bill was completed to bring it before the House of Commons with any chance of getting it through.

It was therefore resolved to attempt the House of Lords. The Bill was taken in charge by Lord Monkswell, after consultation with our Copyright Committee. It was read for the first time in November of last year. In April of this year it was read a second time, and after a certain amount of discussion was shelved for the session.

Seeing, therefore, the impossibility of getting their Bill through either House, and seeing, further, the necessity of immediate action, in order to give the President of the United States an occasion to refuse the Proclamation so far as this country was concerned, the Committee held consultations with various Members of Parliament and American authors and publishers on the whole subject.

There appeared several ways out of the difficulty:

(1) A single-clause Act of Parliament defining the position of Americans. The objection to this apparently simple measure was the certainty that the opportunity would be seized for proposing retaliatory measures in the interests of printers and paper makers. These measures, proposed perhaps rashly, and before we know whether printers and paper makers will suffer at all, would certainly give rise to great discussion and opposition in the House; they would certainly delay and perhaps wreck the Bill, in which case our position would be worse than ever.
O An Order in Council. This would take too long to procure, and it was not at all certain that the Government would consent to it.

(3) An opinion of the Judicial Committee. To obtain this would probably take too long.

(4) An opinion of the Law Officers. The last method appeared to be the readiest and the most likely to produce a satisfactory result.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach granted an interview on the subject to Sir Frederick Pollock, the Chairman of the Copyright Committee, and Mr. James Bryce, at which the views of the Committee were submitted.

The Government then referred the point to the law officers, including those of the late Government.

It has been announced in the House, in reply to a question by Mr. James Bryce, that these lawyers are all unanimous in their opinion, and that it is a favourable opinion as to the position and rights of American subjects in this country, and that the Foreign Office is in possession of this opinion.

Lord Monkswell, whatever may be the result of this action, proposes to press on the Bill at the first opportunity.

II.

FROM MR. R. U. JOHNSON.

The Copyright negotiations are moving more rapidly. As you have doubtless seen, France has already made formal application for admittance to the benefits of our law, accompanying its request with a certificate (1) of its membership in the Berne Convention, and (2) of the fact that Americans have, substantially, the same security under its laws as the citizens of France. It is understood from the State Department (with which I am in constant unofficial communication) that the President will admit the existence of the second condition as the basis of his proclamation, leaving the value of the first condition in abeyance. We now are expecting that England will make similar application and certification, and last Tuesday (June 2) our Executive Council (of the Authors' Copyright League) passed resolutions which I have sent to the President, earnestly requesting that he will consider whether the uniform security afforded to American literary property for many years under British law through simultaneous publication does not furnish the condition precedent of a proclamation including your authors. Also, another resolution setting forth our opinion that the Berne Convention is such "an international agreement" as that contemplated in Section XIII. of the new Act. We want Great Britain to assume this to be the case by asking for admittance on that ground—even if she be admitted on the other, for we shall then have the moral effect of the support of France and Great Britain in asking that the Berne Convention shall be recognised in the cases of the other governments.

Now, as to the recognition of the fact that we already have virtually the same rights as you under your law: this very recognition would also have a moral effect in aiding to preserve our status quo under your law. Moreover, a prompt settlement of the question by the admittance of your authors would greatly reinforce the sentiment which must be relied upon to support the Bill here, and to support future amendment of it after it has had a fair working trial. We are urging all these considerations upon the State Department. You know what a provincial and uneducated opposition we have had to contend with, and how the question of copyright has been intentionally confused in the public mind here with party questions. Against this feeling (which English criticism of the details of the Bill has heightened) we have had (1) the prestige of success, (2) the recognition of the French Government, and (3) the influence of the Copyright Dinner, which was planned to strengthen copyright sentiment. I have now proposed (4) the striking of a medal in honour of the security offered by the law to literary, artistic, and musical products, and though it is not far enough along to admit of any public mention, I think there is no doubt that the project will be carried out. Each one of these four events makes it more difficult for our opponents to repeal the law or alter it except as we desire. Now, if we can obtain a prompt arrangement with Great Britain, it will knock out the last of the underpinning of the opposition, which will otherwise say that the Bill is a failure; that "nobody is satisfied with it," &c., &c.

There are two other ways in which your Government might have come in for sure recognition as entitled to a proclamation: (1) by the Order in Council extension to us of the Imperial and Colonial Copyright Act, and (2) by new legislation, such as the Monkswell Bill. I learn from Mr. Bryce that the first is impracticable, and that the second has been postponed to the next session of Parliament, and I judge that he is prodding the Foreign Office to application on the other two grounds. I see nothing else left to do. The President evidently expects foreign Governments to take the initiative, and he will act promptly on their applications.

I should be very glad if I could get a reply to this question: Does the English law, in the matter of residence, impose any terms upon Americans not imposed upon yourselves? Note
the query carefully, for it is often being confounded with the question of whether or not the residence clause is a dead letter. The question in Section XIII. of our law is not *What conditions are imposed?* but *Is there any discrimination against Americans in imposing them?* This may seem imperatively elementary to you, but you will, perhaps, pardon it when I tell you that a number of our men here insist on discussion of our *absolute* status under your law instead of our *relative* status; just as they think it pertinent to discuss whether or not we *shall* attempt to join the Berne Convention, the only question being whether we "may at our pleasure enter" that agreement. Simond's idea was a reciprocity of sentiment—to give the benefits of the Act to any country which had ever offered copyright security to us. In this light, perhaps, our Bill is not so entirely sordid as some of the English manufacturers would have it thought.

Bowker has lately been (with Mr. Spofford) in Washington, personally urging our officials to prepare for the operation of the law (the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General must prepare certain rules), and reinforcing my efforts to hasten the proclamations. Everything seems in good shape now, and no time will be lost at this end of the negotiations.

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III.

**Mr. Putnam's Book.**

Mr. George Putnam has compiled an exceedingly useful volume on the question of Copyright. It contains a useful summary of the Copyright Laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world, as well as a report of the legislation now pending in Great Britain; a sketch of the contest in the United States for 1837 to 1891 in behalf of the International Copyright, and papers on the development of the conception of literary property and on the probable effect of the new American Law. At the present juncture in the history of the law governing literary property, such a contribution possesses the highest interest for all concerned, and all are concerned who either read or write. With Mr. R. R. Bowker's paper on the "Nature and Origin of Copyright," and Mr. Brander Matthews' valuable article on the "Evolution of Copyright," most of our readers are already familiar. But Mr. Putnam has done well to reprint them in the present volume, but for the moment Mr. Putnam's Analysis of the Chase—Breckinridge—Adams—Simonds—Platt—Copyright Act of 1891 possesses a paramount interest, explaining as it does the conditions of that remarkable measure. Mr. Putnam believes that no material difficulty will be experienced in securing the assistance of American publishers in procuring for less-known British authors their American Copyright.

A point of importance which Mr. Putnam makes clear is the position of foreign artisans and designers. "The condition of American manufacture is attached to the Copyright of reproductions in the form of chromos, lithographs, and photographs, only it was not made a condition of the more artistic forms of reproduction, and foreign artists therefore are now in a position to control the copyright of their engravings or photogravures of their productions, whether these engravings are manufactured in Europe or the United States." The importance of this is obvious.

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IV.

**From the New York Critic.**

In his forecast of the working of "Our International Copyright Law," in the June *Forum,* Mr. Henry Holt predicts, among other things, that, the habit of paying foreign authors for their work once established, royalties will be freely paid them, in many cases, without copyright. Books which will not at first seem likely to pay for the American type-setting which the law requires, but which, like Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," may become unexpectedly popular, will continue to offer a temptation to pirates, but will be too few to support them, and when the pirates are starved out, respectable American houses will either abstain from competing or will make proper terms with the foreign publisher or author. Another result of the law will be an improvement in the make-up of many new books, which in previously existing circumstances would have to be brought out very cheaply. Since a price must now be demanded which will cover the author's royalty, it will be found better to add a little more for good paper and presswork, and to seek a new class of buyers for limited first editions, than to depend wholly on the rare chance of a very wide sale. When a book becomes popular, a cheap edition can always be brought out to meet the demand. We may hope, on this account, to compete more extensively than we have hitherto done with French and English *éditions de luxe.* Our printers, no longer obliged to work for quantity merely, will have a chance to take the lead in artistic printing.
In answer to your invitation for comments on the American Copyright Bill, I beg to note the following point:—

Sec. 4956 requires the deposit with the Librarian of Congress of “two copies of every such copyright book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving,” &c.

The proviso requiring such two copies to be printed, &c. within the United States applies only to a “book, photograph, chromo, or lithograph.”

Is it then the law—

1. That a book containing only a dramatic composition need not be printed from American type?
2. That to receive the right of performing a dramatic composition the author has only to register the title, and deposit two copies, which may be in MS., type-written, or printed elsewhere than in the United States?

The letter of the Bill seems on these two points to belie its spirit.

Julian Corbett.

VI.

1. In what ways is a book published in England now, after the passing of the Act, open to piracy and under-selling from America?
2. Taking all things into consideration (cost of printing and publishing, question of piracy, &c.), on which side of the Atlantic is it best to publish, England or America?
3. Supposing an author gave a copy of MS. of an unpublished work to a public library (as British Museum in England, Library of Congress in United States of America, &c.)—notice of intention to copyright being given at the same time—what effect such gift would have on the subsequent copyright of that work?

SOME NOTES ON A BILL.

PERUSE a simple Story—read a parable detached
From the vice of vending pullets ere the little beasts are hatched;
A weird, bi-lingual prophecy, with flying footnotes shored,
On the means of slipping sideways from the World’s je-joggle-board. (1)

’Twas the Broncho (2) among Nations—a severely cultured race,
Though their mode of spelling centre proved them clearly off their base— (3)
Passed a Bill of three dimensions—two of which concerned the trade—
And one, but this was fiction, books the British Author made.

Softly sang the British Author, for a dream was in his brain
Of Landans from Longacre and of houses in Park Lane;
But ere he went to Tattersalls’ or changed his modest dwelling
He explained, per Western Union, his objections to their spelling.

“Oh, my Largest Reading Public,” thus the coded cable came,
“You drop one (hell) in ‘travelling’ and—get there just the same: (4)
“If to Webster and to Worcester, and your sauce at large I grovel,
“It will vulgarize our fiction—taint the Holy British Novel. (5)

(1) An elastics seat, found in the verandahs of Southern houses.
(2) An underbred animal with a swelled head, given to jumping nervously on inspection. Anylise: “Bounder.”
(3) They are very like their babies, if you notice ‘em they cry;
   If you don’t they steal your candy and their teachers call ‘em “Spry ;
   Their father’s name was Washington—his statements made him wince—
   But his sons declare on “honor”—there’s been no one like him since.
(4) I. t. Suppressed by Western Union as a casus belli. “Your views of spelling ‘honour’ match your notions on the same.”
(5) Now the Holy British Novel—from this verdict none shall warp us—
Is the Maiden’s Magna Charta and the Matron’s Habeas Corpus:
For when Maid and Wife have finished with the volume Father paid for—
You can read it to the Baby. This is what all books are made for.
THE AUTHOR.

"Yet I'll vitiate the spelling of the Children of my friends,
"If you pay me something extra for my labor." (Message ends.)
And it filled that Author's system with severe electric shocks
When his Largest Reading Public cabled back: "You're on the box. (6)

"The fact of being shouted for a dime along the cars
"Does not fix you for a planet among Literary Stars;
"Nor is it a safe assumption you can tutur continents
"When our high-toned Mister H-r-p-r (?) sews you up for fifty, cents.

"British parsons make us tired—British dukes, our daughters doubt 'em—
"Cuss-words of the British Army, we can mosey on without 'em;
"Take a walk and get your hair cut (?)—sit on Mister M-d-e-'s shelves,
"If we've got to pay for reading, guess we'll read about ourselves."

So they read by free selection on a principle their own—
'Twas the most exhaustive weeding that an inkstained earth had known;
And the palpitating cable sizzled madly under sea,
"Honour without 'u' I'll stomach; what is Honor without me?"

No, the fame the newsboys give you when they board the C.B.Q.
Does not predicate your kiting into honour without u.
If you cannot bang the big drum, you must twang the harp of Tara (?)
With McGinty (16) and O'Grady (11) and the man that struck O'Hara. (13)

It was good for Zenas Mather, Independence Psockafoos,
Ada Isaacs Menken, Shuswap, Janet, Thackeray, Van Dewze,—
They stood pat as home-grown produce, with some seven thousand more
They were paid at full face-value—they came in on the ground floor. (19)

For they wove their country's fiction, trip1e- ply, of many shades,
From the big blue bergs at Sitka to the rotting Everglades;
And never since the Pilgrims furled the Mayflower's sea-worn sail,
Had the Bounder among Nations seen herself done out to scale.

It was woolly—wild and woolly—it was more than three feet wide,
For it ran from Maine to Oregon and out the other side.
With one nasal Hallelujah, like a giant Jews' harp drone,
The Bounder among Nations claimed a bookcase of her own. (14)

Now they're running ninety Shakespeares—all with variegated dictions,
They have put the growth of Miltons under interstate restrictions,
They brake the C.P. freight-cars with the Laureates of the West,
And a vigilance committee is sub-editing the rest.

They are writing of Proportion, and Reserve, and Racial Feeling,
Like an introspective sneak-thief who has just abandoned stealing,
And we can't attend to baby, and we can't lie down at night,
For those queer self-conscious schoolboys howl: "Git up and see us write."

(6) V. 1. "Come off the rocks." Anglice: "You labour under a misapprehension."
(7) The leading sporting bookmaker of the United States. He does not bet on outsiders.
(8) Mutilated in transmission. Supposed to indicate esteem and personal interest.
(9) This instrument is distinguished for its enduring silences.
(10) Famous for his exploration of the depths of the Ocean.
(11) He was owed ten dollars—presumably on account of American royalties, for the money was never paid.
(12) The remains of this gentleman would not furnish a biography.
(13) i.e., There was no necessity in their case for abasement.
(14) They abandoned watered Herrick, and Elizabethan echoes,
They were not stuck on Browning like a horde of homeless geckoes,
'Twas a second Boston bust-up, but it cost us more than ten,
For the alphabet of authors they discarded—a to zee.

VOL. II.
But they're learning not to "wiggle" when you photograph their manners;
They are guessing at a medium "twixt" "you skunk!" and mad Hosannas;
And the men who know 'em fancy—if the measure they have made lasts—
That some day they'll be a Public—not a girl's school swapping Trade-lasts." (15)

Ends my lurid lucid legend, halts my parable divorced
From the blame of hunting Navajoes before your scouts are horsed;
Oh, the Author's in the purée (18), and the deuce is in the Bill,
But the Holy British Novel—yes—it's wholly British still.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

(15) Saidie tells Maimie that Hattie's new frock is pretty. Maimie repeats the compliment to Hattie, who tells Maimie that Saidie is "just too sweet to live." This is a trade-last. It is also called criticism.
(16) This is the position formerly occupied by the oyster.

AN ANTIQUARY'S REMONSTRANCE.

I VENTURE to think that the Authors' Society is, without intending it, bringing about a great and very mischievous change in the way in which the literary profession has hitherto been regarded in this country and everywhere else. For instance, the general conception of the author is of a man—or woman—full of ideas, a crank in his views, a fool in business, hasty, impractical, and liable to be cheated by the first who chooses to undertake that easy job. He has therefore met with universal commiseration, except from those who live upon him.

Next, he is regarded as a dependant, a person with no rights at all, obliged to take whatever the "generosity" of the publisher allowed him, subsisting on doles.

A Royal Literary Fund has been established for him, and at a great dinner held every year charity is asked for this unfortunate pauper. He is, therefore, an object of universal contempt.

Thirdly, he is supposed to be wholly unable to combine or to act with other persons of the same profession for his own interests. And it is known that he takes the greatest possible joy in jumping upon his brother authors, trampling upon them, and sticking knives into them. He is therefore a by-word and a proverb, and children are taught not to hate each other like authors.

Fourthly, if he is a good author, he instructs, amuses, and delights the whole world, so that everybody loves him and admires him and begs him to keep on making the world laugh and cry. In short, the world at the same time loves, reproaches, despises, and commiserates the author. But the Society is changing all that. It persuades authors to act together for their common interest; it exhorts them to demand justice, not to whine for "generosity"; it exhorts them not to slash and bludgeon each other, but to observe the common rules of good breeding towards each other. If this goes on, the next generation will see the followers of literature as sober in business matters as City men; as respectful (outwardly) to each other as physicians and lawyers; and as much filled with self-respect as either. What will then be the feelings of the world towards the author? Love and admiration may be left, it is true. Respect will have grown up. But contempt, commiseration, and reproach—these will have gone.

Now, the combination of all these emotions together formed the romantic side of the profession. In this respect—and in this respect alone—the author was like the highway robber. If the romance goes out of literature, may it not lie come, as some of your correspondents suggest, a simple trade? What is Art without romance? What is romance without illusion? Does not the author feel, while he holds out his hand for the doles of the Literary Fund and the "generous" guineas of his publisher, that he is carrying on the best traditions of the profession? While he squirms under "generosity," and writhes under charity, is it not a sufficient balm for him to know that poverty and writhing have been the lot of nearly all who have written?

This is one aspect of the case, which I think the managers of the Society would do well to consider. If the old traditions are to be swept away, let them at least maintain, even at their own expense, a publisher of the old school. Let him continue to cheat in the cost of production and in the advertisements; let him advertise in none but his own publications, and put all the money under that head into his own pocket. Let him refuse the author any rights, and exercise a noble "generosity" towards him. An old-fashioned author ought also to be kept at the same time as an illustration—without him the publisher alone would be incomplete—one belonging to the good old times from which we seem now to be emerging.

F. S. A.
REALISM IN GRUB STREET.

GRUB Street is the mother of all of us "d—d literary fellows," whether we dwell on the first floor or in the attics. Even these eminences were not disenchanted, when we were twenty. M. Beranger says; and why should Mr. Gissing try to disenchant the whole eligible district? I would be understood to speak with all respect of Mr. Gissing's "New Grub Street"; it is not his fault, but his misfortune, that he sees everything in black. This is the burden of what is queerly called "Realism."

One reads in reviews about Mr. Gissing's "poignant realism," but is it real at all? To myself it seems a perverted idealism, idealism on the seamy side. In Grub Street there are many mansions; they are not all full of failure, and envy, and low cunning, and love of money, and hatred of success. In the Author of June, a writer says that he "can testify to the truth" of the "New Grub Street." He is unlucky enough to know people like Mr. Gissing's characters, and the fidelity of the portraits makes him shudder. I also am a dweller in Grub Street, but am so fortunate as not to know anybody who resembles these unhappy râlés. I do not know the man of comparative genius, with no health, and with an unsympathetic wife. I do not know the impudent and half-educated speculator in "literature." I do not know—I wish I did—the gentleman who wants to write on Diogenes Laertius, a delightful subject, and I hope, when he does write that essay, he will clear up the passage about the Megarian historian and Homer.

Willamovitz is too speculative, though decidedly ingenious; but Mr. Yule is not here. I want to talk Diogenes Laertius and kindred pedantries with him in vain. However, it is not to be questioned that persons like Jasper and Mr. Yule and Edwin may exist, or may have existed; so may Lucien de Rubempré. They may be "real," but then they are not everybody. They are not the whole population of Grub Street. There are good fellows there, poor, plucky, contented. Then, at least, I have known, and no picture of Grub Street is real which leaves them out. In Miss Braddon's excellent story, "The Doctor's Wife," there is a fine denizen of Grub Street, Mr. Sigismund Smith, a penny novelist. He has humour, and good humour; he likes his trade, and there are many worse trades. The Muses have not given it to me to write a good penny novel; would that they had. It is an enviable art. What is much of Balzac, but glorified penny novel? Well, nobody calls Miss Braddon a realist, but Sigismund Smith is as "real" as these envious failures, these evil successes. He is not recognised as real, because he is jolly. There are plenty of jolly people in Grub Street, only Realism averts her blue spectacles from them. As to "scarifying," what nonsense is talked about it! It is only a battle with snowballs at most. Let some gentleman have his fling at me, let me have my fling at him, if I like; "it is such easy writing."

Who is a penny the worse? In some paper I read, for example, that Mr. Robert Buchanan has been calling me a Cockney somewhere. That, surely, is "scarifying"? Perhaps the snowball would hurt if it hit. But it seems to go a little wide; and, if I choose, I can bowl at Mr. Buchanan's manly legs. Does he play cricket in a kilt? It seems to me that, in Grub Street, we cry out a great deal for very little hurt. This "scarifying" is not so bad as what Apollo did to Marsyas. Our skins, however thin, are left to decorate our persons.

In real life, the unlucky hero of Mr. Gissing would have had a devoted wife, who believed in her husband's genius; but to give him such a wife would not be Realism. It would be romance, or something improper of that kind. There are depths a good deal deeper in Grub Street than Mr. Gissing has chosen to sound. He might have been much more realistic, and yet have been not untrue, except by the suppression of the other side of the truth.

M. Grimaudet, in M. Paul Bourget's new book, is excessively "realistic," but then M. Bourget has introduced lights as well as shadows. Light is quite as real as darkness; sun as shade. La Vie de Bohême is as real as "The New Grub Street," but it has the unpardonable defect of humour, and so it is not realistic. Captain Shandon and Archer are true to life; but they are humorous, so they are not realistic. Again, is it real to say, Mr. Author, that literature has "no unwritten laws of decency and politeness"? It has such laws; I hope that we try to obey them; there would be no fun in the game if we did not. They are not universally obeyed. There are Bounders in the land, but we are not all Bounders in Grub Street. Our adverse criticism—the slating with slates—is not all envy. We think things should be done differently, and say so, with more or less urbanity; usually, perhaps, with less. Urbanity is what we all need. It would be better to fight, like Jem Crawley, "with the gloves." I confess that, somehow, this method seems to irritate the enemy even much more, but that is his fault. He should learn to keep his temper, and to take things in less furious earnest; to remember that, after all, Mr. Toots was right, and "it does not signify." Literary rivalries and hatreds, about which so much is said, will lose all that is enjoyable if we do not keep our tempers, and remember that...
THE AUTHOR.

we are only children playing at the game which was old in Hesiod's time, at the game in which Callimachus and Apollonius were performers. When one sees the blind ferocity of some players, one is reminded of the Maoris, who were so disgusted with a manoeuvre of ours, that they declined to fight any more. They made peace; they said we were not the men they took us for. Now here is a view of the "scarifying" business which is just as true as some other excited theories. But you shall not find it in a realistic novel of Grub Street, because it is not grimy.

A. LANG.

THE TURNING OF THE WORM.—A Fable.

WHEN the Worm turned, the bystanders laughed and derided the presumption of the creature. This helpless, wretched thing had hitherto been allowed to live on sufferance; he was unprovided with the least means of attack or defence; he would not have been tolerated—for he really was wretchedly shabby to look at—except for the purpose of enriching the soil for his Master, which he did very cleverly, wriggling in and about the clods, converting them into a light and fertile earth, turning them now this side up, now that, for the sun to warm them, insomuch that the most beautiful crops of grain, the choicest fruit in vast quantities, grapes for wine in abundance, grass for cattle, trees for shade, and gardens for flowers were all produced out of the ground by the industry and cleverness of the Worm. Now and then the Master tossed him an apple, or a raw turnip, or something else light and inexpensive.

"Oh! most generous patron!" cried the Worm, the tears of gratitude rolling over his brown skin, "How can I thank thee? How serve thee with sufficient zeal? Take all—all—all that I produce."

"Such, Worm, is my intention," said the Master.

Now, one day, when the time came for a certain Worm to be fed, the Master tossed him, for all his reward, a single apple, and that half rotten. So this Worm lifted his head. Never before had a worm so much as dared to lift his head. And the Master marvelled.

"Sir," said the Worm, "who has made all this wealth for you and your family? Who has created this orchard?"

"You have, Worm. Hold your tongue, and go on working," said the Master.

With that the ungrateful creature sprang upon his Master, and bit him on the ankle, and the bite was like unto a red-hot wire applied to the foot, or like the raging fiery gout in the great toe, or like the accursed twinge of a tooth in mortal pain. So the Master fled, howling.

Then the Worm called together all the other Worms who were, like himself, grown into serpents, all long and strong and swift, and each armed with sharp front teeth, and all able and ready to use them. Then the Worms took possession of the orchards, and the gardens, and the fields, and when a Master—now called the Usurper—ventured near the place, he was assailed in such a manner that he was faint to flee.

Then there was great agitation among the Masters, and they trembled excessively. But first they said that the Worm was no Serpent at all, but only a Worm still, and harmless. Yet those who had been bitten shook their heads. Then they said that the Worms were ungrateful. But the world laughed. Then they said that the Worms already devoured the whole produce. But they were themselves so fat that nobody believed them.

Long time the struggle lasted between the Master and the Worms. At last the Master sent swine into the orchard. Everybody knows that serpents cannot hurt pigs, though they throw all their poison into their bites, but that pigs can, and do, hurt serpents, taking them by the tail, and slowly munching them, ribs and skin and all, till there is nothing left. But the Master made in this case a mistake, because, although his pigs were as swinish in all other respects as any other pigs, and could befoul anything placed before them, they could not eat, destroy, or hurt this kind of serpent. They could only trample the orchard and
the gardens, and they could cover with foul abuse and fouler lies the names of the Serpents, so that, for a time, some people were led to believe that they were nothing but a wicked and a mischievous crew instead of a most harmless folk, seeking nothing but common justice and protection for their own.

Now, after a long struggle, the Serpent—subtle, wise, and clever—possesses his own. Gardens, orchards, fields—all are his own because he created them. The former Master now looks over the garden wall; and as for the pigs which were to have slain and devoured the Serpents, they are now themselves slain and partly devoured. What is left of them is hanging on the rafters, in shape of fat and brown sides of bacon, large hams, and goodly gammons.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE AUTHOR AND THE PUBLISHER.

We are indebted to the Critic (New York) for the following. It is extracted from the New York Herald, and it is an indication of the growing power of the Press that such a man as Mr. Gladstone should contribute to a foreign paper an article on such a subject, and that such a communication should not even be noticed by our own Press. The remarks about the necessity of taking a partner into the enterprise of publishing a book are perfectly just. Unfortunately they are not new, and they stop at the threshold. They lay down a definition or an axiom and leave it there. Also Mr. Gladstone is a few years behind the time when he speaks of the extremely small number of publishers. In London alone there are more than 384. This is what he has written for the New York Herald:

"Books are, after all, a product of manufacturing industry; but, among manufacturers, theirs is surely the most interesting, and the most peculiar, because it is based upon the reduction of a mental product to a material form, and what was originally intangible and ethereal, in this way, without losing its earlier character, comes to be embraced within the same category as a yard of calico or a bushel of wheat.

"But while these have no value except what is exhibited by their outward form, so that the independent producers of other bushels of wheat or yards of calico meet them in 'the market' upon equal terms, the producer of the book exhibits to the world a double entity, one material, the other mental; and the author pleads that, as the material thing which we call a book is protected by the law against abstraction, so the thoughts contained in it and wrought by him into a structure more or less elaborate should in like manner be protected from reproduction. For reproduction, from his point of view, is theft. It is offering to the world, for such price as the world be willing to give, not only the paper and print which the producer has to buy and pay for, but the composition contained in them, which represents the time and labour, and, therefore, the food and raiment and lodging and all the lawful expenditure of the author.

"On this basis has been erected that curious formation which we call the law of copyright. The conditions of its birth and history have been chequered and abnormal; but the reasonableness of the proposition that mental toil, on taking literary form, should not be deprived of the remuneration enjoyed by bodily labour, has brought it out into the light of day, and so secured its acceptance . . . .

"But the author, when he has obtained an acknowledgment of his right to protection, has not yet surmounted his difficulties. The grower of wheat and the manufacturer of calico produce articles complete in themselves, and only require certain manipulations before reaching the ultimate consumer. These processes are performed by a multitude of persons; and the function of the intermediate distributors, being simple, is performed by large numbers of persons. But the author has given birth to a commodity which is perfectly unavailable for the purpose of yielding him support until he has contracted, as it were, a marriage with a capitalist who will agree to become joint partner of the book, giving it a body where the author has supplied the soul, and thus at length constituting it a marketable and productive commodity. The author cannot himself, as a rule, be the publisher, and publishers are extremely few, so few that, until a very recent date, they might be counted on the fingers. Practically, and as a general rule, the author in relation to his customer is nobody until his initial performance has been capped by the accession of the publisher. Better would be the position of a man who should offer for sale the stock and lock of a rifle without the barrel to complete."

A PRACTICAL NOTE.

"I have just read your wail over the dust on the rough tops of uncut books. If you wish to clean them, and also to leave them a little rough, take the finest grade of sand-paper and rub them with it. If a piece is tacked on a bit of wood about an inch square at the end and three or four inches long, the work can be done very rapidly. I have treated uncut books in that way, and find it works admirably."

A CORRESPONDENT TO THE NEW YORK CRITIC.
THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

As a large number of your readers are interested in the formation of the Authors' Club, it may be of some service if I give a few particulars of the Authors' Club of New York, gleaned from the beautifully-printed and quaintly-bound little book which that Club issues. Such particulars may be suggestive partly of what to imitate, and partly, owing to your different circumstances, of what it may be necessary to avoid. I should like to state that I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. J. B. Gilder, of the New York Critic, who has been good enough to procure and send me this interesting little book.

I first of all gather that the Authors' Club of New York is what we call a members' club, and that it is incorporated pursuant to the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New York. On this side we should find a parallel in a limited liability company.

In the certificate of incorporation the particular business of the Club is set out as for literary and library purposes, and for the promotion of social intercourse among authors; and in the "Constitution," under section 2, I find that "the object of the Club shall be the promotion of social intercourse among authors."

The membership of the Club is limited to a smaller number than would be desirable, perhaps, in the case of the London Club; the New York maximum being 300, more than 50 per cent. of which number are required to reside in or within 25 miles of New York city.

For the London Club it has, I believe, been suggested that journalism should be a qualification: for the New York Club, on the other hand, "technical books of journalism as such shall not be accounted literature," and "no person shall be eligible to membership who is not the author of a published book proper to literature, or who has not a recognised position in other kinds of distinctively literary work."

Thus it will be seen that a large and useful body of literary men—the writers of technical manuals and dictionaries, and those journalists who from day to day or from week to week turn out really sound literary work, would be disqualified if the New York rule were adopted in the case of the London Club. But this, I take it, is not likely to be done.

The government of the New York Club is vested in an executive council of nine "trustees," who are chosen by ballot, three of whom annually retire. The trustees elect from their own number a secretary and treasurer, and a librarian; and they appoint all committees except a portion of the Committee on Membership.

This Committee on Membership consists of twelve members, and the trustees are disqualified from joining it. The committee fix their own time and place of meeting, and seven members constitute a quorum. Any member who absent himself from three consecutive regularly-called meetings is deemed to have resigned. The committee elects "by ballot, three adverse ballots exclusive."

Each candidate for membership has to be proposed by two members, who are required to present to the committee in writing, and through the secretary, his claims to election. The name of each candidate for election, together with those of his proposer and second, is posted for two weeks before he can be balloted for.

Here is rather a curious rule: "No member of the Committee on Membership shall propose a candidate."

Election to honorary membership of distinguished men of letters of other nations is provided for, but not more than one honorary member resident in the United States can be elected in any one year.

Members may introduce one friend to the Club, and the hospitality of the Club may be offered to distinguished gentlemen of any profession.

The entrance fee is 825 = £5, and the annual subscription for those resident in or within 25 miles of New York city is 820 = £4; and of those not so resident (our "country members") £2. It should be noted that these sums do not represent in the United States anything like the amount they represent here, but at the same time the expenses of the New York Club are probably not so heavy as those of a London Club would be.

In conclusion, I hope that these few notes may be found of interest and use to those who contemplate with some degree of pleasure and hopefulness, the foundation of an Authors' Club in London for the promotion of social intercourse among those engaged in literary work.

Arthur Montefiore.

REVIEWS AND REVIEWERS.

ALTHOUGH I am an occasional Reviewer as well as Author, I hope you will not consider the incident I am about to relate a case of "dog biting dog."

I may commence by saying I am a scientific writer—or one of those who often try to explain what they themselves do not understand, as someone has truly said—and author of a number of
THE AUTHOR.

successful books—italics, please Mr. Printer—my vanity has therefore been satiated some time since, and I do not write from the standpoint of a disappointed Author from which Critics are popularly supposed to be made.

A few years back, when I published my well-known work on "The Extraction of Caloric from Cucumbers," my publisher sent a copy for review to a paper with which we are all well acquainted, viz., the Weekly Mastodon. Shortly after its receipt I was gratified by a very favourable review containing such remarks as the following: "Mr. Jones's book will be found of much value to those interested in cucumbers," "A book we have much pleasure in recommending," &c., &c.

The success of this book was such that my publisher advised the reprint of the more popular part of it, and its re-issue at a cheaper price. This was done, and it appeared under the title, "Cucumbers, sliced and otherwise; with Notes on their Affinity for Salmon," by Thomas Cwmrag Jones, Author of, &c., which you may remember made a considerable sensation at the time amongst cucumber eaters. A copy of this was also sent to the Mastodon, and you may imagine my horror when a few weeks afterwards I read a review in which the book was thoroughly well slated, and I was called over the coals in idl directions, the notice being full of such remarks as the following: "We are astonished that Mr. Jones can recommend eating cucumber with salmon, as he ought to be aware that it is most indigestible," and "Mr. Jones says nothing whatever about oil and vinegar with cucumber, which we consider a very grave omission," &c., &c.

In case you should imagine that the above account is "writ sarkastic," as Artemus Ward used to say, I beg to assure you the incident absolutely occurred, and is a fair example of a critical journal eating its own words, and damning and praising the same matter. I enclose you the name of the journal, and also of the books concerned, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, as the newspaper legend has it.

Thomas Cwmrag Jones.

II.

A novel of mine—my first novel—was reviewed by the ——— on its first appearance. The review was the first notice that appeared of the work. To say that they "slated" it is to put the case with ridiculous mildness. It was torn to bits, and a frantic war dance was executed on the mutilated remains. Imagine my feelings! My first book! My first review! What a beginning!

In course of time my publisher produced a cheap edition of the book. I could only pray that the ——— would pass it by in the silence and contempt such a worthless book deserved. Not at all! They reviewed it again, but this time they spoke of the work in terms of the highest praise!!! I assure you that in my opinion that second review of the book was a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

E.

III.

"Formerly I had to do, among other work, the reviewing" of the novels for a certain paper. I was allowed a single column, or perhaps a little over. I was paid one guinea for this column. I had to 'review' from eight to a dozen novels in this space. You may imagine the individual attention and the amount of reading I could afford to bestow on each!"

In other words, this writer, to put his necessities at a very low rate, had to make at least £300 a year, or six guineas a week. He got his batch of novels every fortnight or so. How long could he afford to give towards the earning of one guinea? One day. One day of, say, eight hours for an average of ten books! Less than one hour each. What judgment, even in a single sentence, could he pass—and write—upon a book in such a space of time? This is an extreme case, but we must take extreme cases into consideration. They are, indeed, the most important as test cases. It may lie argued that no one has a right to accept work of this kind unless he can perform it properly. Quite so; but this is not an argument calculated to carry weight with the ordinary breadwinner.

IV.

The following is a collection of judgments on a single book which seem almost unique. The names of the papers were given by the author concerned, but they are suppressed for obvious reasons. An interesting problem arises. Given 15 opinions by as many critics, all different, on a little book, and, remembering that each sentence is the judgment of a truly competent critic, construct the true character of the book.

1. "... The story is not a clever one, and the writer lacks the gift of making his readers accept the impossible as at least plausible. . . ."

2. "... Certainly . . . a very clever book, one of the cleverest of its kind that has recently appeared."

3. "... The book is madness run riot, and why the publishers should have endangered
THE AUTHOR.

their reputation by issuing it is as inexplicable as
the pages themselves. . . ."

4. "... A tale of absorbing interest..."

5. "... As a story the book is profoundly
metaphysical and very dull."

6. "This is a weird and fascinating novel. . . .
The story abounds with thrilling enigmas, and
a tragedy and a love romance are skilfully
interwoven."

7. "... Metaphysical balderdash. . . ."

8. "A shilling shocker of the most robust
type. . . . Defects are compensated for by an
unlimited flow of blood, curses, and spasmodic
ejaculations."

9. "... It may be summed up in a
quotation from his own pages: 'In the name of science
—bosh!'"

10. "... For those fond of the mysterious
the book should be acceptable reading."

11. "After some hours' earnest wrestling with
the extraordinary philosophy propounded herein
we have 'given it up' just in time to save our
reason. . . ."

12. "It has an ingenious, if somewhat extra-
vagant, plot of mystery and murder, and though
it never takes any very strong hold on the attention
—it deals too largely in pure philosophy for that—
the mild interest which it does excite is well
sustained to the end."

13. "... Quite out of the usual run of
shilling shockers. . . . The writer has talent,
but it might be better employed."

14. "... A praiseworthy attempt to make
the matter of a shilling shocker less rude—in the
old sense of the word—and to give even the railway
reader a few sentences which may make him take
the trouble of thinking. . . . The writer is
evidently a clever student who has drunk deep,
if not wisely, at the well of contemporary fiction."

15. "This book is very readable."

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Annual Gathering of the Society will this
year be given in recognition of the International
Copyright Bill. It will be held at the White-
hall Rooms of the Hotel Métropole on the 16th.
Long before the dinner it will be known whether
the President has, or has not, acknowledged that
Americans have equal rights with our own people
in this country. The function of the 16th,
however, will mark our sense of what has been
done by Americans. And as for ourselves, we shall
very shortly put the position of Americans beyond
any doubt. The Chairman will be Lord Monkswell,
who has done such great service to the cause of
International Copyright by his conduct of the Bill
for the Amendment and Consolidation of Copyright.
The principal guest will be Mr. Lincoln, the United
States Minister to this country. It is greatly
hoped that we may have as guests a good number
of American men and women of letters, and that
we may have to receive them as brilliant a company
as can be gathered together.

The communication of Mr. Arthur Montefiore
will cause inquiries to be made as to the progress of
the Authors' Club. We have advanced to this
stage: we had got together a provisional com-
mittee; we had found a man ready to act as
honorary secretary. Then he fell ill, and could do
nothing; nor could, for a long time, another man
he found. Now we have a candidate for the post,
and we hope to begin. If the project proves a
success, the club should open about the end of the
year.

I think I have found out the reason of the
astonishing little paragraphs which, from time to
time, appear in the papers concerning this Society.
Some of them, of course, contain designed and
deliberately invented falsehoods. They are inspired
by certain friends of ours who find their old games
becoming difficult. There is, however, another
kind—sometimes they take the form of long
articles—which are not malevolent, but ignorant.
These are written by men who simply cannot
understand that there is any property in Literature.
To them the maintenance or defence of literary
property seems a fussy attempt to protect a five-
pound note at most—they call it squabbling for
guineas; they either believe in the old superstition
that authors must be beggars, or they have their
own experiences to quote, for they have themselves
written books which have brought in nothing—or
this five-pound note. Very likely their book was
good, but not popular. This kind of writer cannot
believe that a book may be both good and popular;
and his ignorance makes him a greater enemy of
the Society even than the mischievous liar. He
has in his mind a round half-dozen of deeply-
rooted prejudices. Thus—

1. There is no money in a book, and the
publisher must lose by most of his books,
and the more he loses the richer he gets.
2. The publisher is constantly playing a kind of
baccarat, in which he is always staking
immense sums of money, and always losing.
3. The publisher does not care in the least how much he loses.
4. Poetry and Fiction come by nature, and require no training.
5. True self-respect consists in throwing a MS. at the publisher and never afterwards asking what has been done with it in book form.
6. If money is wanted, the author must go hat in hand, and humbly ask for it. Whatever he gets is due to the "generosity" of the publisher; he is not entitled to anything at all. He has no rights; he has no property. How can a guinea or two be called property?

Several correspondents have sent me a prospectus entitled "The Authors' Advice Bureau," and have asked advice upon it. We know, at the Society, nothing at all about the name at the end of the prospectus, Mr. H. Douglas Vincent—nothing at all, either for good or ill. He undertakes to read MSS., and to suggest a suitable publisher at the following rates:—1s. for 10 pages of foolscap, and 2s. for 25 pages. For every additional 25 pages, 6d. extra. If he gives, in addition, literary criticism he charges 2s. 6d. for 10 pages, and 3s. 6d. for 25 pages, with 1s. for every additional 25 pages. Reckoning 350 words to a page of foolscap, this gentleman would give a literary opinion on, and suggest a publisher for, a three-volume novel of average length for the sum of 19s. This might be what advertisers call getting "good value."

What advice can be given in such a case? This:

If Mr. H. Douglas Vincent has such experience of publishers as would enable him to advise as to the best house for any particular work, his advice to an ignorant person might be useful. The first thing, therefore, is for him to show that he has such experience.

If Mr. H. Douglas Vincent is a person of proved literary ability, an author of repute, a critic of position, his literary opinion might be of the greatest value to a beginner. Let him, therefore, state his qualifications and give references.

And let anybody who proposes to give him 2s. first ask him for information on these two points. If the replies are satisfactory, we wish Mr. Douglas Vincent every success.

Here is a suggested difficulty. "I should like to join your Society, but at the present moment my work is principally taken by Messrs. A. and B. and by a certain religious society. Suppose that they resent my becoming a Member, and refuse, in consequence, to take my work: what am I to do?"

Well, first of all, it is rapidly becoming thoroughly suspected that a publisher who objects to the Society can only belong to the dishonourable Fringe, because the Society aims at nothing but fair agreements, fairly carried out; and all that has been done, said, or published by the Society has been in the advance of that aim; for instance, the Cost of Production and the Methods of Publication. If, then, any publisher should so attempt to punish any such author, let us learn the fact, and we will "govern ourselves accordingly." We are now, as has been already stated more than once, in a position to keep a vast quantity of work out of the hands of persons whose methods will not bear the light of day. This power is a very useful weapon, and is every day becoming more powerful.

A great deal of wrath has been aroused by a humble remonstrance made in these columns on certain practices of reviewers. Bludgeons have been waved over the head of the offender; rapiers, flashing horribly, have been stuck into his vital parts. Fortunately, this kind of bludgeon breaks no head, and this kind of rapier does not kill. Therefore, one still lives to repeat the remonstrance as an abstract proposition or two without any names. Thus, our contention was, and is, as follows:

1. Should such a thing as a good novel ever appear, it is worth at least as much attention, and should command as much separate space as is allotted to, say, the smallest of the many biographies or books of essays to which is now accorded the respect of individual consideration.

2. When a man, holding a great and acknowledged position in the world of letters, produces a new book, its appearance is a literary event. In any other country this proposition would be commonplace. In ours, unfortunately, it is not. The book, whether good or bad, whether judged unfavourably or not, should be at least treated with the respect due to the literary rank, and the previous work of the author.

There are three critics of every book. The author himself, who may be presumed at least to know what he intended; the reviewer, who ought to take the trouble at least to find out so much; and the reading public, who very soon finds out whether it likes the book or not. Whether this third party does or does not like it, he says so without much searching into the reason why. And the real cause of the book's success, when it
THE AUTHOR.

does succeed, is not so much the review, or the name of the author, but the way in which people talk to each other about the books they read. The free libraries, for instance, are rapidly becoming in this way, rough-and-ready reviewers; they push the book around; they create the demand. Perhaps they are too often like the gallery at the theatre. Well, the gallery of some houses is now very much what the pit was formerly: its taste is chastened. Certainly it must be admitted that there are authors who are not greatly asked for by the free libraries—Landor, for instance, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, Pater; Meredith, Symonds, Lang—to name only a few, and these greatly dissimilar—are seldom read at free libraries. At the same time Marryat—first favourite—Scott, Dickens, Kingsley, George Henry, Kingston, Charlotte Yonge—to name others also greatly dissimilar, yet all wholesome and good—are in very great demand. Of one thing we may be very sure, that if a book is dull, if it treats of uninteresting subjects, unless it has "grip"—a thing which an essay, or a history, or a treatise may have, as well as a novel or a drama—the readers at the free libraries will have none of it.

What part, then, does the reviewer play? It is impossible to estimate too highly the enormous advantage to literature of criticism, competent, free, and unbiassed, such as we might be able to show under happier conditions. Everyone knows critics who thoroughly realize the responsibilities of their work. Everyone knows papers where the work is at least taken in hand seriously, even though the performance is not always up to the editor's own standard. It is, however, absurd to pretend that literature is advanced by the common mass of criticism. I refer the reader to Mr. Saintsbury's papers on the "Kinds of Criticism" in his "Essays on English Literature" (Percival, 1891) for a statement of the case put at greater length and with more fulness than we can command in these pages. I have quoted already (Author for April 1891) some of the following. It is quoted again because it exactly expresses our case, and exactly justifies our remonstrance.

He says (Introduction, p. xxiii):

"Reviewing is, on the whole, the most difficult kind of newspaper writing, and it is, on the whole, the most lightly assigned and the most irresponsibly performed. I have heard of newspapers where the reviews depended almost wholly on the accident of some of the staff taking a holiday, or being laid for a time on the shelf, or being considered not up to other work; of others, though this I own is scarcely credible, where the whole reviewing was farmed out to a manager, to be allotted to such as good to him seemed; of many where the reviews were a sort of exercising ground on which novices were trained, broken-down hacks turned out to grass, and invalids allowed a little gentle exercise."

He goes on to say that he knows papers where the best work possible is given to one of the most important kinds of work. Quite so. We also know such papers.

Again, Mr. Henry James in the May number of the New Review draws with masterly hand a portrait of the Ideal Critic. Here it is:—

"Not only do I not question in literature the high utility of criticism, but I should be tempted to say that the part it plays may be the supremely beneficent one when it proceeds from deep sources, from the efficient combination of experience and perception. In this light one sees the critic as a real helper of mankind, a torch-bearing outrider, the interpreter par excellence. The more we have of such the better, though there will surely always be obstacles enough to our having many. When one thinks of the outfit required for fine work in this spirit, one is ready to pay almost any homage to the intelligence that has put it on; and when one considers the noble figure completely equipped—armed cap à pic in curiosity and sympathy—one falls in love with one's conception. It certainly represents the knight who has knelt through his long vigil, and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself and steep himself, to feel and feel till he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion and expression in the form of talent, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient, with the intensely fixed idea of turning character and genius and history inside out—these are ideas to give an active mind a higher programme and to add the element of artistic beauty to the conception of success. Just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he vibrates with intellectual experience is the critic a valuable instrument; for in literature, assuredly, criticism is the critic, just as art is the artist; it being assuredly the artist who invented art and the critic who invented criticism, and not the other way round."

To draw a practical conclusion from these remarks. The author, through his publisher, presents certain journals with a copy of his book.
He says: "Gentlemen, here is my work. I shall be greatly obliged if your reviewer will give the public his opinion on the book. If that opinion is favourable, it will serve me by advancing my name, and by promoting the demand for the volume. If it is unfavourable—although an adverse verdict will afflict me more than words can say—I cannot complain if it is the opinion of a competent critic, not a broken-down hack, or a novice, or an invalid, or a brutal scarifier, or one whose blackguard and ill-bred delight it is to bludgeon a writer. And if the opinion is that of a competent critic, every word that he says ought to furnish some suggestion or instruction for me in future efforts."

If, after this, he finds that his critics are the hacks, the invalids, the novices, and the bludgeon brandishers, is he not, out of self-respect alone, justified in withholding his next book, and all his future books, from papers where these gents are allowed to prance?

This is our conclusion. Journals have no prescriptive right to have books sent to them for review. A bad and incomplete review may do a book most serious injury, and can do it no good. Every new weekly journal thinks itself entitled to copies of every new book. The thing is a tax, which, though lightly felt by the individual author, is very serious to a great publisher, who has to expend many hundreds a year in these presents. Every present should be received as conditional on the execution of a trust, namely, that the book shall be fairly and adequately reviewed. When that trust is broken, the presentation copies should cease.

This is our case, and our conclusion. Editors of papers cannot but approve of this jealousy. It may be argued that every author who received an unfavourable verdict would withdraw his books from the journal where it appeared, in a rage. Not so. But even if he did, it would make no difference, because a bad writer left to silence perishes, and that quite as quickly as a bad writer who is tried at the Court of the Critic and condemned. On the other hand, it will be most useful for reviewers to understand that, like the Judges in the High Court of Justice, they hold their places only during good behaviour; and that their work is itself as liable to criticism as the works of the authors.

Our case is in our own hands. In stating it in the pages of the Author month after month, the volume of correspondence has shown that it is a case in which writers of every kind—not novels only, by any means—are most deeply concerned. The case, I repeat, again and again, is in our own hands. It is a business in which authors may take counsel together, and, I hope, will. Let anyone who has suggestions to offer send them here. One cannot publish everything in our narrow space, but we can read everything. The vacation cometh, and is close at hand. In that holy season we live like gods, and feel neither wrath nor pity. When that is over, let us take counsel together.

In another part of this paper Mr. Andrew Lang offers a few remarks on Mr. Gissing's "Grub Street." So much the better for Mr. Gissing's book, which should become in greater demand, even though the writer says he knows no such residents as Grub Street. He touches also on sundry questions rising out of the book, especially on the great Art of Scarifying. "It is only," he says, "a battle with snowballs at most." The ordinary fellow who writes, thin skinned, morbid, sensitive, fails to rise to the height of caring no more for the Scarifier than for the boy who throws a snowball. It is, however, pleasant for him to feel that he ought to receive the blows of the bludgeon, or the rasping of the harrow with so much tranquility. He envies the man who can; for himself, it is beyond him, even if he knows that he shall get the chance of hitting back again—which does not too often happen; he writhes, he groans, he swears. And it is small comfort to him that another man stalks in silent dignity as careless of bludgeon, and rake, and harrow, as if they were no more than light and feathery snowballs.

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A Game of Snowball.

Unmoved he holds his tranquil way,

The Philosophic Sage:

No whit the worse, though the critics curse,

And though the heathen rage.

And when they rolled the snowballs round,

And hurled them swift and strong,

"A merry game!" he said, "The same

I could play the whole day long."

They lodged a snowball in his neck;

One in his left ear lay;

As one who shakes the falling flakes

He brushed those balls away,

And larger rolled those snowballs still

And faster still they flew.

He only cried: "That ball's a wide!

Wait till I shay at you."

---
He chose a drift beneath a hedge
With icicles fringed and bound;
He made a ball of the ice and all
And rolled it round and round.
The white snow wrapped its icy points
And hid its icy heart.
He smiled, "For fun, no game is done
Till each has played his part."

The other laughed and the other cried;
He laughed and he cried, and he ran;
Until the Sage his snowball shied,
Which hit that merry man.
Like David’s pebble it smote him full;
He stopped, he fell—he lay— [said,
"Dear Heart! He’s dead!" the Philosopher
"And all at a game of play!"

Mr. Thomas Hardy’s “Group of Noble Dames”
reads exactly as if the ten stories had been taken
bodily from the “Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles,” and
had formed one dirain in that collection. There
is the same simplicity of motive, the same directness
in the narrative; no rhetoric is here, no fine
description, no subtle analysis. They are not
society stories, although the Dames are noble.
They deal with men and women living in the
country, who belong to no time and all time;
and they deal with the simple theme of love,
and its complications, and its consequences.
Perhaps the most remarkable of the stories is that
of the girl who was married at thirteen. I believe
there are many—I have long since joined their ranks
—who consider Mr. Hardy in many respects the
most remarkable of English-speaking novelists.
The “Group of Noble Dames” will certainly
not diminish that number of disciples, though it
is food for men and women rather than for school
girls. The book appears to me, in fact, to be
what we have elsewhere called a literary event.
It ought to be added, that in type, binding, and
adornment, the book is admirably presented by
Messrs. Osgood & Co.

It is rather late to notice on the 1st of July a paper
which appeared on the 1st of June. But, though
in the next generation the Author will be a great
daily paper, entirely devoted to Art and Letters, and
everything of importance will naturally appear in our
own columns first, to be humbly copied by the newspapers of general interest afterwards, at present
the interval of a month is imposed upon us by the exigency of existing arrangements. The paper I
wish to notice is that in the June Fortnightly
called “An Election at the English Academy.”

Apparently we have among us a new satirist, one
with a gentle touch and a light hand. Nothing
lighter or more certainly imbued with the true
satiric vein has appeared for a long time. The
supposed English Academicians are actually capable of
electing the Archbishop of Canterbury, because he is Archbishop, over the heads of Samuel
Rawson Gardiner and Thomas Hardy. That is all.
It might be said in one sentence. That the Academy should, or could, do such a thing would
be accepted as its final condemnation. But to say
so in one sentence would be to imitate the bludgeon
practice of certain well-known literary friends. We
have been so long accustomed to the exhibition of the
bludgeon that we have been in danger of forgetting the
rapier. We have been so brutalized by the
heavy blows of the common weapon that we have
well-nigh forgotten the bright and dexterous play
of the nobler steel. May one venture to express a
hope that more, a great deal more, may be heard of
this new satirist—who comes with a smile in his
eyes instead of a frown and a scowl, and bears
garlands instead of brickbats, and poises a rapier
instead of a cudgel? I observe that one of the
critics, in his infinite wisdom, suggests Rudyard
Kipling as the author. That seems to me hardly
felicitous. John Milton, from internal evidence,
would be as likely a name—perhaps more likely.
As Charles Lamb would say: “There’s a d... d... d...
deal of fun in John Milton.”

Grant Allen, in the same number of the same paper, lifts up his voice on the decadence of
English literature and on the limitations of English
novel-writing. We are very often reminded of
these limitations. Of course they exist; no one
can possibly deny that. As Mr. Grant Allen truly
states, if a man writes for a paper which goes
into the middle-class family, the editor will not let
him write about things which may be considered
immoral by the ordinary paterfamilias—not, how
ever, the “dissenting grocer” because that worthy
person takes in no such paper. The simple answer
is that the novelist who does not like this limitation
may go elsewhere. Mr. Grant Allen says it means
starvation. Nonsense! Let him try. Let him
produce a novel dealing with any and every
passion or emotion that he may choose, any
problem he pleases to set before his readers of
morals, religion, human life, or social relations. One
may safely predict, from a writer of his power, that
if he dares to lay aside his fears, and to write with
freedom, he will obtain a success which will astonish
him. Let him forget the dissenting grocer and the
sentimental maiden of seventeen—that sweet young
thing, indeed, under the awakening influence of
Newnham, is so changed that her own mother knows
her no longer. Let him forget Mudie and the editor of the Family Teapot, and let him write fearlessly such a work as he desires to write. Surely the time has come when men should leave off complaining that they are not allowed, and should just dare to do what they think ought to be allowed.

In one point I agree altogether with Mr. Grant Allen. English literature is too much tainted with London fog; it is filled with London fog. But the same thing might be said of French literature and of Paris. The reason, I suppose, is that most writers are attracted to London, and become saturated with its atmosphere, so that all the scenes of the Human Comedy take place on the stage of London. And the actors and actresses are Londoners, and the background is always a London street. If we consider, however, that men and women are mostly much the same whatever their conditions and setting, nothing would be gained, except a little freshness and change of air, by transferring the actors elsewhere.

Is there a new Poet? Is the reproach that there are no longer any poets under forty years of age, to be at last removed? There is before me a most dainty little volume called 'Wordsworth's Grave.' It is written by William Watson, and is published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. I venture to think that the contents of this book have in them such a ring of poetry as we have not heard for a long time—the true ring of noble thought embedded in noble rhyme. I believe that this book has been out for some time; the excuse for noticing it here—that I only saw it yesterday—may pass. Let us copy one page:

I hear it vouched the Muse is with us still;
If less divinely frenzied than of yore,
In lieu of feeling she has wondrous skill
To simulate emotion felt no more.

Not such the authentic Presence pure that made
This valley vocal in the great days gone!
In his great days while yet the springtime played
About him, and the mighty morning shone.

No word-mosaic artificer, he sang
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang
Or from the soul leaped instant to the soul.

He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.
The impassioned argument was simple truth
Half wondering at its own melodious tongue.

Impassioned? Ay, to the song's ecstatic core!
Not far removed were clangour, storm, and fiend:
For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.

Surely we shall hear more of this singer.

Someone has been proposing in an American paper that authors should pay a little personal attention to the advertising of their books. He proposes that the author should himself prepare his advertisement just as he now writes his preface. Well, that the author should condescend to pay a little attention to the way in which his business is conducted is a proposition in which we may all agree. He should have a voice, and he should exercise that voice, in the selection of the papers in which his book is to be advertised, and the money that may be judiciously expended in advertisements. In the same way he should claim a voice, and should exercise that voice, in every other part of the work. This right, once claimed and exercised, would make publishing a far more careful business than it is at present. It would certainly lead to the restriction of the output, and to a much more careful selection of works to be published. And this would be clear gain to literature.

But suppose authors were allowed their own way in advertising. They are not all, it must be confessed, remarkable for good taste. How would it advance literature, for instance, to see the streets placarded with such advertisements as this? "The Empire Belle! Remember! The Empire Belle does not clean the grates! The Empire Belle does not whitewash the ceiling! The Empire Belle does not fry bacon and eggs! The Empire Belle. By the New Shakespeare! The Empire Belle. By the second Dickens! Now ready! Price One Shilling only! The Empire Belle for the Million!!"

One or two complaints have been received apropos of a certain paragraph in the June number. The editor has been asked whether this paper has religious views to advance. Certainly not. It has none—none whatever—not even a leaning in the direction of a kind of a sort of a something. Therefore the editor hastens to take the sole blame to himself of that paragraph, and begs to express his regret that it passed his short-sighted eyes without being shorn of its adjectives. These adjectives! They are like women, because they make or mar our happiness. Those used in this paragraph may or may not be true, but they were quite out of place in these columns.

If the editor offers to insert a Member's grievance, provided it is not libellous; if the Member sends him a statement, names and all, set forth plainly for everybody to read, and if that statement, submitted to the opinion of a lawyer, is pronounced to be libellous in every paragraph, has that editor any
right to complain if that Member sends him letter after letter crammed with personal abuse? Perhaps not. He should possess his soul in patience.

A Boston firm, Messrs. Ester and Lauriat, are going to produce a phenomenal edition of Scott's novels. A thousand copies will be issued at a price of £24 a set. The illustrations will consist partly of etchings by French artists, and partly of photographic views of places made historical by the events of the stories.

The street boys of Chicago are become students of Browning. The Boston letter in the Critic says so. A clergyman of that city had been giving, in the basement of his Church, readings to the street gamin who could be induced to enter the doors. He read Uncle Remus and Hans Breitmann, and then ventured on a poem by Browning—one might surmise from the result that it was "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." At the very next meeting the Arabs of the Windy City with one accord, when asked what they wanted to hear, pointed to the works of the classical Browning and exclaimed: "Read more out of that fellow that wrote about the horse-race. He knows something!"

WALTER BESANT.

THE RED MOUSE.

M ANY readers of Goethe's Faust have doubtless been startled or puzzled at the passage in which the hero while dancing with "a fair girl" leaves her abruptly because—

"A red mouse sprang from her mouth."

To which Mephistopheles replies by bidding him be thankful that it was not a black one.

Not long ago, while reading that most eccentric of works the "Anthropolemus Plutonicus" of Johannes Praetorius (1666-8), I met with a story which casts some light on the origin of this idea. It happened in the time of Praetorius that in a certain castle in Saxony the maids were having what is called in America "a paring bee," that is, they were paring and cutting up apples for drying. One girl, seated apart from the others, fell asleep with her mouth open, and what was the amazement of all present to see a red mouse creep from her mouth, which made its way to the window whence it went forth.

There was present a certain Zoofe, a silly conceited girl, who against the will of all present insisted on rolling over and playing tricks on the sleeping maid, for the latter was put out of the position in which she fell asleep. After a time the mouse returned, and tried to find the sleeper's mouth but could not, and so it vanished and never returned, nor did the girl, indeed, return to life or waken again. However, it was observed that a certain man in the castle had been grievously tormented with nightmares, and that after this girl's death they came to him no more.

There is in South Germany a very widely spread superstition to the effect that the Begrümmerte or Gebärmutter (womb or matrix) is an independent being of itself, that is, the life of the body, and that very often when a girl is asleep it leaves her mouth in the form of a crab or toad, goes to some stream, or nibbles a certain plant, and then returns to the mouth of the sleeper who, if she has been ill, is always restored by this singular occurrence.

In more than one Icelandic or Norse saga the soul is seen to go as a little smoke or vapour from the mouth of the sleeper and then return. On one occasion the friend of a sleeping hero sees the vapour go down to his feet, cross on a straw a tiny rivulet, and enter the bleached and polished skull of a horse which lay in the grass, in and about which many bluebottle flies were buzzing. After a time the vapour returned and entered the mouth of the sleeper who, awaking, declared that he had had a marvellous dream. For he had crossed on a golden bridge a mighty river, till he came to a marvellous green forest, the trees of which were like giant sword blades; and in the forest was a stupendous palace, all of ivory, which he entered, and there were many knights all clad in burnished blue steel armour, who danced and sang exquisitely; he had never in all his life heard ought like it. And after this he had returned over the golden bridge and the sword-blade forest to his home.

Nearly connected with all this is the artistic treatment during the Middle Age of death, and in which the soul is represented as flying out of the mouth sometimes as a dove and sometimes like a little devil. As regards the former, I once had related to me by a Bavarian young lady of good family, a girl of singular and exceptional truthfulness, allied to common sense and good education, the following:—

"I had a younger sister who had been ill for a long time, and who predicted that she would soon die, yet no one would witness her death. And one day as I sat by her, the window being open, something like a white bird or a dove whirred up from her mouth toward the open window and out of it. I followed to look, and saw it soar far away and vanish. When I went back to my sister I found her dead. Her words had been fulfilled. No one had seen her die."
That the young lady absolutely and honestly believed she had seen this, I most seriously believe. But what was it? I think in all probability some bird or large white moth by chance in the room, which disturbed, had flown through the window. Excitement, a mind prone to poetry and superstition—and this lady’s family were to a very high degree superstitious—and finally the frequent telling the story had all led it to the form in which I have given it.

Charles G. Leland.

Florence, June 6th, 1891.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR’S “LIFE OF ROBERT BROWNING.”

Mrs. Sutherland Orr’s “Life of Browning” is pre-eminently judicious. It contains none of that worthless tittle-tattle for which the public have of late years been taught to clamour. We do not learn from it that on such-and-such a day Mr. Browning dined at the house of Mr. So-and-So, where he met Lord——, another distinguished poet, who drank nothing but claret throughout the whole of the dinner. This welcome reticence on the part of Mrs. Orr is partly intentional and partly accidental. While, on the one hand, she has not failed to keep up the most perfect regard for the subject of her memoir, she has never forgotten that——

“He did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;
No public life was his on earth,
No blaz’d statesman he, nor king.”

Petty and useless details are carefully avoided throughout the whole of the book. Only the salient facts of the poet’s life are given, together with a selection from his letters, and some acute and helpful criticism of his poems. The whole story of Mr. Browning’s life is contained in less than 450 octavo pages.

Mrs. Orr’s reticence is, as we have said, partly accidental. She has not been able to command so large a mass of materials as is usually placed in the hands of the biographer. In the first place, Browning destroyed a few years before his death, all the letters he wrote to his sister during the time he was in Italy (an intensely interesting collection covering fifty years of his life); and in the next place, he did not, so far as can be ascertained, keep any diary. Lastly, it must be remembered, that there were by no means so many reminiscences of him forthcoming as might have been expected. A biography like Fronde’s “Carlyle”—to cite the most popular of modern lives—was, under these circumstances, entirely out of the question. Such biographies are like the gossip of the New Journalism: interesting, but damaging to those discussed. Our readers may remember that it was a remark in Fitzgerald’s Memoirs which drew from Mr. Browning the most indignant piece of verse which he ever wrote. But in fairness to Mrs. Orr, it should be said that, however extensive the materials placed in her hands might have been, there need have been no fear of her putting them to any improper use. Everything that could possibly be of interest and value would have been given in the book—no more and no less.

The work has been blamed on other grounds than that of reticence. Mrs. Orr has been accused of deliberately minimizing the importance of the poet’s early connexion in Dissent. This is a point upon which she herself will, no doubt, say something when the fitting moment arrives. Meantime, it may be useful to point out that Mrs. Orr had not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind suggested. A good many of the facts concerning Browning’s early days were obtained by her from his sister, Miss Browning—the facts concerning his religion among them. It is natural, of course, that the Nonconformist papers should desire to make as much as possible of the fact that Browning once attended a dissenting chapel in Camberwell; but, on the other hand, it is equally natural that Mrs. Orr, who had to tell the story of his whole life, and preserve a due sense of literary perspective, should not attach such supreme importance to it. If Nonconformity had anything to do with moulding the poet’s mind or his character, the author of his biography ought obviously to have laid stress upon it. But this remains to be proved. Meantime, it will doubtless interest Dr. Robertson Nicoll and other Nonconformist critics of the book to learn that Browning never lost an opportunity of recommending Mrs. Orr’s “Handbook” to his poems, and that he always expressed particular approbation of the manner in which his religious views were dealt with in that book. Her discussion of these views, whether in the “Handbook,” or in the biography now under consideration, is distinctly non-sectarian in standpoint, but, at the same time, is not “bitterly Agnostic,” as has been alleged. Mrs. Orr is not a “bitter Agnostic”; nor, indeed, in the sense usually attached to the word is she an Agnostic at all. Having said thus much by way of introduction, we had best at once proceed briefly to sketch Mr. Browning’s career as revealed to us in the interesting pages of Mrs. Sutherland Orr’s book.
Birth and Childhood of the Poet.

Robert Browning was born at Camberwell on May 7th, 1812.

"He was (says Mrs. Orr) a handsome, vigorous, fearless child, and soon developed an unresting activity and fiery temper. He clamoured for occupation from the moment he could speak. His mother could only keep him quiet when once he had emerged from infancy by telling him stories—doubtless Bible stories—while holding him on her knee.

It has often been told how he extemporized verse aloud while walking round and round the dining-room table, supporting himself by his hands, when he was still so small that his head was scarcely above it. He remembered having entertained his mother in the very first walk he was considered old enough to take with her, by a fantastic account of his possessions in houses, &c., of which the topographical details elicited from her the remark, 'Why, sir, you are quite a geographer.' . . . This seems to have been a first real flight of dramatic fancy, confusing his identity for the time being."

Earliest Poetical Efforts.

Browning went to several private schools, at every one of which he seems to have distinguished himself. Of course, he began to write verses at an early age. He also read a great deal. His first volume of poems was entitled "Incondita"—a title which (as Mrs. Orr points out) "conveyed a certain idea of depreciation." He was naturally very anxious to see these verses in print, and his father and mother, "poetry-lovers of the old school," also found in them sufficient merit to justify their publication. No publisher, however, could be found. Happily, both for the poet and for his fond parents, the bogus publisher, with whom we are now so familiar, was in those days non-existent.

The only result of their failure to find someone who would issue the volume was that Browning "destroyed the little manuscript in some mingled reaction of disappointment and disgust." In this he acted most wisely. He proved not only that he could write verses, but that he could do what is infinitely more difficult—destroy them when it became necessary to do so.

Influence of Keats and Shelley.

Browning left school soon after the completion of his fourteenth year, and there came to him almost immediately an influence which moulded to no small extent the whole of his future career. He was passing a bookstall one day, when he saw in a box of second-hand volumes, a little book advertised as "Mr. Shelley's Atheistical Poem: very scarce." He went home, and begged his mother to procure him Shelley's works—a request which she eventually complied with. He next obtained Keats' poems, and the influence of these two writers upon his life and poetry soon became very marked. For a time, at any rate, he professed Atheism, and was an ardent vegetarian. He soon grew dissatisfied with his narrow home circle, and yearned for a career. "The fact was," says his sister, in commenting upon this period of unrest, "he had outgrown his social surroundings. They were absolutely good, but they were narrow; it could not be otherwise. He chafed under them." All this was, no doubt, necessary to the making of the man and to the shaping of the poet.

Literature as a Profession.

The time at last came when young Browning definitely decided to adopt literature as a profession. He qualified himself for it by reading and digesting the whole of "Johnson's Dictionary"; a course of preparation which may be confidently recommended to every young gentleman about to embark upon a similar career. "Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession," was written and published before the poet was 21 years of age. He had an early friend in the Rev. Mr. Fox, a Unitarian Minister, who read his poetical effusions with interest, and who reviewed them in all the papers and periodicals which could be said to be at his command. Most literary men have kindly memories of some such early friend, and by them—if by nobody else—the following letter from Browning to Mr. Fox will be read with interest:

"Perhaps, by the aid of the subjoined initials and a little reflection, you may recollect an oddish sort of boy, who had the honour of being introduced to you at Hackney some years back—at that time a sayer of verse and a doer of it, and whose doings you had a little previously commended after a fashion—(whether in earnest or not, God knows): that individual it is who takes the liberty of addressing one whose slight commendation then was more thought of than all the gun, drum, and trumpet of praise would be now, and to submit to you a free-and-easy sort of thing which he wrote some months ago 'On one leg,' and which comes out this week—having either heard or dreamed that you contribute to the Westminster."

Another "spontaneous appreciation" of Mr. Browning's genius was John Forster, the accomplished biographer of Goldsmith and of Charles Dickens.

Publication of "Paracelsus."

Mr. Browning's next published work was "Paracelsus," which did not give the young poet his just place in popular judgment and public esteem. "But" (as Mrs. Orr remarks) "it compelled his recognition by the leading or rising literary men of the day: and a fuller and more varied social life now opened before him. The names of Sergeant Talfourd, Horne, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Monetek Milnes, Eliot Warburton, Dickens, Wordsworth, and Walter Savage Landor represent, with that of Forster, some of the acquaintances made, or friendships begun, at this period." It was about this time also, that he met Macready, who subse-
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frequently produced several of Browning's plays. There was, however, a quarrel in the end, and the friends became permanently estranged.

"Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

In 1838 Browning made his first visit to Italy. To what extent he loved the country may be gathered from the following couplet, which occurs in one of his poems:

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'"

The lines fitly appear upon a tablet affixed to the Razzoionico Palazzo at Venice—the house in which the poet died. The inspirations of Asolo and Venice appear in "Pippa Passes" and "In a Gondola." More important works followed these poems at a short interval. In 1840 "Sordello" appeared; and soon afterwards "Bells and Pomegranates." The story of the publication of the latter is pleasantly told by Mr. Edmund Gosse in his interesting "Personalia"—a work which Mrs. Orr occasionally quotes.

"A Lost Leader."

Browning next wrote "A Blot in the Scutcheon"—the last play, we fancy, that ever came from his pen—as well as a good deal of miscellaneous verse. Among the latter was "The Lost Leader." Everyone knows these vigorous and beautiful lines:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

Everyone also has heard at some time or another that they refer to Wordsworth. Browning was often asked the question in so many words. Here is one of his replies:

"I have been asked the question you put to me, I suppose, a score of times: and I can only answer with something of shame and contrition that I undoubtedly had Wordsworth in my mind—but simply as a 'model'; you know an artist takes one or two striking traits in the features of his 'model,' and uses them to start his fancy on a flight which may end far enough from the good man or woman who happens to be 'sitting' for nose and eye. I thought of the great poet's abandonment of Liberalism at an unlucky juncture, and no repaying consequence that I could ever see. But—once call my fancy-portrait Wordsworth—and how much more one ought to say—how much more would not I have attempted to say!"

Marriage with Miss Barrett.

The story of Robert Browning's marriage to the greatest woman-poet which this country or this century has produced forms one of the most fascinating chapters of Mrs. Orr's book. Since, however, it has already been very freely quoted from, we shall best consult the interest of our readers by passing over it lightly, so as to leave more room for other quotations, which the reviewers in their haste have forgotten to make. The marriage in question was a singularly happy one—indeed, we do not for the moment remember any biography of an English man of letters (except, perhaps, that of Charles Kingsley) which contains a more perfect picture of conjugal bliss. Browning was a devoted husband—during the 15 years of his married life he never dined from home but once!—and Mrs. Browning, ill though she was, proved in her way to be an ideal wife. Mrs. Orr says that the poet used to commemorate his marriage by going to the church in which it had been solemnized, and kissing the paving-stones in front of the door. He certainly retained his passionate devotion for Elizabeth Barrett up to the day of his death.

"O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

he sings in "Prospice." And just towards the close of his life a stray reference to the woman he had so tenderly loved in the "Memoirs of Edward Fitzgerald"—an unkind reference—raised his indignation to a white heat, and drew from him the most vehement piece of invective that he ever wrote. "There was a moment," says Mrs. Orr, "in which he regretted these lines, and would willingly have withdrawn them. This was the period, unfortunately short, which intervened between his sending them to the "Athenaum" and their appearance there." That Fitzgerald's remark deeply pained Mr. Browning there can be no doubt. "It affected him with the directness of a sharp physical blow. He spoke of it, and for hours, even days, was known to feel it as such. . . . He only recovered his balance in striking the counter-blows."

The Brownings in Italy.

But we must get on with our story. Browning and his wife spent the greater portion of their married life in Italy. These years must have been the happiest of the poet's life. He was in a country which he dearly loved: wife and child were by his side: the most congenial company was close at hand. Take the year 1854 for example—the year in which the Brownings spent their first winter in Rome. At this time the Eternal City contained Thackeray, Lockhart, and Frederic Leighton. Of Thackeray Mrs. Browning writes as follows:

"If anybody wants small talk by handfuls, of glittering dust swept out of salons, here's Mr. Thackeray!"

And of Lockhart:

"My husband sees a good deal of him—more than I do—because of the access of cold weather lately, which has kept me at home chiefly. Robert went down to the seaside on a day's excursion with him and the Sartorises— and, I hear, found favour in his sight. Said the critic: 'I like Browning—he isn't at all like a damned literary man.' That's a compliment, I believe, according to your dictionary."
The Brownings in England.

In 1855 the Brownings were in London; and it was at their house—13, Dorset Street, Portman Square—that Tennyson first read the manuscript of his new poem, "Maud." It was at this time that they first met Ruskin. Here is Mrs. Browning's allusion to him:

"We went to Denmark Hill yesterday to have luncheon with them, and see the Turners, which, by the way, are divine. I like Mr. Ruskin much, and so does Robert. Very gentle, yet earnest—refined and truthful. I like him very much. We count him one among the valuable acquaintances made this year in England."

Mrs. Browning had a hope that her father, who would not forgive her for her marriage, would at least so far relent towards his daughter as to kiss her child. Her prayer to this effect remained, however, unanswered.

Death of Mrs. Browning.

All earthly happiness has an end. Mrs. Browning died at Casa Guidi, Florence, on the 29th of June 1861, and, for a time at any rate, the light of the poet's life was extinguished. What he felt may be inferred from the following letter to his much-esteemed friend Mr.—now Sir—Frederic Leighton.

"It is like your old kindness to write to me, and to say what you do—I know you feel for me. I can't write about it—but there were many alleviating circumstances that you shall know one day—there seemed no pain, and (what she would have felt most) the knowledge of separation from us was spared her. I find these things a comfort indeed. . . . Don't fancy I am 'prostrated'; I have enough to do for the boy and myself in carrying out her wishes. He is better than one would have thought, and behaves dearly to me. Everybody has been very kind."

The blow was a terrible one; but, as Mrs. Orr truthfully remarks, "Life conquers Death for most of us; whether or not, 'Nature, Art, and Beauty' assist in the conquest. It was bound to conquer in Mr. Browning's case; first, through his many-sided vitality; and, secondly, through the special motive of living and striving which remained to him in his son."

Browning and Carlyle.

The limits of our space will not permit us to tell the story of Browning's later years with the fulness which it deserves. But we must not fail to quote Mrs. Orr's reference to Carlyle. Curiously enough, Browning's name does not once appear in Mr. Frond's "Life of the Chelsea Sage." "Yet," as Mrs. Orr tells us,—

"He visited him at Chelsea in the last weary days of his long life, as often as their distance from each other and his own engagements allowed. He never ceased to defend him against the charge of unkindness to his wife, or to believe that in the matter of their domestic unhappiness, she was the more responsible of the two. Yet Carlyle had never rendered him that service, easy as it appears, which one man of letters most justly values from another: that of proclaiming the admiration which he privately expresses for his works."

The closing years of Robert Browning's life had to put the thing briefly—all that should accompany old age—"honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." He died at Venice on December 12th, 1889, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the last day of the same year.


Our extended notice of this important "Book of the Month" will best conclude with some account of Robert Browning the man, founded upon Mrs. Orr's twentieth chapter—an excellent summary—obviously written by a very intimate friend. "The poet (says our author) was strangely constant to habit: what he loved once he loved always, from the dearest man or woman to whom his allegiance had been given, to the humblest piece of furniture with had served him." But his habits were not so strong that they could not be broken if occasion imperatively demanded the taking of such a course. For years he was a devoted follower of Mr. Gladstone; but, when the time came, he did not hesitate to become a passionate Unionist; although (as Mrs. Orr points out) "the question of our political relations with Ireland weighed less with him than those considerations of law and order, of honesty and humanity, which had been trampled under foot in the name of Home Rule." Like every man who deserves Earth-room he worshipped genius—long years ago when he was in Paris he caused his little son to run up to and touch Béranger, in order that the boy might be able to say in after life that he had at least touched a great man. As a poet he finished his work very carefully; the most conscientious labour being always devoted to form. He never forget that most excellent saying, Nulla dies sine linea, and always counted a day lost on which he had not written something. Like Mr. George Meredith he could throw off impromptu verses, whether serious or comical, with the utmost ease. That he was a brilliant talker goes almost without saying; he was admittedly more a talker than a conversationalist. In a word, Robert Browning, as presented to us in the fascinating pages of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's "Life," is at once a great poet, and an interesting, widely-gifted, and intensely human man. Poetic gifts apart, his character is best described in the words of Hamlet:

"He was a man, take him for all in all. We shall not look upon his like again."
IF SHAKESPEARE HAD BEEN PRIEST.

THERE is one event which—if it had happened—might have changed the whole relations of this world to the unseen world.

Let us consider what a difference it would have made to the cultured dwellers upon earth if William Shakspeare had elected, or had been called, to become a priest or theologian by preference and by profession. Think what the results must have been if such an intellect had been devoted specially to the service of God, and to the stewardship of the divine mysteries. As layman or as priest in his own day in Italy, in Spain, or France, he—a man of such genius, of such honesty, and one so near to God—would certainly have been burnt; but it is conceivable that he might have been led, it would be to consider too curiously if we should try to think how, to become a clergyman in the noble Church of England of his own great day. A youthful frolic of park-breaking, possibly of deer slaying, determined, mysteriously, Shakspeare's whole career; and what we call chance shaped the ends which he, at 18, had scarcely rough-hewn. Then came the sudden, enforced flight from Stratford-on-Avon to the London of Elizabeth, while with this flight was coupled the necessity of earning; and, in this wise, the steps of the glorious youth were directed, by some unseen Power, to the playhouse; to acting upon, and then to writing for, the stage.

Had Shakspeare been, by the same Power, directed to the priestly office, we should, no doubt, have lost his plays; though the examples of George Herbert and of Herrick show that a man may be at once priest and poet. In his dramas, Shakspeare proved himself to be a profound and lofty theologian; and yet we can hardly reconcile ourselves to the mere idea of wanting those plays which we possess so proudly and prize so highly. On the other hand, we may weigh, with a certain regret, the certainty that, if Shakspeare had given all his powers to theology, the relations between God and man would have stood upon a clearer, nobler, firmer basis; so that the blank of agnosticism, or the sorrows of doubt, would have been the portion only of the ignoble, or the torment merely of the weakling. We cannot regret that Shakspeare was led and gifted to do that which he did do; and yet we may contemplate, not without a certain regret, the certainty that, if Shakspeare had given all his powers to theology, the relations between God and man would have stood upon a clearer, nobler, firmer basis; so that the blank of agnosticism, or the sorrows of doubt, would have been the portion only of the ignoble, or the torment merely of the weakling. We cannot regret that Shakspeare was led and gifted to do that which he did do; and yet we may contemplate, not without a certain regret, the certainty that, if Shakspeare had given all his powers to theology, the relations between God and man would have stood upon a clearer, nobler, firmer basis; so that the blank of agnosticism, or the sorrows of doubt, would have been the portion only of the ignoble, or the torment merely of the weakling.

H. Schütz Wilson.

“CONTES CRUELS.”

VILLIERS de L'Isle Adam represents the distinctly aristocratic element in the school of "Les Poètes Maudits." In him is a combination rarely found: the union of satire and romance. The "Contes Cruels" are of three kinds: purely satirical studies, without plot; tales of mystery; and tales combining these characteristics in varying proportions. The volume is conspicuous for its variety, a merit further enhanced by very great originality. The tales are cruel not in their detail but because of their tone of thought. With
very few exceptions they are full of scarcely concealed scorn. Others of the stories may excel in particular points, but the most perfectly proportioned, the most successful, are those that analyse middle-class sentiment and weigh the respectability of the bourgeoisie.

The author possesses very strong imagination and great descriptive powers, but the two gifts do not run evenly. The most imaginative of the stories do not make so distinct an impression as others which are less original. "L'Intersigne," a ghost story of the most ordinary type, is perhaps the best-produced story in the collection, and, in spite of the familiarity of the main incidents, one of the most striking. The fact that it suggests comparison with Théophile Gautier's "La Morte Amoureuse," and can bear the comparison, is further evidence of the author's skill. Such stories as "Vera," while they recall the tales of Edgar Allan Poe and are charming in form, are not quite definite enough in idea. Poe is always extraordianarily definite and direct in thought; Villiers de l'Isle Adam is vague. "L'Annonciateur" could scarcely be better in description, the impression it creates is superb, so superb that it obscures the idea which runs through it dimly glimmering only and scarcely defining impression into thought. For this reason I prefer "Souvenirs Occultes," which produces impressions no less vivid, and expresses a clear idea. The fact is that the more material theme of "Souvenirs Occultes" is more suited to the genius of the author.

But these stories are not his most characteristic work, though they are excellent in themselves, and prove that he was capable of wholly divesting his mind of its habitual cynicism. He is most perfectly represented by "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilatre," "Deux Augures," and perhaps "Sombre récit conteur plus sombre," which show his different manners in his special field. "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilatre" is a masterpiece. No theme could be more suited to the author than the relativity of Good and Evil; he must have felt so himself, for he returns to it in another story, "Maryelle."

The two Demoiselles de Bienfilatre are engaged in a well-established business. Though somewhat laborious, it is not un lucrative, so that together they are able to support their aged parents in comfort. Suddenly, as may happen even to the most considerable people, the younger Demoiselle is seized with a caprice, gives up her business, and leaves her selfless sister to support their parents alone. The patience and shame of this devoted daughter, the heart-broken desolation of the worthy parents, plunged almost into poverty in their honourable old age; how delicately, how sympathetically these are described! The dutiful daughter, wearied by her fallen sister's obstinacy, at last takes the élite of her trade and her custom into her confidence. The scandal has spread too far to admit of reticence. Their respectable experience may be able to suggest some means of reclaiming her to a healthier, a more practical, state of mind. As Mademoiselle de Bienfilatre où les justly observes, "One is not put into this world only to amuse oneself." She has appealed to the "poor lost girl" by the "memories of her childhood," "by the ties of blood," all in vain. But soil watered with parental prayers, bedewed by a sister's tears, cannot long nourish the weeds of selfish sentiment. At last the girl's own conscience, formed as it has been in such respectable surroundings, revolts. She is dying of very shame, "Le moral tuait le physique, la lune usait le fourreau." The Priest arrives, and in the dying prodigal's confession we learn her sin. "A lover—for pleasure—without payment." This is her crime: she has sold the way which were her worthy parents' livelihood; she has left her sister to pursue their arduous, if lucrative, calling alone. She has deserted the beaten paths of the pavement, to err in the labyrinth of gratuitous love. It is true that the partner of her crime had desired to marry her. "I want my poor daughter," the old man had said between his sobs. "Monsieur," replied the young man, "I love her; I beg you to give me her hand." "Miserable!" exclaimed Bienfilatre, revolted by this "cynicism." But this folly is past, and she is now repentant, lying, waiting for death. At length her lover, a young artist, enters. He brings her the first-fruits of his talent, money to buy her some necessity in her sickness. She sees the glitter of gold between his fingers, now at last her love has received the imprinatur of society. "The guinea stamp," and she dies in peace. I doubt if the petticoat of that matron, whose skirts would envelop the world, has shadowed a more dutiful daughter than Mademoiselle de Bienfilatre. I doubt even if that conscience, so singular amongst us for delicacy, could wince at the Quixotic honour of this respectable family.

Virginie et Paul are, as their names imply, very young. And is not "very young" synonymous with "very innocent," "very thoughtless," "very simple"? When they meet at night, there in the garden of Virginie's Seminaire, to discuss their future happiness, how can we help comparing them to the simple things of nature about them—the calculating ant, the economical bee? Their conversation is as irreproachable as the discussions that follow a lecture on "Courtship" in a British British School. And then when they part, we seem to hear the voices of nature re-echoing their
conversation: the breeze in the garden murmur of "Securities," and the nightingales warbling "Six per Cents."

Compared with these two "barbarities," the "cruelty" of "Le plus beau diner du monde" and "Les Brigands" is mere salutary irony. "Les Brigands" is a grim farce, told with great force and wit. The dead townsman's logic is delightful.

The author's power of satire is sometimes so delicate that it is almost credible that the irresistible funniness of "The Duke of Portland" is intentional. The peculiar vein of humour on which it touches is, however, unknown in France. Rather, it must be acknowledged, even to the slight detraction of the author's great power, that certain subjects on which the tale touches are endowed with that faculty which draws upon them the blessings of the close of a century, the unfailling gift of being ridiculous. Nevertheless, the secret of the story is revealed in one page with all the simple directness of true tragedy.

"Deux Augures" and "La machine à gloire" are the most remarkable of the plotless satirical studies. In "Deux Augures" the requisites for success in journalism are detailed with pitiless accuracy—the mediocrity which excites no envy, and the carelessness which precludes all thought. "La machine à gloire" is a description of the logical mechanical extension of present dramatic criticism.

"Sentimentalisme," "Sombre récit contueur plus sombre," and "Le désir d'être un homme," all harp in distinct fashions on the question whether the exercise of the artistic faculties blunt the natural. An incident of cruelty, unsurpassed in refinement, is alluded to in "Sentimentalisme"—the story of the man who made his wife laugh by the death-bed of her dying lover. In "Le désir d'être un homme" the author's cynicism rises almost into pathos when he describes the death-bed of the incendiary-actor in his lonely lighthouse, moaning for the sight of but one spectre before he dies, "—not comprehending that he was himself the thing he sought."

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

The biographers of Archbishop Tait have made no indecent haste to give the details of his life to the world. If their eulogy is, as the Guardian hints, "laid on with a trowel," it must be remembered not only that they were the special disciples of the Archbishop, but that during his life he was abused by his own flock with more acrimony than any other man in England. One Church paper even gravely disputed as to whether he had ever been baptised, with the intention of implying that his consecration as Archbishop was invalid. The acrimony of the attacks upon him have created a feeling in his favour. It will be admitted that, as a statesman, he excelled all the occupants of the See of Canterbury since the Reformation, with the exception of Parker and Laud. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any Archbishop, since those two, has had more practical effect in politics. It is remarkable that an event so important in the life of an Archbishop as his Ordination to the priesthood is not even mentioned by his ecclesiastical biographers.

Mr. William Wilson has in the press a translation of Ibsen's "Brand" (Methuen & Co.) Mr. Wilson's translations from Balzac formed one of the most interesting of the Camelot Series. "Brand" is, in the opinion of many (not Ibsenites), the Norwegian's finest work. It would be impossible to have rendered satisfactorily the poetic drama into English verse, and the translator has wisely prepared a prose version. According to Mr. Swinburne, the "Childe Harold" is much better reading in Italian prose than in the original; perhaps "Brand," too, will benefit by the transition.

Those who are interested in Italian Art and History should not fail to get the life of "Bartolomeo Colleoni" by Mr. Oscar Browning (printed for the Arundel Society). With so delightful a subject, it would be hard not to be interesting. But Mr. Oscar Browning, whose life of George Elliot proved him an ideal biographer for these days, when time is short, has turned his scholarship and knowledge to good account once more by making history attractive, and archaeology picturesque.

A candidate for poetic laurels, is no more. We learn from France, that "the popular English poet MacMillan" has been found dead alone on his yacht, floating about somewhere off the coast of Calvados. Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Coventry Patmore, and Mr. Austin Dobson have now the field to themselves. As for the great dead, if an ungrateful country could find no laurels for his brow, at least it is not too late to lay a wreath of cypress on his tomb. I invite the above brothers of the departed to join in a competition to produce the ode which will no doubt be chanted at his obsequies in Westminster Abbey shortly to be announced. The Queen will be petitioned to appoint the successful poet heir-apparent to the Laureateship.
Mr. Goodman is a bold man. He leaves the last chapter of his story untold and offers prizes to anyone who will write it. Of course the story must be completed as the author intended. It would not be enough to complete it as the reader thinks it might be completed. The dénouement of the plot must be such as to follow naturally and to explain every successive step of the history and the situation. The book entitled "What did She see?" is on all the bookstalls.

More attractive than any work of fiction to many readers, will be the Introductory Essay contributed by Mr. Andrew Lang to Dr. Oskar Sommer's "Studies on the Sources" of "Le Morte Darthin" by Sir Thomas Mallory, a colossal work now completed. We do not want to be told that Sir Thomas Mallory is a writer brimful of charm and interest and romance, but it is pleasant to have the charm translated into words for us. Thus Mr. Lang sums up pretty well all that we want to say, when he calls it the book "of all jumbles the most poetic and the most pathetic."

Mr. Lang is a critic who should be retained for nothing but advocacy. He should stand perpetually before some great work to explain to those who feel but cannot speak why it is great. He used at one time to assume occasionally the character of the rapier and dagger man. The bludgeon, I believe, he has never condescended to handle.

The Burlington Fine Arts has long been known for its delightful little exhibitions. At present there is a collection of book bindings from all the treasuries of the United Kingdom. No art has so improved of late years, but there is still much to reform, and more to sweep away. The catalogue of the present exhibition has two interesting prefaces from the pens of Mr. E. Gordon Duff and Mr. S. J. Prideaux.

It is rather late in the day to recommend a work of reference that must already be in everyone's hand—the Annual Index of the Review of Reviews. If, however, any of the readers of that most wonderful of the English (I may say of the world's) magazines have not yet purchased the index, they should immediately do so.

"The Directory of Secondhand Booksellers," edited by James Clegg, has reached a 3rd edition. The book deserves to be even better known than it is. It contains masses of useful information, concerning all matters of literary economy. I should suggest as improvements in subsequent editions, the alteration of the title to one more descriptive of the contents, and the omission of all poems and other useless, if "literary," matter. It is a great pity also that advertisements are bound at intervals into the middle of the book. This most objectionable practice at once suggests inferiority in any publication, a suggestion seldom belied. We are bound to say the Directory is not an example of the truth of this self-evident truth.

Mr. Powis Bale, author of "Wood-working Machinery," "Stone-working Machinery," &c., has produced a new book on "Saw Mills: Their Arrangement and Management" (Crosby, Lockwood, & Co.).

Mr. J. Stanley Little contributes an article entitled, "A Commonsense View of England's Imperial Destiny" to the current number of Greater Britain.

Mr. Joseph Forster, author of "Four Great Teachers," has published a volume entitled, "Some French and Spanish Men of Genius" (Ellis and Elvey). It contains sketches of Marivaux, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, Dautin, Robespierre, Béranger, Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, Zola, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon.


A new serial story by John Strange Winter, entitled "Lumley, the Painter," begins in Mrs. Stannard's successful weekly magazine, Golden Gates, on July 25th. It has been written specially for her own paper, and will not appear in any other periodical in this country.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell contributes to the Rural World a poem called "Two Lives," which indirectly refers to the "Old Age Pensions" scheme.

In the Author for June, a case is mentioned where an author got nothing upon the smashing up of a magazine; and the remark is that the author left the MS. too long—a year. How long, asks a correspondent, is a reasonable time between acceptance and appearance of an article? One of mine has been waiting 3½ years; in print 8 months (the proofs). Again, how can one withdraw article No. 1, which may have been waiting a
year or more, when No. 2 (sent later) has appeared in the magazine? One naturally imagines it is unavoidably shunted for a time.

On Friday, June 5th, a complimentary dinner was given at the Criterion to Mr. F. W. Robinson, the novelist and editor of Home Chimes, by a number of personal friends and contributors. The chair was taken by Mr. J. K. Jerome, and Mr. J. M. Barrie was Vice-Chairman; among those present were Mr. Moy Thomas, Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Robert Barr (Luke Sharp), Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. H. E. Clarke, and Mr. Charles F. Rideal.

In the wilderness of the book world there are few wanderers that have not felt the want of a guide. Bibliographies there are in plenty, but most people who have to use them are anything but grateful to their learned and industrious compilers. It is to the ordinary student most helpful to be presented with an elaborate analysis of the entire literature of a subject. This want promises to be filled by the "Guide Book to Books," which has been edited by Mr. E. B. Sargent and Mr. Bernhard Whishaw, and published by Mr. Frowde. The task of producing a work which shall within the compass of something less than 350 pages, supply a selected catalogue of the books which are of value in each department of knowledge was certainly not an easy one; and the editors may be congratulated on having so capably discharged it. Largely contributed by specialists, the sections of the work possess an interest of their own, since they indicate something like "the best hundred books" in most directions of thought and action by those who are well qualified to express an opinion. The book, of course, tempts criticism. Anything of the character of a selection of the essential literature of each subject must inevitably contain omissions which it is not easy to understand. Still, the work as it stands may safely be recommended to the most omnivorous student.

SIMILARITY OF PLOT.

HAVING had occasion to make the acquaintance, at second hand, of a large number of novels," writes W. M. G., of Cambridge, Mass., "I have been struck by the want of originality in plot and situation, even in those which, at first glance, are noticeable for the presence of that quality. Of the plot of what work, for instance, does the reader suppose the following to be a summary:

"A peculiar father is responsible for the peculiar infancy, education, and subsequent fortunes of the heroine. In despair at the loss of his wife, he rushes from the worship of love to an opposite extreme, in which he discovers, declares, and would fain propagate a philosophy which shall exclude love, and herewith suffering, from the human race. He is mad enough to try the experiment in sober earnest on his only child."

"Doubtless of the same work as that described thus:—

""The tale is of a man whose whole interest in existence is so centred in his wife that on her death he becomes a pessimist. Sidney is his only child, and from her infancy he makes it his care to rear her in his own beliefs: chief among them, that love is the most monstrous mistake and irony in the universe, and is to be shunned as the most dreadful pestilence of life."

"It is not, however. The latter quotation related to Mrs. Deland's 'Sidney,' which ran through the Atlantic, in 1890; the first to 'Margaret Jermine,' both novel and criticism having been published in 1886."

NEW YORK Critic.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Donald Ross of Heinra. William Black.
Samson Low & Co.
Canon Cheyne's Bampton Lectures. Kegan Paul.
The Little Manx Nation. Hall Caine. Heine-mann.
(Fifth Edition.)
St. Katherine's by the Tower. Walter Besant.
Chatto & Windus.
Robert Browning. Mrs. Sutherland Orr.
Smith & Elder. (Second Edition.)
Ibsen's Prose Dramas. William Archer. Walter Scott.
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Those who wish to be proposed as Members may send their names at any time to the Secretary at the Society's Offices, when they will receive a form for the enumeration of their works. Subscriptions entered after the 1st of October will cover the next year.

The Secretary may be personally consulted between the hours of 1 p.m. and 5, except on Saturdays. It is preferable that an appointment should be made by letter.

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With regard to the reading of MSS. for young writers, the fee for this service is One Guinea. MSS. will be read and reported upon for others than Members, but Members cannot have their works read for nothing.

In all cases where an opinion is desired upon a manuscript, the author should send with it a table of contents. A type-written *scenario* is also of very great assistance.

It must be understood that such a reader's report, however favourable, does not necessarily assist the author towards publication.

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Readers of the *Author* are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:

1. Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

2. Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

4. Never accept any proposal of royalty without consultation with the Society, or, at least, ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

5. Never accept any offer of money for MSS., without previously taking advice of the Society.

6. Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

7. Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

8. Never sign away American or foreign rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

9. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

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The Dinner—

Overheard—

I. At the Black Jack Club
II. From a Letter
III. In the Train
IV. At the Table

Literary Maxims

Notes and News

The Authors' Club

International Copyright—continued.

V. Opinion of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach
VI. Answer to Questions

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Readers of the **Author** are earnestly entreated to disseminate as widely as possibly the warnings and advice contained in every number; above all, to enforce everywhere the simple counsel to have nothing whatever to do with any publisher not recommended by a friend who has had personal experience, or by the Society.

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**THE ANNUAL DINNER**

**OF THE**

**INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS**

**HELD AT “THE WHITEHALL ROOMS,”**

**HOTEL MÉTROPOLE,**

ON

**Thursday, July 16th, 1891,**

**LORD MONKSWELL IN THE CHAIR.**

**THERE** were over two hundred members and guests present at the dinner. The following is the list, but at the last moment two or three found themselves unable to attend:—

- More Adey.
- George Allen.
- Miss Grace Allen.
- E. A. Armstrong.

- Edwin Lester Arnold.
- Mrs. Edwin Lester Arnold.
- James Baker, F.R.G.S.
- M. Powis Bale.
- Wolcott Balestier.
- The Rev. Dr. Barker.
- Miss Jessie Barker.
- Arthur W. a Beckett.
- Mrs. A. W. a Beckett.
- Max Beerbohm.
- Rev. Canon C. D. Bell.
- Mackenzie Bell.
- Miss Belloe.
- Herbert Bentwitch.
- Sir Henry Bergne, K.C.M.G.
- Mrs. Oscar Beringer.
- Walter Besant.
- Mrs. Walter Besant.
- M. Bhowneggree.
- Augustine Birrell, M.P.
- William Black.
- Henry Blackburn.
- Mrs. Henry Blackburn.
- J. Arthur Blaikie.
- Paul Blouët. (“Max O’Rell.”)
- Madame Blouët.
- Anna, Comtesse de Brémont.
- A. E. Bridger.
- Oscar Browning.
- James Bryce, M.P.
- Professor C. A. Buchheim, Ph.D.
- Mrs. Mona Caird.
- Mrs. Lovett Cameron.
- J. Dykes Campbell.
- Thomas Catling.
- A. Chatto.
- Edward Clodd.
- John Coleman.
- W. Morris Colles.
- F. Howard Collins.
- W. M. Conway.
- C. H. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P.
- Miss Cordeux.
- Miss K. M. Cordeux. (“Daniel Dormer.”)

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Miss May Crommelin.
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C. F. Dowssett.
A. Conan Doyle.
A. W. Dubourg.
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Joseph Hatton.
E. C. Haynes.
Arthur Herbert.
John W. Hill.
W. Earle Hodgson.
Clive Holland.
J. W. Houghton.
Miss Houghton.
Reginald Hughes.
Mrs. Reginald Hughes.
Rev. William Hunt.
Mrs. William Hunt.
Mrs. Hutcheson.
Professor Huxley.
Charles T. C. James.
Rev. Theodore Johnson.
Prebendary Harry Jones.
H. G. Keene, C.I.E.
Joseph Knight.
Mrs. Laffan. ("Mrs. Leith Adams.")
Rev. Dr. Lansdell.
Lorin Lathrop.
Mrs. Lorin Lathrop.

Edmund Lee.
Sidney Lee.
J. M. Lely.
Lady William Lennox.
Robert Lincoln (the American Minister).
J. Stanley Little.
Mrs. Carnegie Long.
Sidney Low.
Mrs. Sidney Low.
Justin Huntly McCarthy.
Justin McCarthy.
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George Sheldon.
Dr. Sisley.
Rev. Professor Skeat, Litt.D.
Douglas Sladen.
G. W. Smalley.
THE AUTHOR.

At the conclusion of dinner, the toast of Her Majesty the Queen having been heartily responded to—

THE CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Lincoln, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I have to announce that I have received a letter from Lord Tennyson, who writes that "In the name of the United Kingdom our Society congratulates the United States on their great act of justice." I have further to announce that the following gentlemen regret their inability to attend: The Bishops of Gloucester and Oxford, Cardinal Manning, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Earl of Pembroke, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Hail Caine, Professor Church, and the Master of Balliol. I may also mention that Lord Coleridge told me the other day that it was with great regret that he was compelled to decline an invitation at the instance of Mr. Besant to be here to-night, because he was receiving company at home. There is also a letter from Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Now, it is my pleasing duty to give you another toast—that of the President of the United States of America. The toast of the Queen it is usual to consider needs no preface. I should have adopted the same course with regard to the President of the United States, were it not that I wish to mention that we owe a debt of obligation to the President, because he has without any demur at once acceded to our request to be allowed to come under the American Law of Copyright. It seems to me that that shows a kindly feeling on the part of the President of the United States towards England, for he might, I think, have adopted a different course, and I do not know if he had, whether we should have had any reason to complain. He might have said that the Law of Copyright in England is quite unintelligible; that it was doubtful whether the clause with regard to reciprocity in the American Act was complied with. The course that he has adopted shows that he is animated with friendly feelings towards England, and that is why I desire to say a few words to the toast. I give you "The President of the United States of America."—The toast was cordially received.
unexpected ways a man of genius may not break out. We have long known Mr. Huxley as an eminent man of science and of letters. We must now regard him in the light of a great Biblical scholar; he is, as I understand, devoting his life to the task of reconciling theology with science. If he should fail in the attempt, perhaps he will put the boot on the other leg and try to reconcile science with theology. Well, then, ladies and gentlemen, as I have said, the United States of America have done an act of justice to English authors, and have done this act of justice to their own material disadvantage. We speak the same language as the Americans. To a great extent we read the same books. The names of many American authors are household words in England just as they are in America, and, indeed, some American authors have even become acclimatized among us. And in the same way many English authors are exceedingly popular in America. The United States of America have long enjoyed what I may call a system of assisted education; that is to say, education assisted by the industry and by the intellect of English writers; but at the same time the Americans have paid their teachers exceedingly little for their lessons, and what little they have paid has hitherto been not a matter of right but a matter of favour. Now, I think, it is no small thing that the American people should have agreed to pay for what they have so long enjoyed without payment. I agree that this is only a matter of justice, but at the same time it is a kind of justice that it requires a good deal of moral courage to carry into execution. It is justice, I may mention, not only to English authors but also to American authors, because for a long time American authors have been subject to what I may call unfair competition on the part of English writers, for English writers have been able to have their works printed in America at what I may call an artificially low cost owing to the absence of Copyright; and now the American and the English writers have a fair field and no favour in a friendly competition one with another. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I approach a somewhat debatable point. We know a great deal has been said about what is called the printing clause in the American Act, that is to say, the clause that requires a book to be printed from type set up in the United States before English writers can get the benefit of American Copyright. I approach this subject with a good deal of diffidence, partly because my friend, Professor Bryce, has said everything about it that I intended to say in last Saturday's number of the Speaker. But as it is just possible that there may be persons here present who did not read the Speaker, perhaps I may be allowed, in a few words, to tell you what my views are with regard to that clause. I must say that I am Englishman enough to feel annoyance, and indignation even, with my American cousins if I consider that annoyance and indignation is warranted by the facts of the case, but I do not feel that any cause of indignation is given, because the Americans have passed this printing clause. In the first place, I would point out this: that the supporters of the Bill had absolutely no option whatever but to put this clause in. The American Act was only passed by the display of the greatest tact and ability on the part of the promoters of it; and if this sop to American printers had not been put in it is absolutely certain that the Act would never pass into law. Well, now, I think that we in England are very well aware of the great pressure and influence that can be brought to bear by any organized men in the kingdom who consider that their interests are threatened, and we in England know perfectly well how helpless the general public are in an unequal contest with an organized and powerful and an enraged section of the community. From what I have read it does seem to me that the United States of America is not entirely free from experience of that kind. It is said, I know, that although this clause is a necessary clause that it is a dishonest one, or, at all events, if not dishonest, that it is a shabby piece of legislation. Now, I confess that I am unable to agree with that opinion. It is perfectly certain that if the American Act had been passed without this clause that the American printing industry would have suffered considerably. It would immediately have lost what it now enjoys, the printing of English copyright works; and I agree entirely with Mr. Bryce when he says that the object of this clause in the American Act was merely to put the American printers in the same condition in which they would have been in had the Act not have been passed. I believe that its effect upon English printing will be very slight. It may be that a certain amount of English printing hitherto done here will go to America, but I believe the chief difference the Act will make is this: that it will lead to a good deal of unnecessary and wasteful printing; that most of the copyright books for English readers will be printed in America, and most of the copyright books for American readers will be printed in America. And I would point out this: that the printing industry is, by the nature of things, a growing industry. It must grow because our population is constantly increasing, and because of the spread of education, and any temporary check that may be administered to it by American legislation will, I believe, be only momentary, and will be barely perceptible. Now, I would point out that this clause to which so much objection has been taken, both on this
side and on the other side of the Atlantic, is simply a part of the American system of Protection. Now we, in England, consider that this system of Protection is unwise, but we cannot say that for those who believe in it, it is in any respect immoral. We believe that the effect of the clause will be this: it will be to make not only American readers pay toll to American printers, but also every industry throughout the United States. Our contention is this: that if the American reader has to pay more for his books, he will have to economise in other directions; that is to say, he will wear his old coats, his old hats, and his old boots longer, and, worst of all, it may be that he will not be able to afford his wife as many dresses as she requires. Americans believe in Protection. If we, like the Americans, believed in Protection, we should be bound to practise it. While we did believe in Protection we did practise it, and we abandoned Protection not because we were more moral than our neighbours, but because we flattered ourselves that we were more enlightened. Now, we further believe that Protection in the United States of America handicaps her very severely in her competition with us in the commerce of the world, and regarded simply from the standpoint of material interests, we can afford to regard with equanimity, if not with satisfaction, every fresh development of Protectionist policy in America. I am not going to say that there are not some provisions in the American Act that might very well with advantage be amended, but I do say this: that, substantially, the Americans have gone as far to meet our views as the supposed interests of their country would allow them to do. I say that in their position, holding their opinions, I believe we should have behaved very much as they have behaved. And, ladies and gentlemen, in conclusion, I hope it will be generally recognised that the Americans have gone as far to meet our wishes as we could reasonably hope, and I do trust that not a vestige of irritation or annoyance will remain either on our part or on the part of the people of the United States of America to cloud that perfect understanding that ought to subsist between two peoples so closely allied in blood, and so worthy of one another’s friendship. I give you “Our Guests,” coupled with the name of Mr. Lincoln.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER (MR. LINCOLN).—Lord Monkswell, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I thank you very heartily and sincerely for the very kind way in which this toast has been received, at least, in so far as it regards myself, for I am only one of the guests of this evening, and others are here who will speak for themselves—as for myself, I am heartily obliged. I hope and trust that you will acquit me of any affectation when I say that it would be very much more agreeable to me if this event which is being celebrated here to-night, and the response of the American minister to this toast, had been in the time of one of my eminent predecessors, whose distinguished career and personal qualities not only allied him to many of those who are here present, but made him their close friend, and whose wit and wisdom have made his name a household word all over the world, and who has used them in the most strenuous way in accomplishing the purpose which has been attained. As his presence here is impossible, it falls upon me to have the pleasure of expressing the honour I feel at this opportunity of meeting this distinguished company, composed of so many of those who are devoting their energies and their talents to the instruction and literary entertainment of the great English-speaking race; and it is especially pleasant to do so under the circumstances which make this particular dinner of the Author’s Society so peculiarly notable. You are signalling here the end of the impatience which has existed for so many years on both sides of the Atlantic, over the delay in establishing what may be called proper relations between the Copyright laws of England and the United States. How far they may have been established may be a question in some minds, but at all events, we all recognise that a correct principle has been reached and settled. It is not at all strange that such impatience has long existed, for while our governments differ in form, yet the duties on the one hand, and the rights and privileges on the other, of the people of both our nations, are nearly identical. They have a common language, and for the most part a common origin, and with an equally advanced civilisation, their modes of thought and aspirations make our races almost the same in the history and contemplation of the world at large. Under those conditions it has seemed to many for a long time, and it has seemed to me among them, that it was almost arbitrary and unreasonable that there should be continued in force a rule of law which denied in each country to the authors of the other, and to them alone of all the people carrying on the numberless active professions and trades of the civilisation of the present day, the property rights which each country gave to its own citizen and resident authors. In saying this of England as well as the United States, I speak of course in view of the fact that it has only just now become certain that a non-resident alien author can obtain the benefit of English Copyright law, and that the first official and conclusive declaration to that effect has just within a few weeks been made and drawn forth by the passage of the new American law on this subject. Between our countries, to a far greater degree than between those using different languages, this question of reciprocal Copyright is a practical one and of high
importance, and consequently opposing interests are more numerous and more powerful with us than anywhere else. In the very nature of things the adhesion which was reached by various countries under the provisions of the Berne Convention, were far easier to be attained than the great arrangement which has just been closed between Great Britain and the United States. I am one of those who for a long time have wished such an arrangement to be made. It seems to me a great many years since I signed a petition to that effect. I am neither an author on the one side or a publisher on the other; but it is my misfortune, when I am not doing something else, to be a practising lawyer, and, as a practising lawyer, I have never had any difficulty whatever in feeling the justice of myself being paid for any printed argument that I might make, provided always it was a good one, and this irrespective of the nationality of my client, and what I thought just as regards myself I could hardly think unjust as regarded any other man, whatever his nation or however remote might be his geographical situation, from whose mental labours I had derived profit or pleasure. Besides feeling this sense of justice to authors themselves—I hope it was a sense of justice—I but followed the lead of, I believe, almost every living author of high repute in my own country, in wishing them, and especially their younger brethren who are still struggling to find their proper place in the public estimation, to be relieved from the involuntary, perhaps I should say from the very unwilling, competition of uncompensated foreign authorship, and so that there should be taken away what I consider a very great obstacle in the path of our own home literary progress. But to go into this is to enter upon subjects which are very familiar, and as it is a rule of my profession that all the details of a controversy should be ignored and theoretically forgotten after the controversy has been settled by an agreement, I think it would perhaps suit you, as it will certainly suit me, to follow that rule. This I do not believe to be an occasion to thresh over what is happily now only old straw. It is rather the time and the occasion to exchange felicitations over the harvest which we believe is to be shared by both our countries. I myself think it idle to inquire, and very much outside of the real question of justice at the bottom, to inquire or to speculate in what proportions the division of that harvest may possibly be made. It seems quite enough to see that you English authors who are here to-night, and I am happy to see one or two of my American friends of the same category, and all their American brethren are hereafter not to see the whole fruits of their labour reaped by other people; and if there was no other benefit to accrue to the public at large from this, than the acquisition of what I hope will be an easier conscience, I think there will be a good deal gained for them as well. But, ladies and gentlemen, I very heartily believe that this is not all that has been provided for, for independently and far beyond such considerations as I have merely mentioned, it should be remembered that by these contemporaneous acts of justice to authors, the declaration of the Government of your own country as to the existing law, and the new statute of the United States followed by the proclamation of the President, there has been removed a very just cause of international irritation, and one too, if I may say so, that is felt most by a very influential class of people in both countries, and by that peculiar class who are best able to make themselves heard, and make their troubles known. But, in addition to all this, I believe there has been provided a new stimulus to literary effort, which I think will be felt long and on both sides of the Atlantic, and I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, that you will join me in hoping that in this new phase of our community of interest and anticipation, there may be found a new assurance of an extension in other directions of that goodwill and good understanding which are so important to both our countries, and which I am sure you will agree with me in thinking it is so fitting should exist between us.

**THE CHAIRMAN.**—Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to propose the next toast—the toast of "The Society of Authors." Now, if I fail, as I am perfectly certain to fail, in doing justice to this toast, I hope I may be recommended to mercy on the ground that it was only yesterday that I received notice that it would be my pleasant duty to propose it. I had supposed, up to that time, that the toast would have been entrusted to one of the distinguished visitors here to-night, but as I am asked to do it, of course I must do the best I can. Now, it seems to me that a combination among authors is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. Not a great many years ago, it would hardly have been believed that authors would have combined together in a Society. It was supposed that they lacked the elements of cohesion, but I am assured that this Society is very flourishing, that it is increasing in numbers every day, and therefore, it is perfectly certain that this opinion that used to be held can be held no longer. It is very desirable that authors should combine together to get as good a remuneration as they are entitled to in respect of their works. The labouring man is always telling us that he does not get the proper proportion of the value that he creates; he is always telling us that the middleman or the capitalist runs away with an undue share of the profits. Now, I suppose there is no industry in this country, in which the value created by authors—the true value is less in
proportion to what they receive than in the case of literary men—the value is enormous in respect of the very small proportion of the goods of this world that find their way into the pockets of authors. The Society does, I believe, very good work in helping young authors, and I suppose of all the helpless people in the whole world a young author is just about the most helpless, and the most at the mercy of men of business.

I have already observed that you, the Society of Authors, have carried gratitude to its extreme limits in suggesting that I should take the chair here to-night. Now I will venture to say with regard to the Society of Authors, that if you have a fault it is that you are too virtuous. You are too guileless; there is too much of the milk of human kindness about you. You are too simple-minded; you trust too much in your simplicity to the justice of your cause. Now, allow me to say that you will never get what I consider to be a really good Law of Copyright passed in England, either by the powers that be, or with the powers that may be, without agitation; and, I do not believe that the Society of Authors quite understands either the arts or the necessity of agitation. I do not mean to say, of course, that you should march in procession to the Reform Tree in Hyde Park, with Lord Tennyson and Mr. Besant at your head; I do not even suggest that you should go to Trafalgar Square and wave red flags. But what I do suggest is that you will never get what you want until you use the vast influence that you possess to get the assistance of the newspaper press. You must induce the newspaper press to take up your case unrelentingly and enthusiastically, and without that I do not believe you will get what you want. I think the Society would do well to take to heart the Scriptural parable of the importunate widow. It is to be regretted that while we have met here to-night to congratulate America on the skill and success of their own Copyright, that we Englishmen should still have to groan under a Copyright that is unjust, unintelligible, and grotesque, and is condemned by every person who knows anything at all about it. I hope the Society of Authors will take good heart, and that they will leave no stone unturned to obtain what I believe are just rights here. The toast is, "The Society of Authors."

MR. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.—Mr. Chairman, Mr. Lincoln, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I have the honourable duty entrusted to me of proposing the toast of our Benefactors, "the American Copyright League," and I am asked to couple it with the name of Mr. Brander Matthews. Ladies and Gentlemen, we thank the American Copyright League for what they have done for us, and we also salute and congratulate them as the victors in a long and arduous struggle. How long and how arduous that struggle has been, perhaps very few can understand, except those who have from time to time visited America and taken opportunities there of ascertaining how great were the difficulties which confronted the advocates of International Copyright. They had to overcome the difficulties which the extremely technical procedure of the American Congress presents; they had to overcome the argument that the effect of Copyright would be to make books dearer to the American public, and they had to cut deeper still, and to defend the nature of literary property itself, and to prove that a man has, and ought to have, the same right of property in, and the same beneficial enjoyment of, his ideas, as he has of the labour of his hands. I remember reading, with a good deal of entertainment, some of the debates that passed in the American House of Representatives, when this Bill was being debated. There was one Member in particular, who did the honour to a book, published upon American institutions by myself, of selecting it as an illustration of the evils which would follow from the recognition of International Copyright. He said, "Here is a book which is published for six dollars; it could be printed, and bound, and brought out in a convenient and elegant form for three dollars; and it is nothing but the ruthless avarice of the author and the publisher that prevents this from being done." Now, all these difficulties, and many more difficulties, which it would take too long to enumerate to you, have been overcome by the patience, and the zeal, and the tact, the untiring perseverance and the unquenchable hopefulness of our friends of the American Copyright League, and we rejoice in their success on account of the admirable earnestness and public spirit which they have shown, even more than in respect of the benefits which we hope will accrue to British authors; and I want to say in passing, that we ought not to be ashamed of expecting benefits for British authors. They are, as they have often told us, a downtrodden and necessitous class, and they are a class which is debarred from many of the opportunities that other classes enjoy, of raising their remuneration. They consist, I will not say of unskilled labourers, but certainly of unorganised labourers, and, therefore, they are quite unable to get up a strike, and I do not know that any philanthropist has offered to protect them, even by an eight hours' law. But there is a better reason still why those of us who have watched the progress of this cause in America, rejoice over the success of the Copyright League; it is a victory for honesty—it is a victory of enlightened public opinion. It is the greatest testimony that has been given in our time of the power of opinion expressed by a small circle.
of cultivated men, to permeate and leaven the whole people. It was authors themselves that began this movement. I should like to mention in particular some among those to whom we are indebted (because we ought to seize this opportunity of making up for the lukewarmness of our own press in acknowledging their services) the services of Mr. Lowell, who gave the unrivalled influence of his name and reputation very readily on every occasion. Let me mention also four American writers, probably known to many of you, who have done yeoman service in this contest—Mr. Edward Eggleston, Mr. R. U. Johnson, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and Mr. E. C. Stedman—and I desire to add to these the name of the gentleman who is going to respond, and I believe in whose house it was that the Copyright League was first started, a gentleman who, since that date, has given unfailing attention and earnest labour in endeavouring to promote its objects; I mean Mr. Brander Matthews. Nor would it be right to omit the names of three other gentlemen also, two of them eminent politicians who took up the cause and fought it with much warmth,—both of them authors, as well as politicians—Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt; one of them a publisher, Mr. George Haven Putnam. Well, Gentlemen, there is one point more to which I must advert in commemorating the services of the Copyright League. It is one to which your attention has already been called in the speech of Mr. Lincoln. This is an Act which rivets the bonds of friendship between the English branch of our people and that now larger branch of our people which inhabits the United States, and we may reflect with some pleasure that it is by literary men more than by anyone else, that we may boast, in a far higher sense, of the Empire which has been won by the literature of England and America, an Empire which is more wide, and which is far more enduring, because no political dangers can threaten it. And at this moment, when we congratulate American authors on the act of justice and of friendship which they have secured, we may remember not without pride, that a British or an American author now addresses an audience which consists of one-half of civilised mankind, and we may hope that the sense of the power and responsibility which the vastness of that audience carries with it, will stimulate still further the imagination of our authors, and will enlarge the range of their thoughts with the widening process of the suns.

Mr. Brander Matthews.—My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen, it is greatly to be regretted that this toast could not be responded to by the President of the Copyright League, Mr. Lowell, or by either of its Vice-Presidents, Mr. Stedman or Dr. Eggleston, or by its energetic secretary, Mr. Johnson. They could explain to you far better than I can whatever is doubtful and obscure in the Act which has just been passed. Since my arrival in England I have been somewhat surprised to discover that there are certain English authors who do not understand the American Copyright Law, and there are others who do not believe in it. Their attitude towards the new American Copyright Law is not unlike that of the American young lady towards the Multiplication Table; she said that “she never could learn the Multiplication Table, and what was more, she did not believe it was so.” About 10 years ago, Mr. Gilder, the editor of the Century Magazine, went to Washington to urge a Copyright treaty then under consideration. The Secretary of State heard him with patience, and then said, “Mr. Gilder, I do not hear any loud popular demand for this thing.” Now that was true; for 50 years the authors of America had been asking for some kind of Copyright arrangement with England, but there was not that “loud popular demand for the thing,” which a politician could not afford to ignore. There is nothing whatever wanted only by artists, authors, or musicians, which can be got without agitation. If there had been a “loud popular demand” in England for Copyright reform, the Bill which you are advocating would have become law in the present session. I believe if an author wants anything from the public he must ask for it boldly and often; it is for that purpose the American Copy-
right League was formed now eight years ago. It was intended to excite sympathy, to focus public opinion; and the authors belonging to the League gave meetings, and lectures, and dinners; they wrote articles; they issued pamphlets; and they listened to sermons. They enlisted the aid of the journalists, and of the teachers, and of the clergy. It was at their suggestion, and especially by the zeal of Mr. Putnam, that the publishers were organised into an allied league; and yet at the end of five years of hard work all we could do was to report progress. All that time we had been urging a Bill which was a simple authors' Copyright. It granted Copyright to the foreigner without any condition whatever, being in that respect like the admirable law which exists in France to-day. Then, at that time we received word that if we were willing to modify our Bill and to make manufacture in the United States a condition of Copyright the journeymen printers of America, a very widely organised and strong body, would lend us their assistance. They promised us also the sympathy and aid of all the allied labour organisations of the United States. Well, these were too valuable allies to refuse; and after a very severe debate in the councils of the League we amended our Bill. We laboured for three years longer, the printers gave us loyal assistance, and the Bill has become a law. That law is not perfect; I am afraid that there are few perfect laws in either country; but that law will do one thing, it will put a stop to the habit of piracy—which is a survival from our former colonial dependence. I am afraid that now and again an English author will still be pirated in the United States, just as even now there are American authors pirated every month in England. The Act is imperfect, but it is only a little more imperfect than the existing English Act. We demand manufacture as a condition precedent to Copyright, and you insist on prior publication. Imperfect as the law is, it puts the American and the foreigner on exactly the same level. We have granted to the foreign author what we have granted to the American author—for the American author cannot now have Copyright unless his book is manufactured in America. In one respect the American law is more liberal to the English than the English law is to the American. Under the new law now the English novelist can reserve his exclusive right to dramatize his story in the United States, a right still denied to you in this country. The laws of both countries are very imperfect, but they are very much better than they were. When I think of them I am reminded of the remark of the old negro to the parson who was conducting a series of revival meetings. Said the negro to the parson, "You do not know what a power of good your preaching has done us; why in my own family here since we have been sitting under you we have given up evil-speaking and profane swearing, lying, and stealing, and cheating—to a considerable extent."

Professor Minto.—My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen, it was only yesterday I received a summons from Mr. Besant, and an intimation that I was to speak to this toast. I cheerfully responded, because it seems to me to be significant of the generous friendship and esprit de corps of this Society. I am no longer resident in London, and it is only by accident that I am here to-night, and I believe that is the reason why I have been selected to propose this important toast. The selection is intended as a friendly compliment, and looking at it in that light I warmly appreciate the compliment, and I will repress any tendency to reflect whether after all perhaps the choice is not due to the fact that only the guileless person from the country could be found who was foolish enough to spoil his dinner by afterwards having to make a speech. Fortunately, the toast is safe in any hands, and I must confess that having had only since yesterday to think over the subject, and to collect my ideas, I feel very much more disposed to sit down at once than to inflict any speech upon you. I must say that if I had been consulted regarding the name of the toast I should have preferred to speak not of American literature but of American writers of English literature, for English literature is one, and if, as a Scotchman, I may be allowed a theological allusion, I would say that the distinction between American literature and English literature is really not one of "substance" but of "persons." The English and the American literature is the same in substance. The fact is, that American literature has no separate individuality any more than Scotch literature or Irish literature. Swift and Goldsmith are equally classics, so is Sir Walter Scott, and even Burns, although he wrote a dialect; and I think we may claim a Washington Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, with whom Oliver Wendell Holmes and Bret Harte, ought to be amongst the English classics. In saying that American literature has no separate individuality I would not be misunderstood to mean that American literature is imitative. But a survey of 100 years of American literature (with which I do not propose to trouble you) would not bear out the same. The fact is, that it is absurd to say that the influences that operate upon literature as a whole, and in the natural user, had operated on writers on both sides of the Atlantic. Take any period that you like: take the very beginnings of American literature, when Charles Ripton Brown wrote. The influence that stirred literature is not by any means through English channels, and the fact is, that writers on both sides have been working to build up the great
fabric of English literature, giving and taking, and the Americans sometimes giving quite as much as they took. It seems to me that if it is the case that Washington Irving was influenced by Addison and the essayists of the 18th Century, it is not less true, as Mr. Dudley Warner, whose name I have the pleasure of coupling with this toast, will tell you, that Washington Irving had a very great influence upon the literature of this country. I also mentioned the great name of Edgar Allan Poe as the greatest master of one of the new forms of literature, the short story. The question is sometimes asked whether America is likely to produce some new type of literature? Well, Sir, new types of literature are not common; they do not flourish on every hedge, and before you can have a good type of literature you must have a man of genius to make it. Now, if the man comes and the hour in America, as the man and the hour came in English literature but once only—the time of Shakespeare— I have not the slightest doubt that the man would be welcomed by the authors of this country, but he will be welcomed not as the maker of a new type of American literature but as the maker of a new type of English literature. We should welcome his work, however racy of the soil it might be, however much it might be filled with what we are disposed to call Americanisms—we should welcome it as an addition to the wealth of the literature of our common tongue. At this late hour of the evening I will only venture to say this in all seriousness, we have present among us tonight a good many American authors, among them Mr. Warner, a distinguished gentleman, whose name I have to couple with this toast. He is an example of those who make for that solidarity of our literature of which I spoke. I ask you to drink to the health and prosperity of American authors.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.—My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen, I have in the first place, the pleasant duty of thanking the Society of Authors and the literary people of London who have been good enough to come here, for the cordial expressions which I have heard with regard to my compatriots who are present here and elsewhere. We are not English in America. We are made up of all the peoples that an inscrutable Providence has given us for purposes I do not quite understand. We mingle there to produce a race, the destiny and quality of which is practically yet unknown. But underneath all this, the seething struggle which is going on in the United States, the guiding impulse has always been that regard for law and order and Christian civilization which has had its best exemplification in the Island of Great Britain, and Scotland, and Ireland. We have besides a training in traditions which are as old as England itself. We have always looked with a great deal of affection, and a good deal of wrath sometimes, towards this side of the Atlantic. We have been trained from age to age in the literature which is common to both countries, and which Professor Bryce likened to the drum which followed the sun round with the English flag. That is all true; and besides, we have the American, the English, the Australian, the Canadian—I think I may say now, the Egyptian—literature; it is all one practically; that is to say, the great English conquering language for our possession; and if the time ever comes which the prophets ever like to harp upon, from Isaiah down, and the poets like to dwell upon, the great battle of Armageddon, where civilisation and barbarism contend for the mastery in this world, I know that the English flag and the American flag on the same field and the same side of the line, will fall or rise together. I am, my Lord, in a good deal of embarrassment in replying to this toast which is limited, for I have learnt since I have been in London, from one of the most authoritative of your English Reviews, that there is no such thing as American literature, and very small prospect, and a widening horizon of there ever being any such thing. Now we had thought in our humble way that there was, that there had been a little something contributed to this great—you do not know what the Mississippi river is—it is a large river—the Mississippi river of literature; and we did not require any argument on our side from anybody on this side to say that we had contributed a little something. It was very much like the gentleman in Cincinnati who met the man from Ohio. I need not explain to you that Ohio is not the capital of Massachusetts. Walking along the street, he saw a gentleman opposite, and he said, "You don't know that man, perhaps?" "No, I do not know him; who is he?" "Well, that is Mr. Cackendorff; he is the ablest lawyer in the State of Ohio." "Well," he said, "I never heard of Mr. Cackendorff, and how do you prove that he is the greatest lawyer in the State of Ohio?" "Oh," he said, "you do not have to prove it, he admits it himself." We admit, we know that we have had from time to time in the old times, a little literature of the old English flavour, kept perhaps and imported back and forth, like the cheese which we make and send over and cure, and bring back and think it is English cheese; and we have had of late years, since the shekels of silver have released the American man from localism, sporadically in the west and in the south and west, and in the middle States now and then, something that had a flavour and type of its own, and which, although English in its form and English in its language, was not Great Britain,
but which was most distinctly American. We thought we had that, and we have not apologised for it or been ashamed of it. There was some time a great English literature not provincial, not insular, the literature which we all look to. I do not know that it exists to-day. I have not, in the four weeks I have been in London, been able to read all the smart newspapers of the place, but it seems to me that perhaps the literature of England is somewhat of a local literature. Your novelist; your humorous papers, your newspaper press take up the affairs that interest the people of these islands. We have also in America a local literature which interests us. I believe they have in Australia. I am certain they have in Canada. It is just possible that in these days of extraordinary progress everywhere, literature is getting a little localised, and that it will take another great period of upheaval like that which preceded the Elizabethan literature to make a literature which will go without charge and without tariff or custom house, all over the world. I have some belief in that, because I know very well that the language of England, the English language to-day is the prevailing and the conquering language of the civilised world, and that, in speaking on behalf of the little 62 millions in America, I think the English language never before had such an opportunity to be the language of the world as it has to-day, and that the author in Piccadilly or Pall Mall never before had such a chance as he has to-day to become the all embracing, comprehending author of a great civilised world. I am not making a speech; I want to say about the Copyright Act, however, a word. It is perfectly well known that all the American authors are rich. We have all been made prosperous by 10 per cent.; the publishers know it; they are all impoverished by our exactions. Now 10 per cent. on a book has made us rich, and this enormous prospect of 62,000,000 of readers—of cabdrivers and millionaires—is no doubt going to make all the English authors prosperous and rich. I myself rejoice in that prospect for them, because it is merely a matter of arithmetic, that if you sell at a cheap rate of 10 cents a copy 10,000 things you would get about 10 dollars in your pocket. You see how the wealth will flow in. I hope no extravagant ideas will be raised in the minds of English authors in regard to this; and I merely throw this out by the way in passing along. The author all over the world has never had any great recognition; he has been asked to eulogise, to write Laureate odes, occasionally to dine at the lower end of the table. I myself sometimes wonder that the authors do not, as I think Professor Bryce suggested, strike; and I have sometimes wondered what would become of the rest of the world if we did. What, for instance, would become of my friends the publishers and the printers? What, for instance, would become of all those intelligent people who give you their impression of what has gone on in the world, and what the world ought to have, and what the general opinion is after they have read the morning papers? I wonder very much what would happen if the literary folk, the unconsidered folk who write in the magazines and in the books, were one day to strike, and say, "For the next year we won't do anything." Privately I do not know that it would be a great misfortune if a book was not published within the next 10 years. But I am simply speaking of the effect on conversation if the literary folk were happening to strike for a year. You have sometimes crossed on an Atlantic steamer, and perhaps you would notice that about the second day without any newspapers the conversation languishes, and the people have not anything to talk about. The thing has somehow died out. The ordinary people—and I am quite one of them—have to fill up every morning with something that the editors have said in order to go on with the daily conversation. Now, I am quite serious, however, in standing up for a certain dignity of literature, for I very well know for historical considerations that the thing which endures and lasts in all time is that little thing which we call literature. You build your monuments, your warehouses, your railroads, your great factories, your showy palaces for a generation or two, but somewhere in that time, in that period of great prosperity, somebody sings a song or makes a little poem—it may be nothing more than a sheet of paper. There is the pyramid, and there is the Trafalgar Square and New York, and there is San Francisco, teeming with wealth and with ostentation, but when all these things have passed you know very well, you who have collected the little service of Greek and of Roman intelligence, the little records of thought and motion that some poet has preserved, you very well know that that little thing, that one sheet of paper, something, as I may say, light as air, as a bird's song—I assure you is the thing that you love and that helps the world when all the rest has faded away like a dream.

Mr. Arthur Beckett.—Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my fate to have to propose the concluding toast of this evening. I have to propose the health of our noble Chairman. I think you will agree with me he has performed to-night the duties of his office in a most satisfactory manner. He has other claims upon our respect, as it was he who undertook the conduct of the Copyright Act through Parliament, and got it as far as Parliament would allow it to go. It is not yet beyond
THE AUTHOR.

the second reading, but Lord Monkswell was able to extort a promise from the Lord Chancellor that sooner or later possibly—probably later—the subject would occupy the attention of the Government. As it is very late I would like to bring my speech to a conclusion, although I feel that you would like to hear what I have to say on the Triple Alliance and other subjects. But I would like to tell you one little anecdote in compliment to our brethren, who, I believe, generally finish their speeches with a short story, because it calls attention to the fact that the feeling of fraternity which we experience in England towards our American brethren is growing on the other side of the Atlantic. Not very long ago it was my pleasure to meet a gentleman who, from the manner in which he spoke, except for the American accent, I should have taken to be a native of this land. He told me that there was one omission which he found in England, and it was a serious omission. He was very well satisfied in England, but this omission was in connexion with Westminster Abbey. There was a statue absent from Westminster Abbey which he would like to have seen there. I wondered for the moment what that statue should be. I remembered that all my colleagues here present were living, and he said, "Well, Sir, he is an Englishman who belongs to a very good old English family." I was rather surprised at this, because I understood that Americans did not think much of old families, they considered that beneath them. No, those coat of arms he had often seen about us. "The old English gentleman, the statue of whom I should like to see in Westminster Abbey," he said, "is George Washington." I told him we were making preparations to increase the size of Westminster Abbey, and after the necessary alterations were completed that no doubt that statue would appear. He went on further, and said, "You should not only have George Washington but you should have his namesake, because I think that those two Georges have done more, though in different ways, to make the two nations what they now are. The other George is George Farmer, or, as you call him, 'Farmer George.'"

The Chairman.—Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall not make a speech at this late hour in the evening. I can only say this: that it has afforded me very great pleasure to preside, and I shall be very glad if the result is to bind more closely the ties of friendship which at present subsist between England and the United States of America.

The proceedings then terminated.

OVERHEARD.

I.

At the Black Jack Club.

He was an elderly gentleman with a red nose, and an irascible manner. It was late—towards midnight—but the room was still full of men.

"I have been to the Dinner of the Society of Authors. That's why I am in a dress coat. I don't suppose I have had on evening dress for 20 years and more. Why they asked me I don't know. Why I went I don't know. There wasn't a soul in the place that I knew. Authors! It makes me sick. Waiter, a Scotch and soda. Makes a man sick, I say, to see a couple of hundred men and women dressed up to the eyes, sitting down to a tip-top dinner, with champagne flowing like bitter beer, and a band playing, and noble lords about the tables, calling themselves authors. Authors! Why, when I was a young man there were authors of worth the name. Douglas Jerrold, and Angus Reach, and Brough, and good old Thack—what did you say? Wouldn't have dared to call him Thack? What do you know about it? You weren't born. I say there were authors then, and no mistake, and between 'em all not a single guinea, most days of the week. How should there be any? The publishers took all the money, and we scarified 'em with epigrams. That's how we treated 'em; made their lives a burden to 'em. Look at the fellows now. They can afford to pay a guinea apiece for their dinner. They get up a Society which can afford to ask thirty or forty guests at a guinea apiece, and then they dare to grumble at their publishers! Even when they can pay a guinea apiece for their dinner! What's the world coming to? Waiter, another Scotch and soda. "They asked me. Why? I don't know; I hate 'em. I hate all the successful men. What have they done to be successful when I have been all my life a failure? Why should the world run after 'em, and praise 'em, and buy their books? They never ran after mine. Of course, it's the log rolling does it—the disgraceful log rolling. There's that new boy—what's his name? Nothing. I give you my word—nothing. No imagination, no romance, no dialogue—nothing. All is creeping, real, natural, low. You read a page, and you think it is the real soldier talking. We knew better in our time; no common, vulgar Tommy Atkins for us. But his log rolled, and now he makes money. I dare say he got fifty pounds—I shouldn't wonder—fifty pounds by a single book, though he is but a . . . . What's that? Two thousand pounds
by a single book? Two thousand pounds? You
don't know, Sir, what you talk about. Nobody
ever could make so much money out of a book.
Waiter, another Scotch and soda. Well, they
didn't ask me to speak, or I could have told them
something. Grumbling against their publishers,
when they can afford to drive to the place in
broughams, and to dress their wives in silk, and
to pay a guinea down for a dinner! Grumbling!
Why they ought to be on their knees, the tears of
gratitude rolling down their cheeks, before these
most generous of men. I suppose they asked me
because they wanted to bribe me into silence.
Well, they won't succeed. Waiter, another Scotch
and soda— big Scotch, little soda. Their champagne
was good. But I've got a batch of books on my
table at home, and, by gad, I'll scarify 'em. I'll
stick in the knife and I'll turn it round. I'll let'em
know that the good old times are not gone. A
guinea for a dinner! In our days it was eighteen-
pence or two bob at most. And a band to play all
the time! Authors! Authors! The good old
name is being dragged in the mud. Never mind,
I'll scarify 'em."— [Goes home and does.]

III.

In the Train.

The speaker was a gentleman of somewhat seedy
exterior. His hat alone proclaimed that things
were not going well with him. His eye was
restless and perhaps shifty. "Have I been to
the Authors' Dinner? No, I haven't. I wouldn't
go if I was asked. Authors? Look here now.
As to authors, I've long suspected, and now
I know. It's all a swindle. There ain't any
authors in the Society at all, except one.
There ain't any Society. There's only one man.
He keeps up the racket for his own purposes: he
pretends there's five hundred— six hundred— any-
thing you like. Will he publish a list of the
Members? Not he. Will he tell us who the
Members are? Not he. There ain't any Members
at all, I tell you. He persuades a few people to
come along and dine together every year. It's very
easy. First he gets A to meet B, then C to meet
A and B, then D to meet A and B and C, and
so on. That's all. That's the way it's done. As
for there being any real authors in the Society,
or any Society at all, or anything except that one
man, I tell you that it's all bunkum and rubbish.
They've got an office? Well, yes, they have.
There's a thing they call a Journal—circulation
about twenty. Office and Journal both paid for by
the same man. Well, as you say, I suppose they
do put out a balance sheet showing about a thousand
a year income. What's easier than to make up a
balance sheet? I bring out balance sheets every
day for the authors, and I know. You make 'em
show anything you please. The Society publishes
books? Suppose they do. Suppose they do bring
out books and advertise second editions. What's
easier than to call out second edition when you've
sold five-and-twenty copies? Don't tell me. I've
done it myself— often. "Gar— r— r!"
IV.

At a Table.

"This dinner is only a beginning of what such an annual sitting ought to be. What the Royal Academy dinner does for Art, this dinner should do for Literature. That is to say, if it is good for Literature to have princes as guests, then we should have princes; if it is good for Literature to have ambassadors, presidents of societies and institutions, and great men in other lines, then we should have these illustrious persons. It should be a dinner which confers distinction on the recipient of an invitation. It should be, like the Academy dinner, one of the great functions of the season. This it can easily become if literary men and women choose to make it so. The dinner indicates the power which should, and does already, lie behind, concealed, but felt—a power which will be always making rough things smooth, and causing the swagger and the shark to have uneasy times, and making it more and more difficult for the old-fashioned Fraud to continue in his fraudulency. The future of the Society opens up the most splendid possibilities. Only let us awaken, little by little, and maintain confidence among literary men, and we shall carry out a programme never dreamed of by the victims of the bad old times."

LITERARY MAXIMS.

1. Popularity is a sure sign of popularity.
2. There are only two ways of succeeding: rise high enough or sink low enough.
3. To read a book, it is necessary to look into it; to review, all that may be necessary is to look at it.
4. Any fool can find fault: any knave may destroy.
5. Four stages in Art: the ideal, the idea, the word, and the work.
6. In construction or in criticism, competency depends on the harmony of the first with the last.
7. Understand before you know: know before you judge.
8. Art, like nature, never shows her best on the surface.
9. The reviewer should never forget that he is a judge, often a very bad one.
10. It is easy to judge; it is hard to judge justly.
11. Even reviewers have rights: some of them even a sense of right.
12. All the fog is not in the other man's head.
13. If you will write for money, write for the many.
14. A first failure is not always a sure sign of genius.
15. To please the public may be gratifying to the soul, but is not always satisfying to the body.
16. Put your heart in your work, if you have got one to put.
17. If you wish to be taken seriously, write satirically.
18. To know everything one must be a young man or a myth.
19. 'Tis a wise author that knows himself after a course of reviews.
20. Remember that all men do not see satire, even with a telescope.
21. Do not read every review of your works: it is healthier for your soul, to respect even your inferiors.
22. In reviewing there is no trial by jury: your peers are too busy, working or loafting, to review anything.
23. To view is to see once; to review is to see twice—or not at all.
24. The value of the collection is not estimable by the size of the congregation.
25. As an art, painting is more popular than preaching.
26. Unpopularity is no sure proof of superiority.
27. When a book is unintelligible to you, this is invariably due to the author's insanity or imbecility: tell him so, lest he should feel neglected!

PHINLAY GLENEILG.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WILL our readers be so good as to consider carefully the suggestions as to the Authors' Club? It is proposed to create what is called a first-class club on the level, say, of the Garrick, the Savile, or the Arts, of which the first condition of membership shall be some connexion with the literary life. Readers of this journal understand by this time that one of the chief objects contemplated by the Society is the union of those who follow Literature, after the manner observed by those who follow the Art of Painting. The Society is such an association, but it is not enough, because it is only in evidence on such occasions as the annual dinner, when about one-fourth of the Members attend. Besides, the Society is necessarily engaged mainly upon the business side of the calling. A club of position and reputation would represent the social and successful
side. It would always be a standing proof that men of letters can unite together, are independent, and have risen above the contempt which long years of helpless dependence brought upon them. The Club must begin with 500 Members at least: It is suggested that all Members of the Society shall be always eligible without entrance fee. A form is enclosed which binds the signer to nothing more than sympathy with the object proposed, and his intention to belong, provided he approves of the prospectus when decided.

It is not yet decided whether or no to admit ladies to membership. If they are not admitted I hope we may at once proceed to the establishment of the Authors' House, a scheme in which I place great faith. This House would be especially useful to ladies.

The Pension List for this present year of grace displays the same disregard of the Resolution of 1837, which has always, year after year, under every Government, marked this little piece of administration. The Resolution provided that pensions to the amount of £1,200 every year might be bestowed upon persons distinguished for Literature, Science, and Art. Fifteen pensions are granted this year. Three are given to persons distinguished in Literature and Art. Nine are given to widows or daughters of persons so distinguished. Four are, as I think, wrongfully, and in breach of trust, bestowed upon ladies whose fathers or husbands were connected with the naval, military, or civil service. The country votes a sum of money for persons distinguished in Literature, Science, and Art. The Government give it away to persons totally unconnected with Literature, Science, and Art. When shall we have this miserable little grant administered as was intended? And when shall we get the Resolution amended so as to make it impossible for these jobs to be committed?

The Annual Dinner, a full report of which is contained in this number, was held on Thursday the 16th. Every single seat in the great room of the Hotel Métropole was taken. There were 216 guests in all, of whom 40 were guests of the Society, and the rest were Members or Associates. It was cheering to reflect that this great gathering really contained no more than the fourth part of our present following. The occasion, too, called forth several letters—notably one of congratulation from our President, Lord Tennyson; one from the Bishop of Oxford; one from Cardinal Manning, through Mr. A. W. à Beckett, speaking of the interest with which he regarded the Society; from Mr. George Meredith, who was prevented from attending; and many others. There was a general feeling that the Society had never before met together under more promising conditions, or in greater numbers, or, to descend to smaller considerations, to a better dinner. The animation of the evening seemed to show that everybody was satisfied with his neighbours—a very satisfactory result of a very anxious distribution of places. Of course there were one or two faces which we missed. Bret Harte, at the last moment, was compelled to stay away. Henry James could not come; we were just too late for T. B. Aldrich. Professor Jebb, Austin Dobson, Edmund Yates, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Edna Lyall, and many others could not come. The list of those who were present, however, printed in full with the report, will show that English and American Literature was well represented in all its branches.

There have been, on previous occasions, sneers in certain papers at the record of the names, as present, of those who are not so well known as others in the profession. I think that this is a very unworthy line; in literature there are always men and women beginning at the bottom and going up. They are at various stages of the ladder when they come to us; even though they are only beginning; though a single volume is as yet the whole of their literary baggage, they have a perfect right to belong to us, to call themselves authors, and to come to our dinner. They belong to the calling: they are fellow craftsmen. It is in literature, in short, as with every other profession, there must be in it certain leaders, there must be rank and file; there must be more private soldiers than officers, yet all are fighting men. Four years ago, for instance, I was present at a great dinner—a very great dinner—given in the Hall of the High Court of Justice by the Law Institute to solicitors. There were many hundreds present. I do not remember that anyone, speaking of this dinner, sneered at these hundreds for being obscure, as they certainly were. I make this remark on this year’s dinner, because such a sneer could hardly be made of such a gathering where there were so many leaders.

This is the Holiday Number of the Author. Let us put away all our papers, straighten the stiffened fingers, lay down the pen, and go forth to rest in shady places. For my own part, I make of the
summer holiday an occasion, which only comes once a year, for reading the books which everybody has been talking about. I am not more than live or six years in arrears, and though I despair of catching up, I daresay there will be no more than five years' books in arrears when the time comes for putting up the shutters. These can be cremated with me. Some men I can hardly look in the face without a blush; with others, thanks to an occasional ramble into the present, I am more easy. Since, for instance, I have read the "World's Desire" I feel more confidence in the presence of its authors. Why has the world taken so little notice of the wonderful allegory in that book? I can boldly meet Thomas Hardy face to face because I have read the "Group of Noble Dames," and Rudyard Kipling, because I can quote the "Light that Failed." There is nothing so delightful as to be working up arrears; nothing so truly restful as to let other people write for you. For this and other reasons, the August Number of the Author is shorter than its brethren.

We have learned, with great regret, the death of Mr. James Runciman at the early age of 38. Mr. Runciman was one of the youngest of our Members, but not one of the least cordial. His early death has prevented him from doing full justice to his great—his very great—abilities. What he did achieve was marked by strength and firmness of drawing, a vivid imagination, and a clear eye. He could write verse with ease and grace; some of his pictures of certain strata of life will certainly last—at least beyond the time of many writers now more popular.

Letter from a publisher: "I have offered you so much for your work. This sum buys the entire Copyright. Your request that I should leave you American rights might have been granted a month ago. Under existing circumstances this is not to be thought of."

In other words, what was worth so much when American Copyright was worthless, is worth no more though American Copyright doubles the publishers' returns. This is very remarkable justice. It makes one sigh for Jedburgh justice.

The Manchester Guardian reports that a certain religious society has discovered a muddle in their accounts by which debts of "thousands of pounds for advertising" had not been brought forward in the balance sheets, so that the committees were personally liable. This society is not, we do hope and trust, our dear old friend who keeps a Literary Housemaid and sweats its victims with holy zeal. It would be too dreadful to think that its committee, after such a long and successful course of sweating, should be itself sweated! No! No! The reward of the righteous is not often so thorough and so certain.

Of "Literary" Associations, "Authors' Publishing" companies and societies which promise poor, struggling authors help and pay, there is no end. A blight seems to settle upon these associations. Nevertheless, one is pleased to give such publicity as is possible to all new societies of the kind. Here is one, for instance, called "The Authors' Publishing Association." The manager is one T. M. Field, of whom we know nothing, good or bad. His association receives members at 5s. a year, which is indeed cheap. It also runs a little magazine called Literary Land. The May number—containing 16 pages—is before us at this moment, so that it really does exist. Literary workers of all classes are invited to become members, particularly those who seek—but have not yet found—a remunerative return for their labours. This, they may perhaps believe, will be found for them in Literary Land. Now, if this paper is to go on presenting 16 pages every month to the world it will remunerate—reckoning each article at three pages, and the pay at—is 5s. a page too high?—five authors a month or 60 authors a year. If, therefore, an author is so fortunate as to become one of this 60 he would receive, say, 15s. in the year, out of which he would pay 5s. for the magazine and 5s. for the association. For himself, 5s. will remain—a princely income. I daresay a good many subscribers will be found. It seems hopeless to expect that people who aspire to literary success will bring the commonest rules of arithmetic, reason, and common sense to bear upon their hopes and their calculations. The "association" may mean well and honestly, but let young writers ask what any such association can do for anybody? There is no royal road to success—there are no back stairs to literary fame; every writer must with his own pen fight his own way to the front.

Yet another Society! This time it is the prospectus of the "London Copy Society." It has offices, and a secretary, but, as yet, neither directors, bankers, nor solicitors. Its modest capital is £1,000. It proposes to become a syndicate for placing things in newspapers both here and in America. People are asked to pay a guinea a year in order to have a chance of being taken by the American and
English journals through this agency. There are already a good many such syndicates in the field, and their experience is always the same, namely, that there is little difficulty in placing writers of repute, but that it is absolutely impossible to place writers who have not yet made their name. Very likely this syndicate sees a way out of this difficulty.

The "Society" will also act as literary agents, and will establish a school for journalism. The subscribers will have to pay for the printing, manifolding, stereotyping, and postage of their work to the "hundreds of journals" spoken of in the prospectus. Suppose one of them writes a novel. It would cost perhaps £80 to print. Another £20 might easily be spent in sending the work among the "hundreds of journals." Are young literary aspirants prepared to spend £100 on the very, very slender chance of an unknown writer being accepted by the country press? As for the school of journalism, we wait to see who are the Professors and Lecturers in that school.

From time to time there are sent to the Office cuttings from certain papers in which the truth, the whole truth, and a great deal more than the truth is frankly and generously told about this Society. In three or four cases we have held a little inquiry into the cause and origin of this generous amplification of the truth. It has been found in all that the paragraphs have been preceded, very strangely, by action on the part of our Secretary. For instance, the editor of the Universal Genius has refused to reply to a contributor asking payment for a MS. which has appeared in the paper. The contributor, a Member of the Society, brings the case before the Secretary. The Secretary addresses a letter to the Editor. Result: (1) Cheque to the author. (2) Nasty one for the Society in the paper. Moral — Obvious.

Readers of Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Laurence Oliphant" should read Mrs. Phillips' paper on Mr. Harris in the National Review of July. Those who possess the book should cut out the article and bind it up as an appendix, because the article gives the other side of the question as seen by the friends of Mr. Harris. No denial is offered by the writer of the article of the facts as stated by Mrs. Oliphant. They remain, presumably, undeniable. From the point of view of Harris's disciples it is right, I suppose, and only what was to be expected, that a gentleman should be made to sell strawberries in the street, that a lady should be made to do menial work, and that a wedded pair should be separated. These things belong to spiritual levels, to which I, alas! cannot reach. Heaven itself is out of the reach of most of us, unless we can get to it with our own people and following our own manners and customs. At the same time, the paper of Mrs. Phillips is not only extremely interesting but extremely instructive, if only as showing what qualities there were in Harris which could attract such a man as Laurence Oliphant. And so much, I believe, the author of this beautiful biography would be the first to acknowledge. In every generation there arises a Harris, either in this country, or in America, or somewhere else. To every Harris there comes a Revelation, to every one a school of disciples, and every disciple is convinced that he sees the beginning of the end—and the assurance of the Second Coming of the Lord, when, by the aid of the Harris, all things shall be made straight.

WALTER BESANT.

THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

A MEETING of the Preliminary Committee was held at the Society's offices on Thursday, July 23rd. Present: Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Howard Collins, Mr. W. M. Colles, Mr. Oswald Crawford, Mr. Egmont Hake, Mr. Arthur Montefiore, and Mr. Vagg Walter, as Honorary Secretary ad interim.

Mr. Walter reported that he had visited many houses to let in the vicinity of Piccadilly and elsewhere, and sub mitted plans and drawings of certain houses which might seem suitable for the Club, with estimates for furniture and installation, and for the day-by-day management of the Club.

After conversation it was Resolved to put forth the following Suggestions for the consideration of the Society, and of those who might be desirous of joining the Club, and to invite comment and further suggestions from all interested.

1. That it is desirable to found a Club whose first condition of membership shall be a bonâ fide connexion with the life of Letters.

2. That, though the rules of the Society of Authors admit into that body as Members none but those who have actually produced at least one printed and published volume, the Club shall admit not only authors of
books, but also dramatists, journalists, authors of papers in reviews and magazines, editors of newspapers, journals, and magazines, professors, lecturers, and Fellows of colleges, men of science, scholars, and all gentlemen who in their public or private capacity shall advance the cause of Letters.

3. That since the first and most important side of a Club is its social side, the new Club should be one in which the social attractions should at least equal those of any other Club in London.

4. That the Club, though unconnected with the Society of Authors, should recognize and develop, as far as possible, the services rendered to the cause of Letters by that Society.

5. That the Club should be one of reasonable charges and reasonable living.

6. That the serious and practical side of the literary life should not be forgotten by the Club, but that, as occasion may arise, meetings and debates should be held or papers read on subjects connected with the practical side.

7. That ladies should be admitted either on ladies' nights or on ladies' afternoons, or to concerts or entertainments organized by the committee.

8. That Members should present to the library complete copies of their own works.

9. That the entrance fee be ten guineas, and the annual subscription be five guineas; but that the first 500 members be admitted without entrance fee.

10. That Members of the Society of Authors be always admitted without entrance fee.

11. That before proceeding farther, the opinion of the Members of the Society be ascertained on the matter, and that a book be opened at the office of the Society for the entrance of names of those who would wish to become original Members.

12. That the money requisite for first expenses be subscribed by the Members in the form of debentures at a certain interest, a method frequently adopted by clubs.

13. That as soon as sufficient names have been enrolled to warrant further proceeding, the preliminary committee should dissolve and be replaced by a Committee of Management elected by the original Members, with power to raise money by debentures, take premises, purchase furniture, draw up rules, call meetings, and in all other ways act as may be necessary for the foundation of the Club.

14. That the election of Members for the first year at least should be in the hands of the Committee of Management.

15. That these suggestions should be published in the Author, and that Members of the Society should be earnestly requested to contribute their own opinions, addressed to the Secretary of the Society of Authors, 4, Portugal Street, W.C.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

From the "Times," July 2nd, 1891.

Washington, July 1.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation which provides for granting Copyright in the United States to citizens or subjects of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Switzerland.

The text of the proclamation is as follows:—

"Whereas it is provided by Section 13 of the Act of Congress of March 3, 1891, that the said Act shall only apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign State or nation, when such foreign State or nation permits to citizens of the United States the benefit of Copyright on substantially the same basis as to its own citizens, or when such foreign State or nation is a party to an International agreement which provides for reciprocity in the granting of Copyright, by the terms of which agreement, the United States may, at their pleasure, become a party to such agreement; and whereas, satisfactory official assurances have been given in Belgium, France, Great Britain, the British possessions, and Switzerland, that the law permits to citizens of the United States the same benefit of Copyright as to their own citizens: Now, therefore, I, as President, do declare and proclaim that the first conditions specified in the said Section 13 are now fulfilled in respect to the citizens and subjects of Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Switzerland."

This proclamation is preceded by a recital of the Copyright Act passed by the last Congress, a copy of the circular letter addressed to the United States Ministers abroad, and an able and exhaustive
THE AUTHOR.

report to President Harrison, prepared by Mr. Moon, Third Assistant Secretary of State, interpreting the law, and explaining why the operations of the law are limited to the four countries named in the proclamation, and why nations which are parties to the Berne agreement are excluded from the proclamation on that ground.

II.

THE AMERICAN REGULATIONS.


In pursuance of the provisions of the Copyright Act of March 3, 1891, Mr. Foster, Secretary of the Treasury, has prescribed the following regulations:

1. Copyrighted books and articles of importation which are prohibited by section 4956 of the Revised Statutes, as amended by section 8 of the said Act, shall not be admitted to entry. Such books and articles, if imported with the previous consent of the proprietor of the Copyright, shall be seized by the Collector of Customs, who shall take proper steps for the forfeiture of the goods to the United States under section 3082 of the Revised Statutes.

2. Copyrighted books and articles imported contrary to the said prohibition without the previous consent of the proprietor of the Copyright, being primarily subject to forfeiture to the proprietor of the Copyright, shall be detained by the collector, who shall forthwith notify such proprietor in order to ascertain whether or not he wishes to institute proceedings for the enforcement of the right to forfeiture. If the proprietor institutes such proceedings, and obtains a decree of forfeiture, the goods shall be delivered to him on payment of the expenses incurred in the detention, storage, and duties accruing thereon. If such proprietor fails to institute proceedings within 60 days from the date of notice, or declaration in writing, he abandons his right to forfeiture, and the collector shall proceed as in the case of articles imported with the previous consent of the proprietor.

3. Copyrighted articles of importation which are not prohibited, but which, by virtue of section 4965 of the Revised Statutes, as amended by section 8 of the said Act, are forfeited to the proprietor of the said Copyright when imported without his previous consent, and, moreover, subject to the forfeiture of $1 or $10 per copy, as the case may be, one-half thereof to the said proprietor, and the other half to the United States, shall be taken possession of by the collector, who shall take the necessary steps for securing to the United States half the sum forfeited, and shall keep the goods in his possession until the decree of forfeiture has been obtained, and half of the sum so forfeited, as well as the duties and charges accruing are paid, whereupon he shall deliver the goods to the proprietor of the Copyright. In case of a failure to obtain a decree of forfeiture, the goods shall be admitted to entry.—Dalziel (The Times Special).

III.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN?

At last we have it. The next questions are: What we shall do with it? What it will do for us? And how we shall protect ourselves? For, as it needs no prophet to understand, a most determined effort will be made to defraud the author of all the benefits which the Act might have conferred upon him, and to convert it into an engine for the further enrichment of the publisher. Successful authors must understand—the sooner the better—that they have now two countries to deal with, and not one; that in many respects the two countries are not alike, but dissimilar; that what pleases one country may not please both; that they have two sets of publishers; that although they must not assume because they have got their work accepted in this country that it will be accepted in the other, but they must act as if they were going to be popular in both countries. That is to say, in negotiating for their work they must strictly reserve the American rights as the subject of separate arrangement.

Again and again has the Author pointed out to readers, that in all agreements they must put themselves into the position of business men agreeing for the management of property, and this even though the MS. represents no property at all. The other side is always a business man actuated by no other object than that of doing business, and securing a good property for himself, if possible; if not, on the best terms he can command.

If the Author warned and exhorted its readers before the passing of this Act, it must raise a louder and a more warning voice still. The risk of being plundered is twice as great as before; the property to be defended is twice as great as before.

What books will take out Copyright? This is a question of the greatest importance to printers, as well as to authors. At a recent deputation to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, one of the speakers (see p. 91) assumed that every author would not only want Copyright, but would get it.

Indeed! And who is to pay the printer's bill? A very large number of books are published at
the expense of the authors who have nothing, subsequently, to show for their money but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Printing is a much more expensive luxury in the States than here. It is supposed, perhaps, that the author will pay the increased bill with the additional expense of freight. But there are, it will be said, a great many books which both countries will want. Let us see what these are.

First, we may exclude—

a. All theological books, sermons, and religious books. Generally speaking, the Americans will at least find their own religious food.

b. All educational books, except a very few.

c. All scientific and technical books, except a very few. The Americans will continue to find their own works on science.

d. All three-volume novels.

e. Nearly all works connected with the history of this country.

f. Works written for a very small circle, such as special monographs, books of scholarship, &c. These books will be exported in the same way as at present, in very small quantities, paying a duty.

g. All our journals, magazines, and newspapers.

What remain?

a. A great many novels.

b. A few books of travel, history, biography, science, and poetry.

As regards the first, I do not believe that the popular novelist will be set up in America and re-printed here. Why should he be? Consider. It costs, for composition alone, of a one-volume novel from £20 to £25. It would cost in America from £20 to £35. The extra cost of printing and paper is in proportion. Considering, in addition, all the worry and trouble, the extra cost, the cost of freight, &c., who would incur all this in order to save a ten-pound note in the English edition of a popular author? It is absurd. Then, if we take an English author who is not popular, are we going to print him in the States, where he is no more popular than here, at an increased cost, when there is great doubt whether he will repay here the cost of setting him up?

If, on the other hand, a popular novelist is published simultaneously on both sides, it will be as if he were published in two languages; there will be separate composition. We have not considered here the attention which must be paid to the subject of spelling, which is a very important point.

In the same way, special books—such as Darwin's books, Herbert Spencer's books, Stanley's Travels, &c.—would be set up on both sides, simply because in such a big thing it would not be worth while to save a ten-pound note, at the risk of exasperating one side or the other with the spelling.

It certainly appears to the present writer that printers will lose little or nothing by the "manufacture" clause, and that the whole action of the London Chamber of Commerce has been produced by a panic.

The reply of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to the deputation was damping to their hopes. Probably, he knew pretty well what he was saying. We have ourselves felt the pulse of certain Members of the House, not without influence. It may be taken as perfectly certain and beyond all doubt, that Free Trade Members will move Heaven and Earth against any so-called retaliatory measures. There need be no illusion on this head. Meantime, if it be proved that our people suffer sensibly from the Act, we shall do more by representations made to the United States Government and its people than by any fruitless agitation for Protection.

"I would suggest to printers, as a measure of self defence, that they should join with authors and insist upon a clause in authors' agreements, binding the publisher to produce an English-manufactured book. I can assure them beforehand of the sympathy of authors, and of their rooted antipathy to American spelling. All we have to do is to insert that clause. If a book is worth copyrighting in America, it is certainly worth setting up in both countries."

In order to get an approximate idea of what new English books are likely to take out Copyright in America, let us run through the lists of the advertisements in the last number of the Athenæum. It is true that it is a very bad time for new books, and that the list is extremely scanty, but it will serve our purpose to a certain extent.

The first, taking the publishers in their order as they appear in the advertisement columns, is the list of Messrs. Osgood, McLlvaine, and Co. Ten books are in this list. Of these, seven appear to be by Americans. There remain three, viz., two by Oscar Wilde and one by Thomas Hardy. Both these books would want Copyright in the States. Next comes the list of Messrs. Methuen. Here are works by Norris, M. Betham Edwards, Edna Lyall, S. Baring Gould, W. Clark Russell, and Walter Pollock, all of which would take out Copyright. There are four books on social and political economy; two biographies of religious leaders; two books of poems; and a critical study on George Meredith. Result: out of nineteen books, six would be copy-
righted in the States. The list of Smith and Elder shows six books, of which three novels (by Anstey, Norris, and Gissing) and one biography—that of Robert Browning, by Mrs. Sutherland Orr—would be copyrighted.

The list of Macmillan contains sixteen books, mostly new editions. I should judge that six of these would be published in the States. Chapman and Hall advertise eleven books. If these were all new books, three would certainly be copyrighted. Of nine books advertised by Bentley, two would certainly be copyrighted. Of fifteen advertised by Hurst and Blackett, I do not think that more than two would find it necessary to be copyrighted. This, however, does not include their "Standard Library" which is also advertised. Longman's list contains eleven books, only two of which seem likely to be in demand in America. Sampson Low's list of five includes two—William Black's last novel and the "Life of Gladstone"—which would certainly be copyrighted. Clowes has a list of law books which we may pass over. Then follow a few books separately advertised. They are seven in number, and one at least—Leland's "Heine"—would be copyrighted. Then follows Arrowsmith's list of shilling books, all of which, I suppose, would be copyrighted as they came out. But with old lists we are not concerned. The result is that 25 per cent. would be copyrighted. But then we must remember that a great many of these are new editions of successful books. Let us wait till October, when the great rush of new books appear. Then we shall be able to form a closer estimate of the proportion. But—and this is a very important point—nearly all the books selected are in English form, and would always be printed in that form. Moreover, they are for the greater part written by authors of so much eminence that the saving of the initial cost of composition need not be reckoned.

Let us next turn to some American paper, and find out if we can, the kind of book likely to be wanted in both countries. I have before me a number of the New York Nation, which is half literary, half political. The book advertisements are not very numerous, but they are suggestive. Professor Henry Drummond's works are reprinted in full. Mona Caird's new novel "A Romance of the Moors"; Jerome's works in full; Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Laurence Oliphant"; the University Extension "Manuals"; Russell's "Life of Gladstone"; Munro's "Grammar of the Homeric Dialect"; Frederick Locker Sampson's "Lyra Elegantiarum"; Herbert Spencer's "Plea for Liberty"; Oscar Wilde's "Intentions"; appear either in the advertisements or in the book notices. We do not look in the Nation for lists of novels, but we observe that the Tauchnitz books are advertised for sale. I suppose that the result of the new Act will be to stop the sale in America of any new additions to the "Baron's" list.

IV.

Opinion of Sir Horace Davey.

Extract from Case of Questions put to Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., and Mr. James Rolt, and their Opinion thereon.

1. Whether section 13 of the American Copyright Act will be satisfied as regards Great Britain so as to enable English authors to obtain Copyright in the United States by (a) the present state of the English law, or (b) the Berne Convention?

2. What may be considered the date of first publication of a book as recognised by the English courts of law, whether the English courts would consider the hour as well as day of publication, and whether any suggestion can be made as to keeping impartial evidence of the date of first publication of an English book?

3. Whether a publication by an American publisher, wrongfully claiming to be proprietor of an English book would prevent the English author from publishing subsequently and obtaining Copyright?

4. How far will English authors be entitled to American Copyright in alterations or revisions of, or additions to, their books previously published in the States under section 5 of the American Bill, and will they be entitled to this Copyright in cases where they have absolutely parted with their English Copyright in such alterations, revisions, or additions, or in the books to which they relate?

5. Whether the publication by an English dramatist in the United States under the present Bill of a drama as to which he has already granted performing rights in the States will interfere with such rights?

Opinion.

1. Notwithstanding the decision of the House of Lords under the Statute 8 Anne e. 19 in Jeffreys v. Boosey, 4 H.L.C. 815, we are of opinion that under the present statute the benefit of Copyright in books is conferred on aliens upon substantially the same basis as on British authors (see per Lords Cairns and Westbury in Routledge v. Love, L.R. 3 H.L. 100), and that, therefore, section 13 of the American Copyright Act should in respect of books be satisfied as regards Great Britain by the present state of the English law. Whether section 13 of
the American Copyright Act is satisfied, however, depends on the construction which the President or the American courts may give to that section. It will be observed that the Act applies to Copyright not only in books but also in engravings, prints, photographs, paintings, &c. If section 13 be construed as not giving Copyrights of any kind to aliens unless the foreign country gives to citizens of the United States the benefit of Copyright in all these subjects (as we think is the probable construction) it must be observed that by 25 & 26 Vict. c. 68, s. 1, Copyright in paintings, drawings, and photographs is confined to British subjects or authors resident in the dominions of the Crown, and therefore in that case section 13 is not satisfied. If, however, the section can be read distributively, we think it is satisfied as regards books within the meaning of 5 & 6 Vict. c. 45, and musical and dramatic compositions. It should also be satisfied by the Berne Convention if adopted by the United States.

2. The date of first publication of a book as recognised by the English courts is, in our opinion, the date upon which the book is first offered to the public generally. The court will not, as a rule, consider fractions of a day, and we see no reason why that rule should be departed from in ascertaining the date of first publication. We are unable to offer any suggestion as to the manner in which impartial evidence of the date of first publication can be secured. The question is in each case one of fact which must, if necessary, be established by the evidence of the publisher or his agent.

3. We understand this question to refer to obtaining American and not English Copyright, and it therefore depends on the construction which the American courts may place on the American Act. In our opinion the publication referred to in section 3 of the American Act is publication by or with the consent of the person entitled to Copyright under section 1, and we do not think that an English author would be prevented from obtaining Copyright by a prior wrongful publication made without his authority or consent. Whether publication by a person who had purchased advanced sheets from the author would be wrongful must depend upon the terms on which the sale was made.

4. English authors will, in our opinion, be entitled to American Copyright in alterations, revisions, or additions to their books previously published in the States, unless the additions form part of a series or of a work published in parts in course of publication at the time when the Act takes effect. Where an author has already parted with his English Copyright in such alterations or additions, or in the books to which they relate, he would not, in our opinion, be entitled to American Copyright unless under some special agreement or reservation in his favour.

5. Publication by an English dramatist in the United States under the present Act would not, in our opinion, interfere with performing rights previously granted by him. The right of representation in a dramatic work for which Copyright has been obtained is expressly protected by section 4966 of the revised American statutes, and any performing rights granted by the author would after publication take effect under that provision.

HORACE DAVEY.
Lincoln's Inn,
30th June 1891.

V.

STATEMENT BY SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

The President of the Board of Trade recently received, on the subject of the recent American Copyright Act, a large and representative deputation from the London Chamber of Commerce, and a great number of Trade Societies. The Members of Parliament present were Sir John Lubbock, Sir Albert Rollit, and Mr. Broadhurst.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in introducing the deputation, said that the matter upon which they came before the President of the Board of Trade was one as to which there was no difference of opinion between capital and labour, between employers and employed. It was not a matter which affected one part of the country as against the interests of another part. London and the provinces were all alike interested in the subject. Whilst the deputation were glad that English authors should receive the just reward of their labours in America, they thought that might be done without interfering with other very considerable interests which were affected. It was admitted that the American Copyright Law, as it now stood, would very much discourage the production of books, photographs, and works of that character in this country, and tend to carry all that business into America. It was quite necessary, while giving protection to English authors, to do so without affecting other interests, and a Bill had been drafted and carefully considered by the London Chamber of Commerce, with the objects of which they hoped to have the sympathy of the Government.

MR. CLOWES (Chairman of the Printing and Allied Trades Association) said the American Copyright Act granted Copyright on the condition that a book was printed from type set up in
America; consequently, all authors who thought their books worth reading (and what author did not?) would desire to have them printed in America, so as to receive Copyright there, with the result that a large quantity of work which had hitherto been done in England would in future be done in America, and a large number of operatives in this country would be thrown out of work. In order to prevent that, it was proposed that a short Bill should be passed, granting English Copyright to all books printed within a country belonging to the International Copyright Union. Such a measure would not in any way injure the Americans, it would to a very small extent affect authors, and at the same time it would confer a great benefit upon a large number of persons in this country. They would hesitate to propose such a measure if it would in any way increase the price of books; but the cost of printing generally was higher in America than in England, so that no advantage would be gained by the community in England if books were printed in America instead of in England. Many trades were concerned in the manufacture of a book, all of which would be injured unless some such measure as that proposed was passed. The trades principally concerned were represented there that day both by employers and employed, and would lay their views before Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Representatives of various trades spoke.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in reply, said:—Let me understand clearly what it is that you do propose. I take it that this is the practical clause of your Bill: "Any person shall be entitled by the Copyright Act, 5th and 6th Victoria, cap. 45, to Copyright in any book in the English language, photograph, chromo, or lithograph, if it is first or simultaneously published within the British dominions, and printed from type set within a country belonging to the International Copyright Union, or from plates made therefrom, or from negatives or drawings on stone made therein, or from transfers made therefrom, but not otherwise." Have you taken legal advice whether, supposing that were law at the present moment, the American citizens would be in the same position in England as the subject of England is now in the United States, because that seems to me a very important question?

Sir A. Rollit.—The Council of the Chamber of Commerce have not been advised on that point, but it has been assumed that the object of this Act was so, and that it carried out and placed the British subject in that position.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—You will observe that it is not the same as the American Act. It differs from it in very many particulars, and that is a point which anybody proposing to introduce such a measure as this should advise himself upon.

Sir A. Rollit.—There is no intention to gain an advantage: equality is equity.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—You see the immediate result would be, that we should lose for our authors the advantage which the American Act would give them. Then there is another question. The American Act has a clause in it prohibiting the importation into the United States of any book or photograph, or plates, &c., with certain exceptions. Now, you have no proposal of that kind. Do you intend it, or not? Because, if you do not intend it, it seems to me that it would be not a very difficult matter entirely to evade the provisions of the Act, and that the reason for the insertion of the clause in the American Act was that they were quite aware of that fact, and advisedly put it in. I thought it right to call your attention to these two points, because they are both important. But perhaps now I may make a few general observations on what the deputation has said. I quite appreciate the importance of this deputation, and the varied interests that it represents; and the fact also which has been alluded to by more than one speaker, that in those industries employers and employed are in this matter of one mind. I do not think that we ought to exaggerate the possible operation of the American Act on the publishing and printing business of this country. I believe that that business may be said to be mainly a newspaper and magazine business; and also there is, of course, all the official and judicial printing, and prospectuses and reports of companies, posters, bills, and all kinds of circulars that come to us by post, all those things, the great mass of printing and publishing in this country, are absolutely outside the operation of the American Copyright Act. What is really in question is the operation of the American Act on the printing and publishing business so far as books are printed. I think that is so.

Mr. Drummond.—Yes, and nothing more.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.—I am advised that that is not more than 5 per cent. of the printing business. (No, no.) That is the estimate that has been given to me, and therefore I do not think that we ought to look upon this question as it has been rather represented by people here, and certainly by people out of doors, as if the whole papermaking industry would be ruined, by any possibility, or the whole publishing trade. No doubt those industries may be affected, but the question is, How much will they be affected? You here think that they will be very largely affected, and other people have taken different views. One or two statements have been made to-day by speakers who support the view that they will be
largely affected. I think that something, at any rate, of the suspension of business and the want of employment should rather point to the fact that people are hesitating what to do, because they were uncertain whether the American Act would be applied to English authors or not; and now that that point is settled we shall be better able to see, after the lapse of a reasonable time, what the effect of the American Act will be. I should be very sorry to-day to express any definite opinion as to what it may be necessary to do in this matter; but this I must say, that I do not think that the time has yet come for legislation. We do not exactly see; we cannot tell what the effect of the Act may be, much less can we tell in what precise point it may pinch us, if it does pinch us at all; and what would be the best way to deal with this point. I think I put two questions to-day which may give cause for reflection as to the particular proposal that you have made; and I must add that it does raise principles of considerable importance; and although I am far from saving that the Parliament of this country might not be driven by a policy of this kind on the part of foreign countries to do something which may be in contravention of economical principles which have been long held here, yet I think it would be only at the very last resort, and that we should see our way a,sto the successful issue of any move in that direction before we make up our minds to do it. I do not know that I have anything to add beyond an assurance that I will lay before my colleagues what has passed to-day, and the whole matter will have our attention, and any information by those present or by any other persons connected with the printing and publishing trade which may show the effect of the American Act upon that trade will have our most careful consideration.

Sir John Lubbock having thanked the right hon. gentleman, the deputation withdrew.

The Times, Thursday, July 16th, 1891.

VI.

Answer to Questions.

In answer to Mr. Julian Corbett's two questions in the June number of the Author, I think that, to secure American Copyright, there can be no question that every book, even if containing only a dramatic composition, must be printed from type set within the States. This proviso will be rigidly enforced by the American authorities, and clearly a dramatic composition is a book within the meaning of the Revised Statute. With regard to the second question, the performing right of a copyright dramatic composition is clearly protected. But the common law of the United States, the requirements of the common law had, therefore, better be still observed just as if the Act had not passed. Dramatists would be acting very foolishly if they neglected to secure the invaluable advantages conferred upon them by American common law. Statute law is not an unmixed blessing, and of this, Title Sixty, Chapter Three, of the Revised Statutes of the United States promises to prove both an example and a warning.

X. Y. Z.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

New Grub Street.

MR. Andrew Lang, writing from Olympian Heights, is a peculiarly irritating person to a poor devil like me, who happens to be making a somewhat lengthy stay in a back slum off New Grub Street. Mr. Lang does not believe that there is such a place as New Grub Street, which Mr. Gissing has drawn with so much fidelity and power; and says that if there were such a place, the inmates thereof should cultivate their sense of humour and liveliness on a little bread and less butter. Now, is it not a little too bad of one who moves presumably in a world of prosperous publishers, omnipotent editors (to most of whose funerals I would cheerfully contribute), and superior littérateurs—to express the opinion that because he knows nothing of the world which Mr. Gissing depicts, he is inclined to think it does not exist? Does Mr. Lang know anything, for instance, about the habits and existence of the unattached journalist? This unhappy being may be in possession of the greatest sobriety, industry, and sense of humour. He may also possess a fair amount of brains, but, like a large number of his companions in New Grub Street, he has not been lucky enough to get on to the regular staff of a paper. The excessive amount of nervous energy and physical exertion that a man in this situation is compelled to expend is out of all proportion to his gain, and results in nine cases out of ten in drink, or a breakdown in health. To earn, say, £3 or £4 a week, he must be ever on the alert to get hold of news, race over London for copy to write up, attend a day of functions without a chance of getting any food, reach home dead weary, only to know that he must write out his notes without delay. And all with the pleasing consciousness that his day's earnings will amount to some 12s., nothing being
allowed for shoe leather, ink, or paper. It may be urged that this is an exceptional case, but it is nothing of the sort, and represents the average unattached journalist, to say nothing of the British Museum literary hack, whose unsucces is invariably and very unjustly attributed to irregular habits or drink. In addition, what of the horror of a slack season, when nothing is going on except the unhappy journalist's appetite? What of the MSS. rejected, one after another, because members of the staff of the paper have forestalled outsiders? What of the unexpected collapse of the "column," which brings in the modest sum of one guinea weekly? What of the man who translates? But Mr. Lang bids us cultivate our sense of humour. Well, we try to, but we do not find that this materially aids us in the payment of our washing bill. And as to the lightheartedness of Mürger's young men, it is delightful; but as their poverty never seems to have stood in the way of their having a bottle of wine when they wanted it, and as they give us no information as to how they eluded their rent day, the ordinary householder who has to pay up punctually finds it all entertaining, but puzzling. If Mr. Lang would like some practical acquaintance with the disagreeable side of ink-spilling, perhaps he would change places with me for a few days. I would not undertake to fill his place, but I venture to think I should find the steering of my ship less arduous and thankless than that of my own little bark.

II.

THE REV. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

In last number of the Author, a contributor speculates regretfully upon the very different world which we might now enjoy, had Shakspeare devoted his life to theology. For myself, I feel thankful that he did not thus employ his genius. As a professional theologian, several careers were open to him, e.g.:

1. To win orders in the Anglican Church, publish a profound treatise upon theology — now read only by a few antiquaries, and die Archbishop of Canterbury.
2. To migrate to the Continent, fall into the hands of the Inquisition, and be now known, in martyrology, as St. William.
3. To 'vert to Rome, be elevated to the Chair of St. Peter, and be known in history as Pope Benvenuto the First.
4. To become a free-lance, and die an agnostic.

No mere man, even Shakspeare, was ever capable of fully "revealing revelation," or even of bringing it permanently nearer to the masses of mankind, and less so, if born in our land three centuries ago. For one thing, no tongue has yet been evolved upon our planet fit to express without ambiguity the thoughts and precepts of the highest minds and purest souls of the human race, and, still lacking this, even Shakspeare cannot dispense with sectarian commentators, to help to reveal his own natural revelation. I venture to affirm that had he essayed a still higher plane of thought, his works would have been even more unintelligible to the "common people." In the process, he might have revealed to us much more of his own inner self than he has ever done; but, failing the existence of a language, expressive enough for his genius, for the subject, and for his lowest disciples, Shakspeare might have become an even wiser man, but we should—as a race—be now the poorer.

Thank heaven, say I, that he did not become a "priest!"

PHINLAY GLENELG.

I have been trying to imagine William Shakespeare "leaving his mark as a professed theologian" with something approaching a shudder. To wish one "Born for the universe" to "narrow his mind" and to "churches" give up what was meant for mankind," perhaps even to reach such supreme eminence as would entitle him to declare authoritatively whether side means end, and whether north is identical with west, and why both are important, seems in an artistic sense little less than profane.

What more than many things calls for reverence in Shakespeare is his serene impartiality. He presents us with every kind of human aspect, good and bad, noble and degraded, intellectual and spiritual, devout and doubting, chaste and licentious, gentle and brutal, and he as often as not lets each plead in its own justification. Moreover, he never, in matters supernatural, takes what may be called a "side," or treats them otherwise than as material for art. So much so, indeed, that we find it difficult, if not impossible, to find out what his own religion, if any, was.

Could a clergyman even of the "noble Church of England" consistently have done that?

What would poor Jack Falstaff be in the hands of the Right Rev. W. Shakspeare, D.D., S.T.P.? But without that portly knight where, in the name of near three centuries of honest English laughter, should we be?

And would not that delightful little piece of frailty and falsehood, Cressida, have become a
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penitent or an awful example, either of which would hopelessly spoil her?

Furthermore, if this be not so, let it be otherwise; that is, let the Rev. W. Shakespeare treat things and persons Shakespearianly (pace the dictionary), and how would the noble Church of England treat him? It happens that there was a great man, not quite contemporary with Shakespeare, whose works we know Shakespeare to have read and seemingly enjoyed, who was "directed to the priestly office" in early life, and occupied it in connexion, I think, with a parish called Meudon at one time; but we do not recollect that his own or any other Church appreciates that Vates as keenly as we could wish.

While we are about it, we may as well wish that one C. Marlowe, M.A., of Benet College, had taken orders, and then we should have spared the distress of reading much of Hero and Leander, to say nothing of the translations from Ovid (inter respectabiles hand nominanda), and how much happier we should all be then!

 Seriously, Shakespeare gave us the revelation he had to give of the lives and minds of men and women, and there is none like it. The revelation of what is above and beyond men and women is not given to any capacity of reason, however godlike, and, personally, I am thankful to fall back on the fact that Shakespeare was and did what we know he did and was. He knew best. This with all courtesy to the writer, and interest in the writing of "If Shakespeare had been Priest."

JOHN HILL.

III.

Presentation Copies.

Regarding the presentation of copies of works to newspapers, it has always appeared to me that it is the object of newspapers to chronicle events, and their duty to do so if they would not belie their name. Though, to carry out this object, they go to vast expense in the matters of special correspondents, telegraphic messages, &c., yet, when it comes to reporting on a book or a play or other show, they expect to have the first given to them, and to receive free admission to the latter. Why should this be? Is it not as much a part of their duty to record the production of a book or a play, as a fire or a divorce case? Certainly, to the latter they have free access; but why should books and admissions to plays and shows be given to them? It is the duty of newspapers to gather news. Why, then, should publishers and lessees of places of amusement perform part of their duty for them? It is certainly to their advantage to have the things they bring out brought to the knowledge of the public by means of notices in the press; but, if this kind of publicity were as readily given to new inventions, it would be regarded as giving them an advertisement. Yet a new invention is as much an event as a new literary work. Why should not newspapers gather their own news, as much in the literary sphere as in others? Why should not they pay for the books they intend to review, and for admission to the plays and shows they intend to notice? Public announcement is usually given previous to the production of plays &c., and sometimes of books, which is not the case with many important events instantly reported in the newspapers; and really it looks like begging a newspaper to perform its duty, and rewarding it for doing so, if books and free admissions are given to it. It cannot be that the public convenience is enhanced by books, &c. being given to newspaper proprietors, and though it may be a convenience to publishers and others to send them, it certainly is a convenience to newspaper proprietors to receive them, and for these particular things they should be as desirous to pay as they are for other means of obtaining information of public interest.

H. HAES.

[The answer to this note seems to be, that unless the Editor were supplied with copies of new books he and all authors would be at the mercy of the critic, who would go round the world of Letters and the outer offices of publishers, begging and extorting books on the promise of a favourable review. This would be a tyranny unendurable. It may be said that a gentleman could not do such things. If the reviewer had to cadge about in order to find his own copies for review, very few gentlemen would be left in the profession. The extortion of books under promise of a favourable notice is sometimes done even now. Here followeth fact. There was a man, about 20 years ago, a clergyman and the lecturer for a well-known society, who persuaded a certain geographer that he was a great man in the London press, and actually got from him a parcel of atlases, maps, and books on a promise of favourable notices. He wrote no notices and he sold the parcel for £25.—Editor.]

IV.

Payment on Publication.

"The artists who illustrate the authors' work in magazines are treated with a fairness unknown to the writers—probably because they are firm enough to insist upon it. An article upon which I had spent a fortnight's work, and the material for which cost money as well as time in the
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gathering was illustrated by an artist who is a friend of mine, of about an equal standing in his profession—perhaps not an exalted standing—with my own in mine. The drawings were subservient to the text, which, indeed, was quite complete without them, and they cost the artist less than a week's work. The thing complete, text and drawings, was offered to a magazine, the proprietors of which expressed themselves willing to pay £30 for the illustrations and £5 for the text—about 7,000 words—each amount on their "usual scale." The article, therefore, will not appear in that magazine. But my chief object in mentioning the matter is to draw attention to another thing. The proprietors of the magazine were kind enough to warn me that while the drawings would be paid for at once the text "as usual" would only be paid for on publication—if that were 10 years hence. Of course I know that this is "usual," but why? If the artist is paid for his goods upon delivery why should the author wait until it pleases the purchaser to put his goods to use? If I buy a hat the hatter will not wait for his money until I choose to begin wearing my purchase. Imagine these worthy gentlemen saying to a compositor, "Yes, you have been all the week setting up this article, but you must wait for your wages until we publish it—in a year's time or so." The compositor's union, of course, would never allow such a "custom of the trade" to grow up. Can our union do nothing to get rid of it?"

M.

V.

Insurance.

There is a statement in the Author, under the head of "Warning," to the effect that no fire office will insure a MS. I insured the MS. of "Rogers and His Contemporaries" in the Union Office, paying 2s. 6d. per cent. on the value, which I fixed. The insurance covered the risk at my own house, at the publishers, and at the printers.

P. W. CLAYDEN.

VI.

On Titles.

"I work for publishers. I have been swindled by some and sweated by others. At the same time the publisher has sometimes just cause for complaint.

Here is an instance. Books for Christmas are by some firms arranged and edited early in the year. Considerable time, trouble, and money was spent on our book with which I was concerned. Copies—10,000 in number—were printed by May. The travellers go out about June to sell the book, and are aghast to find that another book with the same title has just been published. In the last twelve months I have known three cases like this." E.

[This is a mischance which has happened often enough to authors. The best way out of it is to have a registry for titles. Another way is to be very careful in the invention of a title.—Editor.]

FROM GRUB STREET.

ONCE upon a time—and it may not be quite a past time—a frog when slated by some ill-conditioned boys, exclaimed, in answer to their plea, that they did it only "for fun," that, "if it was fun for them, it was death for him." And I trust that you will permit me to expand that exclamation a little in answer to Mr. Lang's jaunty remark about its being "only a battle with snow-balls at most; that the enemy should learn to keep his temper; and that it does not signify."

First, slates are not mere idle snow-balls. They kill. They make existence for those for whom it is already sufficiently difficult, more difficult still, or impossible. Secondly, slating in Grub Street is not the unpaid frolic of boys. It is a handsomely paid business. And frog-stoning is deliberately preferred to honest work, because it is paid better. Thirdly, frogs do not lose their temper because slates fly about, but because they hit. Even frogs think they have a right to live, so long as they are not positively noxious. And it seems to them that insult is added to injury when it is pretended that slates thrown for pay, and known to hit in vital parts, are thrown only "for fun."

That many frogs have objectionable ways, I frankly admit, and doubtless I am myself of the number. But though objectionable ways may be corrected by responsible criticism, they are not to be corrected by that irresponsible indulgence of personal likes and dislikes which is Grub Street criticism, and the best-paid trade in the row—unfortunately for—

A FROG.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

MR. Hall Caine, when he delivered his lectures on the Isle of Man at the Royal Institution, opened an unexpected mine, rich though small. He has now put the lectures together and
printed them as a book called "The Little Manx Nation," and a very interesting book it is. The book is divided into three parts—the story of the Manx Kings, the story of the Manx Bishops, and the story of the Manx People. A better book in a small compass we have seldom seen.

Mr. W. Morris Colles contributes an article on "London and the Housing of the Working Classes," to the August number of Murray's Magazine.


The first volume of "The Works of Heinrich Heine," translated by Charles Godfrey Leland, has been sent to this office by the publisher (Heinemann). Charles Leland has long been occupied with this work. He began something like thirty years ago making tentative translations of Heine, who is at once the easiest and the most difficult of all German writers to translate. The first volume includes the "Florentine Nights," the "Memoirs of Herr von Schubelwopski," and "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women"—all prose works.

Mr. Edric Vredenburg's story "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square," which recently appeared as a serial in the Weekly Times and Echo, has now been published in volume form by Messrs. Trischler & Co.

Among the poetry of the year must be mentioned William Sharp's "Sospiri di Roma," which was received in time for notice last month, but was unfortunately mislaid. Readers of poetry will please make a note.

We have received and venture to recommend a novel called "Elsa," by E. McQueen Gray (Methuen & Co.).

Here is activity! By the same author, produced in the same month, the following:

A three-volume novel, viz., "Jardine's Wife." (Trischler.)

A one-volume novel, viz., "Was He Justified?" (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

A book of travels, viz., "In the Land of the Lion and the Sun." (Ward and Lock.)

A short story, "The Pit Town Coronet." (Trischler.)

The author is Mr. C. J. Wills.

Mr. J. Stanley Little contributes an article entitled, "Why Great Britain should buy out Portugal in East Africa?" to the current number of Greater Britain.

We have received a copy of "The Devil and the Doctor" from the author. It should have been acknowledged last month, but, with certain other books, was accidently passed over. Perhaps it is not too late to say that this is a book to be read.

THE AUTHOR'S BOOKSTALL.

Books for Sale.


Books for Exchange.

Four French books in a good state of preservation, with Rolande's label on outside covers:

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

I.

(From the New York "Critic.")

PROTECTION AND LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

Among the measures of reprisal proposed in the Belgian Parliament last March," says the Times, "when the new French protectionism with its discriminations against Belgian products was brought into the French Chamber, was a withdrawal of the property rights accorded French writers and artists. In fact, it was only a little later that the treaty between France and Belgium, negotiated in 1881, for the reciprocal guarantee of literary and artistic rights, was denounced by the latter country, and will consequently soon expire. . . . Just about that time Switzerland came forward and gave notice of her desire to terminate the corresponding treaty covering the rights of authors and artists in existence with France since 1882. . . . But it seems probable that the rights of workers in French literature and art are too securely guaranteed abroad to be imperilled even by so exasperating a law as the Bill brought in by M. Meline. Even in the case of Belgium and Switzerland, something more than the termination of the existing treaties on the subject must be done before French authors and artists will suffer. Belgium has had a law on her statute books since 1886 relating to Copyright, in which the same rights are accorded foreigners as those secured to citizens. This law would have to be repealed or amended in order to make the proposed reprisal of Belgium effective. And in Switzerland there is a Federal law dating from 1883, giving to foreign authors the same rights as natives, provided the country of the former has reciprocal legislation, as France has.

Moreover, both Belgium and Switzerland are signers of the Berne Convention of 1886. The second article of that agreement grants to the citizens of any signatory Power the right to dispose of their literary and artistic productions in any other, under the same legal protection as that enjoyed by natives. True, Belgium and Switzerland might withdraw from the Berne Convention, but they could not do it simply as concerns France; they would have to do it absolutely, and become outer barbarians to all the other signers. This is a step which they would hesitate to take. Especially would Switzerland hesitate to take it, since it would necessarily involve the loss to Berne of the Bureau of the International Union, maintained there at present by the signatory States at an expense of $12,000 a year. Thus it would appear that whatever reprisals in other forms France may be subjected to on account of her rush into McKinleyism, the property rights of her writers and artists are too thoroughly secured in other countries to be easily forfeited."

PENALTIES FOR VIOLATION OF THE NEW LAW.

The Secretary of the Treasury has prescribed the following regulations:

1. Copyrighted books and articles, the importation of which is prohibited by section 4956, Revised Statutes, as amended by section 3 of said Act, shall not be admitted to entry. Such books and articles, if imported with the previous consent of the proprietor of the Copyright, shall be seized by the collector of customs, who will take the proper steps for the forfeiture of the goods to the United States, under section 3082, Revised Statutes.
2. Copyrighted books and articles imported contrary to said prohibition, and without the previous consent of the proprietor of the Copyright, being primarily subject to forfeiture to the proprietor of the Copyright, shall be detained by the collector, who shall forthwith notify such proprietor, in order to ascertain whether or not he shall institute proceedings for the enforcement of his right to the forfeiture. If the proprietor institutes such proceedings and obtains a decree of forfeiture, the goods shall be delivered to him on payment of the expenses incurred in the detention and storage and the duties accrued thereon. If such proprietor shall fail to institute such proceedings within 60 days from date of notice, or shall declare in writing that he abandons his right to the forfeiture, then the collector shall proceed as in the case of articles imported with the previous consent of the proprietor.

3. Copyrighted articles, the importation of which is not prohibited, but which, by virtue of section 4965, Revised Statutes, as amended by section 8 of said Act, are forfeited to the proprietor of the Copyright when imported without his previous consent, and are, moreover, subject to the forfeiture of $1 or $10 per copy, as the case may be, one-half thereof to the said proprietor, and the other half to the use of the United States, shall be taken possession of by the collector, who shall take the necessary steps for securing to the United States half of the sum so forfeited, and shall keep the goods in his possession until a decree of forfeiture is obtained, and the half of the sum so forfeited, as well as the duties and charges accrued are paid; whereupon he shall deliver the goods to the proprietor of the Copyright. In case of failure to obtain a decree of forfeiture the goods shall be admitted to entry.

THE IMPORTATION OF BOOKS IN FOREIGN TONGUES.

There appears to be no room for doubt that the new copyright law admits foreign books, of which only the translations are copyrighted here; and that it admits them duty-free. The free list of the new tariff law includes (paragraph 512) works 20 years old); (paragraph 513) "books and pamphlets printed exclusively in languages other than English," and books and music in raised print for the blind; (paragraph 514) works intended for use by the Government, and (paragraph 515) works owned, and in actual use for more than one year, by persons or families from foreign countries. The copyright law says distinctly that, "in the case of books in foreign languages, of which only translations in English are copyrighted, the prohibition of importation shall apply only to the translations of the same, and the importation of the books in the original language shall be permitted." An exception in this law suspends the rule against importing copyrighted works not reprinted in this country "in the cases specified in paragraphs 512 to 516, inclusive," as above.

THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS KEPT BUSY.

"Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, is kept very busy these warm days," says the Evening Post, "answering the correspondence which pours in upon him with every mail, most of it concerning the interpretation of the new copyright law. A surprisingly large number of persons manifest an interest in the subject of the 'catalogues of title-entries' which the law requires the Librarian to furnish to the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary to print, at intervals of not more than a week, for distribution among the collectors of customs and postmasters at offices receiving foreign mails. These catalogues are designed, of course, primarily to inform the officers mentioned what publications are to be excluded from entry; but incidentally they are of value to American authors, publishers, librarians, collectors, and persons otherwise interested in literature. Hence the Government proposes to accept subscriptions for them, at the rate of $5 a year, a sum which is expected nearly to cover the expense of getting them out.

"The impression has got abroad that Mr. Spofford is designated to receive subscriptions, and he is deluged with applications and inquiries in consequence. To all he is obliged to send the uniform answer that the subscribing must be done through the collectors of customs, whose duty it is to account for the money so received, and instruct the Department how many copies will be necessary each week to supply their local demands."

"It is a curious thing," observes the same paper, "that so large a number of professional writers, musicians, publishers, &c., who make it a part of their regular business to take out Copyrights, should not feel enough interest in the protection of their own property to examine the statute and follow its language literally in furnishing the Librarian of Congress with the data on which they base their claims. Some of the provisions of the new statute are too blind for even an accomplished lawyer to interpret with ease, but the particulars required by the Librarian can be ascertained by any layman's intelligent reading. A great many applicants for Copyright—perhaps it would be not too much to say the majority—make their applications in a way that would ascribe to the Librarian
chairvoyant powers, or an acquaintance with the family history of persons he has never heard of before."

In the Case of Residents who are not Citizens.

"Doubt has arisen," says the Tribune, "in respect to the proper construction of section 13 of the Act, so far as it may affect foreign-born residents of the United States who have not been naturalized. That section provides that the Act shall only apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign State or nation when such foreign State or nation permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of Copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; or when such foreign State or nation is a party to an international agreement which provides for the reciprocity in the granting of Copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may, at its pleasure, become a party to such agreement. The old law in relation to Copyright has always been liberally construed for the benefit of unnaturalized foreigners resident in the United States, so that thousands of Copyrights have been granted to citizens of France and subjects of Great Britain, Germany, and other countries residing in this country. Now, what shall be done if a subject of Germany, Italy, or any other country not embraced in the President's proclamation of July 1, who is a resident of the United States, shall apply for Copyright under the new law?"

The Copyrighting of Foreign Music.

"Mr. Spofford," says the Post, "stands firmly by his decision that foreign music may be copyrighted without reprinting in this country. He bases this view upon the fact that the new law makes the distinction, in plain terms, between 'a book, photograph, chromo, or lithograph,' which it requires 'shall be printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or from plates made therefrom,' and the general list. . . There will, doubtless, be a contest over this, as certain American music publishers insist that the new law requires that foreign books shall be reprinted here in order to obtain the benefits of Copyright, and that a piece of sheet-music is, for the intents of the law, to be regarded as a book. . . The music publishers are evidently disturbed by the prospect. If they cannot get a decision in their favour they have little hope of getting relief from Congress for a good while to come. Moreover, by the argument they are making, they obviously intend to put a broader construction on the statute than could possibly have been in anybody's mind when the Bill was under discussion, for they claim that the word 'type' should be held to include 'all punches and other devices by which books, and all publications construed to be books, are made.'"

II.

(From "Frank Leslie's Paper.")

The brilliant gathering of British writers on Thursday night, July 16th, at the Hotel Métropole, in London, under the auspices of the Society of Authors, may be said to close the campaign of International Copyright. The British authors have now ratified, in a public and official manner, and with a significant emphasis, the legislation of last winter, and that they have done this bespeaks at once their magnanimity and their wisdom—magnanimity, because they undoubtedly are hampered by some of the restrictions of the Act as passed; wisdom, because in spite of these limitations, and, from a purely literary standpoint, these blemishes, the Act is a distinct step forward in the march of ideas. The veteran Laureate of England, and of the English speech, struck the keynote and summed the whole matter up in his concise despatch of greeting, wherein he said the Society congratulated the United States "on their great act of justice."

It is as a "great act of justice" rather than as legislation, which will immediately benefit the pockets of authors and publishers, that the world feels its chief interest in the present International Copyright law. It was this consideration which prompted Henry Cabot Lodge to say at the recent Copyright dinner in this city, that perhaps the Fifty-first Congress would ultimately be best remembered for the passage of this Act. Unregarded as the reformers were for many years, and reckoned of only small and incidental consequence, even at the very last, possibly their "little Bill" may yet reflect more lustre on the Fifty-first Congress than some others which now appear to be its most important legacies.

The friends of the measure fought their battles o'er again, and exchanged congratulations at Thursday's meeting in London, and the temptation is great to do so on this side also, for when all is said, scanty justice is done to that small and devoted band of men, armed with the irresistible power of an idea, who besieged Congress for so many years, until finally their tireless efforts brought victory. Some of them are now receiving
the formal recognition which their labours deserve. If ever decorations were deserved, they are those that are worn by the Copyright veterans, and that eagle should be indeed a "proud bird of freedom" who furnished the quill with which President Harrison signed this "great act of justice"—this literary magna charta—and which he so gracefully presented afterward to the indefatigable secretary of the Copyright League, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. This particular pen was mightier than many swords.

The world will not forget, however, the efforts of several men whose names have not yet won these formal honours. All the world of writers are under a deep obligation to Dr. Edward Eggleston for the patient and judicious campaigns, one after another, which that eminent writer made from an unselfish devotion to the interests of literature and of his fellow-workers in that field. It was entirely proper that, by an agreement among literary workers, his latest novel, "The Faith Doctor," received the unique distinction of obtaining the first Copyright under the new law. The name of ex-Senator Chace is also indelibly linked with the new epoch, as the law as it now stands on the statute books was practically drafted by him, and all the material amendments were submitted to him and had his cordial approbation and support. Without subtracting from the importance of the work in the two halls of Congress done by Breckinridge, Adams, and Simonds in the House, and by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, in the Senate, we still remember that it was "the Chace Bill" which finally became the International Copyright law. We have also to remember that but for the earnest efforts of such men as R. R. Bowker, Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke—who earned the sobriquet of "chaplain" of the cause—of Messrs. Lothrop, Brander Mathews, R. W. Gilder, Howard Crosby, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles Scribner, the Appletons, and a host of other strong and devoted advocates, the efforts of the "rush line" at Washington would have been a failure.

What a mighty scrimmage that valiant "rush line" had, and how gallantly they behaved themselves in it! The literary world has not yet done talking about the bull-dog grip and the quick adaptability to every emergency which were displayed by Senator Platt, Representative Simonds, and Secretary R. U. Johnson, the triumvirate who did the hand-to-hand fighting. A dozen times when every danger seemed passed, a new crisis suddenly stared them in the face, but their resources were infinite, and, aided by Madam Fortune, who always smiles upon such determined gallants, the goal was finally reached and the battle won.

But even after the President scratched his approval with the eagle's quill it was a question whether the law would be practically operative. Essentially it was reciprocal in its provisions, and would have fallen a dead letter, therefore, but for corresponding action on the part of foreign governments. Would this be given? Certain provisions in the law prejudiced it in the eyes of foreigners, and it required some breadth of view on their part to accept them. At this point the efforts of true friends of the reform in France and England were of much help. Men like Professor Bryce and the Count de Keratry proved themselves valuable allies, and their names should not be omitted in a list of the heroes of the war. In good time the necessary ratifications were made by England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, so that now in five of the principal nations of Christendom International Copyright is in practical operation.

It may now be asked, What are the fruits to date? In reply to such an inquiry, which is a very natural one, it must be said that thus far little appears in the way of changes at the business end of literature. Although several of the leading publishers are in negotiation for foreign works, we believe that only one of these transactions has been concluded. We understand that the Cassells have purchased the right to bring out an American edition of Zola's "La Guerre," and this work will be the first sold in our market under the new régime. Recent interviews with a number of New York publishers show that several important works are soon to follow, among them a volume by Professor Bryce. It will take some time, however, before the law modifies to any obvious extent existing conditions, and, as we said at the start, the Act is of consequence more because it inaugurates a new era than because it involves any very dramatic change in the publishing business. That these changes will come in their proper time is now generally believed by both authors, publishers, and booksellers, but the habit of a trade is not often revolutionised at a blow.

The official indorsement of the Act by the British authors comes in the nick of time to place in the right view the selfish opposition to the law developed by certain elements of the printing and publishing trades in England. These interests are besmirching themselves to arouse a sentiment of hostility to the law, as they fear—with some reason—that what is known as the "printing clause" in the law will have the effect of transferring to New York a considerable part of the mechanical work in current literature now done abroad. The friends of the Chace Bill have always maintained that one of its effects might be to make New York the centre of the publishing trade of the world. The anxiety of the craft in England would go to show that this claim may have some solid basis. To obstruct any such tendency, the English printers
are demanding of their Government that Parliament shall require that the printing of American works having an English copyright shall be done in that country. Thus far, however, the Government has turned the cold shoulder to these demands. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, replying to a deputation who had an interview with him a few days ago on this subject, said he did not think that in the present state of the case it would be necessary for the Government to take any action; that the printing clause in the Bill affected only 5 per cent. of printed matter, and it was too early yet to see what its operation would be, even within this narrow area. The emphatic ratification of the law by the authors, coming on top of this snub from the Government, will probably put a quietus on this movement, certainly until the law has a fair chance to show its merits. We may assume, therefore, that a new principle has been established and a new epoch opened. International property in literary ideas is recognised and imbedded in the law of the land, and America joins hands with the principal nations of Christendom in securing to authors the full and just reward of their labour.

Henry R. Elliot.

ASSOCIATION LITTÉRAIRE ET ARTISTIQUE INTERNATIONALE.

A GENERAL invitation has been extended to the Members of this Society for the Congress which meets at Neuchâtel on the 26th of September and continues its sittings to the 3rd of October. It will be remembered that the Association held a Congress at London two years ago, which began by ignoring the existence of this Society, and in consequence was not attended by one single English man of letters. This omission, there is reason to believe, was not accidental but intentional, and suggested by certain warm friends of the Society. It is not probable that the omission will be repeated. As regards the journey to the Congress of this year, a reduction of 50 per cent. is made on the French and Swiss lines for Members, and the daily expenses at the hotels, the secretary informs inquirers, may be set down at a maximum of 10 or 12 francs. The following is the official programme of the Congress:

Programme des Travaux.


6° De la propriété artistique en matière de photographie. Rapporteur: M. Bulloz.

7° Essai de législation en matière de contrat d’édition. Rapporteurs: MM. Ocampo et Max Nordau.

8° De l’état de la propriété intellectuelle dans les pays qui n’ont pas adhéré à la Convention de Berne. Rapporteur: M. Frédéric Bätzmann.


Réunion préparatoire, Samedi 26 Septembre, à dix heures du matin, au Cercle du Musée.

La séance solennelle de réception des membres du Congrès aura lieu le Samedi 26 Septembre en présence des autorités, à la Salle des États, au château de Neuchâtel. Tenue de soirée.

Le soir réception et concert, au Cercle du Musée. Les séances plénières et les Commissions se tiendront dans l’ancienne salle du Conseil d’État et des annexes.


Du Lundi 28 Septembre au Samedi 3 Octobre. Séances de travail.

Mardi. Banquet offert par la ville de Neuchâtel.

Jeudi. Excursion à la Chaux-de-Fonds et au Saut-du-Doubs.

Samedi. Séance de clôture et banquet d’adieu.

La langue officielle du Congrès est la langue française; mais chacun a le droit de s’exprimer dans sa langue nationale. Des programmes seront imprimés chaque jour et adressés par la poste aux congressistes, à la première distribution.

THE DUBLIN CONFERENCE OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

The Conference of Journalists in the Irish capital, which took place on August the 20th and following days, proved to be one of the most interesting meetings the Institute has ever held. The Dublin Reception Committee had made strenuous efforts to enhance the pleasure of their visitors, and the military, civic, and learned authorities seconded them so ably, that the whole time of five days was fully filled with the most pleasurable incidents. On the day of arrival visits were
made to the historic and commercial monuments of Dublin, and in the evening the Royal Hibernian Academy gave a charming reception in their rooms, which were hung with the work of the members especially for the occasion. Many knotty points of journalistic laws were acutely and thoroughly discussed at the meetings held in the City Hall; upon one or two points, especially upon the Orphans' Fund question, ladies taking a noteworthy part. Miss Drew's speech upon the system of foster parents versus large orphanages, eliciting much sympathy and applause. At the Annual Dinner most of the principal dignities of Dublin were present, the Lord Mayor being on Mr. Gilzean Reid's right, whilst upon his left-hand sat the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. From Lord Ashbourne's lips fell one of the brightest and Wittiest speeches that it could fall to the lot of journalists to listen to, and yet it embodied much sound and useful advice as to the usage of the mighty power of the Press. The Royal Dublin Society met the members at their premises at Balls Bridge, and conducted them over the admirable premises which were prepared for the great horse show. On the Saturday evening the Lord Mayor gave a banquet to some 500 guests in the great circular hall of the Mansion House, which was built to entertain George the Fourth, and a most interesting sight was this crowded hall, when the Lord Mayor from beneath the canopy, above which in light blazed the Irish Harp and Shamrock, gave most heartily the toast of "The Queen"; that was received with ringing and renewed cheering. Oh the evening before, this toast was accompanied by the singing of the first two verses of the National Anthem. "The Sunday was devoted by some of our members to visits to the Cathedrals and Churches of Dublin, and by others to short excursions to such spots as Bray, and the Seven Churches of Glendalough. One of the most marked instances of Irish hospitality to the United Journalists was the invitation of a large body of them by Lord and Lady Wolseley to lunch at Kilmainham Hospital. Lady Wolseley afterwards receiving a still larger number of the members at an "At Home," giving all an opportunity to inspect the Hospital grounds and pictures under the guidance of Lord Wolseley. This brought the Dublin proceedings to a close, but Irishmen had not yet exhausted their generous, cordial greeting to the "Strangers within their gates," for the great railway companies had signified their wish that all members should visit other parts of Ireland, and had placed free passes at their disposal to the Western Highlands and to Belfast; and the Cork and Bandon Railway also threw open the Glengariff route to Killarney. The Great Northern Railway even provided lunch at the Giant's Causeway. In short, all Ireland welcomed the English, Scottish, and Welsh pressmen with true Irish generosity and warmth, hoping only in return for fair, generous description and criticism of Ireland and her people; and most assuredly those who had the pleasure of being at the Conference must leave Ireland with increased knowledge of her country and her people, and with hearty longings for the happiness of so warm-hearted a people, and with pens steeped in friendship towards their generous hosts.

James Baker.

AN OLD NEW WORD.

I REGRET to see that there has been some talk, in late numbers of the Author, about "a slating with slates." It looks as if some people actually suppose that "to slate" means "to pelt with slates." That is not it at all. I cannot go into the whole matter, as I regret to say that it involves delicate questions of vowel-gradation, in which the general public cannot be expected to take much interest. I will merely saY that I "happen to know"; because, though the verb is not in any Anglo-Saxon dictionary, it happened to turn up in an Anglo-Saxon text which it was my business to edit; and I can give chapter and verse for every statement I shall make.

The net result is just this: There was once a verb to slite (now obsolete), past tense slote, past participle slitten. It now remains only in two derivatives; one is, to slit, and the other is to slait or slate (rhyming with great), or (phonetically) to slate.

To slite meant to tear; to slit means much the same. To slait was the causal verb, to cause to tear. It is precisely parallel to bait, the causal of bite. To bait a bull is to set on dogs to bite him. The Anglo-Saxon text I spoke of talks of slaiting a bull, or setting on dogs to slate or rend him. That's just what it means, viz., to set on dogs to harass, worry, and the like; much the same as bait. But to talk of slating "with slates" is mere ignorance. They would be quite ineffectual as against a bull.

Nevertheless, the word slate is ultimately from the same root; but that is a mere chance, and does not justify the use of a slip-shod expression.

By all means let us use good old words, but let us do it intelligently. There would be a mighty fuss if we were to misuse a word of Greek origin; but when it is only good English, why, then—

Walter W. Skeat.
THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

A GREAT many letters have been received on the subject of the proposed club. They will all be placed in the hands of the committee, and will be duly considered by them. One or two contributors are anxious that ladies should be admitted. Well, it must be understood that the Resolutions published in the last number of the Author were preliminary and tentative only. Meantime, two or three ladies, Members of the Society, have written to ask for a reconsideration of this point, but only two or three. Many more have stated their inability to pay a five-guinea subscription. Clearly, an ideal club of authors should admit women as well as men. Literature is, above all others, a profession open to both sexes. Yet literary women are even more mercilessly sweated, especially by religious societies, who pretend not to know that this sweating was specially contemplated in framing the Eighth Commandment; and the number of ladies who live by their literary work, and can afford even so reasonable a subscription as five guineas, is very small.

A learned Professor, whose works are many, writes to invite a reconsideration of Clause VIII. He says, "Instead of a rule that all members are to give copies of their works, let it be worded that members be invited to give copies of their works." In any case the rule could not be retrospective, and the case might arise of a costly work with a limited edition, the presentation of which would be onerous.

These notes are only meant to mark the first stage. We are still in full vacation, and it is enough that the Authors' Club is no longer a mere suggestion, but has advanced to the stage of practical consideration.

The American Club, it may be noted, is not an Authors' Club, but an Authors Club.

NOTES AND NEWS.

LET the Author, though late, lay a wreath upon the grave of James Russell Lowell, if only as a personal friend of many of our Members, and a strong well-wisher to the Society. As a writer, he was the lineal descendant of the good old English stock; he might have contributed a paper for Addison's Spectator, or, later on, he might have added a chapter to Washington Irving's Sketch Book. He had nothing in common with the modern writers of his own country—Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Howell, Stockton, and others who have broken off with the old English traditions. Lowell was an Englishman, who was born, and mostly lived, in America. Yet an Englishman who was attached to republican principles, and never ceased to see in his own country the beginnings of every kind of greatness. It will be remembered that he made a speech at one of our dinners, a speech whose common sense, humour, and simple eloquence deeply impressed themselves upon all who heard it. It should be reprinted for our own keeping. He came to that dinner from the couch where he had been confined by gout; it was a greater effort than most of the guests suspected for him to stand up at all. Yet he came out of pure love for literature, and because he wanted to encourage those who follow literature to unite for their own advantage, and to form a corporation for their own protection.

He could speak. That fact alone placed him above the British author, of whom it may be said, as a general rule, that he cannot speak. There are brilliant exceptions, but, as a rule, the English author cannot speak. The fact is a difficulty which constantly faces us when we meet. The English author cannot speak. If he rises to propose a toast, he says what he has to say without art, without preparation; he stammers, he boggles, he hesitates. Nay, sometimes he refuses absolutely to speak. For example: we were once anxious that a certain well-known writer should preside at a certain gathering. We represented to him that it was his proper place, that he ought to be in that chair; that he should claim the precedence he had won. He refused; he said that he could not speak. He came to the meeting, but he sat down below with the rank and file. As for the exceptions: Lord Lytton is a statesman, and therefore accustomed to speaking; Mr. James Bryce is also a statesman; Professor Jebb is, or was, the Public Orator of Cambridge, and therefore always speaking; Mr. Edmund Yates is well known as one of the best after-dinner speakers that we have; Mr. Hermann Merivale is an eloquent speaker; Mr. George Augustus Sala is full of wit and anecdote; Professor Michael Foster speaks genially and cordially. There are, of course, many others, but the broad fact remains—the English author cannot speak. Why not? Simply because he will not take the trouble to study the art of elocution, and to practise a little. Authors are always getting up subjects for their own purposes. Sometimes they know a great deal more than the mass of mankind. What an addition to their strength and their influence it would be if they could speak upon their subjects as well as write about them! All educated men—that is, all those who ought to lead—should practise the art of speaking. Not to
do so is to leave the leading of the people to the uncultivated—the men who can speak, but do not know—who mislead because they do not know.

Lord Cranbrook sends to the Times some graceful lines written to him by Lowell, apropos of his own lines:

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two—then comes the night.

They are called "Cuivis cuunque":—

On earth Columbus wrote his name:
Montgolfier on the circling air:
Lesses in water did the same:
Franklin traced his in living flame:
Newton on space's desert bare.

Safe with the primal elements
Their signatures august remain:
While the fierce hurtle of events
Whirls us and our ephemeral tents
Beyond oblivion's mere disdain.

Our names, as what we write are frail,
Time spongizes out like hopeless scores,
Unless for mine it should prevail
To turn awhile the faltering scale
Of memory, thus to make it yours.

Many notices, biographies, and appreciations more or less critical have appeared on James Russell Lowell since his death. That written by Mr. Theodore Watts for the Athenæum of August 22nd, stands out above all those that I have seen. It is simply an excellent paper. It is especially valuable for its analysis of the Puritan element in the man, and of what that Puritan element really means—the teaching of self-restraint and self-governance as opposed to the Pagan instinct of self-indulgence. It is a paper filled with admiration of the man, yet capable of acknowledging weak points in the poet. In spite of the occasional ruggedness of his verse, the world will continue to read Lowell when they have quite forgotten poets of greater dexterity and finer music, and this, for the sake of the things he has to say.

Once more our old friend Bogey turns up. The Spectator, in a little notice of "The Cost of Production"—better late than never; it is just in time for the third edition—reproduces this good old fraud. "If," it says, "the author of a shilling shocker receives £5 on a thousand copies, the publisher receives a little more. Not more, it may be readily admitted, than is fair, considering the risk."

What risk? My dear Spectator, you have been told over and over again that there is very, very seldom any risk, and that there need be none at all. Again, suppose there was risk. What is the publisher's risk compared with the author's? The author risks his labour, risks months of hard work and time. Is that a less or a greater risk than the publisher's £100, which, mind, he does not pay until the returns of the book come in? Now, the author does advance his risk beforehand. As we have pointed out and proved over and over again, the great mass of published books carry no risk. But I suppose it is quite impossible to drown this Bogey in the Red Sea.

It was the Spectator which, after admitting a letter by me, signed, on this very subject—a letter in which I advanced the undeniable fact that nowadays publishers take very, very few risks, and that many publishers simply cannot afford to take any—published a letter which stated that "the man who says that publishers never take risks must be insane." The writer did not sign his name. But observe: his letter conveyed a falsehood: he meant people to believe that I had said that no publishers ever take any risks. It was not worth while to complain or to explain. At the same time two questions arise: (1) How far an editor is justified in allowing an anonymous writer to attack a man who openly signs himself? and (2) How far an editor is justified in inserting a letter which is carefully worded so as to convey a falsehood? The season is approaching when the lists of new books will appear. We will then again proceed with the analysis of the new books published, in order to find out what is the proportion of books which may carry risk.

Meantime, here is a very good illustration of what they sometimes call risk. A correspondent writes to us: "Among publishers who do sometimes take risks, you must include Mr. A. B. The book called , recently published, was actually bought by him at a good price. He gave £— for it. Yet it was the work of a perfectly unknown writer. If this was not risk, what is?"

Very good. Let us see. The publisher bought the book for a certain sum. He then ran it through his magazine. The sum given for the book was about half that which he would have had to pay at the current rate of payment per page. The other half, which he saved, paid for the printing, paper, and binding of the book. Thus,
you see, he brought out the book for nothing, and
got all the credit of a publisher who dares to take
a new writer in hand and to give him a start. It
was good business all round; very good for the
new writer, who got a capital start, for which he
must thank the publisher; and since, if he turns
out well, he will be under an endless debt of
gratitude to that publisher, it will prove very good
business for him as well. But, you see, it is not
taking a risk.

I wonder if English as well as French books are
going to be put up for auction in New York.
Zola's last work is reported to have been offered
in this way and to have been knocked down
for $2,000, or £400. This is not much, as it
includes the right of selling it in French as well
as in English. If the practice is to be extended
to English books, there will be, I fear, considerable
humbling and considerable shamefacedness, because
there are writers who wrap up the question of
dollars in mystery which magnifies.

Certain Americans are said, by the Critic of
New York, to be patriotically indignant because
Lord Tennyson has been invited to write an ode
for the opening of the Chicago Exhibition. The
President of the World's Congress Auxiliary thus
explains the invitation: "I thought it was not
improper to make some allusion to his long and
splendid career of half a century as Wordsworth's
successor in the office of Poet Laureate of England,
and I added the hope that it might please him to
send a song to be sung at the opening of the great
Exposition. This, to my mind, was certainlya
becoming courtesy. It by no means excludes from
the list any other poet of the world. It always
has been and still is the intention to extend a
similar invitation to other adepts in the divine art
of poesy." At the same time, one would have
thought that the Americans were prepared to ac
knowledge that the greatest living figure in English
poetry is Lord Tennyson.

The Spectator, I read somewhere, thinks that a
great proportion of the upper and middle classes
of England never buy a book from one year's
end to another. I do not remember the paper
saying this. If it did say so—if it does think so—it
is quite wrong, as readers of the Author will
understand. The investigation which we recently
conducted into the extent of the home book trade
proved conclusively that the upper and middle
class buy books very largely. There are, of course,
many houses where the head of the family never
reads a book, but even there his wife, his
daughters, his sons read and buy. For whom are
the six-shilling books published? For the poor?
For the lower middle class? And when we read
of 10,000, 20,000, copies of a six-shilling book
being sold, who, pray, are the buyers? The
lower middle class? Look again at the bookstall—say,
at the Great Western—a line which seems to be
used by the upper class more than any other. All
day long the books are being taken by passengers.
Look at Stoneham's place in the Poultry, in the
City, or at Glaisher's in the Strand. All day
long the passers by are dropping in for books.
Not the poor passers by, if you please, but
the better sort. The truth is, that people are
enabled to read a great deal more than they would
otherwise afford to do, by the existence of the cir-
culating library; they do not, certainly, buy as
much as they should, but they buy a great deal,
and they are learning to buy more. The opinion
that middle-class people never buy books is one of
the numerous conventional opinions which are a
kind of stock-in-trade of journalists who are too
lazy or are unable to examine for themselves. The
notion that every book involves an awful risk to
publish is another. The Spectator certainly
believes that as an article of Christian faith. I
wish someone would make a little collection of
stock conventional opinions.

Mr. H. Schütz Wilson reminds lovers of
Germany and German poets that on September
the 21st, the centenary of the birth of the patriot
poet Theodor Körner is to be celebrated. Here
is an excellent opportunity for a paper on the
young soldier who died fighting in the Befreiungs
Krieg. Such a life as that of Körner, with such
a death after such achievements, needs to be told
for every generation.

Especially does his verse need to be re-translated,
or in some way brought before the world at a time
when people are asking why German is so little
read. The fact is certain: German books are not
asked for in libraries so much as they were 20
years ago, although German is taught in schools
more extensively and more thoroughly than at that
time. There are several reasons for this falling off.
One is a prevalent belief that when one has read
half-a-dozen great German writers, there remain
no more worth reading. I refer to belles lettres,
because German is indispensable to scientific men
and scholars. Next, German historians may be
valuable, but they are certainly heavy to read.
Thirdly, the reviews which try to follow modern
German literature do not, somehow, succeed in attracting people to read the books. Perhaps, if some of them were to adopt the plan of recommending special books with an account of them, the reader might be stimulated to order them. Lastly, our own literature, with American literature and French literature, is so rich that it takes all our time to read even the most remarkable books.

The administration of the Free Libraries in Paris recently made the deplorable discovery that their readers prefer novels to any other branch of literature. They thereupon instructed the librarians to coax, guide, lead, and persuade the people into more serious reading. The librarians obeyed and exhorted. All the people walked out. The librarians desisted. All the people came back. They are now again diligently engaged in reading nothing but novels. Humanity is the same everywhere—both official humanity and natural humanity. Official humanity laments the tendency to read novels, because official humanity cannot understand that the average man reads for amusement, and that when he has done his day's work he does not want to work any longer at anything. Also official humanity has never arrived at the least conception of the fact that fiction is the greatest of all the forces now in existence for refinement of manners and for education in ideas. Official humanity never gets beyond the copybook maxims. Natural humanity, no doubt, learns these and straightway forgets them. The copybook view of a public library is of a place where the eager youth, longing for art and letters and learning for their own sakes, sits every evening—or, as the schoolboy hath it, swots every evening after a hard 12 hours' day. The simple and unconventional truth is that the average man finds here only a place of amusement which has the advantage of being warm, quiet, light, and costing nothing.

The Victorian Exhibition is to have a portrait gallery of 400 distinguished persons, belonging to the present reign, now deceased. Four hundred is a considerable number. Probably the whole of the period covered by Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" does not contain many more, yet here we have 400, all adorning a period of one short half-century, so that we ought to be a proud and happy nation indeed. Nay, since none of the living are included, and there must be a great many more than 400 capable of calling themselves illustrious, the Victorian age is, indeed, in advance of all preceding ages put together. The Victorian literature shows, among the dead: Browning, Landor, Tom Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Rogers, Grote, Hallam, Mill, Lightfoot, Trench, Stanley, Wilberforce, Liddon, Kobbe, Newman, Arnold, Darwin, Faraday, Herschel, Lyvell, Murchison, Fox Talbot, J. R. Green, Mark Pattison, Mrs. Gaskell, Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Strangford, Edward Palmer, not to speak of a mighty host of men of every science and art who have by their books adorned this great and wonderful Victorian age. It is, of course, absurd to confine the word literature any longer to poetry, fiction, and essays; it now includes every kind of book on every kind of subject—scientific, technical, educational—I think one would only except Bradshaw, the Army and Navy lists, the Law lists, the Oxford and Cambridge Calendar, Crockett's Clerical Directory, and the Report of the S.P.C.K. This splendid growth of science and of letters—the true glory of the Victorian period—will, one hopes, be adequately illustrated by the portrait gallery. One also hopes that no one will ask the very awkward question of how the Court has been advised to recognize and to honour the men by whom the time and the reign have been made famous.

The fashion of advertising publishers' lists at the end of books seems falling into disuse. This is a pity for one reason; namely, that the lists a few years later afford such excellent food for reflection. Here, for instance, is a book issued in the year 1883 by a publisher who at that time produced much, in quantity at least. At the end is his current list of works. It contains 40 new three-volume novels. Many of these books are by writers then, and now, more or less known, who have continued to write novels, and, therefore, it is presumed have found their practice of the art remunerative, or at least pleasant. Out of the 40 which were all apparently published in the years 1882 and 1883, there are one or two which had then advanced to a second edition. But not one of the whole 40 has ever made the least impression on the mind of the public. Every one of them is stone dead. So that of 40 average novels not one has managed to live in memory or on the bookshelves for eight years. I do not put this forward as a proof that they were all bad. Many novels, of good workmanship are written with no other object than to amuse for the moment. It is, however, pleasing to read some of the extracts from friendly reviewers on these immortal works:—"Fresh, free, powerful"; "The work of a master-hand"; "A romance of the most fascinating description"; "Will be received with delight by all classes"; these praises seem, after this short lapse of time, somewhat extravagant. They are better, however,
than the work of the scarifier. The authors should at least be thankful that their critics were easily pleased.

The French "Syndicat pour la protection de la propriété littéraire et artistique" has presented a gold medal to Senator Piatt for the part which he has taken "in the triumph of a just cause." Certain American publishers have presented a loving cup to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson for his exertions in the cause of International Copyright, and the French Government has conferred upon Messrs. Johnson, Putnam, Adams, and Simonds the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. What have we done? What has our Government done? Nothing. Yet the benefit conferred upon us by this Act are a thousand times greater than those conferred upon the French. It is useless, I suppose, to think that any English Government will ever act, under any circumstances, as if Literature and Art were things of any value or importance. No other country so deeply indebted to four foreigners as we are to the four gentlemen who have received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour would neglect them; no other country could afford to be so boorish; in every other country they would at least be offered something equivalent to our knighthood of the Bath. Such an act of courtesy, such a sense of gratitude, we may expect in vain. It is not, however, too late for ourselves to do something. Let us do it, and that at once. The time approaches when we shall be all back in our places; let the first step taken by the Society after the vacation be one of simple justice and acknowledgment of gratitude.

The Folk Lore Congress of October promises to be the most literary event of the year. Mr. Andrew Lang, the President, will open it with an address. Mr. Sidney Hartland is the Chairman of the Folk-tale Section; Professor John Rhys, of the Mythological Section; Sir Frederick Pollock, of the Institutions Section. At the meeting of the Mythological Section there will be a representation of an old English mumming play, with children's games, sword dances, savage music, and folk songs. The savage music ought to prove very attractive. I hope the Society is increasing in numbers and support. No transactions of any society are half so interesting as those of the Folk Lore. The wonder is that they keep up and show no abatement in material or in interest. But the Society deals with an inexhaustible mass of subjects. Consider, for instance, how one single fact, the existence of the king of the Arcian Grove, has been shown, in "The Golden Bough," to require two great volumes full of illustrations, explanations, and history. This wonderful work, as interesting as any novel, should have been kept for the Folk Lore Congress.

A general invitation to the Members of our Society has been received from the Council of the German Authors' Society—Deutscher Schriftsteller-Verband. The Association holds a Congress at Berlin on September 12th, 13th, and 14th. The programme is a business-like document. The members will be chiefly occupied with various changes in their statutes. With them we are not greatly concerned. Two or three proposals, however, are interesting:

That the Council shall every year offer a prize for an original novel and one for a drama.
That strenuous efforts shall be made to receive the recognition of the State.
That all German writers of eminence shall be urged to join the Society.

I do not think that any prize which the Society could offer would do much to advance the cause of dramatic or fictional art. We cannot imagine a good writer competing for a prize unless it was a prize in four figures. And there seems to us something ridiculous in the "crowning" of a work by a writer of established reputation. But I have sometimes thought that a gold medal bestowed, not every year, but whenever a really good first work by a young writer appeared—which is not every year—might do something in smoothing the way for that young writer's future success.

The German Society has local centres and local committees. Some time ago we asked for and received the names of Members willing to act as honorary secretaries in their own centres. We shall probably ask for their services this Autumn. Will any others willing to help us, should the occasion arise, send up their names?

The Germans will vary their dry business with a little festivity. On Sunday they propose to have a dinner and a ball; on Monday they will meet at the opera; on Tuesday they will go for an excursion. If we have a Congress, which has been some time suggested, let us have these good things as well.

WALTER BESANT.
ON A NEW NOVELIST.

UNTIL Mr. Edmund Gosse's delightful introduction to "The Footsteps of Fate," of Louis Couperus on the Dutch Sensitivists, with other ignorant people I had been under the impression that Holland possessed a language that was inarticulate, and that the Dutch had found their only medium of expression. Their great traditions of painting, like those of the Flemish, have eclipsed any claims they may have had to a literature. While the names of the Maris Brothers, Josef Israels, and others are known throughout Europe, the young men of whom Mr. Gosse writes so pleasantly (and, alas, so briefly) are almost unknown in England, except to those enviable persons who can master the northern languages of Europe. Apparently, we have been wronging the Dutch in denying them the parts of speech. They have been having literary revolutions and aesthetic movements, and slashing reviews like any other Christian nation. It will, doubtless, shock many respectable English critics when they learn that much of this morbid, unwholesome, intellectual activity is due to a deal of "poisoned honey" stolen from England! Our authors it seems can corrupt another nation no less than the insidious writers of another land are able to do.

Now our insular appreciations have been roused by the appearance of two novels in English by a Dutch writer, Maarten Maartens: "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," and "An Old Maid's Love." They are two novels which promise to place their author in the first rank of English novelists now living. I say English, for these are not translations from the Dutch as some reviewers had supposed, but were written in English—in a style which some of our native writers would do well to emulate. Though it is not given to everyone to form a style so exquisite as that of Maarten Maartens; who, furthermore, is endowed with that rare faculty of writing with felicity in a foreign language—in a manner, that is to say, that will deceive a foreigner. Raging Anglo-Saxons may not find in his books a phrase or idiom not to be found in Beowulf, but for reasonable Englishmen the language is as pure as Ruskin's, as English as Thackeray's, as facile as Froude's.

In "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" the author has, consciously or unconsciously, proposed a conundrum. It is a story of moral murder, but as to whether Joost was guilty or not, psychologists and theologians might argue till Doomsday. To avoid all sensation, the author deliberately gives the map of the plot in a prologue, and the story is simply a study and development of character. In absolute narrative power it is deficient, as in the pictures of the author's great compatriots we do not look for a story, but for the purely pictorial—characterization, light and shadow, or the incidents of daily life around us. Mutual antipathy like that of Baron van Trotsem and Joost Avelingh, where one's sympathies are enlisted for the antipathy of each for the other though a common combination in life has not often been treated of in fiction. The Baron is not a brute, but a charming old-fashioned Dutch landowner given to drinking and swearing a little too hard, perhaps. Yet his temperament is entirely opposed to that of his nephew Joost, of whom he is the guardian, that their dislike of each other is conceivable and natural. For the murder of his uncle, Joost would have had every excuse. He had refinement, education, and something of the idealist, things which the Baron considered vices. The misunderstandings of uncle and nephew are told with consummate skill, always bringing out some new trait or idiosyncrasy. Round the dignified and gracious character of Joost Avelingh, the minor characters group themselves naturally from the members of the Hessel family to the untidy blackguard, Van Asveld. While the book throughout is a perfect picture of contemporary life and landscape in Holland, it would be mere cavilling to quarrel with the author about the public confession of Joost, but he seems to hold some theories on the ethics of murder which he has not elaborated sufficiently to be entirely convincing in either of his stories.

In "An Old Maid's Love" we are asked to believe that a respectable and upright country Dutch lady does not hesitate to murder a French woman with whom her adopted nephew is carrying on a flirtation. Until the attempted murder we believe that a respectable and upright country Dutch lady does not hesitate to murder a French woman with whom her adopted nephew is carrying on a flirtation. Until the attempted murder we believe that any immoral intercourse has taken place between them. Yet, where is the book in which we could not find something to alter or elaborate? Not even that great trilogy of Shakspeare, Bradshaw, and the Bible would answer the question.

"An Old Maid's Love," if not so strong a story as "Joost Avelingh," shows the great gifts of Maarten Maartens to a better advantage. The characterisation is even more varied, while the humour, which he has to a high degree, is more frequent. By a sentence, a speech, or an incident, the author gives us all the individualities of half-a-dozen people. We know Mynheer Van Donselaar and Jakob te Bekel directly they are introduced to us—a dangerous quality in real life, but in art and fiction an indispensable one. The author does not indulge in stale analysis, nor does he come forward as a kind of chorus to help on the story, or give a lift to characters who cannot explain themselves. There is no tedious word-painting, so dear to the
second-rate story-teller. Mr. Maartens is a master of descriptive writing; but he is always restrained, and never takes up the camel’s-hair brush in mistake for the grey goose quill. In brief, let those who still doubt his place among English novelists purchase and read “The Sin of Joost Aveling” and “An Old Maid’s Love.” They will at least make the acquaintance of some of the most delightful people in the most reputable Dutch society. The Widow Barsselius has never been excelled even by Dickens, while Mynheer Van Donselaar is the most diverting paterfamilias I ever met. The British matron will find heaps of things in common with Mevrouw van Hessel, a lady who does not think braces fit subjects for conversation, or fit objects for presentation. Those who, like Arnout Oostrum, prefer even lighter company, will meet that dangerous enchantress, Dorine de Mongelas, whose charms melted even the cynical Calvinist pastor, Jakob te Bekel. Like all live people, Dorine is just a little unreal. If ever I meet her again, I must ask her whether she really thought the proprietor of the hotel at Lugano believed that Arnout was her brother. If so, she was not so bad as Miss Varelkamp believed her to be. I shall never forgive the author for having killed the Widow Barsselius. I should like still to have had just set in. The brushwood of the Peloponnesus wore its softest vesture: each fertile valley exhaled the fresh odours of early Spring. As I drove out of Pyrgos in the early sunshine, I saw around me a region richer and more beautiful than any I had hitherto explored in Greece. The road to Olympia at first extended itself across a plain festooned with tender garlands of the vine, where the carefully cultivated fields imparted now an unwonted air of civilisation to this usually wild and barren country, which here nevertheless might rival with its vegetation an Italian landscape in the marshes or by the fat city of Bologna. Then, winding over the hills it passed through several hamlets, that clung to the heights like eagle’s nests, and breathed beyond reach of malaria from the valleys, the fresh cool breath of the sea. We rested the horses awhile at a wayside inn, where some dozen dark-haired brown-featured peasants were eating lentil soup and dry bread, for it was the Thursday before the Greek Easter. A fierce light darted from their black eyes, as they conversed jauntily among themselves. Caricatures of the reigning family and M. Tricoupis pasted on the walls proclaimed the political sympathies of the usual customers. These pictures very much resembled in their style of draughtsmanship the cartoons of United Ireland, and gave another proof of the curious likeness I had discovered in many ways between the people of the Morea and my unconquerable fellow-countrymen of Erin.

I had by this time penetrated far into the region of blue mountains, through which the road sometimes climbed tortuously, and sometimes flew straight as an arrow along low-lying level meadows radiant with wild flowers in the sunlight, and shill with the voices of secret fertilizing streams. Thus, having driven in all about 12 miles, I at length reached the plain of Olympia bounded on the south by the famous river Alpheios, and on the west by its tributary the Kladeos, and enclosed by chains of wooded hills which guard from its sight the modern dwellings of men.

The first impression on the beholder of this revered site, where our civilization may be said to have passed the golden days of its youth, is an impression of sublimity, desolation, and repose. For fifteen centuries these grand ruins lay buried in the earth, and are now, thanks to the scholarly disinterestedness of the great German nation, exhumed to bask once more beneath that same sun, whose white brilliance in the beginning inspired the happy genius of their architects. Not a voice, not a sound disturbs their monumental stillness, save perchance the hum of a solitary bee, as it wanders among the briars and poppies that grow out from the clefts of ancient wall or pavement. Verily here, more than anywhere on earth, a resurrection of old Greek life has been accomplished—life public and patriotic, not private and domestic, as Roman life is revealed to us at Pompeii. For here, as through the rest of the land, there remains no trace of any private dwelling of the Hellenic age. Thus, it seems that the Greek must have been content with a fragile, temporary house, passing most of his time in the sunlight, or among those beautiful public edifices, upon which he chiefly prided himself. In truth, he knew of no existence apart from that of the State. At Olympia then, in this secluded vale the Hellenic States assembled every four years for the celebration of those sacred games, which compelled their divers peoples to cease from all strife, and united them in one grand body politic, the Greek Race. Here, therefore, we are brought into the dead presence of a civilisation, whose incomparable beauty has paralyzed all subsequent rivalry in the realization of the beautiful in life or art. And the incomparable beauty in Greek art still lives. It has
re-arisen here with the Hermes of Praxiteles, which stands in the museum hard by, rescued from the long night of centuries. You see it, and are at once convinced that it is the greatest statue in the world, so perfect its type, so faultless its execution. For like all works of the highest class, such as the Laocoon, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Virgin among the Rocks, its superb qualities at once strike the eye, and ever increase in excellence with prolonged attention. In order to experience these sensations, the original must, of course, be examined. No cast of this great statue throughout Europe adequately reproduces the marvellous modelling of the chest and body, which fashioned in marble, delicate as alabaster, seem to throb with the life of eternal youth. All the intense vitality of Michael Angelo's figure of Night pulsates in the triumphant execution that has here lent substantial being to an ideal type of beauty, loftier, more perfect, than any portrayed in extant representatives of the human form.

Beautiful, indeed, is this fleet messenger of Olympus — fresh as a white sunbeam in the morning, piercing the green and sombre shade of the olives, in the philosophic groves of Hellas. There is a subtle charm in a youth's protection of a child, a charm born of the ethereal purity and idealism which gleam through the clean gold light of fairyland. The old Greeks knew this sentiment by their delicate instinct, that fathomed the philosophy of the beautiful to its secret depths. Thus it is that their most exquisite artist, in his delineation of Hermes with that half affectionate, half amused smile, as of an elder brother, upon the confiding childish Dionysos, has recorded but one instance of the poetic feeling of his luminous age.

When beholding this treasure, preserved for us from the fairest days of Greece, it is impossible not to think of the Apollo of Belvedere, which especially, in the masterful beauty of workmanship on the torso, approaches nearer to this Hermes, than any other statue I have ever seen. The arrival of the Elgin marbles in our midst with their revelation of austere idealism and stern execution, led archaeologists to look somewhat contemptuously upon the Vatican masterpiece, and to censure Winckelmann for his sublime eulogy of its perfections. But the discovery of this incomparable work by Praxiteles has proved how inspired was the sentiment of the supremely beautiful manifested by that great Father of Archaeology, whose magnificent imagery and glowing eloquence, are a continual welcome relief to the student, from the colourless and prosaic diction of his learned successors.

As I stood in the lonesome plain I pictured to myself what that noble spirit would see, if he were to wander through the ruins of Olympia. We read in those volumes of vast information and erudition, published by the German Government, what modern archaeologists have seen. But Winckelmann would have discovered meanings loftier and truer in the fittest sense. With prophetic insight into the genius of antiquity he would have read the dead features of each monument here laid bare of its shroud of clay; and his wistful gaze would have charmed them to answer his soul. From their silent voices would he not have learned a mystical tale of this fair dead region? And then, breaking into periods of sublime impassioned poetry, he would have told of glorious sights, as one who himself had witnessed them, and had risen from the grave to tell. What a description his might have been of the famous Temple of Zeus, that lies shivered by a mighty earthquake on the pavement of the Altis, like a huge vase fallen from its pedestal. What interest would he not have given to this shrine of the wondrous chryselephantine Zeus by Pheidias, about which he has written so luminously in his monumental History of Ancient Art? How he would have descanted on those grand pedimental groups by Alemenes and Paionios, whose sculptures massed in bold outline and splendid proportion lent majesty to the architecture, as a diadem heightens the dignity of a king! What a fascination he would have found in the stones of the old Heronion that guarded for our delight the Hermes of Praxiteles! How subtle would have been his appreciation of the colossal "Victory" that alights on the earth with such swift aerial grace! Then standing in the partially excavated Stadion, what would have been his emotion, as he thought of the beautiful contests that inspired the matchless art of Greece!

These were some of my reflections, as I wandered a livelong day among the ruins of a region where beings once assembled, and sights were witnessed, the fairest our aged world has ever known. The genius of the place stirred strange sensations of contentment within my heart, such as I have never felt in other lands and scenes. For here were enacted those deeds that lent soul to my ideal of plastic perfection. For this reason, other centres of art outside of Greece shine in my imagination with a paler interest; nor indeed am I very curious to travel more, knowing that I can never discover a spot with memories of human beauty so sympathetic, and so sublime. And what made the old Greek civilisation the most beautiful of all civilisations? Was it not their profound love of nature which they shrunk from distorting, with a sort of religious awe? Were not all their works designed in obedience to the lessons learned of her? Look at the Parthenon of Athens. Does it not rise from the living rock as a thing of nature itself? Look at
the people's garments. Are they not absolutely subordinate to the natural human form, and thereby most fit, most rational? Whereas the costume of after ages and modern times, in that it is a distortion of nature, is barbarous and abominable, and every whit as grotesque as that of the commonest savages who wear rings in their noses, and pad their persons in order to create odious, because artificial, excrescences.

None of the ruins around awake more regretful interest than those of the Palaistra, an army of pale Ionian columns standing in pathetic stateliness, like ghosts of the glorious athletes, who once frequented these halls, and with their fair civilisation have passed for ever from the world. Here, leaning against one of the columns, which doubtless of yore gave support to many a tired youth after the toils of the contest, I gazed long and earnestly upon the fallen majesty of Olympia. The wrath of the white sun which at mid-day had lit up the broken architecture like blocks of crystal, gradually grew pacified, and over the western hills and distant sea the saffron light of a Greek evening gilded the desolate plain. The genius of the place stirred within my soul a host of images, and strange emotions of joy and pain strove for mastery in my heart. I thought of the high deeds that graced these sacred precincts, and of the many beautiful beings who flourished here awhile and faded—exquisite blossoms that bloomed and fell. I thought of this cruel Time, the destroyer of all our sweetest impressions on earth.

Thus haunted with visions of the glorious pictures these silent plains had witnessed in the past, my mind brooded on the antique life of this revered centre of Hellenism, where grew and developed that incomparable natural beauty I have ever desired to behold—in vain. And, as the moving shadows, amid fitful gusts of the night, spread their dark wings, like angels of death, over the valley, forebodings of ghastly visitations filled my imagination, and I felt as if transported to the golden age of Greece. I gazed at the scene before me in wistful contemplation, until gradually growing in harmony with its sublime associations, I seemed to see the ruins transformed, and the glory of Olympia re-arise from the dust of the years. Then stood the Temple of Zeus and the Heraion once more in antique majesty, and the portico of the echo resounded with the footfall of fluttering crowds. Impatiently their faces turned towards the Stadion, while the variegated and gold-embroidered draperies throbbed in the waning light like the diamond embers of a log-fire beneath the dogs. A joyful shout arose, and from the tunnel of the Stadion came forth the competitors at the boys' Pentathlon, whose voices, as they talked together, rang like the chiming of silver bells. Anon a great concourse of spectators appeared overhead, which, opening in twain, made way for the youthful victor. He advanced dreamily, as one not realising the splendour of his achievement which Pindar should immortalise in an ode, and slowly descended to the Altis, where, when he paused and looked at his garland, I saw in him a model of the Praxitelean Hermes. Then white-robed choristers, and youths with festooned flutes, and hoary priests formed themselves in procession before him, and chanting oriental melody they led him towards the Temple of Zeus. And as the victor passed the statue of Victory, raising the wreath of bay leaves from his golden hair, he laid it at her feet, and so passed onward to the temple amid the chorus of quivering basses and sweet-voiced boys.

Next, I was surrounded in the Palaistra by athletes, who practised for the contest of the coming day. Presently one of them came and leant against a pillar near to where I was standing. Wearily, with the distant gaze of a figure in a sepulchral relief, he looked towards the temple that sheltered the victor, and as he laid his check upon the cool marble, his features glowed with pale transparency, like the cameo of a god. I watched him and knew the sorrow that lay on his heart. I read in those sad features the soaring ambition of youth, that builds for itself a palace in a world of phantasm, and is ever thwarted, and vexed, and harassed in the life men call reality. I saw how that one passion had mastered him and withered all faculty for pleasure; how the sight of this beautiful ceremony caused him only a keener pain. And sorrowful at the thought that so bright a season as boyhood should thus be changed to bitterness and gloom, I looked with pity upon this youthful toiler, and sighed because of the lot of them that nourish the sublime aspirations of life.

A rough hand on my shoulder shattered this fair picture of Olympia.

Then I understood I must have slumbered after the heat and fatigue of exploring the ruins, when I saw beside me my guide, who announced that the sun had already set and that now the valley, as if to defend itself from the encroachments of modern man, exhaled a cold and pestilential dew. With a last regretful look I returned to my carriage, and was borne away swiftly through the gathering shades of night. And as I watched the purple silhouette of the hills against the yellow sky, and breathed the damp air of twilight, I drew my cloak closer around me with a chill sense of loneliness,
for I knew that the man who yearns for the ideal of other ages, while he still walks among his contemporaries, yet breathes a rarer atmosphere, and dwells in a far-off world.

Edward Martyn.

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SOME EARLY EXPERIENCES.

My passage into the world of literature was made through the gateway afforded by the system of prize competitions—a humble enough entrance in very truth, but one which has undoubtedly been the means of bringing to the front several very good men of letters, whose talents might otherwise have been lost to humanity.

My feelings, on seeing my first essay in print, can be better imagined than described. To those of my readers who have gone through that experience, it were useless to waste words in the telling of so familiar a story. Needless to say, I passed through all the phases of thought usual on such an occasion, from the hilarious exultation of the first sight right down to the deep disgust and awful despair felt when, in a more critical moment, my work appeared sadly incomplete and unsatisfactory.

Nevertheless, my ambition had now been fired, and, come failure or success, I speedily found myself launched upon the stormy seas of life in the vessel of literary endeavour, struggling for some foothold whereon I might take my stand with others around me who were winning fame and fortune by their daring exploits. The only special qualification which I possessed for the work set before me was some slight ability in the art of composition, coupled perhaps with a fair share of common sense.

When I set out on my literary career, some two years ago, I fortunately did not do as many others before me had done, give up the employment which had hitherto been my principal means of subsistence, and expect that, by writing an article about once a week, the remuneration received would at once render me perfectly independent of any others support; on the contrary, I knew a little, to begin with, about the great difficulties which had to be contended with, and the very slight acknowledgment which seems the usual remuneration for the work of unknown authors. Consequently, I very wisely decided to retain my ordinary occupation, and, for a while at least, to spend only my leisure time in the new pursuit which I had taken up.

One other thing I feel it my duty to mention before proceeding further; From the very beginning of my acquaintance with "the black art," I determined that, amateur though I was in one sense, I should never pay for the insertion of my contributions in any magazine, but would demand to be remunerated for my work in every possible instance. The adoption of this policy may be somewhat unusual, and it will probably be thought by some that such a course of action as I had decided on was essentially grasping, and, therefore, extremely foolish for a mere tyro to take. I feel sure, however, that this resolution is one which should be taken by every literary aspirant to-day; and I trust to be able to prove in this paper the wisdom of my decision, and the justice of the principle upon which it is based.

During the first six months, I wrote about a dozen articles and short stories, and sent them on the rounds. I met with better success than I expected; for, by the end of the time specified, seven of my contributions had been accepted, published, and paid for. Six of these were accepted by the first editors to whom they were submitted; the seventh was only out twice; but the rest of my dozen were not so eagerly snapped up, some of them being on my hands still.

The next 12 months I did very badly indeed, as my leisure time was very fully occupied with other matters than the pursuit of my literary inclinations. I certainly wrote some eight or nine papers on various social and political topics, but only three were destined to secure editorial approbation that year. The others were declined in various fashions; sometimes being returned without comment of any kind, sometimes with a curt note, "Declined with thanks," written or printed on an accompanying slip; and now and again with a letter or memorandum containing either a short criticism, a word of praise, or a half promise for future offers of work.

In October 1890 I received a circular letter purporting to be from the sub-editor of a periodical which I will call the Literary Mantrap. The receipt of this communication was my first direct contact with advertising publishers. I had heard a little about them and their curious methods before, but I now had the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance. The letter before me announced that this Review had been established with a view to obviating the difficulty experienced by unknown writers in obtaining publicity for their literary efforts, and proceeded to further explain the reason for its existence as follows: "It is common knowledge that much undeveloped talent exists among the English-speaking races—young writers of talent, and possibly genius, do not find the ordinary and more noted periodicals hospitable to them at
the commencement of their career, and the best
publishing firms are extremely shy in entertaining
proposals emanating from new comers. Hence the
urgent necessity for the establishing of a Review—
for the purpose of bringing to public notice the
productions of unknown writers—conducted upon
the only honest and possible basis, viz., co-opera-
tion.” The “co-operation” referred to is then unblushingly described in manner following, that is
to say: “All authors whose contributions are accepted
for publication are, therefore, required to pay a sum,
pro rata to the amount of matter inserted, to cover
the cost of printing, paper, editorial revision, &c.
As a set-off against this charge, 50 per cent. will be
allowed on all copies of the Review sold by the
respective authors, i.e., for every 50 copies sold
through his agency, 25s. goes to the author.” Now,
pretty worded though this communication was,
and notwithstanding the fact that it contained
much of consolation, and smacked of hope for those
whose talents were yet unappreciated by the reading
public, I considered its propositions “a bit thick,”
and, consequently, declined to make “fish” for
this “net.” Had the hook not been so plainly
visible, and the bait been less clumsily arranged, I
might have very speedily been properly dressed for
the carving-knife of the literary chef who headed
the establishment. As matters stood, I was not
“having any.”

In December of the same year, a popular weekly
journal, belonging to what good churchmen call
“The Down-Grade School,” and which I shall
name the Religious Republic, attracted my
attention as a likely medium for the publication of
some of my work. This paper had a sub-title,
which intimated that it existed for the advance-
ment of various Christian virtues; so I thought I
would be all right in the hands of its editor. I
sent him a short paper without any accompanying
note, as I did not deem such necessary in this case.
On looking through the Christmas number of the
journal a fortnight later, I found that my essay
had been utilised as an editorial, and without any
indication as to its authorship. I made no com-
plaint on that score at the time, but simply wrote
stating that I was glad to note the acceptance and
publication of my contribution, and requesting the
editor to inform me, when he sent me a remittance
in payment, whether he considered another article
which I named would be suitable for his columns,
and if I might submit it for his perusal. I waited
for a month, but, as no reply or even remittance
arrived, I wrote again—this time in terms less
likely to be misunderstood. Within four days,
what I considered a very curious reply from the
editor came to hand. After remarking on the fact
that I had sent my contribution without indicating
that I expected remuneration for it, and stating
that it had, along with hundreds of other communi-
cations, passed under editorial notice, and been
approved and printed accordingly, this worthy
gentleman summed up the case in the following
terms: “It appears that you immediately wrote
asking for remuneration, and as to sending other
contributions. This was regarded as very unusual
(\!), and so your letters were laid aside. My
personal attention being called to the matter, I
now wish to say that our rule has always been to
pay for matter when payment is arranged for
previously. When articles are sent without any
pre-arrangement or stipulation, they are used or
rejected without any regard to remuneration what-
ever. Most persons who are strangers are willing
to serve an apprenticeship to our paper before they
expect remuneration, &c., &c. Trusting that this
explanation may prove satisfactory, I am, yours
truly, the Editor.”

On perusing this letter, I found two alternative
courses open to me: either to quietly submit to
the editor’s decision and thus forego the just
principle which I had determined should guide me
in these matters, or to fight the battle out at all
costs. The adoption of the first course seemed the
best policy to pursue, as the letter before me
suggested that if I was willing to work for nothing
for a short period, arrangements for remuneration
for future contributions could then be made; but
I felt that to do this would be to do not only
myself, but my fellow-craftsmen an injustice, and
I therefore resolved to throw over policy for
principle. In my letter in reply, I argued that the
fact of my not specially indicating that payment
was expected when sending my MS did not alter
the reasonableness or legality of my claim, and
pointed out that such a specific statement was not
necessary, as unless it was announced to contribu-
tors that remuneration was not given, a reason-
able amount was always payable, and was naturally
expected. I submitted that if it was not intended
to pay me for my article, it was the editor’s duty to
inform me of that fact before such article was
published; thus giving me an opportunity to
withdraw it if I thought proper. As matters stood,
I held that if an article was worth publishing in a
journal like the Religious Republic, it was also worth
paying for. I pointed out that the allegation that
I immediately wrote for remuneration was untrue,
and that when my article was published I knew
nothing of the “rules” which guided the editor in
literary matters, and consequently could not be
expected to concur in or agree with them so far as
they related to my contribution. In conclusion, I
asked that the matter might be reconsidered in all
its bearings.

I waited for over a fortnight, but no reply came
to hand. As my claim was evidently being treated
with contempt, I then gave the editor notice that, unless it was paid within a week, I would proceed to extremities. I told him that I was determined to fight this question if necessary, not because of the small amount at stake, but on account of the principle involved. I intimated that I had consulted legal authority, and was advised that he was clearly liable to pay me at the current rate for the article which he had utilised, and that his dealing with it as owner, without previously informing me that he did not intend to pay for it, legally implied a promise on his part to pay me its market value. I hoped, therefore, that he would settle my claim immediately, in order to avoid the disagreeable publicity and other unpleasant consequences which would inevitably ensue on my taking legal proceedings.

Within the time mentioned the editorial answer came to hand, and with it the amount of my claim. The editor had evidently found himself in a bad place, and his last letter was, from first to last, a miserable attempt to extricate himself from his difficulties with some show of dignity. He said he was not in the least disturbed by my threats, and thought it would do him good to appear in court and say a few words about men like myself who wished to secure a hearing before the public, and then demanded pay for the insertion of their articles! He would like to expose such men to the public! However, he had no time for this unlovely sort of business, and therefore sent the amount asked for in settlement. He intimated that the amount sent was more than the article was worth, "but," he went on, "I suppose you are hard up and I am sending you this as a matter of charity." (How truly Christ-like!) He continued, "Now a word of candid advice. I have been connected with the Press for over 30 years, and have never had dealing before with such a bore. Had you treated the matter in the right spirit you might have secured permanent work on the Religious Republic at a reasonable remuneration, but (mark how calmly, how deliberately the man lies) I am not in the habit—nor is any editor—of paying contributors for articles until they have won their spurs, unless some prior arrangement is made. Then follows this charming piece of hypocrisy: "I am taking up considerable space in the hope that it may do you some good. You have some ability, but your love of money is the root of your evil." In conclusion, the editor makes another attempt to justify himself, and, at the same time, to insult me, and once more he fails ignominiously: "I hope you will not consider my sending you the money is the result of your threats. I simply have a contempt for your plea on legal grounds, but I am tired of getting letters from you, and suppose you are actually in need or you would not take the course you are taking."

I have taken the trouble to record the last experience very fully, because I now know it to be typical of many more. Since the time when the case described came before me I have often had occasion to remember that publishing is a business which is conducted for the sake of profit alone, and that in the pursuit of it men's consciences are apt to become very elastic indeed. Many a time have I been very forcibly reminded that with many publishers the virtues of philanthropy, justice, and even common honesty are practically unknown. I have had dealings with several men—editors as well as publishers—whose ideas of right and wrong had become so hopelessly confused that they would actually steal your goods, and believe in their inmost hearts that by so doing they had done you a great favour. Others, not so well versed in the tricks of their trade, satisfy their consciences by paying merely a nominal acknowledgment for your good services. For some time I worked for a magazine which paid me at the rate of 10s. for articles of from 1,000 to 1,500 words. As a proof that they were worth much more a reviewer once said of one of them that my four columns had arrested his attention in a way which even the elaborate criticism of a very popular writer had failed to do, while other papers would copy or take extracts from my articles as they appeared. It is scarcely necessary to say that in due time I "struck" for a higher rate of remuneration, and, as my reasonable demand was refused, I declined to work any longer on the old terms.

I was very much shocked and surprised once at the way in which the prize competitions of a "Labour" paper were carried on. I had written for information as to whether I might send a certain article for the editorial consideration, and also as to the remuneration offered for such work. The reply I received was to the effect that they did not "order" contributions in advance, but I was at liberty to start a competition. I found that this really meant that my article would be published along with many others on the same subject, but that only one would be paid for. Of course I could not, with a good conscience, work under any such conditions, and I therefore declined the offer with thanks. In my reply I endeavoured to point out to the editor the iniquity of the system which he had adopted, and illustrated my argument as follows: "If I was successful in the competition which you propose, I should feel that I had deprived others of their righteous reward; if I was defeated, I would know that I had been robbed of the fruits of my toil. In conclusion, allow me to express my surprise that you—of all men most
enthusiastic in the cause of labour, in endeavouring
to gain for the workers 'a fair day's wage for a fair
day's work'—should stoop to such a method of
tilling the pages of your paper." Unfortunately,
this direct appeal failed to awaken the editorial
conscience, and only served to harden his heart.
He even went so far as to denounce my strictures
as unjust! I never doubted the honesty of his
intentions, but "evil is wrought by want of thought
as well as want of heart." I still maintain that
competitions in literature, conducted in the fashion
referred to, are a direct encouragement of literary
"blacklegs," who are willing to work for nothing,
and thus take away the bond fide workers' livelihood.

I have yet another instance in proof of the theory
that editors and publishers are specially subject
to peculiar temptations, which need all a man's
respectability and honesty of purpose to overthrow.
In March of this year I received a note from the
editor of one of the minor monthly reviews, which
was attracting the attention of the reading public
at the time, explaining the terms on which he accepted contributions. He intimated that all his contributors had agreed to allow their fees to stand over until profits began to be realised, and that, if I agreed to these terms, he would insert such of my contributions as he found suitable for the magazine.

In reply, I stated my acceptance of the terms mentioned, subject to a satisfactory answer being given to the following queries, which, considering the vague nature of the proposal, I thought it necessary to make: "What is the amount which you propose to put to the credit of your contributors in return for each of their contributions; that is to say, what sum will represent the 'fee' to which you refer, when the magazine begins to pay? Will the contributors be paid for their articles in the order of publication? How long do you think it will be before any profits are realised?"

The only answer I ever received to these questions was of a very significant character: my MS. was sent back, apparently unread, and without a word of comment, by return of post.

I am, however, very glad to be able to say, also from experience, that all editors are not like those whose treatment of their contributors I have just described. I have treasured up in my memory a few instances of most kindly actions on the part of editors towards me in my struggle for recognition by the reading public. In one case, on the suspension of a weekly magazine to which I had been contributing, the publishers refused to pay the contributors a farthing for their work; but the editor took up their cause, and, after a great deal of trouble, necessitating the employment of a solicitor, succeeded in wresting from these sharks a portion of their ill-gotten gains, with which he settled the righteous claims of those whose labours had created the wealth in the first instance.

Many, too, are the cases in which editors, being unable to accept my work, have returned it to me as soon as possible, together with a letter containing a few words of encouragement, a kindly-expressed criticism, or a useful suggestion for improvement. Here, for instance, is a letter which I received some three or four months ago from Mr. Arthur Stannard, who conducts "John Strange Winter's" correspondence in connexion with her new venture:—"The editor has carefully read your article, and much regrets that she cannot make use of it in Golden Gates. She would like to do so (if only because of the beautiful manuscript), but the subject is not treated in a way that appeals to her sympathies, and it may cause undesirable controversy if she puts it in." This sympathetic and kindly treatment has several advantages; it quite takes the sting out of the editorial rejection, costs nothing, and helps to maintain that feeling of interdependence and mutual good will between author and editor which is so essential a feature of good magazine work.

In conclusion, let me say that I trust this faithful record of my adventures "on the troubled sea of letters" will not be without its effect. If the literary aspirant who reads it is made to think twice before launching out on a similar errand; if those already embarked will take to heart the hints which it contains, and determine to adopt a similar course to that which I have pursued; and if I have succeeded in pointing out to editors and publishers the dangers which beset them on every hand, and they resolve to be more rigid in their attitude towards amateurs, and more tolerant, more charitable, more just towards the true worker, this which I have written will not have been written in vain.

C. E. M.

ENEMIES OF LITERATURE.

WHO are the enemies of Literature? Time, fire, indifference, ignorance, bigotry, and such notorieties as the Caliph Omar, the handmaid of John Stuart Mill and of Mr. Warburton. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold would have added Puritanism, Lord Grimthorpe would add Popery, and Freethinkers, religion of all kinds; while the talented and popular novelist Ouida would unhesitatingly write the " Society of Authors." There are, of course, Optimists who believe that the Literary millennium has begun at
last—that Puritan orgies in the Bodleian—mobs destroying ducal libraries, Popes burning the classics, and reforming Monarchs dispersing monastic collections are things of the past. Puritanism will, perhaps, exercise the principle of selection when it next gets into the Bodleian. The people, already prepared by Mr. William Morris, when it attacks Althorpe, will only convert it into a free lending library or a committee room for the Fabian Society, while its quondam owner will supply, free of charge, a catalogue. The Pope, instead of sending a Jesuit mission to England “to consign to the flames all works of heresy,” will give his emissaries full power to purchase the minute books of the Church Association and the works of General Booth. He will then be elected an honorary member of the S.P.C.K. for his services to our national religious literature. Authors and publishers will never quarrel about profits, the former will write for nothing and the latter will publish for love. Filthy lucre shall no longer stain these ancient and honourable professions. It will be a question not of half profits but half expenses; while Ouida, if she is still spared to us, will supply gratis, serial and short stories to all the magazines, including the Author. Drowsy governments, who are already awakening to a literary sense, will levy a tax on ink to support the profession of letters. Those who are murmuring the words of Shelley (if they have the time) will murmur still—

“The world’s great age begins anew.”

Society, of course, must lead the way instead of playing laisser-faire. It will try to answer papers on Bowdler’s Shakspere, and on Marlowe, set by extended University lecturers.

All this is, of course, only a hasty peep into the future, the pleasant side of the picture, for I confess to taking a more gloomy view. I also take the vulgar view of literature. I think an author or poet has as much right to put a price on his work as a painter does on his picture, a lawyer on his opinion, a doctor on his diagnosis. Literature is a market where bad things and good things are sold. There are pickpockets and pirates walking round like any other market, and critics are strolling in the bazaar. Some are grave, full of good advice (a thing we all dislike), others are gay and flippant (we like them, however wrong they may be). Then there are those conceited fops who go about talking a jargon no man can understand; they deal in catchwords, and their pens are made of slate pencil. Their affected phraseology, hybrid epithets, and ridiculous mannerism is mistaken for style, their vulgar personalities for scholarly invective. They admire nothing and none, and can abuse their friends with little compunction, thanking God they are not as other men,—Logrollers.

These are some of the enemies of literature; the bastard offspring of Gifford and Christopher North. Budding genius, especially when it takes to authorship, is not to be encouraged, and no one should be scared into admiration of a writer, because two or three centuries have praised him; but personal abuse of the dead or living, interlarded with literary shibboleths, is not criticism, and merely degrades a public palate that even relishes the aroma of Mr. Pater’s delightful essays. I believe that this writer reminds us how short our time for intellectual excitement is. Then why should we waste this short time in finding out only what is indifferent or bad? And the critics of whom I speak should remember that it is as easy to be funny over Professor Ruskin as over the Bible, and that the humour is not of a very fine order in consequence.

A certain section of English people go into a far extreme by a kind of stupid conservatism in taste. They believe that English literature began with Spenser, and ended with Byron; that Shakespeare never wrote a bad play; that Macaulay was the only English critic by virtue of his judicial summing-up of the English language. They will give nothing for an idea that was not stale when Charles Lamb was in his cradle. They read nothing more modern than “The Excursion,” and try to end all discussions by saying that Pope was a greater poet than Shelley. No less dangerous, and more numerous, are those who hanker after annotated Miltons, and read Shakespeare only through the medium of a text-book. They are anxious that everyone should go through a “course of the Poets,” asking and answering questions on Robert Browning, and reducing our writers to schoolroom classics. Not content with making boys hate Chaucer as much as Caesar, they want to spoil Lord Tennyson for them too. Shakespeare has been ruined long ago by the Clarendon Press Series, and our modern poets, too, must be sacrificed to the pedagogic fetish. Mr. Kipling will live to see the day when Civil Service candidates may be asked to analyse Mrs. Humphrey’s character, and an Extension lecture on the Ethics of Plain Tales as applied to the Russian question in India. Tom Moore burning the autobiography of Lord Byron is a less melancholy event than a number of half-educated graduates turning English literature into a round game of conundrums.

In Constantinople, the dogs who scavenge the streets become such a nuisance that occasional holocausts of those well-intentioned animals are necessary. In England the so-called Purity societies, who institute proceedings against the vendors of Zola are no less harmful. Like the
man with the muck rake, they draw attention to an evil formerly unapparent, and literature is practically chained by a false morality, the relic of that old Puritanism that purged the Bodleian in the 17th Century. The enemy of literature is with us always, be he Puritan or Prig.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

Mr. Lewis Morris writes to the *Times* as follows:

The paragraph which you copy from the *Athenaeum* with reference to my poem "A Vision of Saints" is only partially correct. The idea of doing for the Christian legends and records what had been done so often for the mythology of ancient Greece occurred to me very soon after the publication of the "Epic of Hades," when the legend of St. Christopher appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, about 10 years ago, and the other stories composing the "Vision of Saints" were written subsequently. Last summer, after the book was finished, Cardinal Manning most kindly suggested that I should write such a book, and I was happy to be able to inform him that I had already done so.

The death of Miss Jessie Fothergill is a distinct loss to modern literature. Her best novel, "The First Violin," was very good indeed, without having any pretensions to first-rate work. She belonged to a small class, which seems to be growing, but not very rapidly, of those whose work is natural, wholesome, and pure, without being strong. It is like a school of painters who have at least learned to avoid convention, and who try to paint what they see, and have acquired a creditable amount of dexterity. The Victorian age has, for the first time in literature, produced such a school of novelists. No one perhaps would read their works twice; there is nothing to carry away; there is no character to live in the memory; there are no wise or witty things to quote; one is never moved to tears or laughter; yet their novels are readable, interesting, and cleverly constructed. To such a school belonged Miss Jessie Fothergill.

Miss Robina Hardy, a well-known writer of stories connected with Scottish life, is dead.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's "New England Nun" appears in a second English edition. It is published by Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. Very few writers have so rapidly stepped to the front as Miss Mary Wilkins. Her stories have the great charm of sincerity; they are true pictures; they are pathetic in their fidelity; and they represent a set of people who are not in the least like any we know. It remains to be seen whether she will keep up to her present level, and whether she is capable of a stronger flight.
Messrs. Hutchinson are about to issue Vols. II. and III. of "Poets and Poetry of the Century." Among the contributors of critical articles are Mr. Austin Dobson, the Hon. Rodeu Noel, Mr. Buxton Forman, Dr. Garnett, and Mr. Mackenzie Bell.

The Society has sent round for signature a Petition to the First Lord of the Admiralty for a pension for the widow and the children of James Runciman, one of its Members. The Petition was suggested by Mr. Runciman's friend, Mr. W. E. Henley, editor of the National Observer.

It is stated that Dr. Ullathorne, late Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, has left behind him an autobiography. Dr. Ullathorne was chaplain to the convict establishment of Sydney during the last years of that horrible institution. This should make his reminiscences more interesting than those of most Catholic priests.

Everybody ought to read Mr. Howells' little book called "Criticism and Fiction"; first, because it is a very clever book, and, secondly, because it illustrates the real weakness in American literature. This is shown in the fact that a man of Mr. Howells' ability cannot write about literature without continually measuring himself and comparing his stature with that of our English masters, and mis-stating the inches of the latter so as to bring himself the nearer. Thackeray's six feet, for instance, must be brought down to five feet five to get anywhere near the stature of Howells.

Mr. Stanley Little contributes an article entitled, "The Future of Landscape Art," to the August number of the Nineteenth Century.

Mr. Arthur Dillon will publish a book of verse shortly, which will contain his drama in blank verse: "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maiden."

Mr. Rennell Rodd has two volumes in the press, "The Customs and Lore of Modern Greece," and a volume of poems about Greece, entitled "The Violet Crown." Mr. David Stott is the publisher.

Mrs. A. Phillips, author of "Benedicta," "Man Proposes," &c., will produce early in October a romance called "A Rude Awakening." The publishers are Trischler and Co. It is significant of recent controversy that the motto chosen for the title page is from the verses of Mr. T. L. Harris, the poet and "prophet," with whom Laurence Oliphant's life was so closely connected.

All seeming goods that end in self are base:
Stay thou, O man: then meet God face to face.

Two men were discussing a book that had just been handed to them by the newsboy. First Man: "That's a great book, sir, a masterpiece of work." Second Man: "I wonder how it is selling." First Man: "Selling? I never saw anything like it. You see I am the publisher, and ought to know." Second Man: "Your information delights me. I am the author." First Man (with fallen countenance): "Well, that is, it hasn't had much of a sale yet, but I think it will have. A great deal of risk, you know, getting out this sort of book."

WOMEN BOOKSELLERS.

In New York City there are at least two women who deal in second-hand books. They are itinerants—peddlers, if you like—but dealers in second-hand books, nevertheless, shrewd and enterprising, with a scent for rarities and bargains as keen as that of a Stevens, Philes, Sabin, or any modern book-hunter regularly established in business.

They are characters, too, each in her own way. The older one—and the senior in the business, if we are not mistaken—is a typical bookworm, tall, spare of build, with a piercing, nervous eye. The other is short, stout, and phlegmatic in everything excepting the striking of a bargain. Both have their headquarters in some second-hand bookstore; that is, a place where letters may be addressed to them, and where they leave an occasional parcel; but their business is done "out of hand," if we may use the expression in this connexion. Making specialties of certain lines, they keep track of what their customers want, and supply them as they pick up bargains and desired volumes. This necessitates their being on the wing nearly all the time, so that they would have very little use for a shop of their own. Both realize a handsome income.

Then there is another woman who figures as the "company" of anything but insignificant second-hand book business in New York, but who
THE AUTHOR.

is really the mainspring of the establishment, if buying and selling the stock, and looking after the finances single-handed, may be considered doing the business. She has an unerring eye for a rare book, and most decidedly "knows beans when the bag is opened." There is still another woman in New York City who is making an experiment in dealing in old art works. Thus far her efforts have met with encouragement if not success; but as she is only a beginner we will not yet count her as belonging to the ranks.

In addition to the above we are safe in saying that there are over a dozen women in the United States who, while not dealers exclusively in second-hand books, deal more or less in them in connexion with the book and stationery stores, of which they are the sole proprietors.

We do not feel justified in giving the names of the women alluded to, because we have misgivings as to how they might take to notoriety thrust upon them in this manner. All of them, while eschewing consideration for themselves on account of their sex, are extremely modest, but women nevertheless. And women—well, they sometimes will be women, and no one can foresee where it will break out.

American Paper.

SOME OF THE INDEGENITIES OF LITERATURE.

It is observable that in all these points we are becoming a little more candid, and in this respect our country is beginning to take the lead. Our leading journals, for instance, are learning to criticise frankly the works of their own contributors, a thing formerly unknown in America, as it still seems to be in Europe. This helps greatly to keep up the dignity of the literary profession, though not always the felicity of the individual author. The greatest indignity which he and his vocation have now to suffer, lies in the constant assumption, even by otherwise well-informed people, that it is a profession of tricks and advertising devices, and that the main object of the author is not to do good work, but to keep himself as much as possible before the public. The author receives, not merely an annoyance, but a distinct indignity when it is assumed by enterprising publishers that he is willing to pay money to have his picture appear in their forthcoming work; to buy a book he does not want, because his name occurs in it; to supply a new biography of himself for each new cyclopædia, as if the old facts were not sufficient, and the public wished him this time to select a new birthday and birthplace for this publication only; to furnish particulars as to his height, weight, and the colour of his hair, with the same particulars as to his wife, children, and grandparents. These discourtesies would not be so bad, were they not based obviously on the assumption that all these requests are a favour to the author himself, and the carrying out of his most cherished desire. It is hard enough to keep one's privacy, amid the publicity of our modern life; but it is still harder to have all preference for privacy dismissed as a base hypocrisy. It may happen at last that as one felicitously defined "society people" as including only those whose names one never sees in the "society columns," so we may at some future day, limit the department of celebrated authors to those of whose personality we know almost as little as if they had written the Letters of Junius.

New York Independent.

PARISIANS AND THEIR FICTION.

PARISIANS—if we are to judge from some statistics published—do not take so kindly at present to fiction in book form. Formerly the yellow-covered novel, which costs usually about half-a-crown, or a little more when just issued, was to be seen on every table, and in the hands of numerous travellers by boat, rail, or car. There is now, however, a crisis threatened in the look trade, and novels are at a considerable discount. It is estimated that there are from fifteen to twenty popular authors, whose books fulfil the requirements of the publishers. To attain this end, at least 30,000 copies of a work must be sold. Zola and a few others reach this point easily, but it has happened lately that one of the most celebrated of the latter-day fictionists had the misfortune to find that 45,000 copies of his last production were returned to the publishers by the Maison Hachette, which has the monopoly of railway bookstalls. It is stated, furthermore, that one publisher in Paris has on hand three millions of volumes which he cannot sell. The fact is, that the authors themselves are to blame partly for this threatened crisis in the book trade by allowing their works to appear in serial form in newspapers and reviews before final publication. People read feuilletons as eagerly as ever in France, and, what is more they cut them out and sew them together, so as to avoid having to buy the stories eventually in book form.

Pall Mall Gazette.
THE AUTHOR.

NIGHT-TEMPEST.

Wild night of mists and driving flakes of foam!
The south-west Tyrant of the Deep unbound
Rendeth thy breast; with grim discordant sound
Piles up the mountainous waters, till thy home
(Sands, rocks, and caverns where I love to roam)
Seems held by demon voices, which resound
From crag to crag, from cliff to cliff, and bound
Afar once more across the waste of foam.
Storm-ruled and cruel is thy voice, O Night;
The breakers boom on yonder sea-girt rock
And dark thy mantle hides the sight of Death:
From thy black depths, O Night, the tempest's
Bears wail of souls and one long quivering shock:
And only thou hast seen, O cruel Night!

THOMAS FOLLIOTT.

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The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

In the Author for June 1890, and in "Methods of Publication," a brief statement is laid down for the guidance of authors in their agreements on the meaning of the different royalties proposed from time to time—what is given to either side by those royalties.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.

The Honorary Secretary of the Syndicate Department will be glad to know the titles and lengths of any stories written, or to be written, by Members available for serial publication. Application is constantly made to the Department for stories of all descriptions which are ready. There is a great demand for "second rights" for newspaper use, and Members will greatly oblige by forwarding the names of tales already published, of which they are willing to sell the serial use. MSS. should, however, in no case be forwarded to the Office without previous communication with the Honorary Secretary of the Syndicate Department.

The Authors' Club.

Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G., has accepted the post of chairman of committee of the proposed club. The form of approval sent round with the last number of the Author has resulted in a very good number of names—quite as many as were expected, considering the holiday time. The same form is again enclosed. Readers are earnestly begged to consider the Resolutions published in the August number of the Author. They are not final; they are tentative only, and are subject to reconsideration. They contemplate a club of men only, because so many ladies pointed out that they could not possibly pay so large a subscription. Now, with a subscription lower than five guineas it is perfectly impossible to think of running a high-class club. That amount will do no more than provide a moderate sized house and a respectable service. It is in contemplation to give the club a social character on the lines already followed by some of the newer clubs. It is intended to make it a comfortable house; a house of rest, and a house of recreation. The word Author is taken to include that large and important branch of literature called journalism. But it must not be taken to include only those persons who follow the profession of letters. There are authors most eligible for the club among all professions under the sun. Literature is catholic. The club should include all kinds of humanity which possess the requisites of culture and of literary ambition and experience.
A LADIES' CLUB.

A PRELIMINARY meeting has been held at the Society's office of ladies engaged in literature and journalism anxious to found a club themselves. The chair was taken by Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter). The meeting was numerously attended. It is understood that a resolution was unanimously passed in favour of such a club.

TO AN AUTHOR WHO COMPLAINED OF NEGLECT AND DEPRECIATION.

Friend, be not fretful if the voice of fame, 
Along the narrow ways of hurrying men 
Where unto echo echo shouts again, 
Be all day long not noisy with your name. 
When dumb the noon-day din of praise and blame, 
And heavenly constellations hush the ken, 
If yours be light celestial, you will then 
Shine like a star, eternally the same. 
Nor in your upward journeying stoop to con 
The straining petulance of tethered spite, 
That still hath railed whenever Genius shone: 
As, when dogs bay the moon in midmost night, 
The moon nor looks nor listens, but sailson, 
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ALFRED AUSTIN.

MY BROTHER CHARLES: An Extract.

After these melancholy events, nothing remained but for the company to break up, and for every member of it to go his own way. I took a tender farewell of Dollie, with great sorrow on both sides, many promises of constancy, and some tears. But I felt sure—I had a presentiment—that I should never see her more. The dear girl proposed to return for the moment to her “Pop,” who conducted a store at Syracuse, Ill., and was a strict church member. She thought that by burying in oblivion, or carefully editing, the history of the last three months, and by pretending that she had another engagement as a schoolmarm, she might get some dollars out of the old man, with the help of which she could try the stage again with better luck. Certainly, one who has once been on the boards returns to them quite naturally, and can never again do anything else. My presentiment proved true, that is to say, I have only seen her once since. I was tramping through the city of Detroit, when I saw a name—her name—on a poster with a picture. I went to the gallery in my rags. I saw her dressed in tights dancing a breakdown, singing saucy songs, looking so happy and lively, that it made me sick and ill just to think of her happiness and my rags. And all through one thing. I suppose she had got the dollars out of her “Pop,” and so got back to the boards with better luck. Well, when I had taken her ticket and seen her off, I made the melancholy discovery that I was left absolutely penniless—stone broke. I returned to the hotel and spent the rest of that day and most of the night in trying to find a way out of the mess. What I wanted was money to carry me on to New York, and to keep me going there until I should find another engagement. When I fell asleep, I had fully resolved what to do. I do not defend the plan which I finally adopted. I am aware that it may be attacked, especially if a harsh and one-sided view is adopted; but I do declare that it was forced upon me, and that I fully intended, but for the accursed accidents which followed, to repay all the money I should make by my false pretences. I daresay I should not be believed, but that was my honest intention.

I was then six and twenty years of age, an Englishman by birth, and, as you have guessed, an actor—not as yet a very successful actor—by profession. I still think that if I had had the luck to light upon a really new part, and to make it my own, I had the touch and go, light comedy style, and might have made a reputation—ah! equal to any. I've seen Charles Wyndham, and it is absurd to suppose that I could not... But it is too late. And all through the most extraordinary misfortune that ever befell any man. There I was, an honourable, scrupulous young man—I repeat, that I intended to pay back the money—and I was wrecked, ruined by one—just one—accident, which nobody could have foreseen. At the same time, I admit that I ought to have got away at once without an hour's delay. I might have guessed; and here I am, all in consequence of that accident, tramp, gaolbird, swindler, thief, and can't raise myself again as long as I live. Sometimes when I think of that accident I feel as if the top of my head was being lifted off.

In the morning, my plan fully formed, I dressed myself as carefully as my slender wardrobe would allow, and after breakfast sallied out, thankful that it did not occur to the clerk as I passed him in the hall, to remind me of the hotel bill. The place was Philadelphia, which is full of rich people, and has some literary people. I had procured from the directory certain names and addresses which I thought would be useful. There was a great Shakespearean scholar; there was a rich—very rich—editor; there was a poet of eminence; there were three or four clergymen; there were others—scholars and authors. I called upon all of them. The Shakespearean scholar lent me $115; the rich editor, $125; the poet, $20; the others, from $10...
THE AUTHOR.

to $20 each. I went back to my hotel that morning richer than when I left it by about $300—say, £60 in English money. This was very good business, so good that I ought to have cleared out at once without the least delay. I ought to have suspected that something was going to happen after such wonderful luck. For I had no difficulty whatever with my little plan. It came off without a hitch. Such a plan generally does. It must be simple; it must be well and naturally told; there must be no hint or suggestion that the story could be suspected or disbelieved. What I did was this: I sent in my card, “Mr. Wilford Amburst, Dramatic Authors’ Club, London.” I was taken to see my man—it was the Shakespearean scholar—in his study. Now I certainly looked very English, and I believe I had at that time an honest face and a frank manner. After all these prisons, and ups and downs, my face may be English still, but it is no longer honest, nor is my manner frank. I began by apologizing for intruding. I ventured to do so on account of his well known sympathy with letters. Then I paused a moment. He bowed his head in silence. I went on to say that the name on my card, “Wilford Amburst,” was not my real but my stage name, that I was really Wilford Ingledew, and that I was the youngest brother of Charles Ingledew, the well known novelist. The scholar started and looked suspicious. “Charles Ingledew,” he said, “must be a good deal older than yourself.” “Not so very much,” I replied, putting something on my own age and taking something from his. “I am 36 and he is 46.” He asked me, still in a doubtful kind of way, but open to conviction, to tell him a little more about myself. I said that I was at Rugby and afterwards at Pembroke, Cambridge, where I did not stay to take a degree, but left at the end of my second year. It was rather a lucky guess about Pembroke, because I had once stayed with a man who was stage-struck, and I knew something about the College, and so did he. He asked me if I had written anything. I gave him a long list of plays and poems, none of which I had with me. He then asked me if I had any letter or anything from my brother which would go to prove my statement. I pulled out of my pocket-book a letter written on some English note paper—fortunately rather soiled and dirty, which helped me. It began “My dear Wilford.” It lamented my bad luck, gently intimated that extravagance was partly the cause of it, and exhorted me to return to England, where, he said, he had little doubt that with my undoubted talent I should certainly succeed. He ended it with two or three purely family matters—a reference to my mother’s health, and another to a married sister who had recently been happily confined of twins, and so he remained, hoping to see me at home before long, my affectionate brother Charles Ingledew. I had written the letter myself that morning. As for the signature, I copied it from a magazine. “This,” said my scholar, “is certainly Charles Ingledew’s signature. I suppose there is no doubt that you are the person you represent yourself to be; and, in that case, what do you want of me?” “Well, I am absolutely penniless. That is my case. I cannot beg or steal. I want to borrow. Only I want to borrow so that my brother should not know. He would be disgusted if he knew anything about it. He is always pitching into me about extravagance. Will you, on my word of honour only, lend me a hundred dollars? I am going back to London, and I shall send you the money as soon as I possibly can. If I don’t get it by my own work, I shall have to borrow it of Charles.” Without a word he opened a drawer and took out notes to that amount. “There,” he said, “take these for your brother’s sake.”

I wrung his hand, and I went away without another word. That was the best thing to do. Gratitude, chokes you see. You press the hand of your benefactor and you go, with bowed shoulders, opening and closing the door with just a little demonstration and without noise.

In all the other cases I was equally successful. Not a doubt was raised. Only I asked less of the clergymen, and wanted nothing more than to pay my hotel bill and to get on to New York, where I had friends.

Now, I say again, had I possessed any sense at all, I ought to have been so astonished at my wonderful good luck that I should have made tracks at once. I should have gone on by the first train to New York. I should have made any further question, discussion, or difficulties impossible. I ought to have known that such ease in getting would have been followed by tremendous difficulty in keeping. It is always the way. The easier you get, the quicker you lose.

Well, I had impressed upon every one the necessity of keeping my secret. They had all promised, and to this day I cannot tell who, if any, did betray me. I incline on the whole to the belief that the old scoundrel, villain, rogue who . . . but there, you shall see.

I dined pleasantly and had a small bottle of Burgundy—fancy a stone-broke player drinking Burgundy in Philadelphia! and I really felt quite happy, comfortable, and free from anxiety. As for being found out, or anything, that did not enter into my imagination. After dinner I strolled into the saloon and sat down with a cigar looking on at the people.

They came and went in twos and threes; they sat down and talked or they stood at the bar and drank. I watched and listened, sitting lazily in a corner under a gas light.
Presently two men came in, and one had an evening paper. He began to run his eye down the columns, telling the news as he went on. One thing after the other he noted. Then he came to a paragraph which he read out at length. "There is staying at the Lone Star Hotel a young Englishman who is at once actor, poet, and dramatist. His theatrical name is Wilford Amhurst. His real name is Wilford Ingledew, and he is the youngest brother of Charles Ingledew, the English novelist. He has called upon one of the most prominent citizens and revealed his name. He is said to be a handsome Englishman of a thoroughly Britannic aspect, looking younger than he is—probably from wearing neither beard nor moustache. He is ten years younger than his brother, who is now forty-six, and he greatly resembles him in face and stature. He has been a member of a travelling variety company which has not been eminently successful." You see that nothing here was said about begging and borrowing. Yet I felt uneasy. He read this out, and said, "Why, I remember Wilford Amhurst in the piece—what was it—the Criterion comedy piece. And . . . " His voice stopped short, for he recognised me.

Even then there was still time. I should have left the saloon immediately and taken the night train. Fool! double—treble Fool!

The man advanced to me. "Mr. Wilford Ingledew," he said, "I have the pleasure of wishing you well. Your brother's works are so well known to me that I feel as if no introduction was necessary to . . . . . ."

This beautiful and trustful beginning was completely spoiled, however, by a third person. He was, to look at, a brute—a brute and a beast. He was clad in a filthy greasy gaberdine—the poor despised Jew in the middle ages always wore a gaberdine, therefore I use that word to describe the ragged old thing that hung on his shoulders. He was a man of short grey hair and long grey bristles—the former on his head, the latter on his chin. He had a swollen and pimply face, a swollen red nose, and blue lips. He looked as if he was half drunk. I never knew him afterwards or saw him but what he looked half drunk. He had been standing by, apparently taking no heed of what was said. Now he came lurching forward.

"Wilford Ingledew? I believe it is. Good Lord! Here's a chance! Wilford—Wilford, I say. Wilford Ingledew—Ingledew—don't you know me? Look at me, man. Don't you know me now? You eldest brother—Jack Ingledew—I am. Jack Ingledew. Him that went away 30 years ago and never went home again. Boys!—he turned to some loafering blackguards behind him,—"you all know Jack Ingledew—old Jack." They murmured with one consent that they all knew Jack—old Jack. "Old Jack—that you thought dead—eh? long since dead. And to think that we meet here after all these years. It makes me thirsty. Brother—brother Wilford—a little baby three years old when I went away—shake hands—shake hands with your eldest brother—long parted—grief as is felt—happy to part—happy to meet again. Joy demands a drink. We must celebrate this happy occasion with a drink. Come."

This was the terrible accident. This was the cause of all the trouble. Through the accursed mishance of that eldest brother—if he was an eldest brother—Lord knows!—turning up at that juncture.

The man who had first spotted me stepped aside, leaving me to the Beast of the Greasy Gaberdine.

What I ought to have done is perfectly plain and simple. I did not do it. In fact, I gave him a drink. I ought, of course, to have refused any knowledge of the Beast. I ought to have said that there was no John Ingledew—was there, in fact? Was this man really Charles Ingledew's elder brother? I don't know. I never could find out. But the knowledge of my own guilt made me weak. I accepted his filthy hand. I gave him another drink. I owned up to the eldest brother; I was civil to him. I pointed out that I could not very well remember a man whom I had not seen for so long. He then asked certain questions which I answered as well as I could. I incline to the belief that he was what he pretended, because at one point he stopped and looked suspicious. Then he caught me by the waistcoat button and he whispered, "Brother, Brother Wilford! They've telegraphed across to know if Charles Ingledew has got a brother Wilford."

I started, I turned pale.

"Brother—you'd better bolt. I knew you were a bunco-steerer at the go off. Now, you go in and make up your grip—quick. Else, to-morrow, you'll be laid by the heels. I'll wait here for you— I'll see you through. You rely on me."

I was so knocked over with the thought of the telegraph that I curdled and curled up. I did what he told me. My grip took no time, because it was reduced to an empty box. I told him so.

"Then," he said, "we'll leave it behind. Now, let's have one more drink and then catch a train. I'll see you through. Your eldest brother John—old Jack—he'll stand by the family." Yet he had just before called me a bunco-steerer. But I was in such a fright about the telegraph that I hardly knew what he said, and I walked along beside him in a dream.

"We'll take tickets to New York and we'll get out at a station I know," he said, "That will prevent your being nabbed as soon as you get out of
the train. You'll have just to lie quiet for a day or two, and then you can go on."

I thought that the first thing I would do was to get rid of him. That proved, as you will see, not quite so easy. We took a night train; it left Philadelphia at eleven. We sat down together—this evil-smelling beast and myself. He talked familiarly to the conductor—told him that I was his younger brother, and he grinned; said that younger brothers ought to look after the seniors, and that I was a model younger brother. He said many more facetious and pleasant things. You can suppose that I greatly enjoyed his society and his conversation.

In about two hours or so we stopped at some small station. "Now," he whispered, "let's get down. I know where you can find a place to hide in for a bit—a snug quiet place, where the drink is good. Come along."

We got down just as the train began to move on again. The night was pitch dark; the petroleum lamps of the station were extinguished directly after the train went on.

"This way," the man took my arm and led me along in the darkness. I knew not what direction we took nor how long we walked. It seemed to me a walk of hours. Presently we stopped at a house in the midst, as it seemed, of a wood, where lights were shown in the windows. My man blew a whistle, and the door was thrown open. "Walk in, brother Wilford," he said, grinning, "Here you will be real welcome. Such brothers sought to look after the seniors, and that 1

My man blew a whistle, and the door was thrown open. "Walk in, brother Wilford," he said, grinning, "Here you will be real welcome. Such brothers sought to look after the seniors, and that 1

Within, the place proved to be a kind of log house. It consisted of one large room with a stove. Along the walls were benches, and on these benches were mattresses, on some of which men were sleeping. I saw that four were asleep; two more were playing cards at a table; there was a fire burning; and there was the usual detestable smell of petroleum from the lamp. And I discovered at once that I was fallen among a den of thieves and rogues.

"Gentlemen," said my eldest brother, "I have brought you my brother—my younger brother Wilford—Wilford Ingledew. He is in a little trouble just now, on account of certain alleged false pretences—people will say anything—we have all suffered from calumny—I've asked him here to share our hospitality for a bit. A clever fellow, I think, you will find my younger brother Wilford."

The two men who were playing looked up anxiously. Then they threw down their cards, and stood up, feeling at their belts, and I began to perspire at the nose. "What does he know, Jack?"

"Nothing. Leave that to me. Now, brother as we are all friends here and brothers, let us begin by sharing. What did you make by the job? Come—don't look scared—you can't get out of this if you try—by . . ." He lugged out a revolver. "So begin. Clear your pockets. You've got to do what you're told. You've got to—or—" he fingered the pistol. I had to turn every pocket out, and to show it empty. I had to take off my boots and coat and waistcoat to show that nothing was concealed. The whole now lay upon the table—three hundred dollars and more.

"There are seven of us," said old Jack. "You make eight. Every man's share is $40, odd. As for your share, we'll keep it for you. Oh! You shall not lose it. You are among men of honour. And now, brother, if you like to lie down and go to sleep, you can. If you like a drink, say so. If you like to cut in with the cards, say so. We're all friends here and all brothers. Them as are not brothers we make dead uns, which saves trouble." I stayed in that den for three weeks. I was never left alone. I was given to understand by old Jack and one or other of them that if I chose to throw in my lot with these miscreants I should be received as one of the gang. If not, I should not be allowed to escape, and in fact . . . you may guess.

In a month's time, I was dressed like a gentleman: I was an English nobleman, and I was living at a high-class New York hotel. I had a pocket-full of money, and I was working for a big thing.

You see what I am now—a broken-down tramp, in rags and penniless. The gang is dispersed; we have all had sentences to work out. As for old Jack—my eldest brother—I don't know what has become of him, but I should like to murder him. If I were to meet him on a lonely road I believe I should murder him. And the moral of my story, I often think, is that when you have made a lucky hit you must get away as quick as you can before some cussed accident sets things aegra. Now, if I had gone straight away that very moment—think—I should now—who knows?—be managing a London theatre. I might have married Dollie. Oh! it makes me mad only to think of it. Because I stayed I had to run away at night and fell into a gang of rogues, and was compelled to become their confederate and got into prison and . . . there . . . you see.

It's all very well to say that I shouldn't have pretended to be the brother of an English writer. I was stone-broke and I had to get some money somehow, and I meant to give that money back. The devil of it was that I stayed and went into that bar. I stayed. That way the bad luck came in.
PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

Put Pegasus in harness
And teach him how to trot;
Take him to the market
With his wares piping hot,
All fresh and glowing
From his owner's mind,
Three a penny, four a penny,
Best of their kind.

Lord! here's a bother,
The creature wants to fly!
Quiet, there, my beauty,
We'll loose you by-and-bye!
Come now, it's useless,
Customers don't soar;
It won't pay, alack, to scorn
Their muddy floor.

Why, what a blessing
The harness was so strong:
What a task 'tis to get
The chafing steed along!
Fold your wings, do, now!
Keep them for the sky;
Men pay to touch their feathers, not
To see them fly.

Pegasus, when night comes
We'll fly up to the stars,
We'll soar above Venus,
And we'll mount beyond Mars;
Earth lies a ball beneath—
Above, still there's blue—
By day we must earn our bread;
At night we'll be true.

There—we endeavour,
Here—we must win;
There—lift up our hands,
Here—stoop for a pin;
Turn every penny
Another to gain:
Heaven bids—struggle!
Earth bids—attain!

But oh! when night comes
To the earth-wearied man,
To one master he's true,
And he sleeps while he can—
Swoop! and a rushing,
The great steed has gone:
The Boundless receives him,
His master sleeps on.

Umph! what's to do now?
There's the bread winner's flown.
Why—fetch up a mule, man,
Put the gold trappings on;

He'll give time to see them;
He's safe, sure, and slow,
If you speak still of "Pegasus"
Nobody 'll know.

SIDNEY CAXTON.

"AUTHORS' COMPLAINTS AND PUBLISHERS' PROFITS."

I HAVE read with much interest Mr. George Putnam's paper on this subject in the Forum of September, the more so because I have had from time to time several conversations with the writer on the points raised in his paper, and I always found him willing to meet me half way on all essential points, and, to the best of my recollection, perfectly ready to admit the useful functions of our Society, and the reasonableness of its aims. So much, indeed, he admits in this article when he says—the italics are my own—"Whatever shape the compensation of the author may take (excepting only that of a purchase outright of his copyright) he is of course entitled to precise information as to the publishing statistics of his books."

Exactly. This concession covers nearly the whole ground. The chief grievance of the author is that he has been, and still is, called upon to surrender his property on terms the half of which are carefully concealed from him; that he is offered this and that without being informed what the arrangement gives to the other side. Let us know what the other side receives for himself as well as what he gives the author. Then we shall understand what we are about. Now, the most important part of the work of the Society has been the publication—approximately only, for nothing is more elastic than a printer's bill—of the actual cost of production. With this in our hands, we have a very simple sum in arithmetic:—(1) The actual cost of production. (2) The royalty paid to the author. (3) The trade price of the book. The publisher's profit can be easily calculated. Now, Mr. Putnam in this article talks round and round the subject, but does not touch the real point at issue. For instance, he carefully enumerates the various methods of dealing with authors; he points out the increased cost of printing, and binding, and distribution; but he evades the main points, viz., the actual profit made by the publishers on the various methods described and the proportion which, in his opinion, should be taken by the publisher.

He complained that I consider only the question of books with a sale of 10,000. I suppose he alludes to Mr. Sprigge's book—the "Methods of Publication"
— and to the "Cost of Production." But in those books, the sale of 1,000 copies, and even less, is carefully considered, as well as the sale of 10,000.

He says in one place (p. 74) that I am "inclined to contend that there are, as a matter of fact, no such things as publishing losses," and that I "claim that the publishers rarely take any risk in publishing, as they make a practice of putting their money only into books that are sure to pay." On p. 75 he says, "It is the contention of the English Society of Authors that the publisher who understands his business must take, and, as a matter of fact, does take, no risk in his undertakings." Now, there is a difference between "rarely" and "never"—a very great difference. What I have said, over and over again—what I am prepared to prove, by hundreds of cases and agreements brought to our office—by verbal information from persons who have been employed in publishers' offices—and by examination of advertised publishers' lists, is this. There has grown up of late years a custom of making authors pay whenever there is any real risk. It is very seldom that publishers take any risk. I might go further and say that there are some houses which never will take any risk at all. By this I mean the simple meaning that the words convey. In other words, it is very seldom that a publisher will produce a book unless he sees his way to the sale of at least as many copies as will pay the cost of production, with something for his services or the interest of his money.

Over and over again has this proposition been stated. Nothing in the world could be more true—nothing more reasonable and probable. Over and over again interested or malicious persons have distorted the statement into quite a different one, and have virtuously argued themselves black in the face on the assumption that I have said that there are no risks in publishing.

There may be plenty of risk in publishing. You may produce a book on a subject which no one wants; you may produce a bad book on any subject; you may produce too large an edition of a book; you may spend more money in advertising a book than the book will bear; you may bring out a book at a wrong time; many things of the kind may happen. But a skilled—or a well advised publisher—in this great world of English readers—with this immense market before him—with all the various branches of letters—with all the different audiences—with all the favourite leaders and authorities in all these branches—need never, I maintain, unless he pleases, run any risk at all. And he very seldom does.

He may, it is true, be disappointed in the ultimate proceeds. But that is not risk. My contention is that he need never publish a book unless he knows that the minimum of the sales will cover his expenditure and something over. And I do not for a moment agree with Mr. Putnam that a man would be valuable to a publishing firm who would keep them from losses, because an educated man, brought up in the business, will easily, and does easily, learn for himself. Of course, I am not speaking of American risks, of which I know nothing.

I agree with Mr. Putnam—and he with me—in so many points that I should like him to agree with me in all. For instance, he is perfectly right when he says that authors cannot expect compensation—he means pay—for work which proves to have no marketable value. An author can only be paid out of the proceeds of his book. But that must be a very poor publisher who cannot tell beforehand whether a book has a marketable value or not. One publisher—de mes amis—has an eagle eye for the detection of marketable value in novels. He never fails—at least, I think not—I hope not—in this instinct of his. He produces works by unknown writers, and they become known and popular. He knows. With this and other examples before me, when a publisher writes complaining that he has lost by this book and by that book, I am inclined to say, "Friend, if that is true, you do not know your own business." But he never shows his books, remember. Mr. Putnam makes a great deal about the "generosity" of certain publishers. First of all, we do not want generosity. We do not want to keep up the old notion which caused a publisher to be considered as a (generally) malevolent old man (but sometimes benevolent), who sat upon a bag of gold—an enormous bag of untold gold—and dealt out capricious gifts, varying according to his temper. Nor do we want the other notion which made of the publisher the guardian angel of letters, thinking only how he could advance the holy cause of literature, and careless whether he ruined himself or not. Nor do we want the old sorry spectacle of the writing-man who goes humbly, hat in hand, body bent, voice hushed, to the man who pays, and takes with tears of gratitude whatever he may offer or may chuck. What we now say is this, "What do you mean by your 'generosity'? Hang your generosity! Keep it for the charity sermon. Give us plain and simple justice. You have graciously heretofore given this and tossed that; what have you kept for yourself? Show us your accounts before you talk of generosity."

There are one or two other points in which Mr. Putnam unfortunately fails to understand the position. Thus, he girds at Canon Farrar, saying that he appealed to the public for sympathy, because his publishers had made more money than himself when he had signed a contract to do and work for so much. Canon Farrar did nothing of the kind. The grievance in his case was this: He did agree to do a certain piece of work for a certain sum of
money. The work proved enormously successful. He had no claim for anything more, and never set up any claim. But when the firm in question invited him to do another work, they did not let him understand how successful his first work had been. They said nothing about the proportion of profit they had made for themselves; they said nothing about what they knew they should make on the next work. This, no doubt, was what is called business. But the English publisher has always endeavoured to make the English author believe that he is his friend. My own contention in that matter is that Farrar should not have signed that second agreement until the firm had shown him by their books what it had made out of the first. The same remark applies to all cases of so-called "generosity." Let the accounts be produced. Then we shall see. We do not wish to rob the publisher by accepting his "generosity." We do not wish him to rob us under the name of "generosity." I pass over all Mr. Putnam's remarks on American publishing for obvious reasons. I think, for the same reasons, he should not have entered the lists about English publishing. And I also wish very much that he had read what has been said and printed by my friends on the subject before committing himself to statements and charges which cannot be sustained.

He says that we have made "sweeping charges" against publishers as a class. We have done nothing of the kind. We have proved "up to the hilt," as the Spectator allowed, that fraudulent practices exist, and are, indeed, rife. The fact that many of us are on friendly terms with publishers is quite enough to disprove the assertion of "sweeping charges." It is also a fact that many of the practices which we have proved to exist are now carried on in a much more secret and guarded fashion than prevailed four or five years ago. Meantime, I commend to Mr. Putnam the consideration of our great principle that in all business relations, partnerships, joint adventures, and enterprises, it is right, just, and proper that the two parties should each and severally have a full knowledge of what the agreements give to either side. That once conceded, the rest, viz., an equitable understanding that shall safeguard both parties may be arrived at. Such an understanding is very much to be desired in the interests of publishers as well as of authors, and, indeed, cannot but be desired by every honourable publisher as well as by any honourable and self-respecting author.

WALTER BESANT.

THE AUTHOR.

1. The publisher risks dire poverty who pays a new author anything.
2. Publishing is the most precarious form of "plunging."
3. Every author should rest content with the honour of appearing in print.
4. An artist should be above alimony: Art is degraded by any money.
5. Publishing is a matter of favouritism, by which paper-makers, printers, bookbinders, and booksellers all conspire against unknown genius.
6. Artists should be angels—all soul: eating is merely animal, and therefore inartistically vulgar.
7. The general public is divisible into those who buy books but do not read them, those who read but do not buy, and those who neither buy nor read.
8. What we manufacture we should be paid for; but what other people make they should give us for nothing.
9. All best work is borrowed, and therefore belongs to someone else.
10. The alphabet is public property, and whose disarranges it into books only disturbs what belongs to everybody.
11. Everything that was best contrived to live in the past.
12. In the multitude of conventionalisms is to be found the highest wisdom.
13. A publisher is a philanthropist who scorns coarse commerce.
14. What is conscience in ourselves is only conceit in the other man.
15. Civility is what the other people owe us.
16. There is no fine art in fiction; it is just as easy as lying.

PHINLAY GLENELG.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Spectator devotes an article to some remarks made by me in another place on the distribution of national honours, orders and titles. The editor, it appears, does not agree with these remarks. Now there is one thing for which I especially respect the Spectator. It always seeks to represent the views which it attacks,
honourably and fairly. This conceded, let me state my case again. The State confides to the Sovereign the task of recognising distinction and good service by the grant of certain orders and titles. The Spectator says that these decorations are part of the wages of the State for servants of the State. My position entirely. But I maintain that everything—every kind of service—that advances the happiness, the safety, the welfare, the moral and intellectual level of mankind, is a distinct service to the State, and should be recognised as such. The Spectator would narrow the service of the State, apparently, to service paid for by the State. The writer says that decorations and titles are "part of the wages of the State, outward and visible signs of good conduct." In that case why were Bass, Allsopp, and Guinness raised to the peerage? Why, again, is a plain country gentleman made a baronet? Why is the warden of a city company made a knight? That definition clearly will not serve. There is, in fact, no rule whatever, no principle recognised in the distribution of honours. Somebody advises the Queen. Is it the Prime Minister? I do not know. Whoever it is, he makes no reservation whatever about paid servants of the State. None whatever. He says that a soldier or a sailor, a lawyer, a politician, a rich man, if he is rich enough, a man in the Treasury, or the Foreign Office, or the Diplomatic Service, may look forward to receiving some kind of distinction. No one, he says, however distinguished in medicine, architecture, painting, literature, music, acting, sculpture, science, or teaching, must ever expect a peerage. If a physician were to discover a certain way of curing gout or rheumatism and abolishing that agony for ever, he would have no more than a baronetcy. If a man brews enough beer, of course, he shall be raised to the Upper House, and sit apart—he and his—for ever, but not if he writes the most splendid play ever produced. In some of these branches they from time to time offer a very distinguished man—say a Huxley—the same distinction—the smallest of all—that they give the mayor of a country town. Now, for all these branches—for every noble calling—I claim the right of national recognition, in whatever way the nation can or does exercise that recognition. Especially I claim it for literature, because of all the country can or does exercise that recognition. The Spectator supposes the Prime Minister worried between the rival claims of half-a-dozen poets; well, why not? There is nothing so very absurd about that. I suppose he is now worried between the rival claims of Mr. Facing-both-Ways, politician, and Mr. Creeping Backstairs, professional Worm, both of whom ardently desire to be knighted. Then we are told dogmatically, "We have no business whatever to give titles and decorations to literary men. They are far better without them." Does this mean that they write better without them? If so, one might just as well say that they have no business with new coats—they are far better without them. Or does it mean that they will feel better in their insides without titles and decorations? There is, in fact, absolutely nothing that can be said against
granting titles to one class any more than to any other class; the arguments of the *Spectator* apply just as well to engineers as to poets. Do Millais and Leighton paint worse since they had titles? Can anyone in his senses believe that either Lecky or Meredith would write worse if he were made a Peer? Does anyone believe that Lord Lytton is a worse ambassador because he is a poet? Lastly, the *Spectator* asks what Browning would have done as an ambassador? Of one thing I am quite certain: If he was in other respects fitted for the post of ambassador, his poetry would have been no disqualification.

The Victorian reign will be glorified in after ages mainly for three splendours. First, the enormous and unparalleled increase of the English-speaking race; so that they began with thirty millions, and, after fifty years, have grown to a hundred millions. Second, the wonderful advancement of science, by means of which almost the elementary conditions of life have been revolutionized. Thirdly, the magnificence of the Victorian literature. When the future historian dwells upon these illustrations of the period, he will go on to remark that all of them flourished under the absolute neglect and contempt of the English Court and the English Government. The colonies owed nothing, except snubs, to the Colonial Office. No Government has ever attempted to organise, to control, to assist, to direct, or to advise emigration. The Government, without making an effort to divert the stream, allowed the half of the Irish people to go over bodily to the United States, and to lend their invaluable legs and arms to the material progress of that Republic. Until the latter years of the reign, no colonist, however great his services, was recognised even by the insignificant distinction of a Knight Bachelor. As for science, there have never been, since the world began, such giants as those of our century. Have any of these men of science been raised to the House of Lords? Not one. Has there ever been any national recognition of the best of them? Perhaps it may be replied that a knighthood was offered to one. A knighthood? In literature it is an age which has produced two or three English writers of the first rank—the very first rank; it has also produced a great number of writers whose work is good, lasting, most useful, and helpful, beyond anything of the sort ever seen before in any generation. Have these men received any national honours or recognition? None whatever. The House of Commons grants a little sum of £400 a year for distinguished service in literature, and the First Lord of the Treasury refuses to use it for that purpose—gives it to widows of officers instead. One simple distinction, or recognition, is the command to dine with the Sovereign. Do these men ever receive such a command. Never. My "grievance," as the *Spectator* calls it, is, in short, that national distinctions, which should belong to every intellectual calling, are limited to one or two, and are even bestowed without reference to distinction at all.

I have received a paper—*Hearth and Home*—which contains an account of a little discussion between three persons—a Member of Parliament, a "Labour Leader," and a lady journalist. The discussion turned on the influence of a certain novel on certain changes in opinion and reforms in action. The Member of Parliament and the Labour Leader maintained that the novel had nothing to do with any reform. The lady said that the novel had everything to do with it. It was clear, from the remarks of the other two, that they were totally ignorant of the force of sentiment, or the power of the artist to create, arouse, and direct public opinion. They could not understand that sentiment, of which they doubtless supposed themselves to have none, could possibly have anything to do with practical things. That is to say, they knew nothing of the history of popular opinion on popular movements, and nothing whatever of the part played by the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist. This is very interesting. The same men who, after reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," would be maddened by the cruelty and the wickedness of slavery, and if the opportunity arose, would be spurred to action by that madness, sturdily maintain that sentiment plays no part in affairs; and that poet, artist, actor, and novelist can effect nothing. On the same day, as an illustration of the supposed powerlessness of sentiment, all the world reads that Mr. Hall Caine is going to Russia to study the question of the Jews with a view, if he sees his way, to write a novel about it. The English Jews who have proposed this task to him are wiser, you see, than the Member of Parliament and the Labour Leader. The genius of the novelist, who concentrates the attention and the interest on a single group of the wretched, starving fugitives—perhaps on a single figure—will do more to bring home to our understanding the true nature of their sufferings than a thousand telegrams and as many leading articles.

The story which is going about the papers concerning French publishers is simply incredible. It is said that the enormous editions of novels advertised on the covers of the books are to a great extent fictitious, and that those magnificent figures—20th edition—50th edition, which fill the
breast of the British publisher—and, to a humbler extent, the British author—with envy, are simply trade lies. It is further stated that French authors have been receiving royalties on the fictitious numbers—in other words—that the publishers have been paying for thousands of books which have never been sold; in other words again that they are possessed of secret mines of gold. It is again stated that they have actually printed, though they have not sold, the numbers they advertise, and that their warehouses are bulging and bursting from top to bottom with unsold novels. Lastly, it is stated that certain firms are on the verge of bankruptcy in consequence of this practice. We are not surprised. There is, however, a way of explaining the story. The trick of advertising edition after edition of a book is not unknown in this country. The edition may be as small as you please—a single copy, perhaps—or fifty copies. It is a dirty trick; a fraudulent trick; it assures the public that the book is so much in demand that all these editions have been taken up; the public believes that a genuine edition is meant and is deceived; the statement was issued with intent to deceive; it is therefore fraudulent. The trick is brother or sister of that other trick by which a publisher buys a whole edition of the author without stating the number and trades on the omission. Henceforth I shall accept the French novel in its 500th edition as having probably circulated to the extent of a thousand. Let us cease therefore to wish we had been born in a country so eager to possess new literature.

The circular of a Society called the “British and Foreign Association” lies before me. It has about 90 “Honorary Members,” among whom are several very good names indeed. It has a President, a Chief Secretary, General Councillors, and Representative Councillors. Its prospectus states that it has 4,000 members. Its objects are three-fold: (1) To promote fraternity among the nations. Very good indeed. (2) To encourage literary talent among the members by means of a monthly magazine. Hum! By means of a monthly magazine? But surely there are already dozens of monthly magazines which do that very same thing. And (3) to aid in popularising the works of the members. Surely that is done already by the original work without taking advice as to the quality of their work, either of the Society or of some competent friend. We have been richly blessed, as they used to say, in our efforts at dissuasion. We have succeeded in leading out of the stony fields of unsuccessful Literature many who are now grazing sweetly in pastures of Clerkland or Trade-land. Sometimes those who are thus turned aside kick and are restive. Then they answer the advertising publisher’s letter that he...
will meet all demands up to 5,000 copies for £60, and proceed to learn the rest of the lesson which never fails to follow. After that they go back into Clerkland weekly, if somewhat bruised and battered.

Some months ago I wrote a little paper called "A School for Novelists," in which I pointed out how, given the natural aptitude to begin with, the aspirant in Romance might find his way greatly smoothed, and might be saved from many disappointments and humiliations, by learning the technique of the Art. There was the usual and expected kind of comment. Everybody who saw his way to a clever thing ignored my saving clause concerning the natural aptitude, and extended the finger of scorn at the man who could be such a fool as to suppose that novelists can be made by schools and lectures. But the project still remains even when the clever things have all been said at the cost of truth, and by the suppression of the most important part of my contention. We shall see a School of Fiction yet. If I had the time I would start one myself, and I believe that I should do very well with it, both for myself and for my pupils. I now learn that there has been founded, or will soon be founded, a College for Journalists in the United States, out of which should come many good things, and especially that regard for truth which is surely the one thing most wanted in American Journalism. And I am reminded that there has existed for some years a School of Journalism in this London Town. The school gives lectures and instruction in all the various duties of a journalist; among them, on paragraphs, reviewing, special and war correspondence, art and dramatic criticism, leaders, editing, sub-editing, &c. In other words, the school undertakes to turn out a practical journalist in 12 months. It is directed by Mr. David Anderson, himself a well-known leader writer on the best London Papers.

Now, here comes in the reservation. The School of Journalism can no more make a journalist than a School of Fiction could make a novelist; but it can prepare the way for one who has the natural aptitude. Many of those who pass through the course may fail afterwards in their profession; but that failure ought not to bring discredit on the school, so long as some can be found who attribute their success mainly or in part to the work of the school. For my own part, I welcome such schools as additional proof, for the eyes of the world, that Literature is a profession, and one with many branches, of which journalism is one.

Certain not unfriendly critics have questioned the use of my suggestion that authors should practise the art of public speaking. "Why," asks one, "should authors make public speeches at all?" Because they are sometimes very much wanted to do so in the interests of their own calling. Because they often know a great deal on special subjects on which their spoken judgment might be very useful indeed. Because authorship belongs to every profession and calling under the sun, and he who would teach or guide the world should be able to do so by word of mouth as well as by pen. Certainly there are men, as this critic points out, who could never become orators. Thackeray was one; Anthony Trollope was another; John Stuart Mill was a very ineffective, unattractive speaker. Yet, had one of those three studied and practised the art, he might at least have been able to say the thing he wanted to say effectively and convincingly. The last named might certainly have increased his influence and power enormously. He did his best and the House emptied the moment he rose.

Their desk, my critic goes on to say, is their proper place. If so, John Morley had better go back to his desk; Mr. Arthur Balfour also, the author of one admirable book at least, had better go back to his; Mr. Gladstone to his; all the Divines and Theologians must go back to their desks. In fact, everybody who writes books must be forbidden to do anything else. Does not this seem a little absurd? Behind the notion, you see, is concealed some of the old contempt of the literary man. He is still, as of old, held to be useless except with a pen in his hand, and not of much use then.

I find a very apt illustration of my remarks concerning authors and oratory in a certain ceremony which took place at Canterbury the other day. The address of the occasion, which is given below, was delivered by Mr. Henry Irving. Now, there is no better speaker than Mr. Irving—'tis his vocation. Also, the address was everything that could be desired. But I should have preferred seeing a poet—a dramatic poet—or a leading man of letters at least, deliver that address. And I take it that the reason why Mr. Henry Irving was invited to perform the task was the difficulty of finding an English author of eminence who can speak. It was not altogether because Mr. Lowell was an American that he was invited to deliver the address on the unveiling of Fielding's bust.
Vague reports are flying about concerning a monster petition about to be drawn up and presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It will be signed by millions, and it will be a request that prayers should be put up in all the churches, and continued for twelve months, that the heart of the young journalist may be inclined unto verifying his references, and that the heart of the editor may be inclined unto visiting the neglectful with stripes. My sympathy is entirely with that petition. I find, for instance, that at least a dozen paragraphs have appeared stating (1) that I myself have by myself decided against admitting ladies to the Authors’ Club; (2) that my reason is that they write for religious periodicals, and therefore they cannot pay the five-guinea subscription. These statements are entirely false. What happened was this. At the preliminary meeting of the Temporary Committee, July 23rd, a set of tentative Resolutions were drawn up and passed. These Resolutions contemplated a club of men only. One of the chief reasons for such a conclusion was the fact that so many ladies had written to say that they could not possibly pay a subscription of five guineas. Therefore, the Committee, and not I myself, passed Resolutions contemplating a club for men only. They inserted these Resolutions in the Author, and asked for opinions. Moreover, in the September number of the Author I expressly called attention to these facts, so that it is pure invention to say that I have excluded ladies. Another ingenious inventor of copy has added that the reason why ladies cannot afford five guineas is that they work for religious periodicals. Another want of verification! What I said was this: “An ideal club of authors should admit women as well as men. Literature is, above all others, a profession open to both sexes. Yet literary women are even more mercilessly sweated than men, especially by religious societies, who pretend not to know that sweating was specially contemplated in the framing of the Eighth Commandment; and the number of ladies who live by their literary work, and can afford even so reasonable a subscription as five guineas is very small.” It is, indeed, very small indeed. Some day I hope to show what the sweating of women in literature really means. In the case of one religious society I have already done something in that direction.

WALTER BESANT.

LISTS AND RISKS.

The long lists of announcements of new books show no falling off in numbers, at least. Modern English literature appears to flourish in every branch. Those who think that nobody buys books may look at these lists and ask themselves for whom the new books are all printed and published? To lie on the shelves? To be given away? For the pride of the publisher? Nay, but to be sold. There is again, we are expected to believe, an enormous risk in bringing out every one of these books. The very length of the lists shows the absurdity of the risk. Looking through the lists one sees a book here and a book there whose success seems doubtful—new poems, but these are always paid for by the author; novels by unknown hands, which are also paid for by the author, unless they are so striking as to leave no doubt in the mind of the reader; books of essays, by unknown writers; biographies of unknown persons, and so forth, of which all that one can say is that if a publisher were to bring them out at his own risk he would be a very sanguine person and a very bad man of business. But the chief lesson to be learned by this enormous output is the enormous market. We who live in London are too apt to fall into the error of judging everything by a London standard; more than that, by the standard of a small piece of London. For instance, in Club land nobody buys books, newspapers, or magazines; but in the suburbs there are hundreds—thousands of houses—who buy both books and magazines, while in the country houses and country towns, though the circulating library goes for much it is not everything, and there are India and the Colonies. The inquiry which we conducted some months ago gave us some insight into the vastness of the book market. The autumn lists enlarge that view. To take nine publishers only out of the daily increasing number of firms, we find the following numbers of new books announce respectively:—82, 57, 57, 51, 43, 37, 36, 35, and 34, or an average of 43½ among the nine. Probably there are a thousand in all for the autumn output. This represents at an average of £100 a-piece, an outlay, or an investment, of £100,000, and, of course, this is only a part of the whole year’s enterprise. It is a large sum of money. Would it be embarked year after year—would new firms, some of them without any capital at all—come into the business if it were full of risks? Of course not.
For my part I have never been able to understand why some publishers—not all—affect to be engaged in a kind of gambling business. It is not reputable to them as business men; it is not in the least true; and it damages literature by making authors believe that everything is a toss up. “Rider Haggard has succeeded,” says some lunatic, who thinks he can write, “Why shouldn’t I get a chance as well as he?” Literally, this notion is widespread. A great many people write to the Society in this sense and under this idea. And they are greatly helped by the absurd way in which some publishers wish risk to be considered as the first element in their work. You can hardly read a
leading article on the subject which does not start with the assumption that publishing is pure gambling—speculation—a toss up. The bogey springs up like a jack-in-the-box in all kinds of unexpected places. The other day I bought Mr. Andrew Lang's "Hypnerotomachia," in a second-hand bookseller's, and carried it home. It is prefaced by an introduction which is both attractive and instructive. In the middle of it occurs this remarkable passage, "and there is risk in publishing, though a hundred Mr. Besant says there is not." Where are these hundred? I only know one person of that name who has written upon the subject, and he most certainly has never said anything so foolish. There is risk, and plenty, as I have said elsewhere and everywhere, in publishing. But then publishers of the present day very seldom take any. If anybody takes upon himself to deny this statement he must do so only after he has carefully examined publishers' books, with the aid of an accountant, if he is not skilled in accounts. If anyone will produce such proofs I am ready to modify my statement. For my own part, I have been enabled to see, what nobody else in the world has seen, except our secretaries, a very large and perfectly unique collection of publishers' agreements and publishers' accounts, to which we have added a mass of information on the cost of production never before possessed by anyone. And with this knowledge in my hands, I boldly say that very few publishers ever take any risk in the production of new books. As to new magazines and such ventures I say nothing, of course. I take only new books written by living authors. Meantime, this absurd sentence stands in the middle of Mr. Lang's Introduction to a mediaeval book like a bit of modern common earthenware on a shelf filled with Murano glass. The effect is very striking. There will not, I suppose, be another edition of the book for a hundred years to come, and many a pleasant little controversy will arise when we are all forgotten as to this wonderful glimpse of a hundred all clamouring like one man, that there was no risk in publishing.—What hundred? Who were they? Where did they clamour? Why, in the nineteenth century it was notorious that every publisher quickly went to his lordly leisureliness. The Court of Bankruptcy was filled with unhappy publishers who had failed, and on days "out," the streets were crammed with publishers dressed in the livery of their Union!

W. B.

FROM AMERICA.

We are certainly not going to interfere between American authors and American publishers. But the following seems to show that all is not complete happiness across the ocean. It is taken from the New York Critic:

"A publishing-house of old and high standing bought a MS. of 30,000 words at an agreed price, plus a share on sales. A year elapsed and then the author was asked if he would extend it to 60,000 words, which he did, without asking that the original price should be doubled, but he drew the balance, which was not to have been paid until publication. At the end of 18 months it was found that the book could not be issued until two years had elapsed since the original sale. There was no stipulation as to date of publication. At this stage the author sent in proposals to the publisher asking that, in consideration of the unreasonable delay of two years, and also of his complacency in doubling the work at their suggestion, they should make a further payment, either in full purchase of author's interest, or as an advance. No sort of complaint had been made against the MS. from first to last. To this the representative of the firm replied with a flat refusal to submit the proposal, on the ground (to quote his letter) that 'it is absurd to claim that the delay in publication is either a matter for which we should be blamed or that has caused you loss.' As to the suggestion of reciprocity in goodwill based on the author's readiness in furnishing twice the quantity of matter specified in the contract, the reply is simply the remark 'you readily offered to enlarge it without charge.' From which it appears that time is not money to the author tribe, and the driving of a sharp bargain absolves the gainers from any obligation, to do a favour to the one who suffers through his lordly leisureliness."

Thus far the correspondent, on which the editor remarks—

"There seems in this case to have been some 'reciprocity in goodwill,' as the writer admits having been paid 'the balance' which was to have been paid on publication."

True, Mr. Editor, but what were the respective values of the "reciprocity in goodwill"? The writer was to have received, say, £100 on publication. This was delayed for 18 months, although when the bargain was made, immediate publication was, in fact, contemplated. The writer, however, got paid his £100, so that the publisher clearly lost 18 months' interest on his money. But the writer doubled the length of the work, and should have received double the pay. Therefore the writer lost £100, while the publisher lost only £7 10s., reckoning 5 per cent. interest. But in what other profession in the world would an employer dare to propose that payment made for a stipulated piece of work should be made to serve for double that piece of work?
THE AUTHOR.

REVIEWERS AND REVIEWS.

I.

It would appear, from certain papers which have at various times occupied your columns, that many writers believe that favourable notice from the various reviews is sufficient to secure a reasonable sale for most books. If such an impression prevails, there may be some use in detailing my own experiences. Some years since, I made my first venture with a volume of verse. My reasons were various, the proverbial vanity of the verse-writer amongst them, but the hope of profit was not. My own knowledge, backed by competent advice, and the opinion of my publisher was sufficient, I think, to prevent any disappointment upon that head, when a publication which had cost me about £70 brought in a return of £15 in sales. Yet, in one way, I was unfortunately very successful. The reviews, from which I had expected very mixed criticism, were uniformly in my favour, and some half-dozen proved enthusiastic. It may cut matters short if I say that, encouraged by their tone, I followed this first venture with two similar ones, the results, pecuniary and critical, being almost identical, so that I was the proud possessor of some 70 eulogiums of my work in print, besides letters from various writers, including our great poet, in return for which I had invested a capital of something over £200. A wealthy man might consider this money well invested for such a result. I did not, and encouraged this time by the advice of friends, I set to work to recover my stake by publishing, at my own cost, a prose work. The reviews were even warmer in tone than they had been as regarded my verse, with a solitary exception in a non-literary paper, and I began to feel confident of a return; so that I was considerably mortified this time on receiving once more an account of the sale of about a hundred copies out of what I had hoped, from the tone of the critics, would prove to be merely a first edition. This time I thought that my publisher might be at fault, though I had no definite cause of dissatisfaction with him. Accordingly, I carried my fifth venture, a work of fiction, to another firm to which I had been recommended. With regard to the manner in which I was advised and treated by this firm, I may have something to say at a future date. Once again, all the papers which reviewed my tale praised it, and I lost something over £40. I returned to my old publishers, and had a sixth book printed last year. Results were about the same: one unfavourable review in the Church Times; about a score of favourable notices in various well-known papers; sale about 100 copies.

Now, as many of the sales of my various works were made in quarters known to myself, I am able to state, with fair certainty, that from 100 to 150 favourable reviews have not averaged a return of more than three or four shillings apiece from sales obtained by their influence. How many sales the two unfavourable notices may have prevented is a doubtful question.

It may possibly be of some interest if I set down, in conclusion, the course taken by the four chief weekly Metropolitan Reviews, as showing the risks which an author, otherwise favourably received, may have of being overlooked by them.

The Saturday Review ignored my first two volumes, and published favourable notices of the last four with fair promptitude. No beginner need complain of such a course.

The Spectator commenced with number two, and has been extremely kind; however, the notices appeared at from three months to a year after publication, and my last work, published ten months since, is, I believe, still unnoticed by them.

The Athenaeum noticed number five only.

The Academy noticed number one only.

I may mention that both these last notices were favourable, and the notice in the Academy of my first volume of verse, coupled with those in the Scotsman, Graphic, &c, was the chief inducement to the publication of my second and third volumes.

Y. A. G.

II.

We have recently had a little talk about the reviews of novels. It may be interesting to some of our readers to see how an American paper, the New York Critic, reviews novels. First of all, the Critic gives to each work its own separate space and title. The notices are short, but they are detached. The author is treated as an individual, not as one of a herd. This is respectful and polite. The reviewer then gives a short account of the work—so far as one can judge, a fair account. In this account he tells something of the story. And it ends with a few words of appreciative approval or the reverse. This method is not proposed as a model, but it is suggested for consideration. The following, for instance, is the notice of Hardy's "Group of Noble Dames":

"At a meeting of one of the Wessex Field and Antiquarian clubs, held in the museum of the town, certain stories were partly told, partly read from manuscript. The club was of an inclusive and intersocial character, the meeting was to extend over two days, the rain came down in an obstinate patter which revealed no sign of cessation, and the members agreed to let the stories do duty for the
regulation papers on deformed butterflies, fossil ox-horns, and other prehistoric relics. Some of them observed that a storm-bound club could not be selective, and they were much pleased to hear such curious chapters from the domestic histories of the country. There was no lack of material in Wessex. Many were the legends and traditions of gentle and noble dames, renowned in times past in that part of England, whose actions and passions were now, but for men's memories, buried under the brief inscription on a tomb or an entry of dates in a dry pedigree. The stories, once told, were too good to be lost, so they were gathered together and published in a volume called 'A Group of Noble Dames.' Truly fascinating tales they have proved to be, well calculated to while away the dreary and monotonous hours of many a club called together for more serious work. Their local colour is perfect, their interest is absorbing, and the style in which they are told is so simple and so natural that, in speaking of them, one drops unconsciously into the quaint old English expressions in vogue in those days. They are among the best things that Thomas Hardy has ever done, and are issued in a very attractive cover. ($1.25. Harper & Bros.)"

MAGAZINES AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

A GREAT many letters from time to time have reached the Society on the subject of prices paid for articles in magazines. There have been so many that the Society has now an actual knowledge of the ordinary rate of pay of every magazine, including certain organs whose editors (or proprietors) go on the principle of never paying anybody if they can possibly avoid it. The rates vary very largely, partly depending on the name and reputation of the writer, partly on the circulation of the magazine, and, in some cases, on the sweating disposition of the proprietor. They vary, indeed, in an astonishing manner. One or two of the oldest and the best-known magazines are offering their contributors sums which would be thought contemptible by the new and cheaper organs, while some of the latter are offering prices for work by well-known men far above any dreamed of by their older contemporaries. It would seem that there is, and can be, no fixed rate for contributions. Journals do not all have a wide circulation. When the circulation of a magazine has begun to go down, the effect upon payment of contributors must, sooner or later, be marked; in fact, at this moment certain magazines are proving their decline and impending fall by the decrease in the amount of the contributor's cheque. It is impossible, without loss, to pay the old scale for half the old subscription. On the other hand, these things get whispered abroad. Then good writers cease to send in work. Then the paper is no longer looked at, or inquired after; at the clubs it remains in its case; no new subscribers take it in; it gradually fades into decay and forgetfulness. There are, besides, certain magazines—of which an example was given in last month's Author—which simply go on the broad and intelligible principle of never paying any contributor at all unless they are compelled. The Society is accumulating evidence on all these points. Other considerations affect this question. Thus:

1. There are always a great many people who will willingly contribute papers for nothing, except the joy of seeing their names in print. If, therefore, there were enough of these writers to fill a magazine with papers attractive, pleasant, and popular, it could be run for nothing. Happily, the number of writers who are pleasant and popular is very limited; therefore, this resource is soon exhausted. Yet the number of articles offered to editors on all conceivable subjects is incredible. (2) It must be remembered that the question is, or should be, one of bargain only. The writer, for instance, who might possibly be accepted on some magazine if he offered his work for nothing, would be certainly rejected if he demanded what he might himself consider a reasonable sum for his work; and, even in the higher-class magazines, if an editor chooses to offer only so much—a great deal less, perhaps, than the writer expected—it is open for him to refuse or to accept the offer. Only, as said above, where such small offers are made, it is a proof of a falling circulation.

It would be, perhaps, as well if writers, before sending a paper to a magazine, were to ascertain at the Society's office the usual scale of pay. They could then decide whether it was worth while to send in their papers, and could stipulate beforehand what price they would be prepared to take.

COMMISSION BOOKS.

The Secretary is continually receiving letters and requests on the subject of commission books; that is to say, books which the author pays for and the publisher sells on a commission of 10 or 15 per cent. There are a great number of books published at the author's expense, and yet there are not many commission books. In other words, as we are always insisting, a vast number of novels are issued every year by foolish and deluded people who pay in advance what they are
informed is half the cost, and afterwards receive what they are informed is half the proceeds. They can then imitate Mr. Bob Sawyer by placing their profits in a wine-glass and covering them with a gooseberry skin. Generally, however, they cannot even do that, for the profits turn out to be "nupence." That is not commission publishing. Yet, if a man has got a good book, there can be no better way of publishing, provided he can get a good house. It is said, and believed, that a house will not push a book on a 10 per cent. commission. That may be true. If it is, perhaps they would push it on a 15 per cent. commission. Let us see how this works out, taking the average six-shilling novel of about 17 sheets. The first edition of 1,000 copies costs about £90. The next edition of 3,000 costs about £118. The price being 3s. 4d., the first edition, allowing for presentation copies, realizes about £150, the next about £300. On the first edition the publisher, at 15 per cent., takes £22 10s., and on the second edition £75. The author, on the other hand, makes on the first edition £37 10s., and on the next edition of 3,000 he makes about £300. It certainly seems to me as if this was a very equitable arrangement. I suppose that all the trouble of printing the book is taken by the author.

**AN INSTRUCTIVE CASE.**

An agreement and a bundle of accounts are before us. The agreement contains as an integral part an "estimate" of the cost of production. Observe, that if the author, having signed the agreement, afterwards discovers that the "estimate" was fraudulent, he has no redress except by action in the High Court of Justice, and a very difficult business it is to prove by experts the fraud in such a case. In the *Author* we have repeatedly warned readers against signing any agreement containing an "estimate." Now the book before us being submitted to a printer, it is actually found that his "estimate" has been exactly doubled, i.e., that the printing and production of the book really cost exactly half of what was stated in the "estimate." The author in the agreement bound himself to pay half the "estimate," i.e., he was made liable, really, for the whole of the cost. He did pay, in reality, half the sum in advance, and left the rest to come out of sales.

At the close of the first edition the publisher having, in addition to the other fraud, and contrary to the agreement, charged a much larger sum for advertisements than was arranged, how does the account stand?

1. According to the publisher's returns, the cost of the book exceeds the sales by about £70. Placing against this the sum actually paid by the author, he loses about £30. Very bad business indeed.

2. According to the reality of the case, the sales of the book exceed the cost by about £5. Add the sum paid by the author, and the publisher is in pocket to the tune of about £45. Not such bad business, after all, with quite a little book, and quite a little fraud.

**THE MARLOWE MEMORIAL.**

The following is the address of Mr. Henry Irving on the unveiling of the Marlowe Memorial, as reported in the *Times*:

"We are here to-day to pay tribute to a great memory and to repair a great omission. England has always set much store by the men who helped to save the State in the supreme crisis of her history. The statesmen and warriors of the Elizabethan times have never lacked a grateful recognition from their descendants. The literature which was the flower and crown of that period of our national growth has remained our chief glory to these days, and the works of its greatest representative are the most enduring possessions of all who speak the English tongue. Of Shakespeare there are memorials which attest at almost every turn in our daily lives our reverence for his surpassing genius. But till to-day we have presented to the world no conspicuous symbol of our enormous debt to a man who was contemporary with Shakespeare, and in one sense his tutor, and who was the first to employ with a master hand the greatest instrument of our language. It was natural enough that the fame of Christopher Marlowe should be overshadowed by that of William Shakespeare, but it is surely some discredit to Englishmen that the fine sense of Marlowe's gifts and services to letters, which scholars have always had, have hitherto found no substantial shape in some trophy for the acclamation of the world. To-day this long oversight has been repaired. Here, in the birthplace of Marlowe, rich as it is in the commanding associations of our history, you have erected a monument which to future generations will speak with a voice no less potent than the historic echoes of this city."
THE AUTHOR.

GOOD WORK, SURE PAY.

In a paragraph which recently appeared in the Author, under the somewhat mystic headline "One Word from you, Sir," literary aspirants who are constantly having their overtures declined by editors and publishers were exhorted to produce "Good Work"—a direct and perfectly intelligible proposition—as the one way out of their difficulties; and they were further assured that "Good Work," of no matter what kind, had always its mercantile value, and could always (consequently or presumably) command its price. It seems almost a pity that so genteel and reputable a fallacy, the fostering of which may suit the interests of more than one faction in the literary state, should be fostered of which may suit the interests of more than one faction in the literary state, should be doomed to fall beneath the slow cruel axe of Time, yet fall it must. No doubt editors and publishers are made the recipients of a vast deal of trash (for which commodity, by-the-bye, there is always a brisk and healthy demand at the bookstalls, which makes it a wonder why publishers should decline any of it); but these gentlemen, who have somehow been empowered to direct and regulate the reading of the nation, may be accredited with discrimination sufficient to enable them to know the true metal from the base. But, distinctly and emphatically, once and for all, the refusal of a manuscript by an editor or publisher, or by all the editors and publishers existent, is simply no criterion of its merit; a fact which it seems the object of certain (possibly interested) persons to deny, conceal, or disguise, while it should be proclaimed far and wide. Need I do more than name the historic cases of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Vanity Fair," and "Sartor Resartus"? The other day a highly popular and (it must be concluded) able author, who made his name two or three decades since, told me that "every publisher wants a good work, and would not refuse one." He subjoined—as if he were making an unexpected and handsome concession—"Of course a publisher's judgment is not infallible." We are told on good authority that there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, and we may be sure that in most cases the non-accepting publisher thinks he is doing right. The fallacy which I have defined and denounced is bolstered up in other quarters. One example: A certain publishing house in London issues a printed circular for the guidance, or rather misguidance, of uninitiated writers, wherein the latter are treated to the statement (in effect) that if he, the publisher, does not entertain a work, it is practically useless to try it elsewhere. Of course, every author who has a right to the name merely chuckles at such audacious irrelevancies. Then as for the printing
THE AUTHOR.

one's book at one's own expense, when publishers will not take the risk, a course which is uniformly discouraged by this Society (of which I have the honour to be a Member, and in regard to which I hope and predict great things). This position implies that if (say) half-a-dozen publishers decline your book the book is probably worthless, and had better therefore be left unpublished. In the majority of cases this may be the fact; in certain others it is quite otherwise. The writer of conscious individuality and power will not have his faculty explained away thus lightly, and small wonder if, despite probable loss, he prints and pays for it. The weakling or pretender, on the other hand, is easily discouraged—and very properly so. If the man who, in English creative and realistic art, stands next to Shakespeare, had not possessed both the courage and the money to print at his own cost, in the teeth of at least 20 head-shaking publishers, the world might this day be without "Vanity Fair." Here we may pause and tremble. This ease may be claimed as exceptional. I do not think it is. I think— I fear— that masterpieces have been lost to us owing to the pecuniary helplessness of their producers. We cannot too much insist on the hard-and-fast distinction between intrinsic value and marketable value. The two are sometimes associated—not always. Every true man of letters will seek (at least so far as his own work is concerned) to make the two identical. But there seems to linger some little doubt or confusion on this point in the public head, unless it is that the idea that the successful book is the good book—an idea which, strange to say, even successful authors will not very warmly combat—is fixed immovably there.

C. DAVENPORT JONES.

[Our correspondent is perfectly right in his position that a good book may be refused by publishers, and that the refusal is not in itself a sufficient condemnation. At the same time, our contention was, and is, that publishers are always on the look out for good work—especially saleable work—and that no publisher will let good work—i.e., saleable work—leave his house if he can keep it there. This is equivalent to saying that publishers are men of business, and that they do not go to their offices for the sake of fooling away their money. To argue that good books—i.e., saleable books—are often refused is to argue that publishers do not know their own business, and that their readers are incompetent. Does not our correspondent confuse two things, good literary work and good saleable work? It is quite possible that a very good book indeed might be produced—good from the literary point of view—which would be quite unsaleable for some defects, or from its length, or from its subject? For instance, a mathematical treatise on elasticity, such as is announced, would not be sold on the bookstalls. If Browning were an unknown person offering a MS. called "The Ring and the Book," nobody, certainly, would publish it for him, and it has been suggested that the reason why "Vanity Fair" was sent round to so many houses was its very great length, twice the length of an ordinary novel. To be sure it was not an ordinary novel. The advice persistently given by the Society to an author, not to publish at his own expense a work refused by publishers, is based on the assumption that the latter know their business, and that the book is commercially worthless. It may not be artistically worthless, but that is a very different thing. We seek to protect our profession in all questions that have to do with their property. If they believe that their work ought to appear, without consideration of its commercial value, we can still protect them by keeping them in honest hands.—EDITOR.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

THE STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.

In 1886 I suggested a subject for an article to a magazine editor. The article was ordered and written, delivery being made in November 1886. After a long delay and some correspondence a proof was submitted, corrected, and returned; the article has not yet appeared, and of course has not been paid for. If I allow the matter to remain another 12 months, shall I be barred, by the Statute of Limitations, of power to recover at law? If I am to be so barred, is it possible to recover now, i.e., prior to the publication of the article, by taking out a county court summons, or by any other means?

G. W.

II.

FICTION AND REALITY.

Some years ago a well-known novelist described, let us say, a Polish Count as occupying rooms in the Grand Hotel in London. The other day two less well-known writers of fiction described another noble Pole as occupying rooms in the same hotel. Then comes a critic who wisely says, "This is shocking; it is a mixture of fiction and reality." Query: Which of the two Polish Counts is the live man?
III.

SLATING.

One must hesitate before challenging Professor Skeat on a point of etymology. But may I call attention to the fact that in "Books and Bookmen" Mr. Andrew Lang, in a note to his "Ballads of the Real and Ideal," says:—"Slate is a professional term for a severe criticism. Clearly the word is originally 'slat,' a narrow board of wood with which a person might be beaten." Webster gives the verb "slat," and the quotation from Marston:—

"How did you kill him? Slat[ed] his brains out."

Surely this "will serve."

JAMES NIAS.

IV.

WORDS AND BRICKS.

The writer of the following letter is evidently of opinion that "the Editor" should recognise his initials, and arrive at his subject by intuition. He also seems to think that words, like bricks, are sold by the thousand, and that one man's word is as good as another's.

ANDREW W. TURK.

The Leadenhall Press, E.C.

[Copy.]

To the Editor of the Leadenhall Press.

Dear Sir,

I should feel obliged if you would inform me whether you have any opening for a MS. consisting of 11,000 words, the Copyright of which I am desirous of selling. I want an early reply.

Yours truly,

F. R. R.

V.

A PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Whether or not Mr. Andrew Lang believes in the existence of a New Grub Street, it is certain that some of us writing-people have a perpetual struggle to keep above water. May I suggest to you the possibility of forming an "Authors' Provident Society?" What I propose is this. A graduated scale of subscriptions varying according to the income of the writer, and entitling him to a weekly amount in time of sickness or non-employment. I do not think you would find a single poor author who would be so foolish or so reckless as not to take advantage of a club of this kind. The fees might be as low as 2s. 6d. a week, and the scheme be started on precisely the same lines as working men's sick benefit clubs. As to the rich authors, let them subscribe, and be entitled to some advantage in the way of recommending a poorer brother for the club's aid.

Quill Driver.

VI.

AN HONOURABLE ACTION.

When so many unjust editors and publishers are pilloried in the Author, it is only fair to give sometimes an opposite instance.

I lately sent a book to certain publishers, and in time received a letter stating they were willing to give me so much—about three-quarters of what I expected—as the book would make a certain size—which, like the sum offered, was about a quarter less than I had calculated. Greatly puzzled that my MS. should prove so short, I still thought that they must be able best to judge the length it would make in print, and so I accepted the sum offered, and signed the agreement of copyright. But when the proof came, I found I had been right. The book was even longer than I expected. When I pointed this out to the publishers, they honourably gave me the remainder of the price without a question.

But this is a hint to me—and may be to others—in future to notice very carefully the length of my MS. Other publishers might not be so just to the unwary writer.

Rossignol.

VII.

REVIEWS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Your note in reply to my letter printed in the Author this month, does not seem to me to contain such a strong objection to what I propose as at first sight appears.

I do not for a moment advocate that copies of new books should not be supplied to newspaper proprietors or editors by the publishers, but that, after the books have been sent, the bill for them should follow. The reviewer would be at no more trouble than now in getting his copy, for it would be supplied to him either by the publisher direct, or by the editor.

It is only just that the books should be paid for by the newspaper proprietors, for it is primarily for the benefit of the papers that reviews are inserted therein.

H. Haes.
S HALL we have our books and magazines cut or uncut?

For the cutting of the pages the following advantages are claimed:—

1. The convenience.
   One receives the book ready for reading, as it ought to be. A book whose pages have to be cut is not ready for the reader. It still lacks something which must be done to it. Suppose the reader had to number the pages before he could begin the book. Yet to cut them is no more trouble.

2. The neatness.
   Very few men can cut a book properly. They grow impatient; they slip the paper-knife and carve into the page; they hold it loosely and tear the page; the only way to get a neat edge is to cut the pages with a machine.

3. The saving of time.
   To cut the pages of a thick octavo takes at least half-an-hour of valuable time. We do not waste half-an-hour in sweeping the floor, dusting the table, or laying the fire. Why should we waste our time in doing any other perfectly menial act, such as cutting the leaves of our books?

4. Its cheapness.
   The cost of cutting the leaves is estimated at something under 10s. per 1,000 volumes. This is nothing.

Against these arguments it is urged that the fashion of collectors is the book with rough and uncut leaves; that a book which has been cut will not sell so well as an uncut book.

But we are considering the general convenience of readers, not the hobbies of collectors; and the interest of readers, we think, will be best served by giving them their books ready cut.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

A MONG the announcements of the season, we can pick out an edition de luxe of a volume of Essays by Professor Huxley; the "Vision of Saints," by Lewis Morris; a novel by J. M. Barrie—"The Little Minister"; a "Dictionary of Religion," by the Rev. William Benham; Dr. Cunningham Geikie on the Holy Land, with illustrations by that most charming artist, Mr. Henry A. Harper; a cheap illustrated Edition of Farrar's "Life of Christ"; the eighth volume of Professor Morley's "English Writers"; Sidney Colvin's "Letters of Keats"; Buchheim's "Balladen und Romanzen"; the publication of Mr. Henry A. Jones' "Saints and Sinners"; new tales by Marion Crawford, Rudyard Kipling, and Rolf Boldrewood; a book on the Elements of Polities by Henry Sedgwick; Sir William Muir's "History of the Caliphate"; new novels by George Manville Fenn and Algernon Gissing; verses by George Sand; "Hors Sabbaticae," a collection of essays contributed to the Saturday Review by Sir James F. Stephen; essays by E. A. Freeman; a novel by Mr. J. H. Shorthouse; a novel by Mrs. Oliphant; essays by Bishop Lightfoot; sermons by the late Dean of St. Paul's, by F. Denison Maurice, by Archdeacon Farrar, by Professor Kirkpatrick; two new volumes of "Men of Action"; "Rodney," by Mr. Hannay; and "Montrose," by Mr. Mowbray Morris; two new volumes of "English Statesmen"; Mr. Churton Collins on the Study of English Literature; a posthumous work of Gifford Palgrave; novels by Clark Russell, Miss Doudney, C. J. Wills, Florence Marryat, Norris, Rider Haggard, Baring Gould, L. T. Meade, Hall Caine, Jessie Fothergill, Robert Buchanan, Tasmin, Maarten Maartens, Mrs. Chandler Moulton, and many others. It is, as said elsewhere, a truly wonderful list; but then it is addressed to a hundred millions of readers.

An example of the growing curiosity on the continent about English contemporary literature is a translation of Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," 1st Series, into French by Gabriel Mourey, with an introduction by M. Guy de Maupassant, the greatest, perhaps, of living French novelists. As in all translations, the magic of the original has disappeared, but admirers of Mr. Swinburne (that is to say, all competent judges of poetry) should get this work, if only for the introduction. The "Poems and Ballads," though Mr. Swinburne calls them "Peches de Jennesse," are after all one of the milestones in our life of literary appreciation. Nothing can ever quite take their place, though we have become old, good, and respectable.

Everyone will have read with interest Mr. Archer's article on Maeterlinck, the new Belgian dramatist, in the September number of the Fortnightly Review. This is, however, by no means the first account of his marvellous dramas that have been written in England. A review of "La Princesse Maleine" appeared in the St. James' Gazette a long while ago, and in the June
number of the Author there was a critical estimate of Maeterlinck's dramatic and literary methods in "Les Aveugles" and "L'Intruse." Mr. Archer writes as if he were the first in the field. Mr. Heinemann is about to publish a translation of "La Princesse Maleine," with an introduction by Mr. Oscar Wilde, and then everyone will have an opportunity of judging the merits of the Flemish Shakespeare.

In the next Author there will be something more, it is hoped, about the 1st issue of the Oriental Translation Fund (new series), edited by Dr. F. F. Arbuthnot, M.R.A.S., printed and published under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society. The undertaking is due to the energetic and untiring efforts of the editor, who is a well-known expert in Oriental literature. Uninitiated readers should not be frightened by the name "Rawsat-Safa, or the Garden of Purity." Some of the Persian versions of the old familiar Biblical stories are delightful, being no less interesting to Christians than Moslems.

Miss Frances Younghusband, the able translator of the "Myths of Hellas" has again used her talents by a version of Witt's "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," which is based on Xenophon's "Anabasis." Nothing could possibly be better done, though Miss Younghusband might give us some original work for which she is so thoroughly capable. The illustrations are artistic and instructive, and go far to enhance the value of this work. Many schoolboys would like to confine their knowledge of Xenophon to Miss Younghusband's version, but let us hope that it will regenerate them rather than spoil them for their Greek studies. The book is published by Messrs. Longman.

"The Critic's exposure of the young man who passed himself off on credulous Americans as a brother of Mr. Walter Besant had the effect of stopping his depredations upon the literary guild, and turning him off to prey upon the representatives of other professions. Sir Morell Mackenzie has received a letter from Mr. A. P. Gordon Cumming, in which the latter informs the eminent 'medicine man' of his son's appearance at Sykesville, en route to New York, after a disastrous experience on the stage in Australia. And one of Sir Morell's veritable sons, who is an actor and manager, and calls himself H. H. Morell, without the Mackenzie, writes to the Spirit of the Times from London that he himself is the only son of his father who is connected with the theatrical profession, and that his only brother is a physician. Mr. Morell is Miss Fortescue's manager. The Dramatic Mirror also has exposed his swindling double."—New York Critic.

Miss Frances Armstrong, author of "Her Own Way," &c. has brought out a new novel called "Changed Lots." Griffith and Farran. 5s.

Dr. L. A. Buchheim sends a copy of his "Balladen und Romanzen" (Macmillan & Co.). It is a selection of German ballads uniform with the "Golden Treasury," and belonging to the series so-called. It is a very beautiful collection, and ought most certainly to be in the possession of all who read and love German poetry. A portrait of Uhland adorns the title page. It is a pity that it was not taken before the poet's hair fell off.

A lady sends me a little volume of verse called, simply, "Poems," bearing the initials "D. M. B." and with the names of "Young and Cooper, Maidstone," on the title page. It is a very little volume, and there are in it verses which are quite too simple for publication. On the other hand, there are sonnets which seem to have the true ring, and we may very well imagine this writer soaring high above these early rhymes, and becoming ashamed of them. Then this copy in my hands would become rare and priceless. May this be so!

William Westall is writing Christmas stories for the Manchester Weekly Times and the Glasgow Herald. He has also written a short serial for the Traveller, a new magazine which is to appear in December, and a novel which is being syndicated by the Authors' Syndicate, and will "run" in sundry English and American newspapers next year.

"It is said that there are three million volumes of unsold novels lying on the shelves of the Paris publishers, and that the number increases every day. What to do with these unsold and apparently unsaleable books is a problem. It was proposed by someone that they should be distributed at country fairs as prizes for children, instead of gingerbread or Scripture texts. The innocent country people were greatly pleased with this proposition, and quite eager to accept it; but the more knowing
prefect of police interfered and stopped the distribution; not, however, until some volumes had been given away. It is hoped that the local Sunday schools will put in their best work in this neighbourhood before the seed already sown has bourgeoned and born fruit.”—New York Critic.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland is said to be now engaged on a romance and play in collaboration with Rhoda Broughton.

Mrs. Bernhard Whishaw has disposed of the American rights of “Zephyr,” and it will be produced before long in New York with Miss Loie Fuller in the title part. It will be remembered that this young actress made a decided hit as “Zephyrina” when the play was performed at the Opera Comique last May.


The following books are about to be issued by Miss Bramston, author of “Apples of Sodom”:—


“Neal Russell.” One-volume tale, suitable for free and parish libraries. Swan, Sonnenschein


“In Two Moods,” by Stepaniak and Westall, from the Russian of Korolenko, was published on September 18, in New York, by the American Book Company; and in London by Ward and Downey.

Mrs. Alfred Baldwin has a one-volume novel in the press called “Where Town and Country meet.” It will be published by Longmans and Co.

Mr. Bertram Milford will publish in the middle of October a novel called “Golden Fan: A Tale of the Wild West.” (Trischler and Co.)


Mrs. Jenner’s novel “Love or Money,” which has been running in Temple Bar, will be issued in volume form on October the 19th. Bentley and Son are the publishers.

Miss Selina Gaye’s new book “From Advent to Advent” was published in the summer by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. 213 pp. Price 3s. 6d.

The forthcoming memoir of the late Watts Phillips, which is to be issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co., is written by Miss Emma Watts Phillips, the sister, not the daughter, of the subject. Mr. Watts Phillips had one daughter only, who is now in Australia.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.


STEWART, PROF. ALEXANDER. Handbook of Christian Evidences. A. and C. Black. 6d.

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History and Biography.

Belcher, T. W., D.D. Robert Brett (of Stoke Newington), his Life and Work. Griffith, Farran. 3s. 6d.


Historic Houses of the United Kingdom. Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial. Part I. Cassell. Paper, 6d.


Hume, Martin A. S. Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England: being a Contemporary Record of some of the Principal Events of the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Written in Spanish by an unknown hand. Translated, with notes and introduction, by George Bell. 1s. 6d.


Lewis, J. G. Christopher Marlowe: Outlines of his Life and Works. Gibbings, Bury Street, W.C.

Muir, Sir W. The Caliphate, its Rise, Decline, and Fall. 8vo. 10s. 6d., cloth.


Educational.

Beresford-Webb, H. S. German Military and Naval Reading Book: For the use of Candidates for Army and other Examinations. Percival, Covent Garden. 5s.

Fletcher, Banister. Dilapidations; A Text-book for Architects and Surveyors, in tabulated form, corrected to the present Time, with all the most recent legal cases. With the Conveyancing and Law of Property Act and the Agricultural Holdings (England) Act. Fourth Edition. B. T. Batsford, 5s., High Holborn. 6s. 6d.


Martineau, G. A Village Class for Drawing and Wood Carving. 2s. 6d., cloth.

Nissbet, H. Lessons in Art. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d., cloth.


Philip's New Series of Travelling Maps: South America, with Index. George Philip, Fleet Street.


A Text Book of Musical Knowledge. Part II., Intermediate. Part III., Senior. Also Questions and Exercises intended for practical use during the study of the foregoing. Prepared for the use of Students, more especially for the local examinations in musical knowledge of Trinity College, London. Hammond, Vigo Street. 1s. each.

General Literature.

Adams, F. John Webb's End. 2s.


Besant, W. Armored of Lyonesse. 3s. 6d.


Carry, R. N. Our Bessie. 3s.

Colville, H. E. Wafted Seeds. Nisbet. 12s.

Cook, W. The Horse: its Keep and Management. 2s. 6d.


Dawson, W. J. The Redemption of Edward Strahan: a Social Story. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.


Edgar, Matilda. Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War—1805-1815—being the Riddout Letters, with annotations. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Fenn, G. M. Mahme Nousie. 2 vols. 21s.
THE AUTHOR.

FORD, JAMES L. Hypnotic and Other Tales. Illustrated. Brentano's, West Strand.

FOTHERGILL, JESSIE. Aldyth: or, Let the End Try the Man. A Story. Bentley.

FREDERICK, HAROLD. In the Valley: a Novel. Popular edition. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

GASKELL, MRS. Mary Barton. With biographical introduction. Volume of the Minerva Library. Ward, Lock, Bowden. 2s.


GREEN, K. K. Fir Tree Farm. S. S.


HAGGARD, H. RIDER. M'aiwa's Revenge: or, The War of the Little Hand. Illustrated. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

HENTY, G. A. Those Other Animals. With portrait of the author, and illustrations by Harrison Weir. Volume of the Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour. Henry, Bouverie Street. 2s. 6d.

HERMAN, HENRY. Scarlet Fortune: a Story of the New World and the Old. Trischler. Coloured boards, 2s.

HUDSON, W. C. The Man with a Thumb. Cassell. 2s.


JOHNSTON, H. H., C.B., &c. Livingstone and the Exploration of Central Africa. With illustrations and maps by E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S. George Philip. 4s. 6d.


KNEIPP, SEBASTIAN. My Water Cure, as tested through more than 30 years. With illustrations. Translated from the 30th German edition by A. de F. Blackwood.

LINDLEY, PERCY. Walks in Epping Forest. With illustrations and maps. New edition. 12s, Fleet Street. 6d.

LYNCH, A. Modern Authors: a Review and a Forecast. 2s.


MONTY, PEDRO. Exposition of the Illegal Acts of ex-President Balmaceda, which caused the Civil War in Chile. Brentano's, Strand. Paper covers, 2s. 6d.

MUIR, SIR WM. The Caliphate: its Rise, Decline, and Fall. From Original Sources. Religious Tract Society, Paternoster Row. 10s. 6d.


PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. Folly and Fresh Air. Trischler.

POINTER, G. W., M.D. Ministering Women: the Story of the Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses. The Hospital, 140, Strand.


SARGANT, G. E. John Tincroft, Bachelor and Benedict. 2s. 6d.


SHAW, G. B. The Quintessence of Ibsenism. 2s. 6d.


SOMERVILLE, E. R. and ROSS, M. Naboth's Vineyard: a Novel. Spencer Blackett. 3s. 6d.

STONE, PERY G. The Architectural Antiquities of the Isle of Wight, from the 11th to the 17th Centuries. Part I. Collected and drawn by, and published by him at 19, Great Marlborough Street, W. 4s. 6d.


TURNER, J. H. An Endeavour to Fix the Date of the Crucifixion. J. Palmer, Alexandra Street.

WALFORD, L. B. The Mischief of Monica: a Novel. 3 vols. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

WATSON, H. MARJOTT. The Web of the Spider: a Tale of Adventure. Hutchinson, Paternoster Square. 6s.

WHEELER, OWEN E. Military Photography. Iliffe.

WITTE, EMILIE DE. Sinner or Scientist: a Novel. Tallis, Farringdon Street. 1s.

Poetry and the Drama.


ECRITT, W. H. The Heart Throbs. Harrison, Pall Mall.

E. S. G. S. The New Christian Year; or, Thoughts (in verse) on the Present Lectionary. Stoneman, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

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(4.) Never accept any proposal of royalty without ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

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ON ROYALTIES.

The invention of what is called the royalty system was one of the neatest and prettiest strokes ever invented for the pillage of the luckless author. For, before that disaster, no publisher ever ventured to ask for more than half profits. To be sure he took more, in fact, he frequently took all, and left the poor author none. But there was the principle. He said, "I take all the risk; that is my contribution to the joint enterprise. Therefore I am entitled to take half the profits." This agreed upon, the fraudulent publisher took them all, and refused to show his books.

Then somebody invented royalties. The author, as the silly trout leaps to the fly, leaped to the bait of "something." He had been so long accustomed to get nothing on the "half profit" system that he thought any change would be a change for the better, and, as has always been the curse and bane of all dealings between author and publisher, he never looked at the other side at all. The publisher offered him 10 per cent., even 5 per cent. Even now there are writers who think themselves nobly treated at 10 per cent. Of late, since the 10 per cent. royalty has become a little fly-blown, he has been offering a penny in the shilling or twopence in the shilling. Let every writer understand exactly what he is giving away when he signs a royalty agreement. The following table, taken from "Methods of Publishing," will give him the necessary information. It is calculated for a 6s. novel. In proportion it will do for anything else, the cost of production of the first edition being roughly about one-fourth of the advertised price. The "conclusions" are also taken from the same book, which ought to be in the hands of every one who writes books of any kind.

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Conclusions:—

(1.) No author should sign an agreement whereby he binds himself to receive a low royalty for an indefinite number of editions.

This is equivalent to saying that he should retain his copyright, and so give himself the opportunity of reaping the rewards of any big success, by securing for himself a higher percentage of the results.

(2.) No author should sign an agreement whereby he is not to receive a royalty until a certain number of copies have been sold, unless the agreement provides facilities for the verification of the publisher’s account.

(3.) No author should sign an agreement whereby he is not to receive a royalty until the cost of production is covered, unless he has every opportunity of satisfying himself that no more than the actual cost is charged.

To these conclusions may be added the corollary that no one should sign any royalty agreement without learning what the publisher who proposes it reserves for himself.

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risk of future penalties, should it become necessary to produce the contract or agreement in a court of law.

Upon this subject a few words of explanation and of caution have become necessary, for this use of a sixpenny adhesive stamp does not necessarily constitute the safeguard against penalties that seems to be expected from it.

The second clause of the Stamp Act of 1891 is as follows:—“All stamp duties for the time being chargeable by law upon any instruments are to be paid and denoted according to the regulations in this Act contained, and, except where express provision is made to the contrary, are to be denoted by impressed stamps only.”

Under certain circumstances this express provision is made for the use of adhesive stamps,—but only, it may be added, up to a small sum—so that upon occasion this method of stamping the contracts between author and publisher is effective. But, certainly adhesive stamps of a lower value cannot be used so as to evade the ad valorem duties chargeable at Somerset House upon all conveyances. Where the agreement consists of a transfer or assignment of literary property from one person to another these ad valorem duties have to be paid, and to use a sixpenny adhesive stamp upon such contracts would not be held to satisfy the Act. Even if stamps of the correct value were affixed, it is doubtful whether the penalty would not have to be paid before the document in question could be admitted in evidence in a court of justice, as the Act demands an impressed stamp; but it is certain that to affix an adhesive stamp of a lower value is a futile proceeding. Yet this is constantly done. During the past twelvemonth many agreements stamped in this way have come through our office. Some have been royalty agreements on the printed forms of a publisher’s office, and such agreements are very clearly liable to ad valorem duties. Some have been merely letters containing the terms of the assignment.

This fixing of a sixpenny adhesive stamp at the bottom is not sufficient. The duty of 6d. upon an agreement may be denoted by a sixpenny stamp, to be cancelled in the usual way, but a sixpenny stamp is not available for the conveyance of literary property, and authors cannot too soon understand this.

In all question of doubt application should be made to Somerset House for light on the matter. If an agreement, should be insufficiently stamped at Somerset House, the deficit has to be made up before the document can be produced as evidence, but no penalty lies against the producer. On page 328 of the Author, Vol. I., will be found complete instructions on the procedure necessary to get an agreement properly stamped.

Briefly, the agreement must be taken to Somerset House, and the officer whose duty it is must be asked to stamp it with the amount of duty chargeable upon it. This amount is probably correct according to the Act. If there is any doubt the Commissioners may be requested to assess it. If any appeal is made from the decision of the Commissioners, it comes before the High Court of Justice, or even, ultimately, before the House of Lords.

COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA.

A TRANSATLANTIC “boom” was the inevitable sequel of the Printer’s Protection Act. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole writing tribe is making a rush to secure a place in the new market. But if 60,000,000 readers, now that they have to pay for their reading, represent a public worth capturing, it may be just as well to bear in mind that the value of American Copyright is and must long be, in every case, an unknown quantity. In the case of unknown writers, or of writers who, if they have a decent circulation here, are unknown to the American public, the necessity for securing American Copyright adds a new difficulty to their already sufficiently complicated business transactions. The immediate effect of the Act has been to restrict the output pending the completion of arrangements for printing and publishing on the other side of the Atlantic. In this connexion, moreover, American newspaper rights have acquired an altogether exceptional importance. There is, it appears, no doubt whatever that publication in the columns of a newspaper from type set within the limits of the United States satisfies the statute and affords a valid protection of the American Copyright, leaving the author or his assigns free to publish in book form if and when this is desired. The difficulty of retaining American Copyright in the case of matter published serially in England only, will, perhaps, be got over by sending out advance sheets and reprinting in America in time to issue in book form before the completion of the English serial form. In many cases, however, new writers will find it much easier to secure American publication in serial than in book form. It is, therefore, of some importance that it should be known that American Copyright can be secured in this way. A word of warning, however, seems to be necessary. The value of American rights is, as we have said, still in all but a very few cases (probably 30 at most) absolutely uncertainable. They can only be secured at the expense of considerable
trouble, and there is a danger that authors, in their anxiety to secure them, may accept any offer, however inadequate. Nor is that by any means all. A clause is coming to be inserted by common form in agreements for the purchase of either serial or book rights which covers all American rights, although it may be questioned whether in many cases this is understood by the author. It should be borne in mind, therefore, that in all contracts for the sale of the American serial right the American Copyright should be expressly reserved. Authors will have only themselves to blame if by carelessness or through ignorance they contract themselves out of the benefits of the statute or assign them to others otherwise than for good consideration.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has written to a Philadelphia correspondent as follows:—"I want to say through you that I shall not take advantage of the new American Copyright Law. I shall continue to do as I have done heretofore. I shall send over to America the stereotype plates of my books and have them printed there, without seeking for any protection from the American Government. This new law is really prejudicial to the interests of grave literature. . . . With this copyright law, it will pay the American publisher less than before to take up books of a kind which are of doubtful sale. The fatal defect in the law is that it puts the author or publisher to the expense of a double manufacture in supplying two communities. . . . Instead of encouraging the unknown author, and the author of serious books, this law makes it harder for him to gain due recognition than it was before. Under this American law the publisher will seek out the man who has made his name; he will buy the popular author's works and distribute them very widely, and meantime the rising man will be left to his own devices. The general effect will be to multiply the reproduction of books which have no serious influence on the world, and to discourage those who write books of instruction."

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**AN OLD DREAM.**

Und als die Wahrheit ward geboren,
Da Kroch sie in ein Jägerhorn:
Der Jäger blies sie in der Wind,
Daher man keine Tren mehr find't.

*German Proverb.*

This verse I learned in German tongue,
And heard it by a harper sung,
That "when on Earth the Truth was born,
She crept into a hunting horn;
The hunter came—the horn was blown
But where Truth went was never known."

And yet sweet Truth is living still,
And sometimes on a lonely hill
In whispering leaves or reeds at choice,
I oft at evening hear her voice.
Or else it seems to softly ring
Where nightingales in woodlands sing,
Or where the lark at early morn
Rings chorals over hill and bourn.

And yet again whene'er I pass,
In dew drops over sprinkled grass,
Or violet stars in summer skies,
I see her softly shining eyes.
When in the forest shade I lay
Beside a brook one autumn day,
And breathed the fresh leaf scented air
I joyed to feel that Truth was there.
And in the mountains wild and lone
Where the wind sings its monotone;
And every thought has liberty,
There is the Truth, where man is free.
In valleys still in ocean foam
I feel sweet Truth where'er I roam,
Ho for the greenwood—rock and fern!
Alone I'll go—alone return!

*Charles Godfrey Leland.*

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**A PLEA FOR THE POPULAR.**

My name is placarded on every railway stall;
My books are piled in heaps behind the placards. You may watch these heaps diminishing rapidly as the people buy them up; you may see them reading my books in the first class as much as in the third. I get a royalty of twopence in the shilling, an arrangement which gives the publishers a good deal more than it gives me. But I am content. The sale of sixty, eighty, a hundred thousand, two or three times a year, yields, as you can easily calculate for yourselves, a tidy little income. In fact, I cleared, last year, close upon £2,000. Which is really not bad. In any walk of life it would be a solid success. In literature it is phenomenal.

But there is one drop of bitterness which poisons all the cup. It is that whenever the reviews mention my name—every week, that happens—they all with one consent hold me up to contempt as the
kind of monstrous creature whom the coarse and uneducated public delights to honour. They gird at my fun, they deride my pathos, they ridicule my philosophy. Cheap, Brummagem, sham, melodramatic, commonplace, vulgar, are a few of the adjectives which they habitually heap upon me. This kind of criticism, observe, does not hurt my income a bit, and therefore I ought not to mind it. But it makes my publisher mad, because he wants to be considered as a patron and producer of nothing but high-class literature—the very highest—and he cannot bring himself to forego the profit of bringing out Me. As for me, I can very well afford to laugh and let the critics rail. Yet the adjectives prick a bit sometimes. They sting and prick and make one wince. At such times I feel inclined to turn. Although I cannot hit back I can turn and I can explain my position. I am turning now. "Messieurs the critics," I say, "gentlemen, all you who write for the high-class reviews and the 'thoughtful' monthlies, are for the most part, I believe, classical scholars. You have had the very great advantage of the finest education that the world can offer; you have been trained in the very best models; you learned quite early in life what is meant by style and taste; you sniff vulgarity a mile off. Further, you have assumed the office of censor; you stand up officially and for payment as the professional defenders and advocates and protectors of literature; you demand for literature a lofty standard of taste and style; you insist upon measuring all who write—that is to say, all from you read—by this standard, which may be, for aught I know, an everlasting canon, handed down whom ancient times, or a little yard measure of your own.

"Very good. But, I pray you, consider a little. "You, and your fathers before you, have been for a hundred years continually advocating the education of the whole people. You have succeeded so far that you have given them the tools by which education is achieved or imparted. You thought when you taught them to read, that you were actually educating them. You commonly talk as if you think so still. It is not so, I assure you. The people are as far from being educated now as they were a hundred years ago. But they have learned to read, which is the first step. When you open free public libraries, you talk as if you were creating students in science and literature. You do not, I assure you. There are no more students after the libraries are opened than there were before. Readers, however, there are in plenty. You have given, in fact, to all the people, what was formerly the property of a few, a new necessity of life. You have taught them to read. They must read. They will read. Reading is their favourite occupation when they are neither working nor playing. They read when they are in train or omnibus; they read when they are alone; they read in the evenings; they read on Sundays. All the world reads. They read the newspaper first; the novelette next; and Me, and those like me, they read next. Last of all, gentlemen, and least of all, they read those modern and living authors whom you praise, those who have style, taste, refinement, breeding, scholarship, and poetry.

"When you have imparted to the mass of the people that craving for taste and style which is an instinct with yourselves, they will read your favourite authors. But not till then. And I see no signs of your even attempting this colossal task. "You are perfectly right, however, in your efforts to keep up the standard of literature. You are, I think, wrong in not recognizing the fact that in modern literature there are many mansions—many standards—and that the highest is as impossible for the general mass as the lowest is for you.

"Again, in your public schools, gentlemen, and at your universities, all the youths have the same education. Yet those who travel first-class read Me, and the like of me, as much as those who travel third. Why? Because with all your education it is but a few—you yourselves, gentlemen, and your friends—who achieve any real knowledge or understanding of style and taste. The many cannot arrive at this knowledge; they do not even try; they are content with Me and with my like. "Since this is so, would it not be well not to demand of Me—and such as me—those qualities, which, if I possessed them, would ruin me and do no good to my readers, because they would instantly cease to read me? I am what the people want me to be. I write what I know will please the people. I found out what they wanted, because I know what pleased me. I write for myself; therefore, I write for the world. I was educated at a great middle class school to go into the City like my father. I did. Then I felt prickings. I always read as much as I could lay hands upon. When the prickings became sharp goads I began to write. Comic things I wrote first, pathetic things next, stories of tears and laughter next. At first, stories about the people. But they like, I find, something rather above their own level. So now I give them a baronet, or even an earl sometimes. The language is a little above them. The way of life as much above their own as I can make it. The manners also as much above theirs as I can go. That is not, I acknowledge, very much. So I succeeded, and I am in the City no more. Again, take my essays. It is wonderful to think of the really savage way in which my essays have been received by you gentlemen. Yet they are written on exactly the same principle as my stories.
They are as commonplace, as gaudy, as cheap, as trite as you please. But, gentlemen, they are not so to these people. They are only just a little above their way of looking at things. My readers understand me by an effort of the mind—not a fatiguing effort—yet an effort. I teach them; I educate them. To them I reveal things previously unknown. Do you call a book of arithmetic commonplace? It is not so to the schoolboy; it is to him new and difficult. So with my essays, I teach the people. Well, then, you will say next that I ought to teach better, to teach more, to teach a higher philosophy. Forgive me; I can only teach what the people want to learn. Should I preach a philosophical Atheism of the more abstruse kind; should I bid them rise to higher works; should I tell them that successful shopkeeping is not the highest ambition of man; should I teach the girls that to marry a man with a good business is not the highest lot of woman-kind; should I denounce money-getting; should I preach a scrupulous honesty; no one would buy me; no one would read me. Where would be my income? And some other chap would find out the trick. As it is with me, so it is with the preachers who please the people. Go into a chapel filled with them. Are the preachers exhorting them to a higher life? Not a bit. Do they persuade their flock to honesty? Not so. They go hammering away at an old conventional religion which leads them to heaven by faith, and leaves their works dubious, and their ways crooked. But I am getting angry, and indignation is out of place in one who looks for sales.

"In a word—gentlemen—my books represent, though you are unwilling to confess the fact, the average taste and the average demand. Take a pyramid of half-a-dozen layers to stand for the world of humanity. The lowest layer hardly reads at all. The second, the third, and the fourth, especially the last, read Me—and such as me. They read none but such as me. They read whatever I give them—ballads—not the thing with the e at the end of it—stories, essays, anything. On the fifth level I am also read, but not so widely. The sixth I leave to you. It is a very, very small part of the whole, but it contains, my critics, pretty nearly the whole of those who read the literature that you approve.

"You think that the pyramid will become a pillar by the contracting of the lower levels, and the broadening of the upper. Perhaps. But not in my time. Therefore I am not greatly concerned about it. I have to do with the pyramid, so have you if you will only recognize it.

"The broadening and the contracting will be an affair of many centuries. Remember that the education of man has only just commenced.

We cannot all—to repeat—read the Differential Calculus; I cannot for my own part. Most of us have to be satisfied with arithmetic, and not very far in that. What I should like to ask you, if I may, is that you should take Me—or such as me—and put yourselves, if you can, in the position of one who has few ideas, very little knowledge, and no literary experience or judgment. This done, ask how far this book of mine is good or bad, for such a person as you have conjured up, and whether a better book—a deeper philosophy—would not be thrown away upon them.

"Take Me—and such as me—for what we are, a product of the times; a necessity for the time; representative of the time. You might, if you had the time, ask through my books what are the things which the people want and will have. Believe me, you will find something—a good deal more than you expect—of true dramatic force, of genuine situation, and of realistic fidelity. Meanwhile, I must return to my new volume, nearly ready. It will be very funny—quite the cheapest kind of fun. Yes. Vulgar too. Oh! Yes—Yes. And flashy. Yes—Yes—Yes. And commonplace—Yes! Yes! Yes! But the book, will it be bought? It would surprise you to see how it will be bought. And it will really teach the people something—not much. And as far as the trade . . . but you are, of course, far above these considerations."

Solomon Stallabras,
Novelist, Essayist, and Poet.

ASSORTED APHORISMS.

1. Inability to perceive a joke is no proof of moral superiority.
2. To the greatest minds, nothing is insignificant.
3. Love for the creature is the highest honour payable to the creator.
4. It is better to stimulate thought than to bestow knowledge.
5. Only the future has never deceived.
6. The ugly are the children of the other woman.
7. Imperial women lead: imperious women drive—or try.
8. The age of an idea is no gauge of its untruth.
9. Poverty is not always essential to happiness.
10. Every sect is somewhat uncharitable but our own.
11. Superstition is the religion of the other man.
12. An ever-young heart is better than an ever-green memory.
13. The highest life, like the lowest, suffers in silence.
14. Revolution at top is safer—for the top.
15. Petty troubles worry; big misfortunes educate.
16. The weak war with epithets, and only the weak fear them.
17. Man is a clubbable animal—as a sage, or by a savage.
18. Whole truths are apt to spoil popular digestions.
19. It is too often easier to be loyal to friends than to facts.
20. Humility often apes infallibility.
21. Theology demands a creed: religion commands a character.
22. Some friendships are like eggs: they deteriorate with age.
24. Reiteration solves no problems.
25. The always polite must often deceive.
26. Inconsistency is unpardonable—by the other inconsistent.
27. Tears, like diamonds, avail most when rarest.
28. Economy is the twin-sister of generosity.
29. Any fool may discourage: only the angels hearten.
30. Lying natures imitate candour, by a veneer of insolence.
31. Poison is the beneficent in excess.
32. New truths are often received as old lies.
33. Compromise, the life of society, is the death of science.
34. One must pay dearly for the rare privilege of helping man.

Phinlay Glenelg.

"SLATING."

May I be permitted to say that I do not admit the correctness of the very inadequate and far-fetched explanation which assumes that this word was "clearly originally slat?" I have all the materials for proving that it was originally slate, a distinct word, just as there is a difference between hat and hate, rat and rate, put and pate. The old unscientific notion that vowel-length does not matter has long ago been knocked on the head.
pays one guinea. Now it is obvious that but for a large support of those who join for the sake of the general good, nothing could be done at all.

There is a case on our records—there may be more than one—in which a writer engaged the Society to see her out of a mess. We did so; we extricated her from the clutches of a great thief; we spent about fifteen guineas upon her case without taking from her even the single subscriptions for the year. She then said that she was very much obliged to us indeed—as she ought to have been—that she had had a lesson, and should not try any more writing, and, therefore, she would not ask to be made a member. This was real gratitude.

There are other cases in which the applicant expected that the Society would fight his or her case, at the costs and charges of the Society—probably some case depending on the interpretation of a clause in the agreement designed to deceive the writer—a clause which would never be allowed at this office.

Again, some applicants have complained that they could get legal advice just as well from their own solicitors. As a matter of fact, they cannot. It is no discourtesy to the average solicitor to say that he knows nothing whatever about literary property or its management. And if they consult their own solicitor they will certainly have to pay, while, if they come to us they will get an opinion for nothing.

It comes to this. The Society has by this time done enough to earn and to deserve the confidence of all who belong, directly and indirectly, to the calling of letters. It should be supported by everyone who has written a book—only one book even—in any branch whatever, and especially by those who write books as part of their profession, whether scientific, medical, legal, educational, or literary. We do not complain because people come to us for help. It is no discourtesy to the average solicitor to say that he knows nothing whatever about literary property or its management. And if they consult their own solicitor they will certainly have to pay, while, if they come to us they will get an opinion for nothing.

Not the least reason why an author should be careful to whom he entrusts his books is the consideration of the inconvenience and loss caused by having books published by different houses. For instance, a great many people desire to possess complete works of Jefferies. These are in any case difficult to procure, but the difficulty is multiplied tenfold by the other difficulty of knowing exactly what he wrote and where everything was published. Of course the wise author would reserve the copyright, unless he sells it outright. But very, very few are so wise.
In an early number of the Author it was suggested that among the immense number of dead and forgotten books there must be some worthy of revival. The past is common property; in the vast heaps of dead literature all may delve and search about for treasures. There is no law to prevent anyone from carrying away and reproducing whatever he pleases. Is there anything worth republishing? Is not the contemporary verdict sufficient? Is not the verdict of the next generation sufficient? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Sometimes, however, there is a book which for some reason or other attracts, on its first appearance, no attention; the reviewers neglect it; the publisher does not advertise it; readers do not hear of it; the book falls still-born. Yet there is something in it which should give it life. Can we find such a book in the dustheap? Again, there is the man who has produced, among a mass of stuff all deservedly dead, one volume in which he says all that he has to say—delivers the one message that was in him; proclaims the one live thing which his eyes could see. There was once a writer named Charles Maturin. How many could answer any questions about Charles Maturin? Yet he made some little figure in his day, which was between 1782 and 1824. He wrote half a dozen novels, produced three or four tragedies, taught a school, wrote two or three poems, preached many sermons. Out of all his works one alone deserves to live; in fact, it does live with those who read their native literature; this is a novel called "Melmoth the Wanderer." A reprint has been issued of this once famous book by Richard Bentley and Son. It will be very curious to learn whether it proves a success. The case, by the way, is one of the few in the production of which there must be a certain risk. Given an author once the first to recognize an exception to this rule when we find it, and, when the exception is prompted by pure love of literature, we ought to wish it every success.

The Spectator has just made the third—one hopes not the last—of a series of brilliant discoveries. In the first, a most sagacious member of its staff announced to an astonished world that poets and novelists come into the world completely equipped with a full knowledge of their art. All other workers have to learn their trade. The poet and the novelist alone—happy mortals!—have nothing to learn. They sing; they tell tales by instinct; as the skylark sings; as the pig grunts; as the laughing hyena laughs, so sing they, so they tell their tales. There is no art at all; it is pure instinct. Was not that a noble discovery for the Spectator to make? We have already done our best to give a world-wide publicity to this discovery. After a week or two, being on the right scent, they make a second discovery. Literary men, for their own good, must be excluded from any national recognition of their services to the State. No honours or distinctions must be bestowed upon them. "They are far better without," says the Oracle, leaving it in doubt whether she refers to their insides or to their poetry. Again a week or two, and another brilliant discovery. This time the same Sage. The article bears every sign of being by the same writer—may one guess the honoured name of Angelina Gushington? She has discovered that men of science must be debarred, not only from national recognition by way of the ordinary distinctions, but even from the applause of their friends. What saith the Sybil? "Up till now the men who have devoted themselves to abstract science have generally done so from pure love of the pursuit of knowledge . . . In a great measure, men of science have been persons who have proved their indifference to worldly considerations and their love of knowledge for its own sake." As the Scotch minister said on a certain well-known occasion, "Ah! Lord! It's just too reedeeklus!" On what facts, from what knowledge of scientific men, or scientific society, is this confident statement so confidently advanced? What scientific society has this dear lady known? Now everyone who has had the privilege of knowing men of science—there are no men more delightful, more truly sincere, more companionable—who has enjoyed their friendship; who has sat at their tables; will boldly declare that this is the greatest rubbish—the most unreal, the most conventional stuff—ever placed before intelligent readers. It is perfectly true that the man of science is passionately possessed, filled, and seized with the love of knowledge, and a rage for extending knowledge. But to say that he is indifferent to applause or to recognition is sheer midsummer madness. First of all, he always ardently desires that recognition of his work which is conveyed by a Professorship or a Fellowship; next, he desires to
be spoken of, and to be considered as an authority—a leader in his own line; then he is never happy until the distinction of F.R.S. is awarded him—one little fact which blows the Spectator's article into smithereens. In other words, like all men, the follower of science eagerly desires recognition of his work: he is jealous of his work; he claims and fights for every discovery that he may have made; he wishes, above all things, for the applause of his fellows. This I say without the least blame or reproach. It is a human desire, an intelligible desire, a laudable desire, an honourable desire, a desirable desire. The idea that men could possibly work without such a desire could only be entertained by persons wholly ignorant of human nature. But there may be cases where such a feeling is not apparent to the vulgar. The sagacious writer of this article adduces the case of a great mathematician. Now a mathematician, because he is an abstruse writer whose methods and conclusions are absolutely unintelligible to the ignorant and the vulgar, cannot look for the applause of the world. Nevertheless, he does look for, and he does obtain, the recognition of the few who can understand him.

The Spectator also introduces, in the middle of the article, the subject of money making. Scientific men, we are next told, never want to make money. Oh! Really! Indeed! Wonderful! Is that so? Let us see. Well, there are certain branches of science in which money cannot possibly be made. In these branches the professors wisely agree not to attempt the impossible. But in those branches where money can be made I do not see that scientific men object to make it. For instance, medical science may make medical men very rich indeed; engineering, which is one of the greatest of modern sciences, may make for its followers vast fortunes; electricity, in the hands of its most earnest students, is producing large incomes; by some applications of chemistry great incomes are made. In fact, though it is perfectly true that scientific men, or literary men, or artists, should not, and do not, make dollars the chief reason of their existence, they are never indifferent to dollars, and there is no reason why they should be. This imaginary indifference is the consolation of the unsuccessful and the creed of school girls. But surely the conventional school girl creed ought not to be reproduced in a paper like the Spectator. Personally, it grieves and even humiliates me to see such stuff in its columns. I have read the Spectator for five-and-twenty years. No paper has taught me more; none has suggested more. I have for all these years regarded the paper as a private and personal friend—one may sometime differ with a personal friend. So that it saddens one to find it apparently preparing to step down and to become the organ of the school girl. Could the old friends of the paper entreat the editor in a Round Robin to give Angelina a letter of introduction, with a view to employment on the staff, to the Editor of that sweet journal, the Girls' Delight?

Nearly every year there stands out a head and shoulders above its companions one work which promises to make the year memorable. The promise is not always kept, but it is something to be so good as to seem to hold forth that promise. Everybody remembers the first appearance of "Vice Versa," "She," "Treasure Island," Rudyard Kipling's stories, to speak only of later works. This year a promise of lasting vitality is distinctly made by Mr. Hall Caine's "Scapegoat." It is a great book, great in conception and in execution; a strong book, strong in situation and in character; and a human book, human in its pathos, its terror, and its passion. Like the authors of the other books named, Mr. Hall Caine will henceforth have the "Scapegoat" always behind him. Can he produce even finer work? Perhaps.

The following circular has been sent to every member of the Society. It is hoped that a response, unanimous and immediate, will be made to this appeal. It will be observed that we not desire large sums; let everyone who feels that he ought to be grateful to Mr. R. U. Johnson send something, not more than a guinea. It is not so much the value of the gift as the manner of it that will be appreciated:

"It was resolved at a Meeting of the Committee held before the Vacation that we should prepare and engross on vellum the thanks of this Society to the Secretary of the American International Copyright Association, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of New York, for the very considerable part played by him in the successful agitation for, and the passing of, the International Copyright Act.

"Since this resolution was passed the French Government have presented Mr. Johnson with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of his services to the interests of Literature.

"We have looked in vain for any such recognition on the part of our own Government, although the interests of British Authors involved in the Act are ten-fold or a hundred-fold greater than those of French Authors.

"It has been therefore determined by this Society to express in a more concrete form their gratitude. It is proposed to invite subscriptions
THE AUTHOR.

with which to purchase a piece of plate for presentation to Mr. Johnson.

"The subscription will be limited to one guinea as a maximum and 5s. as a minimum.

"Should you feel disposed to join in this movement I shall be glad to receive your name and the amount.

"S. Squire Sprigge."

THE BOOKMAN.

The new literary journal, the Bookman, made its first appearance on October 1st, too late for notice in our own columns. We are always eager to welcome anything calculated to be helpful in the interests of literature and of bookmen. And we therefore wish every success to the Bookman. As a society of bookmen and bookwomen we would earnestly invite our new friend to consider that literature has many sides, that there are many readers and many levels and standards and many ideals of excellence and of style. It is, however, unfortunate that the very first number should contain a paper intended to be practical, and endorsed by the editor, which contains about as many misleading statements as could well be crammed into the space. It takes the form of a letter written by a lady—and by one who is most sincerely anxious for fairplay and justice. Unfortunately she illustrates the danger of writing loosely, and without considering the figures which this society has provided.

She says, taking the end of her letter first, "I am quite content that my publishers should get as much as I do by my books, only I do not like them to get more."

Very well. She then goes on to say that a penny in the shilling—meaning, of course, on the advertised or published price—is "the ordinary rate." And further, she says, that it is a "fair rate," or, as explained by her own words later on, that it gives as much to herself as to the publisher.

Now, let us see. An ordinary one volume 6s. novel, containing 17 sheets of 258 words to a page, printed in small pica and plainly bound, can be produced as follows:

One thousand copies, with stereotyping and advertising, less than £100—for simplicity's sake say £100.

If they are all sold the gross return is very nearly £166.

The profit on the edition is £66.

At one penny in the shilling the author gets £25 and the publisher over £41.

If the book is a success, so that another edition of 3,000 is called for—which is unusual—the cost of producing it would be under £120. The sale of the whole would produce £500. The profit would be £380, the author would make £75, and the publisher would make £305. And this is the fair and equal royalty advocated by the Bookman!

Next, the lady says that "the publisher has often to sell thousands before he recoups himself the cost of production and advertising." Thousands! Now, see the mischief of loose talk. In the case before us, the publisher provides an outlay of £100. Mind, he does not even pay the money down; he waits for returns. But never mind. Here, then, is the problem. Given a book which costs £100 to produce, saddled with a royalty of 6d. a copy to the author, how many has the publisher to sell, at 3s. 4d. a copy—it is more often 3s. 6d. a copy—before he recoups himself? Answer—by a little algebraical equation—a little over 700. Now, these figures of ours are beyond any doubt; they are furnished by different printers, and acknowledged by other printers; they have also been acknowledged by several publishers; they have never been seriously challenged.

But it may be said that the book referred to by the lady was a dearer book to produce in proportion to its price. Roughly speaking, a first edition of a book may be taken to cost about one-fourth of the published price. The first cost of a book advertised at 3s. 6d. is recouped when laden with a royalty of a penny in the shilling by something less than the first edition of 1,000—in fact, a little over 900 copies. The lady adds certain remarks, all out of the goodness of her heart, about good books paying for bad ones—amiable rubbish which we had thought long since exploded.

The ordinary royalty now proposed to writers of fair circulation by the more honourable houses is, of course, exactly double that advocated by this lady, and approved by the Bookman, and even this gives the publisher on a large scale a very great advantage.

THE HARVEST OF THE YEAR.

In the last number of the Author we gave a brief and necessarily incomplete notice of some of the announcements of the season. We have now, by taking the advertisements of the leading papers and reviews for two or three consecutive weeks, arrived at a clearer idea of the season's harvest. We may omit all books of medicine, physics, chemistry, geology, and science
generally; all books on theology; all technical and educational books, children's books, military and naval books, and books on social and political economy—though of these last there is a considerable number advertised. It is, indeed, a sign of the times that a subject once thought so hopelessly dismal in its conclusions and so uncertain in its data, should be attracting, year after year, more and more of those who read, and more of those who make it their professional pursuit. Our analysis, however, considers only those books which belong to the general reader, not to the expert or the specialist. The names of the writers and the subjects treated—to those who know anything of the subject—will be found to bear out our contention—which is, of course, a mere commonplace of common sense—that publishers very, very seldom issue anything at their own risk which has any risk.

Biography, the most popular form of history, is represented by lives of Bishop Wordsworth, Boswell, Cobden, Thomas Payne, Charles West Cope, Frederick the Great, Mrs. Carlyle, Darwin, Caldecott, Cervantes, Rodney, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Gustavus Adolphus, Pericles, Theodoric the Goth, Sir Philip Sidney, Nelson, Collingwood, Watts Phillips, and E. L. Blanchard. History is represented by the new work of Froude. Travel by works on Tibet, California, New Zealand, the Philippines, the Himalayas, the Corea, the Holy Land, Manipur, Canada, the Black Forest, New Guinea, Kieff, Afghanistan, and the Caspian. Essays by the names of Lady Martin, Lady Wilde, Augustine Birrell, W. W. Story, Davenport Adams, and Edmund Scherer (in translation). There are two collections of verse, edited by Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley.

Very little new poetry is announced—it is, indeed, astonishing to observe how, with all this enormous extension of readers, the love of poetry either advances not at all, or continues steadily to diminish. A new volume by one of the few accepted poets is welcomed by a small circle—how small that circle is can only be judged by the numbers of editions, and these are indeed limited. The poets themselves keep silence on the subject, a fact to be regretted, because the decay of the national love of poetry is a distinct factor in any examination into the intellectual position and advance—or retreat—of the generation. On the other hand, the recent examples of Mr. William Watson and the author of "Ionia" ought to encourage young poets. There are, next, antiquarian books, such as "Schlieman's Excavations," and Hubert Hall's "Curiosities of the Exchequer," with a county history or two. There are letters, such as those of Marie Bashkirtseff; artists' books, such as Walter Crane's "Queen's Summer"; books which can hardly be classified, as Knight's "Cruise of the Falcon"; a history of Mahdism; Miss Chapman's companion to "In Memoriam"; certain American books; certain reprints, as Maturin's "Melmoth," and Washington Irving's "Alhambra"; books of country life, as "On Surrey Hills"; books on anthropology, which may be counted as scientific books; a treatise on Heraldry; Syed Amer Ali on the Teachings of Mohammed; Gordon's "Events in the Taiping Rebellion; Sir George Birdwood's "Records of the India Office; Clement Scott's "Thirty Years at the Play," and many others.

Lastly, there come the novels. Here we have an astonishing list. We have selected only those—about three-fourths—by writers already and favourably known, novelists with whose work no one could for a moment pretend that any risk was connected. Making an attempt at alphabetical order, we find novels announced as ready, or nearly ready, by Grant Allen, Frederick Anstey, Duke of Argyll, Rolf Boldrewood, Frank Barret, E. M. Barrie, Rev. A. J. Church, Hall Caine, McLaren Cobban, Marion Crawford, Alice Dielh, Conan Doyle, Dick Donovan, Miss Doudney, Archdeacon Farrar, G. M. Fenn, Lance Falconer, B. L. Farjeon, Percy Fitzgerald, Jessie Fothergill, George Gissing, Barin Gould, Henry Hermann, Joseph Hatton, Rudyard Kipling, Katherine Lee, Marquess of Lorne, Florence Marryatt, T. L. Meade, Mrs. Marshall, Maarten Maartens, George Meredith, Mrs. Molesworth, Lucas Malet, W. E. Norris, Ouida, James Payn, Mrs. Phillips, Richard Pryce, Amelia Rivers, Mabel Robinson, Clark Russell, Frank Stockton, T. W. Speight, J. W. Shorthouse, Alex. Shand, L. D. Walford, E. Werner, Beatrice Whitby, Florence Warden and Stanley Weyman. Here are fifty-one in all, popular and well-known writers, who will be widely read; some of them have a special clientele, others are simply favourite authors at the circulating libraries; one does not go so far as to say that they are immortal, or that they will even enjoy the limited immortality which awaits many popular authors; but they are in demand. Fifty novels by as many novelists all in demand! But there is more. For there are at least fifty more in the advertisements before us whose names we have not set down because they were to the writer of the present lines unknown. Again, among the second fifty are included a good many novels paid for by the authors. These should form a separate list by themselves, but it would be cruel to the unfortunate people who have been persuaded to pay. Again, there are publishing houses not represented in these papers. The Religious Societies, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society, and the National Society, are not
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represented here at all. But their lists include a great quantity of fiction, chiefly by writers who are unknown. And it will be further observed that the lists do not include many of the well known names. For instance, setting down only the names that occur at the first moment among these writers, one does not find among the advertisements the names of Mrs. Alexander, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton, Edwin Lester Arnold, William Black, R. D. Blackmore, Walter Besant, Robert Buchanan, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Miss Betham Edwards, Mrs. Edwardes, Justin McCarthy, Justin H. McCarthy, Henry Harland, Bret Harte, George Henty, Thomas Hardy, Howells, Henry James, Edna Lyall, Mrs. Lynn Linton, George Macdonald, George Moore, Christie Murray, Henry Murray, Florence Montgomery, Mrs. Oliphant, E. C. Philips, Mrs. Campbell Praed, F. W. Robinson, Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie, Mrs. Riddell, Rider Haggard, George Sims, Louis Stevenson, Moy Thomas, Sarah Tytler, Mark Twain, William Westall, W. G. Wills, Charlotte Yonge,—as many omissions, in fact, as appearances. There are also many others whose names have been for the moment passed over. There are, in fact, about 150 living writers of fiction—without counting the young journalist who sends to the papers the paragraphs on the Society of Authors—who have a sure and certain grasp on our public—some of them American, but by far the larger number English, Scotch, and Irish. Outside this body there are always fifty or sixty hangers on—writers who are on the borderland, between popularity and failure. They can persuade respectable publishers to produce their wares. They are even so far successful that the number of copies taken by the circulating libraries does justify their production, but they never arrive at a cheap edition; nor—surest test of all—are they written mainly, and published solely, for the sake of profit and gain. And most of them—all the novels—are written with the same spirit, the same hope, the same intention as actuates the cabinet-maker when he makes a cabinet; namely, that he may produce good work, and that he may receive, and enjoy in peace, that share of the proceeds of his labour which is justly his. So long as the Society of Authors exists it will endeavour to secure for him that share.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

EVERYTHING attempted in this day must be ticketed and labelled with the name of one man. Formerly it was enough that a thing was designed and proposed, perhaps, by a company. The object sought was the subject discussed. The subject is now the man who has attempted it. Therefore the Théâtre Libre, or the Independent Theatre of London, will certainly become Mr. George Moore’s theatre.

He expounded the raison d’être of the new theatre in a letter to the Times of October 13th—a letter in many ways remarkable and in many ways calculated to make people angry. Setting aside the latter part of the letter, we find an eloquent and earnest appeal to the world to secure the freedom of the stage from the trammels of convention and prejudice. “Dramatic art is the art that to-day pre-eminently demands to be protected against the disease of popularity and its concomitant commercialism. The people have had their way with the theatre; they have made it their recreation ground.” The Independent Theatre is founded in order to place before audiences as refined and as highly cultured as those which read Tennyson, Swinburne, George Meredith, dramatic pieces which belong to literature. If, its promoters argue, the dramatic art is not to perish utterly, we must have an uncommercial theatre, one which does not aim at making money; one which will not play for either stalls or gallery; one which shall create a public capable of demanding and of understanding good work. Well, the demand for good work will undoubtedly create the supply, up to a certain point, but no further. In no age and by no imaginable demand, coupled either with honour or with dollars, can more than a certain amount of good work be produced
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by a single generation. For instance, there is at the present moment an enormous demand for good fiction, good essays, good writing—attractive and pleasant writing—in all branches. How many are there who can furnish what is wanted?

Mr. George Moore's arguments lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the Independent Theatre ought to be well supported. It may not achieve all that its founders hope for it. That, indeed, may be confidently predicted. On the other hand, it will certainly do something, and even the performance of a new piece running on lines quite different from the old conventional grooves should stimulate departure from those grooves and new experiments. They ask for £1,500 a year. That is not much. Each subscription is at present £2 10s. a year. That means only 600 subscribers. The very smallness of the sum will militate against the success of the promoters. It would be better to ask at once for £10,000 a year in £10 subscriptions. There are lovers of the drama in plenty who would give a £10 subscription. And then we could have fifty performances instead of six. Of course there is an evident danger, though it is not contemplated by the founders, that the Independent Theatre might become the Theatre of Crotchets and Hobbies, of Cranks and Enthusiasts. Even then it would, to some extent, serve its purpose, and so be well worth all the money spent upon it. Nothing is more wholesome for the Body Politic than to let Cranks and Zealots have their say. Nothing more surely reduces them to insignificance. Again, if a piece succeeds at the Independent, it is sure to be presented at an open theatre. And, which is worth considering, even if it is true that the people have had the theatre to themselves, it is also true that they have in many cases shown themselves willing to learn, and ready to like a piece which they are told they ought to like. The people do not want to prefer bad things to good; they would rather like what better taught people like, if only in order to be a little superior to their neighbours. A hopeful sign, perhaps.

A new-raised voice from 'yond thy westward sea
Would sing unto thine ear the songs it sung
In its own land in the same Saxon tongue
Our fathers learned at thy loved mother-knee—
They, who their very life-blood drew from thee.
And though, in thought and speech we've somewhat swung,
From our old moorings, yet to much have clung
That thou once heldst in full fidelity.

But I—what right have I my songs to bring
E'en to a kindred nation's judgment seat?
Ah! none, except the right of all to sing,
E'en though their songs be neither strong nor sweet,
And with the hope, perchance one may be found
With voice to sing itself the world around.

New York. W. S. BATE.

A BUREAU OF LITERARY REVISION.

We were as yet in comparative ignorance when we proposed as a branch of the Society's work likely to prove useful to aspirants, the reading and criticism of young writers' work. The two objects of such a branch then (and still) in view were (1) that it might do a great deal to the repression of bad work, and the persuading of those who could never succeed to abandon the attempt, and (2) that in the rarer cases of young writers who show the unmistakable signs of promise and natural aptitude we might prevent many mistakes and much disappointment by a little judicious advice—such as that which a coach would give to his pupil—as to style, arrangement, and other points with what is very frequently wanted, instruction in quite the elementary points of technique. In other words, we laid the foundations for a school of novelists. Our readers do not read, that is to say, as the publisher's reader must, with one eye always on the commercial value of a book, but solely having regard to its literary and artistic worth. We are getting on very well with this branch. Something like a hundred and fifty MSS. will have passed through our hands this year—not like those sent to publishers for acceptance or the reverse, but sent for an opinion which may be a guidance and a help. Those who send their works have the first quality of an artist—diffidence—pity that they have not all the rest.

We have learned, however, that the Americans have been before us with such a Bureau. It is now nine years since the New York Bureau of Literary Revision and Criticism has been established. It professes to give "unbiassed and competent criticism" both for publishers and authors. It offers to revise MSS. for the press and to "edit" them, which must mean, in many cases, to re-write them. And it offers to give advice to those in search of a publisher. Its fees are elastic, as in such kind of work would be necessary.

To give an opinion or to give advice would be easy. But about revising MSS., editing them, passing them through the press; what fee would be asked? When the work was done, whose name would appear on the title-page? Anybody could
suggest a subject, and perhaps set down certain facts; but it requires a literary hand to draw them up and set them forth to effect. And when that was done, who would be the author? Doubtless there are plenty of people who would pay well for such work, provided their own names appeared upon the title; but the real hand—the hack—the Ghost—how would he like it?

Again, it seems as if there must be a delicate line where revision ends and authorship begins. One can quite understand a man rendering such little assistance to a young writer as would make all the difference between success and failure, and yet leave him the actual author of the thing. But with a slovenly, ill-constructed, badly put together lump of writing, which has to be pulled to pieces and then re-arranged and re-written, where is your author? Not the first hand on it, certainly. To put his name as the author might, by purists, be taken as a fraud. Perhaps, so as to avoid any chance of the question arising here, we may leave that branch of the work entirely to our cousins.

THE WRITERS’ CLUB.

A FEW weeks ago a little body of women, mostly journalists, were bold enough to express a wish that it were possible to start some sort of club for literary women, which would not only serve the ordinary purposes of a club where its members could dine, write, and meet their friends, but would also bye-and-bye develop into a Sisterhood of Letters, and be a means of bringing literary women—successful and unsuccessful—into closer and more friendly relations than have hitherto been found possible. No sooner had the wish found expression than a host of critics sprang up to throw cold water on the idea. Such a club, they said, was not wanted, and if it were wanted it ought not to be, ending up, as a rule, with various unkind comments on the habits and ways of the unhappy lady journalist. The unkindest cuts of all came from the one or two highly successful women journalists, who, for some reason or other, took it into their heads to be jealous of their less successful confrères—if I may use this expression—and who have steadily misrepresented the views and hopes of the promoters. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that, in spite of criticism and opposition, the “Writers’ Club” has sprung into being during the last month, and has already nearly 60 members, all bona fide literary women. It is intended to start the Club on a modest scale, and at first our chief efforts will be directed to make the place useful and comfortable to women journalists.

There are a large number of journalists with feet upon the lowest steps of the ladder, who are fighting a hard and uphill battle in the attempt to make a respectable living by legitimate work. Many who are solitary and reserved, and keep the struggles and disappointments of their lives locked in their own breasts, might find their lives made sweeter and easier if some older and more fortunately placed woman would hold out to them the right hand of fellowship. It is this spirit of camaraderie which it is hoped the Club will promote, and, judging from the way that the well-known writers have come forward and offered their co-operation, there is every reason to be sanguine. A few more ladies who will come forward and help us financially at the start are still wanted, and will no doubt be forthcoming. Amongst the Vice-Presidents are: Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, Lady Jeune, Lady Paget, Countess of Munster, Miss Edith Simcox, Mrs. John Richard Green, Edna Lyall, and many others. The President of the Club is Mrs. Stannard; the Honorary Secretary, Miss Low, 21, Queen Square, Bloomsbury; and the Treasurer, Miss Honor Morton, Ivy Hall, Richmond, Surrey.

Any lady who is interested in promoting the Club is invited to attend the meeting to be held on Wednesday, November 4th, at 4 o’clock, at the Society of Authors, 4, Portugal Street, Strand, when definite steps as to premises will be taken.

A Women Journalists’ Club is not a new thing any more than an Authors’ Club. Everything begins in America, and most things in New York. We are indebted to Woman (October 14, 1891) for a note on the New York Women’s Press Club. It is unfortunately too much of a note. One would have liked information as to the subscription, the management, the number of members, and the way in which the club is worked. The note says only that it is a “model of organisation, tact, and good comradeship.” It also gives pictures of three leading members.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

A PROPOS of our recent remarks on magazine contributors, a correspondent writes:

“A literary magazine was recently offered for sale, and a point was made of the fact that the editor had arranged with ‘one of the foremost writers of the day’ to contribute gratuitously.
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The editor's services were to be retained at a salary of £250."

He would be dirt cheap at four times that sum. All the proprietors of all the magazines will now be advertising for that editor. A man who can engage the foremost writers of the day to write for nothing is indeed invaluable.

II.

Good Work, Sure Pay.

In your comments on the clever article in the last number of the Author under the above heading, you draw a distinction between good work and saleable work. For the latter adjective allow me to substitute the word profitable. There are, I consider, two kinds of profitable books (I am dealing with fiction): I. Those written by authors who have an established reputation; II. Those written, in the penny novelette style, by scribblers who are willing to pay all the costs of production so long as their vanity is satisfied by appearing in print, and for whose writings, nevertheless, there is a large demand.

Go into any circulating library, and the books which are most in request are trashy novels, which might have been written by ladies' maids, professing to describe the inner life of the aristocracy. These are devoured by that large section of the reading public—the young women of the lower middle-class, who are the best customers of the circulating library.

The better, though smaller, section of the reading public confine themselves to the works of known authors, who are in a position to dictate terms to publishers; but how can a writer of good average merit get his works published unless he is prepared to pay the cost, so long as he is systematically boycotted by publishers, whose interest it is to keep down the number of authors who expect fair remuneration for their work?

The early histories of literary men and women, as far as I have read them, are all very much alike: heart-breaking struggles against the current of adversity, which are soon forgotten when the tide turns, and they are borne along with the stream.

A man with grit, who believes in himself, is not satisfied to be extinguished by that obscure individual, the publisher's reader, but is desirous of appealing to a higher tribunal; how is he to reach it? For those who can afford to do so, I see no objection to their paying the cost of producing their books, so long as they are dealt with honestly, and have a fair share of the profits of a successful work; if, though given a good chance, their book still proves a failure, they have purchased a valuable experience. The difficulty seems to be how to obtain honest treatment. The Society of Authors has done much to raise the status of literary men; but it deserves most credit for throwing some honest rays of light on that insufferable bugbear, the publisher, and his mysteries.

Claud Harding.

[Our contributor wishes to use the word profitable instead of saleable. Very well, though it does not seem to make any difference. He makes, however, a great mistake when he says that there is a great demand for the rubbish for whose publication bad writers have to pay. Does he not understand that if there were such a demand the writers would no longer have to pay?

Is it the case that it is publishers' interest to keep down authors who must be remunerated? It might be so if bad authors were profitable. But they are not profitable. Therefore, our correspondent's view seems untenable.

Why do the circulating libraries everywhere in every town contain such rubbish? Because they buy up at next to nothing a copy, the remainder stock. That is the whole mystery. A bad writer pays a hundred pounds and is published. Sales—perhaps not one, perhaps a dozen or twenty. The rest sold off as remainder stock.

At this office we do not speak from guess, but from knowledge of the facts. Some time ago a creature who published in this way brought out several hundreds of such volumes. Not one single book had any sale to speak of; not one writer got anything. Others there are still carrying on the same game; holding out false and lying hopes of immense sale; charging double the cost of production, and making their profits by the theft first and the sale of the remainder stock next. Literally, one young fellow who was fooled into paying for publication, received a return for his book of no sales at all—not one single copy sold.

Perhaps Mr. Harding is quite right in this contention: That if an author really believes that he has the stuff in him, and that he has produced good work, he might do well to produce his book at his own expense if he can only find a man who will do it honestly. But he would generally do far better to send his MS. to one of the firms whom we should advise, and first see what they say.—Editor.]

III.

"Good Work, Sure Pay."

Mr. C. Davenport Jones, in his plea that the rejection of a work by publishers and editors must not be accepted as proof of literary worthlessness,
might have gone farther; he might have added that it is no proof of commercial worthlessness. Of publishers, speaking generally, and acknowledging exceptions, it is true to say that no body of tradesmen know less about their own business. I will not pause to give the reasons for this assertion; they will be sufficiently obvious to those who remember that evil communications corrupt good manners; the laxity of authors cannot but have a demoralizing effect upon publishers. I assert, without fear of contradiction, that out of every 1,000 novels—for the purposes of this argument I will confine myself to one branch of literature—passing through the hands of any publisher, those which are just above mediocrity are those which find readiest acceptance. Out of 1,000 MSS., about 50 will be “impossible,” these, as in the case of 95 in 100 pictures rejected by the Royal Academy Selecting Committees, will be virtuously rejected by the publisher. As touching the remaining 50, about 30 MSS. will contain much that is good, but defects of workmanship will place them outside the pale of the “practicable;” the authors of these books have yet to learn their business. Twenty works remain. Fifteen of these will be just sufficiently above the dead level of mediocrity to insure ready acceptance by the rank and file of the reading public, and pari passu by the publisher. There remain five works which will be distinctly good; it may even so happen that among these there may be one absolutely original work, in other words, a creation of genius. These five are the only books which from a literary, from an artistic, and, in the true meaning of the word, from an economic point of view, should be published at all; but of these, none will stand much chance of acceptance, unless it have a sponsor—a friend at court—or unless the writer, whose name it bears, has already secured a reading clientele. If these five books are by authors unknown, or only slightly known—other things being equal—their very merits will cause them to be looked at askance. Publishers’ readers are human, very human; very fallible. What right has an unwreathed A, B, C, D, or E to give token of individuality? Individuality? No, it is not individuality; it is mannerism, perhaps even worse, affectation. As for the unknown author of the really original book, he is in the worst plight of all. That his work should find favour almost presupposes that the publisher or his reader should be a person of genius, in that the discovery and acknowledgment of unproclaimed genius is alone possible to genius. Again, having discovered a work of genius, the reader must have, in a very high degree, the courage of his opinion. The publisher’s reader knows, none better than he, that 99 in 100 readers of books are fools, who, moreover, like their books cast in the moulds of old conventions: fools do not appreciate off-hand a new prophet. It is, indeed, because he knows this, that he recommends for acceptance to the firm he represents, those mediocre works which require no literary or intellectual acumen for their appreciation. This lack of knowledge, or of courage on the part of publishers or of their readers, has caused many a publisher secret heartburnings at the loss of a fortune once within his reach. The writer of real power and originality knows by an unerring instinct who and what he is. Being able to produce books of the stoutest literary fibre, he is the soundest critic of his work; its most severe critic; he knows therefore that no self-vanity deludes him. He has given months, perhaps years, to the consideration of the work to which a publisher’s reader may have only devoted a few hours. His sufferings before full recognition is his will be of the keenest; these no one can save him; but he remembers that if he be given sufficient physical strength to hold out to the end, his triumph will be all the better worth having for being delayed. Indeed, the obstacles to the progress of the strongly individual man are of the greatest benefit to him; they strengthen and deepen that individuality, which is the very essence of his genius. The historic cases mentioned by Mr. Davenport Jones are not the only cases of the refusal of epoch-making books. I might almost go so far as to say that no work of genius of an unknown and unaided author finds ready acceptance. Anyone who is familiar with the early struggles of novelists of distinction, from Defoe to Shorthouse, will bear me out in this contention.

Berserker.

IV.

MORE LIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AUTHOR.

SIR,

Will you allow me a short statement of a case which has long baffled my powers of comprehension. It may be simple enough to a disinterested reader; but, not being disinterested, I don’t quite understand it.

In 1878 Messrs. Allen & Co. published my "Warren Hastings; a Biography," on the half profits system. The book was intended as a counterblast to Mill and Macaulay. Some people are prone to complain of their critics, but I have no cause to complain of mine. By the press in general, both at home and abroad, my book was received with warm approval, both as a "readable" work and as a timely "corrective" of the popular notions imbibed from Macaulay’s well-known
essay. My reading of Impey's conduct in the Nuncomar affair and on some other occasions was amply justified, a few years later, by Sir James Stephen's "Nuncomar and Impey." My general estimate of Hastings's character and policy has now been finally confirmed by Mr. G. Forrest's volumes of Selections from the Bengal State Papers.

All this may seem very satisfactory from a certain point of view. But il faut vivre, and even authors must sometimes think of money, especially if they have families. Has this book brought me any substantial profit? Not one halfpenny, so far. My publishers inform me that they have sold about 350 copies of my book. Assuming the correctness of their statement, I may be excused for wondering at so poor a return for labours which many competent judges had deemed so fruitful.

It is a puzzle which fairly floors me. Out of a population of 35 millions or so in these islands, only 350 persons have bought copies of a work which, in 385 post-octavo pages of large type, deals with the foremost figure in one of the stormiest periods of our Indian history. Did the publishers charge too high a price—ten shillings—for such a volume? It was double what I would have charged, but they ought to know their own business best. Was it a dull book on a dull subject? The critics all assured me to the contrary, and so have many private readers, who had no special interest in Indian subjects. Was the book insufficiently advertised? Such a question might be unjust to the publishers. Other questions occur to me, but why go on guessing in the dark? With dying Goethe I ask for "more light." Can you, Sir, or any other expert help me to a single ray?

Yours obediently,

L. J. Trotter.

VI.

AUTHORS AND ILLUSTRATORS.

To the Editor of the Author.

Sir,

The following, which appeared in Truth of October 15th, and since in other papers, has been responded to by several members of the Press.

'A few weeks back I mentioned that Mr. Henry Blackburn proposed to undertake the task of educating the critics of illustrated books—a work for which I can readily believe that there is plenty of room. In pursuit of this end, Mr. Blackburn asks me to state that he now invites his brethren of the Press to spend an hour at his studio, 123, Victoria Street, there to familiarize themselves with the various mechanical processes employed in the art of illustrating books and newspapers. Mr. Blackburn writes:

"At this particular time of year, when piles of illustrated books lie waiting for 'review,' it may not be inopportune to ask that those upon whom the reputations of so many artists, engravers, and makers of 'process' blocks depend, should know something more than they have hitherto done of the modus operandi of book and newspaper illustration, and especially of the reasons for the failures which they see before them.

"In England it is, unfortunately, not considered 'good form' to know much of workshops, and our best artists, as a rule, take little interest in the
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methods by which their works are reproduced. Hence the ignorance of writers—art critics learned in schools and styles—of what is common knowledge in France."

As the matter is really an important one to authors, perhaps you will allow me to extend the invitation through your columns, beyond the domain of the "live" journalist to that of the more isolated literary man.

The main object is to bring the author more "en rapport" with the illustrator; to do this in the easiest way and with the least restraint. Any knowledge which an author can thus gain, quietly, in an hour's visit, will, if I may say so, be useful to him sometime or other; and amongst the uses, not the least will be the knowledge of how he can best aid his illustrator.

As to "educating critics" and the general statement that illustrations in books are continually criticised without sufficient knowledge, I feel bound, in a plain-speaking journal like the Author, to give "chapter and verse."

My contention is that our leading art critics are not, from force of circumstances, well informed on matters of technique, e.g., that the writers in the Athenæum, the Saturday Review, and the Times speak erroneously of the photo-mechanically-produced blocks used in the type-press, as "inferior and rubbishing processes" (sic), which injure the artist's work and degrade modern illustration; that they ignore the fact that it is generally the misuse of the processes, and not the processes themselves which are at fault.

The beautiful methods of photo-engraving now available do actually improve the illustrator's work, if he will learn to draw aright. This can be proved beyond question, and the younger generation of illustrators are giving daily demonstration of the fact. For the misuse of the processes, of course both publishers and the makers of blocks are mainly responsible, the latter especially for undertaking work for which the "processes" are unfitted, such, for instance, as attempting to turn a wash drawing into a relief block when it should have been handed to a wood engraver.

In the Athenæum illustrations produced mechanically are constantly referred to as "cuts" (as if wood-engraved), a most misleading expression for an author to read in his weekly organ.

But not to go further into details, if you think the subject of sufficient importance, the Author may do good service in ventilating it and inviting discussion.

Yours faithfully,
HENRY BLACKBURN.

123, Victoria Street, Westminster,
19th October, 1891.

A CASE FOR THE SOCIETY FOR
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

A RATHER puzzling experience has just been related to me. A man who was going abroad last month met in Broadway, the day before he sailed, an Englishman whom he believed to be in London, and whom he expected to see when he reached that city. As soon as he saw him, he said to himself, "Hello, there's Vaulter!"—or words to that effect, the real name being immaterial to the story. The two men—not old friends, but acquaintances on very friendly terms—seemed glad to see each other, and stopped and shook hands. The American had a moment's misgiving as to the identity of his vis-à-vis, but it disappeared under the reassuring influence of the replies his questions drew forth. "When did you get here?" he asked. "Last Wednesday," was the answer—Wednesday being one of the days on which the fast steamers arrive from England. "Is your wife with you?" "Yes," "When do you return?" "Next Saturday." "I shall be sorry not to see you upon the other side: I sail on the 'Majestic' to-morrow" (it was then Tuesday) "and had counted on seeing you and your wife in London." "I shall be very sorry to miss you," was the polite response. "By the way," exclaimed the American, "where is Mrs. . She was to be in London now, and I had expected to learn her address from you." The name mentioned was that of a well-known American writer, whose cousin the English man had married. "She is down in the country visiting some of her relations." After exchanging a few more words, the two men shook hands again, smiled, touched their hats, and parted.

On arriving at his office, five minutes later, the American dropped a line to the son of the lady whose exact whereabouts he had neglected to ascertain from his English friend; and by return of post received an address in Clarges Street. "What you say about Vaulter," added the young man, "is pure abracadabra to me: the last I heard of him he was with my people in England. Quaere: Is this a case for the Society for Psychical Research?"

The puzzled American sailed from New York the next day, and on his arrival at Liverpool posted to the London address of the lady in the case a note reporting the contradictory statements as to her place of sojourn. When he reached London two days thereafter, an answer to his letter awaited him at his hotel in Jermyn Street. It contained an invitation to dinner; and the next evening over a spotless cloth around which a typical English butler
moved with noiseless dignity, the tale of the interview of ten days ago in Broadway was told at length. "I have been visiting relations in the country," said the hostess, "but not for several weeks; and Mr. Vaulter hasn't been out of England for many months." Needless to say, the mystified American made a point of calling upon the Vaulters at their pleasant apartment overlooking Hyde Park. Of course they were out. "Out of town?" "No, sir, in town, but not at 'ome." A letter with a London postmark and an English stamp brings excellent evidence that they were in town a very few days after this fruitless call; but it does not account for the striking resemblance to Vaulter of the gentleman in Broadway, nor for his appropriate replies to the questions of his puzzled interlocutor, who is now strongly inclined to think this is "a case for the Society for Psychical Research."

From the New York Critic.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

ARCHDEACON Farrar, in his new book "Darkness and Dawn, or Scenes in the Days of Nero," returns to his old field, the beginnings of Christianity, but not to his old publishers. Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. produce his new book.

There is a perennial charm in anything written about Cervantes and Don Quixote, always provided that the writer is competent in his subject. Mr. H. E. Watts is well known as the latest and best translator of the immortal work. He has now contributed a life of the great Spaniard to the series known as "Great Writers," which, if names could make a serial succeed, should be a very great success indeed, containing, as it does, such writers as Hall Caine, Augustine Birrell, Rossetti, Sharp Hannay, Austin Dobson, Garnett, Edmund Gosse, Sime, Oscar Browning, and last, not least, H. E. Watts. It has a stirring eventful story to tell, set in a stirring time. The life illustrates the great book. The book illustrates the life. Let no one read the life who does not know the book, let no one henceforth read the book again until he has read the life. A most valuable bibliography is appended to the work.

Mrs. Goddard Orpen has just completed a series of papers entitled "Chronicles of the Sid," which will begin in the November number of the Leisure Hour, and will run throughout the year. The "Chronicles" are mainly concerned with the journey of a lady through the Algerian Sahara and Upper Egypt.

Miss Augusta A. Varty-Smith (Sa'imath), author of "The Fawcetts and Garods," is about to issue a novel in three volumes, entitled "Matthew Tindale." The story, which has already appeared in serial form, will be published by Messrs. R. Bentley and Sons.

On November 2nd will appear Mrs. F. Marsh's new novel, "The Junior Dean." (Chatto and Windus.) 3 vols.

"The Railway Foundling," by "Nomad," has been issued in a cheap edition, 2s. 6d. It has been highly spoken of as a work of vivacity and adventure with a clever story.

A fourth edition of Mr. M. Powis Bale's "Handbook for Steam Users" will be published immediately by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Ernest M. Bowden's "Imitation of Buddha," enriched by a preface from Sir Edwin Arnold, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Methuen & Co. It will contain quotations from Buddhist literature for every day in the year. The price will be 3s. 6d.


The same author will shortly issue—


"These Three," a story for girls.

"Born in the Purple."

"My Lady Bountiful."

All through Messrs. Nisbet and Co.

"Bear Hunting in the White Mountains" (Chapman and Hall) is the title of the new work by Mr. Heywood W. Seton-Karr. It should have been announced in the October number.
Note a charming little book for children, "Bub," by Ismay Thorn (Blackie & Son).

Among the new books of the season must be mentioned "United States Pictures." Drawn with pen and pencil by Richard Lovett, M.A. It has a map and 150 engravings. It is published by the Religious Tract Society.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Price, a novelist who was rapidly rising to distinction. Several of her tales are still coming out or are arranged for. A serial from her pen is about to run through a Glasgow paper. She has left a one-volume story completed, and an unfinished two-volume story.

Mr. C. H. Cope produces "Reminiscences" of his father, Charles West Cope, R.A. (Bentley and Son). He has also brought out a short memoir (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), entitled "Strength Made Perfect in Weakness."

On Thursday was published "Mr. and Mrs. Herries," by Miss May Crommelin, author of "Goblin Gold," "Queenie," "Midge," "Violet Vyvian," &c. Another work, by the same author, is running in Woman, called "For the Sake of the Family."

Mr. Hume Nisbet's new Romance, entitled "The Jolly Roger," a Tale of Sea Heroes and Pirates, will appear immediately. The work is illustrated by the author.

Miss Mary C. Rowsell, author of "Love Loyal," "Miss Vanbrugh," &c., is producing (Skeffington and Co.), a volume of stories called "Petronella," of which the title story is the novel form of the drama produced some months ago. Those who spoke well of that play will be glad to hear that it will be probably produced again before long and with considerable alterations.

Among the multitude of new books all crying out to be heard and all belonging to this or that school, calling, or persuasion, here is one which appeals to everybody alike. It is Mr. Athol Maudslay's new book on Nature's Weather Warnings and Natural Phenomena, published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It is a book of rules for forecasting the weather, with a number of old world rustic and seagoing prognostications, as useful as they are interesting.

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Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:

1. Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

2. Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

4. Never accept any proposal of royalty without ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

5. Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

6. Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

7. Never sign away American rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

8. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

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NOTICES.

The Committee have to acknowledge with thanks the ample response made to their request for subscriptions towards the proposed presentation to Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. No more money need be sent, as the amount received and promised will fully cover the amount spent. We will render a further account next month.

The meaning, as between publisher and author, of the so-called "Royalty System"—where there is no system—was explained in the Author for November 1891. Writers are entreated, in their own interests, to study the facts and figures there set forth.

Communications intended for the Authors' Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary. Mr. Colles will issue a report on the financial side of the Syndicate, drawn by a firm of chartered accountants, at the beginning of the new year.
All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.

The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.

A correspondent writes to ask for information as to the “loss” of copyright. A few elementary points are, therefore, advanced. Copyright is the right to copy or reproduce. It must not be parted with, except for a consideration fair and reasonable. Most publishers' agreements contain a clause which assigns to them the copyright. It is called sometimes by its own name, sometimes it is called the right to first and all subsequent editions, sometimes it is called the right to produce future editions at cheaper prices, should the publisher think fit. Then follows the consideration for which the author is asked to surrender his property. Writers who sign this agreement in too many cases do not even know what they are giving or selling, and in some instances are too inexperienced in business matters to understand plain English. Let them before signing any agreement ask themselves these questions:

1. Does the agreement assign the copyright to the publishers?
2. If so, for what consideration?
3. What does that consideration leave to the publishers on the sale of the first and all subsequent editions?

I.

A FINAL meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the proposed Authors' Club was held at the Society's Office on Thursday last. Mr. Oswald Craufurd, C.M.G., in the chair. The rules have now been finally adopted. The prospectus of the club has been drawn up and adopted. It has been decided to bring out the club, as many other new clubs have been successfully started, as a Joint Stock Company. The committee have every reason to be sanguine of success. Up to the present moment they have received the names of many well known men of letters. The subscription will be, at first, four guineas a year.

II.

PROSPECTUS.

Literature, which formerly was taken to include little beside history, belles lettres, and poetry, now includes writing on any and every subject that can occupy the wit of man. There are those who write on science—an army in themselves; those who write fiction—another army; those who write on music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and all branches of art. There are those who write on law, those who write on medicine, those who write on social and political economy, those who write on theology, those who write their travels, those who write biography, those who write essays and magazine articles. There are journalists, and there are those who sit in judgment on all who write. In every liberal profession there are authors. In every calling outside the liberal professions there are authors. Those who write books are not necessarily authors by profession. They think they have a thing to say, and they say it by means of a book. In may be a contribution to their own profession, the subject in which they have been trained. It may be only one book that makes its writer an author. The living authors, including every man and every woman who has written a book, may now be numbered by thousands.

The Authors' Club is established for the association of authors in every branch of literature, including in that term the writers and editors of books, dramatists, journalists, and contributors to leading periodicals, or to the transactions of learned and scientific societies, and writers in collective publications.

But it will be understood, the fact of a man having written books—however good or successful
THE AUTHOR.

—will not alone qualify him for admission to the Club unless he is also a clubbable person.

At present it cannot be said that there is any literary club at all. There are men of letters at the Athenæum, just as there are men distinguished in the church, in science, and in art. There are men of letters in the Savile, the Garrick, the Arts, and the Savage, but there is no such thing as a club where the first qualification is that the members shall belong to the republic of letters. There is no club which serves the interests of literature in the same way as the Service Clubs act for the Army and the Navy. And just as there exist in the Army and the Navy the widest possible differences and distinctions among the members, so the widest possible differences exist among authors, and should not be a bar to union.

It is intended to make the Club a high-class institution. It will, for instance, contain reading and writing rooms, billiard rooms, smoking rooms, card rooms, dressing rooms, dining rooms, &c.

Some of the special advantages of the Club for members will be as follows:

1. It will be a Club with a very reasonable subscription and charges.
2. It will be placed in a central position.
3. Every member will be supposed to know every other member.
4. It will aim at being a social club on the lines already followed by some of the newer clubs.
5. Members will have the privilege of entertaining their friends.
6. It will contain rooms for writing, provided with a reference library.
7. There will be a table d'hote dinner as well as dinners at separate tables.
8. The Club will necessarily, from the qualifications demanded of its members, step at the outset into the front as a society composed of men who have at least shown some intellectual activity.
9. Its members will be limited to 600.

III.

The advantages which this Club, successful and well managed, ought to confer upon the profession of letters, may be briefly summed up as follows: It has long been one of the chief aims of the Society of Authors to bring together, as barristers are brought together, though they may be united by a more slender tie, those who produce the literature of the day. It is found that the Society, whose chief work is the defence of the property created by these producers, has developed some power of awakening the spirit and camaraderie belonging to a common profession; but that it necessarily lacks the power of bringing together the members of the profession. We cannot have a common hall, we cannot have benchers to maintain the dignity and watch for the honour of the profession. But we have a Society, and we may, if we please, have a club. The spirit engendered by the existence of common interests lies at the root of all professional unions. When these interests are recognised and understood to be common to all, the professional spirit will grow and spread. The old jealousies and quarrels of authors, which disgrace the history of literature, will be rendered impossible when, as in the legal profession, men are restrained by public opinion, or by professional etiquette, from the old miserable practice of rending, abusing, and scarifying each other. No reasonable person ever can or will object to open and honourable criticism, especially when it is invited by sending books to an editor for review. But it is above all things desirable to create and to foster that professional spirit which shall make authors feel that they owe to each other the same respect, and must pay the same outward forms of respect, as barrister owes and pays to barrister, or physician to physician. Now the Authors' Club should be able, far more efficiently than the Authors' Society, to lead in the creation of this spirit.

Another advantage to literature will be that the work done by the Society—the diffusing of knowledge as to the cost of production—the meaning of royalties—the frauds practised by the fraudulent houses, &c., will become more accessible by means of a club whose members are all men of letters, and, therefore, interested in spreading abroad among their own class these facts and figures.

It may be objected that the elder writers among us will not wish to join a new literary club. It is true that they have their own clubs, and that we cannot expect many of them to break up old habits and to change their circles, and to go into strange clubs among new people. Still, some of them, for the love of letters, will certainly join the club, and we must remember, as regards the rest, that the future belongs to the young. Only let the young men join us, and the future of the club is assured.

ON ROYALTIES.

LAST month we gave approximately the meaning of what is called the "Royalty System" in a series of tables, which readers will do well to study and to note carefully. A timely incident may show one of the dangers against which
an author should be on his guard in signing agreements based upon this system. A.B. wrote a book, which he took to a publisher. The latter offered the author an agreement granting a certain royalty on the published price, but inserted a clause stipulating that, should he sell the book at less than half price, the royalty should be only a certain amount on the net sales instead of the published price. This agreement was signed by the author, who supposed that the clause could only refer to remainder stock. Not at all. The publisher sold the bulk of the edition just under half price; but he gave the author no hint of his intention. What he gained on the royalties over what he lost by lowering the price put something into his pocket on every volume.

THE COST OF PRODUCTION.

Another edition of this very useful little work is now ready. Those who possess the earlier editions will please note that since they were issued there has been a rise in compositors' wages, which, so far as London is concerned, will affect the item of composition, or setting-up, and press work, or machining, to the extent of about 15 per cent. It has not, we are assured, touched prices in Edinburgh.

Those who consult the book should also bear in mind that our estimates are very liberal, so as to be on the safe side. A printer's bill is a very elastic thing, one that may be shortened as well as lengthened, in a most surprising manner. For instance, a certain piece of work required for the Authors' Syndicate, which began by costing 36s. a week, has now gone down to 15s., without the least alteration in length. And the other day the account of a book was sent in which showed the cost of production considerably less than the estimate in the Society's book. Nor is this the only occasion in which we have found the figures supplied to us to have been liberal ones.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

I.

Certain French writers and composers have formed the "Société Civile du Copyright," and have appointed Edward Brandus, publisher, of New York, their agent. The French Copyright Company has been incorporated with a capital of $50,000, with headquarters at No. 26, Rue Caumartin, in Paris, and an office in New York, at 30, Broad Street. The object is to protect the property of French authors and composers in the United States. To a Tribune reporter, who asked him whether he had any individual contracts with well-known authors, Mr. Brandus replied: "Few great authors are willing to bind themselves to publish their books in any particular way or place. However, our Society has met the approval of Frenchmen, and we shall publish many works of many famous authors." He also expressed the opinion that the Society will be as beneficial to American authors as to French.

II.

With regard to the difficulty of retaining copyright in America for a story that is being published serially in England, it appears to me that the difficulty might be got over somewhat in the way the right in plays was retained, by producing to a few friends. Produce the book in America simultaneously with the first instalment being issued in England; but produce also in England, say, eight copies of the book at a prohibitive price—five for the libraries, the rest for those who like buying scarce articles; this would be publication simultaneously of the whole book, here and in America, but not a publication that would injure the run in the serial. Perhaps opinions upon this suggestion may be obtained.

James Baker.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

Professor Skeat's paper on the Educational Value of English, published in the Educational Review of November, is a claim for our own language and our own literature as instruments of the higher education. It is the first chapter only. He shows that the true value of our language was actually left to foreigners to discover. The first Anglo-Saxon grammar of any scientific value was written by a Dane. The only grammars of the English language, of any importance are written by Germans. The best treatise on English metre is written by a German. The best account of Early English Literature is by a Dutchman, and the best book on Shakespeare is by a German. Again, there are no periodicals in Germany—in this country there are none—devoted to the study of English Literature. "With a certain few exceptions of well-known names,"
writes Professor Skeat, "the editor of either of
these periodicals would not accept a contribution
sent him by a correspondent from England, lest he
should find that, when the article appeared in print,
it would prove the incompetency of the author, and
his own mismanagement." This affords a safe
measure of the reputation which English scholar-
ship enjoys abroad.

TEMPORA (ET FEMINE) MUTANTUR.

"Jocund his muse was, but his life was chaste."
(Herrick.)

I.
Old Herrick's dead and gone,
Yet no hoary granite stone
Remains the Poet's resting-place to tell—
But the vicars ever since
Have been trying to convince
The world each caught his mantle as it fell!

II.
Thus you see a silly fellow
Who cannot pluck a yellow
Buttercup, without apostrophizing odes;
While my laughter-loving lasses
I must view with other glasses
Than those prescribed by Education Codes.

III.
I suppose the air of Devon
Lends a soft poetical leaven
To those who court it's enervating breeze;
For though old Herrick rated
Dean Prior, which he hated,
He worked away at his Hesperides!

IV.
His Julia is dead,
Anthea too has fled
To the land from whence no travellers return,
But his Daffodills shine bright
And his Glow-worms lend their light,
And there roars upon the rocks his rugged bourn.

V.
Yes! The mosses and the flowers,
Fed by everlasting showers,
Luxuriate on venerable banks;
But, alas! in vain you seek
For the cherry lip and cheek
That can coax a very anchorite to pranks!

VI.
No! The beauties of the parish
Are not the sort to ravish
Your eyes, or pay for intimate inspection;
I could never care a stiver
For a lass with too much liver
Or a tallowy and sallowy complexion!

VII.
Oh! Herrick! could you rise,
You would view with sad surprise
A cuticle of parchment or of paste;
And would own that at the most
'Twould be now a sorry boast
That while your muse was jocund you were chaste.

Dean Prior Vicarage,
Buckfastleigh.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT.
(From the American Author.)

SCHERERAZADE had just begun her thousand-and-second narration. The Sultan
Schahriah held up his hand in impatient weariness, and she stopped.
"Is this the same old thing?" he demanded.
"Genii, disguised califs, enchanted palaces, roe's eggs, magic lamps, and all that?"
"It must be so, your Serene Placidity," the trembling romancer replied. "Naught else is there wonderful enough to frame a tale for ears like thine."
"Then out you go!"
The sultan gave a wrathful signal. Slaves seized the hapless girl and dragged her, shrieking, toward the place where the bowstrings were kept. She broke from them and threw herself at the sultan's feet.
"I have thought of another one!" she cried.
"This is a new one!"
"If it be both new and good, well. We desire originality, but we desire imagination also. The new tale must be more wonderful than any you have submitted to us these thousand-and-one nights past."
"It is much more wonderful."
"Then we will consider it. There are also other requirements. Don't ask us what they are. If you are left alive, you may know that you have satisfied them. If you are slain, you may know that you have failed. Proceed. If your new story is just the thing we want, we may accept it. We can soon tell. So can you!"
Thus encouraged, poor Scheherazade began for the second time her thousand-and-second narration.

"In the time of my youth wealth was my slave, and luxury was the air I breathed. A wish ungratified was a thing I could not imagine. Another thing I could not imagine was the need for any sort of effort. As for work, it simply did not exist within my knowledge."

"Pretty good invention!" muttered the sultan. "Rather too good, since we remember what hard scratching your father's family had to do to get along!"

"One terrible day," Scheherazade continued, "all this happiness became a memory. A sudden tempest of misfortune uprooted the beautiful tree of prosperity; and where its roots had been was now only the deep, black hole of poverty. In the depths of that hole I was engulfed. I was left alone, without help. I, who had never learned what exertion meant, must now work if I would keep alive, even at the bottom of the dismal hole."

"You said something about this being a new story," Schahriah suggested grimly. "If it is, you had better get to the new part right away!"

"Patience, O Most Serene! It was all terribly new to me! But I come now at once to the blissfully thrilling part. By one timely and supreme effort I got out of the hole I was in, and renewed the atmosphere of luxury I had been wont to breathe. Pens, ink, and paper had been saved from the wreck of our fortune. They were the instruments of my deliverance. Without an instant of delay I began to write for the magazines!"

The sultan uttered a howl. The slaves sprang forward to seize once more the unhappy fabricator. Their master motioned them to stand back. He could endure yet a little more.

"The magazines, eh? That may account for the lack of flesh on your bones when you came to live at the palace," he remarked to Scheherazade. "But go on. Tell us how you managed it. In that, must lie that new and wonderful part of your story—if it have any such part!"

"It managed itself, O Most Credulous One! I but went forth among the makers of magazines and told them my wish. Some of them prayed me, in tones of melting kindness, to show them what I had written. No word, as yet, had ever been written by me; for I knew not how to write. Then these gentle-hearted men knelt before me and begged that I would straightway begin. I granted their prayer. The first thing I wrote for them they published and paid for,—and never thereafter did I write a line that was not published and paid for. I wrote much, and forgot poverty. That is the tale, O Most Gullible!"

The sultan reflected in silence for a little time.

"It has been told many times before," he said at last. "We have seen it on the printed page. Foolish men and women seem to love the telling of it. Therefore, it is not new. It is sufficiently marvellous to make up for that, however. It is more wonderful than 'The Slave of the Lamp,' and that is a recommendation. In all the thousand and one nights you have told us nothing so incredible. So, only for one thing, your story might be accepted. Among the requirements we did not mention is truth. Truth we must have. Now, we could believe in 'The Valley of Diamonds'; but who could believe this latter tale? Therefore—"

He gave once more the signal to the slaves; and they did what was expected of them.

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Moorstown, N. J.

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TO A YOUNG VIOLINIST.

At her Debut, New York, Oct. 18, 1891.

Fair sister of the Muses! 'tis the hour
Dearest of all, when thou dost wed thy Art.
No bride more radiant a more single heart
Gave to her chosen—and what noble dower!

Graces akin to forest and to flower;
A spirit blithe as dawn; a soul astir;
A nature rich, to keep thee what thou art—
A star of beauty and a flame of power.

Now, while the tranced throng turn each to each
Sharing their joy, think'st thou on those young years
When many a day and night was unbeguiled
Save by this love that lightened toil and tears?

Thy music melts upon the verge of speech—
Fame crowns the artist, I, the constant child.

R. U. Johnson.

(New York Critic.)

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THE GROWTH OF LITERATURE IN NEW ZEALAND.

By Mrs. James Suisted, Cor. Mem. R.G.S. (Australasia).

The practical "nation making" work in which New Zealand colonists are engaged, leaves the majority, at least, scant leisure for intellectual pursuits.
It is therefore a good augury for the literary future of this beautiful country that amid the absorbing demand upon their energies the belles lettres are not wholly neglected.

It would be impossible within the compass of this short article to do more than briefly glance at the intellectual history of New Zealand.

It will, however, be readily granted by my readers that the national literature of any country must necessarily be greatly influenced, not only by the character of the natives, but also by the nature of the country itself.

Moreover, every country should have its distinctive character faithfully expressed in a literature which is a reflex of the land in which it had its birth. Further, nothing can better show the growth of a nation than its progress in literature. Nor does it necessarily follow that because such literature bears a local colouring, the writers are either narrow or insular. There were many and exceptional causes which led not only to political, but also to literary activity, from the very earliest inception of settlement in this colony. For, in addition to the ordinary political struggles—and they were many and bitter—there was the dealings with a warlike native population whose numbers have been variously estimated; but it is certain that in the North Island there must have been over 70,000 people when the settlers first arrived. It was a meeting of races, one, well trained in civilisation, guided by their own moral code, the other with quite a different rule of life. A stubborn conflict of races seemed inevitable, albeit, the natural fierceness of the Maori tribes was not infrequently tempered with an admirable fidelity and generosity not often surpassed.

These early struggles, extending, as they did, over many years, combined with causes to be presently touched upon, gave the first impetus to literary culture, as they led to debates, to pamphlets, to memorials, and to a sharpening and an educating that had a good mental effect on the colonists generally.

One great advantage that cannot well be overestimated was due to the fact that among the very earliest bands of settlers in New Zealand might be found many men of high standing and culture, who brought with them to the scene of their labours elevated views of colonial life, and exalted ideals, up to which they endeavoured to live in the new existence with its peculiar environment, and in so doing they largely influenced the lives of all around them. Greed of gain formed no part of the plan of life mapped out for themselves by such men as Fitzgerald, Clifford, Weld, Domett, Swanson, Godley, Pollen, Cargill, Macandrew, Burns, Gillies, Martin, Wakefield, Fitzherbert, Richmond, Fox, Featherston, Whitaker, Sinclair, and many others were men of whom any nation under the sun might well be proud. They were actuated by the highest motives and aimed at founding, not merely "a bit of England" in the midst of a Polynesian population, but a grand nation that would in time come develop and ultimately become the veritable "Britain of the South."

That newspapers are no mean factors in literary culture is an established fact, and in ably conducted journals New Zealand stands pre-eminent. As early as August 1839, there appeared the first number of the New Zealand Gazette, while at the present time no fewer than 130 newspapers are published in this country. Sir Julius Vogel, to whose ability and energy the colony is so largely indebted, is the acknowledged father of the daily press of New Zealand.

The leading dailies and weeklies issued now in the chief cities, namely, Wellington, Auckland, Dunedin, and Christchurch, will bear favourable comparison with similar publications in the large English towns.

Once a year the large weekly journals open their columns to locally written novelettes, but beyond such limited opportunity, New Zealand authors receive but scant encouragement in their own country. This is probably due in some measure to the smallness of the population, the immense quantity of books imported, and also to the fact that articles and stories are copied from English magazines by the newspapers, who pay nothing for the privilege of doing so. Still, new aspirants for literary fame are constantly appearing in the field, and latent talent is being developed which cannot fail in causing our literature to rank higher year by year. Already some of our novelists are well known in the world of letters. Sir Julius Vogel, Fergus Hume, B. L. Farjeon, W. Watson, and Vincent Pyke, are amongst those who are leading the way in fiction.

In poetry we can point with pride to such sweet singers as Bracken, Bathgate, Domett, and Mrs. J. G. Wilson, all of whom have, and are, helping to originate a national literature. It is, indeed, chiefly to the early poets of a new country, with their warm sympathy, their tuneful eloquence, and fervid imagination, that we look, not only for the first vivid description of scenery, new flowers, trees, birds, and animals, with their varied habits and peculiarities, but also for the strange and hitherto unrecorded manners, customs and legends of a newly-discovered race of men.

Science has by no means been neglected, as New Zealand is fortunate in possessing many admirable naturalists, including botanists, zoologists, and geologists, whose labours have produced most excellent results; notably the zoological researches.
of Sir James Hector. Since the founding of the "New Zealand Institute" in 1869, with its annual volume of proceedings and transactions, science has become thoroughly systematised, and a marked advance has been made in the various branches. And, I think, without undue exultation, we may congratulate ourselves on having outstripped the other Colonies in the race for scientific honours.

Even Canada, with all the resources at her command, has produced nothing at all comparable with the "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute," or Sir Walter Buller's magnificent ornithological works.

Although born and reared in New Zealand, long study among the museums of Europe, and acquaintance with the literature of the subject on which he writes, renders Sir Walter Buller absolutely the first authority in the world on the New Zealand avifauna, and his "History of the Birds of New Zealand" is a book to be coveted, not only by savants, but by all lovers of natural history.

The author was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and Her Majesty conferred upon him an imperial distinction, in recognition of the great value of his work to science. A melancholy interest, indeed, attaches to the avifauna of this wonderful country, where so many of the beautiful indigenous birds are either extinct or on the verge of extinction. Apropos of this, I may mention that on a recent occasion when the Earl and Countess of Onslow paid a visit to the Ngatiwha tribes at Otaki, for the purpose of presenting to the chiefs the Governor's infant son, a godson of Her Majesty the Queen, who had been named Huia, in compliment to the Maori people. Allusion was made there to the rapid disappearance of the sacred huia bird. During the unique and most interesting ceremonial, of which I would fain have given a full description did space permit, throughout which Sir Walter Buller acted as interpreter, and after the child had been duly presented to the chiefs, who cast rare and beautiful presents before him; the women meanwhile chanting a soft and plaintive lullaby. The young hereditary chief, Tamihana Te Huia, concluded an eloquent and stirring speech in the following characteristic manner. Pointing with outstretched arm in the direction of a magnificent mountain range that could be clearly seen from the tribal meeting-house where the reception was being held, he exclaimed:

"There yonder is the snow-clad Ruahine range, the home of our favourite bird. We ask you, O Governor to restrain the Pakehas—white men—from shooting it, that when your boy grows up he may see the beautiful bird which bears his name. We thank you and Lady Onslow again for this proof of your regard for the Maori people, and of your earnest desire to promote their welfare. You have heard the words of the tribe. There is nothing more to say."

But to return.

The powerful personality of such a man as Sir George Grey has unquestionably exercised an inestimable influence in the moulding of literary taste and culture in a land throughout whose history he has played such a prominent and important part. A scholar himself, he has done more to encourage and foster colonial talent than any other man in the country.

Painters, as well as poets, scientists, and novelists, are producing good work, and pictures from the studios of such clever artists as Mrs. Gilbert Mair, Miss White, John Gully, Barraud, and others, are gradually attracting attention outside the colonies. Art societies flourish in all our principal towns, and in the four chief cities art galleries have been established.

Public libraries are to be found everywhere, booksellers abound, magazine literature is more than ever plentiful, and local tales and poems are beginning to be more sought after than heretofore.

The educational system prevailing here aims at a high standard of excellence. The schools both primary and secondary, are thoroughly well equipped and taught, and a sound university training is now open to the young colonial.

In 1889, there were no fewer than 496 matriculated students in New Zealand. Thus it will be seen that the aim of the colony is to give in literary culture all that even England could bestow. And all these agencies must have their effect in the years to come. One thing at least is certain, namely, that future generations, who may people these lovely islands, will have no cause for complaint that the dominions of their inheritance lacked any of the advantages which tend to promote the growth of national development, through the intellectual dormancy or supineness of the earlier colonists. Whatever may be the ultimate destiny of these fair daughters of the parent State, the records of their infancy will ever remain as mementoes of the capability, industry, and eminence of a large number of early settlers in nearly every department in the wide empires of knowledge.

Even at the present day, New Zealand possesses a literature which has rendered its magnificent resources tolerably familiar to the educated world. I am aware that some English cities are of opinion that colonial authors introduce too much Maori into their work, thereby making it too New-Zealandish for the taste of English readers. But surely a characteristic nationalism is much to be desired, especially here, where the time has been too short to develop any historical associations, and far less racial peculiarities. Moreover, it is only by the use of local colouring that anything like a
national flavour can ever be imparted to colonial writing.

That our writers exhibit no desire to become slavish imitators of the old models is, I am inclined to believe, a healthy and hopeful sign of the growth of a true colonial literature, which, being indigenous and the product of colonial ability and culture, cannot fail to have a peculiar attraction. But better, far better it should be said of the reading public of New Zealand, that they exercise a sobriety of judgment and correctness of taste which prevent their being satisfied with anything which is not really good, rather than that they encourage productions of inferior merit for the sake of boasting of the increasing literature of the country.

New Zealand is, indeed, rich in all that is capable of affording inspiration, both in poetry and fiction. A land of mountains, torrents, geysers, rivers, plains, sea-girt, and with a thousand harbours, will assuredly nurture authors and poets, just as certainly as it will sailors. Let us hope then, that our literary pioneers may be as successful in founding a national literature as have been the pioneers in politics, in government, and in all the institutions that go to ennoble a race. There can be little doubt that despite drawbacks of many kinds experienced in the past, the future greatness of New Zealand in literature, as in other enterprises, is well assured, based as it is upon a solid foundation of steady progress.

[I have to acknowledge my indebtedness to the kindness of my friend, Sir Robert Stout, for much valuable information contained in the above article.—L. I. S.]

NOTES AND NEWS.

I FIND it necessary (see p. 216) to remind certain readers of the Author that the announcement on the front page—"For the opinions expressed in papers that are signed the authors alone are responsible"—means what it says. Especially does it apply to the columns which are signed by my name.

The lamentable death of Lord Lytton deprives this Society of one of its strongest and most distinguished supporters. Lord Lytton became a Vice-President of the Society on its first foundation. He presided at our first public meeting, at Willis's Rooms: he never failed to express on every possible occasion the greatest interest in the welfare and prospects of our Association, and he was one of the few who really understood the possibilities which lie before us, to be realized if we only know how to make use of our power and our opportunities. It is not necessary that, at such a time, we should speak critically of his contributions to literature. That he possessed the highest love and respect for literature in all its branches is well known to all. All his poems were written in the intervals of diplomatic work. They are, at least, remarkable for delicacy of expression and for refinement. No man ever filled more important posts or was known to a larger circle of acquaintances. Attaché and Secretary of Embassy at Florence, the Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, Lisbon, and Madrid, Viceroy of India and Ambassador to France, his life was spent in Courts. Yet he always found time for the cultivation of letters.

His kindness of heart, his admirable social qualities, his urbanity, a ready wit which was never spiteful, gathered round him an immense circle of private friends. He died writing verses, the ink not yet dry on the page, when life was extinct.

We have also lost, in the Bishop of Carlisle, another member of distinction. He, too, was one who entirely approved of the objects of the Society, and, so far as can be known, of its methods. During a recent controversy with a certain society, touching very closely the honour of the Episcopal Bench who are its vice-presidents, he wrote in kindness and sympathy. What active steps he took in the society itself I do not know.

I ventured to call attention in the October Author to the reckless way in which people who write letters to the papers garble or invent their quotations. In the Times, for instance, half the letters every day are taken up with denying alleged statements, or protesting against inferences drawn from garbled quotations. Let me give an illustration instructive of the rapid growth of false inference from garbled quotation. It happened the other day. I mentioned in a certain paper—apropos of Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles—the fact that very few visitors ever go to see the cottage. This fact is proved by the visitors' book, which everyone signs on payment of 6d. I then asked whether Milton could be forgotten, and advanced two other innocent, little opinions—which I fondly thought as much beyond question as an axiom in Euclid. They were—(1) that very few people read Milton through more than once in their lives; and (2) that certain poems, and certain portions of poems, would always continue household words.
This little innocent passage was quoted by an evening paper. Then the fun began. First a learned Q.C. wrote an indignant and scurrilous letter, arguing that a man who had said such things was an ignorant creature who had never even heard of "L'Allegro," &c.

Setting this person right, I again pointed out that very few people go to visit the cottage, and added, as an encouragement to visitors, that there is a village inn where people can get lunch or whatever they want. Then the Q.C. appeared again—after him other correspondents. The indignation of all was virtuous, unanimous, heartfelt, wonderful. They all started with a good bold assumption. "This man says that Milton is forgotten." The man, observe, had said nothing of the kind. One of them, a lady, filled—inflated with holy wrath—invented a new charge. "Here is a man," she said, "who actually consults public-houses as to the vitality of Milton!" No one can stand such an outrage as that; so this lady, feeling that she really did well to be angry, poured all the contents of the pepper-and-spitebox into her letter. Another writer adopted the sarcastic vein—everybody knows the sarcastic letter-writer—and would like to ask, &c., &c. Of course he neglected to say where the assumed statement had been made. Then came along the solemn man, who is never wanting on these occasions. He was constrained to thank Heaven that this statement was not allowed to pass without contradiction. He, too, neglected to say where he found the statement. Then librarians wrote to contradict "this statement"—neglecting to say where they found it—on the ground that many readers ask for Milton. And others wrote to contradict the statement—but did not say where they found it—on the ground that new editions of Milton are constantly issued. Not a single person ever referred to the real original statement that very few people read Milton through more than once in their lives. Were they blind or malignant? Neither. They were simply following the trick of the day to accept whatever they read in the paper without examination or question.

Two more things happened in this wonderful correspondence. In answering the Q.C., I had observed, with the mildest possible sarcasm, that this kind of reasoning belonged, I supposed, to the legal mind. The Q.C. cried out to the world that here was a man insulting the whole legal profession.

Lastly, there appeared a leading article in the same evening paper, in which the writer concluded by rebuking me for making inquiries of public-houses instead of publishers! So that it comes to this. I stand convicted on three charges. I have stated that John Milton is forgotten; I have insulted the whole legal profession; I am proved to be in the habit of consulting public-houses on literary matters.

It only remains now to repeat the words which caused the indignation:

1. Very few people visit Chalfont St. Giles to see Milton's cottage.
2. Very few people read Milton through more than once.
3. Certain of his poems are known by heart to all people who read at all.

But if these ladies and gentlemen had only been so very good as to read what I did say before they commented on it!

I have received a bundle of the American papers called the Author and the Writer. With these papers we may, I hope, borrow and lend, and so be mutually helpful. One thing to be observed about them is that they are eminently practical. Literature is frankly approached as a profession—a thing which some among us, especially the disinterested persons who conduct the affairs of authors, oppose most vehemently. These Americans discuss their magazines, their circulation, and their tariff with wonderful frankness; they write about points of practical working; in the matter of fiction they consider endings, openings, the conduct of dialogue—all those things which we are generally taught to believe instinctive and due to nature's promptings, just as nature teaches one baby to play the violin; and another to compose a sonata in the cradle. The Americans, in fact, show in these journals that they are eminently a practical people. They mean to study the art of fiction, and to make a profession of it, as our people have never yet thought of doing. What will be the consequence? A general raising of the level; a vast improvement in the technique; so much, certainly. Not the production of the greatest work any more than at present. Great men do not appear with every generation. The standard, however, of literary excellence may be raised very much higher. And if our writers do not, in like manner, consider and study the art as an art, so much the worse for them.

In a recent libel case, tried at the High Court of Justice, when a singer sued for damages on the ground of a so-called libellous criticism, it was
argued by counsel for defendants that when criticism is invited, the subject has no right to complain of hostile judgment. This seems very reasonable. At the theatre seats are given to the critics; at concerts seats are reserved for the critics; at the offices of newspapers books are presented to the critics. These gentlemen may very fairly say, "You ask me to tell the world what I think of your book, your play, your music, your singing. Well, I think you are incapable of singing or writing or doing anything at all worth hearing. You had better go into obscurity, and stay there." The performer has brought it upon himself; he ought not to complain. He has asked for an honest opinion, and he has got it. Most probably had he not invited the critic to witness and judge his performance, that critic would not have seen, heard, or read it. On the other hand, it may fairly be contended as a general principle, and without reference to any case, that there should be observed a certain politeness. In criticism, as in society, one should remain a gentleman, courteous in word and manner. A gentleman should be ashamed to jump upon the writer of a harmless book only because it is a weak book; nor should he shriek and swear over that book; nor should he call the writer names. In fact, the old fashioned blood and bludgeon style of abuse, invective, and contempt is brutal. Where it still lingers, which is in very few quarters, it is brutal still. When one has to fight, the rapier, and not the club, is the weapon of a gentleman. Some critics, it is true, have never learned to use the rapier. That is another way of saying that they have not received the education of a gentleman. In any case, there is another way open to an author. If he does not like the criticisms of a paper he has only to refuse a press copy of his book to that paper. If it then reviews him, another question arises, namely, what is permitted by the law. Any man may criticise within limits the work of any other man, but not to the injury of his credit or his means of livelihood. And this whether a man be a fishmonger—in which case we may not say that he habitually sells stinking fish—or an author, in which case we may not say, unless we are prepared to plead justification, that his books are pernicious, immoral, ignorant, stolen, or anything else which may interfere with his livelihood.

If an editor a fortnight ago had wanted a paper on the Political Function of Imagination, to whom would he have applied for that paper? It is not an easy subject. Of course there are thousands of able pens ready to write on any subject, difficult or not. But, as the children say, "seriously," whom would he ask? He might ask Mr. John Morley or Mr. Leslie Stephen—he would have an excellent paper from either. He might ask any of twenty novelists and poets; he would get a pleasant paper, easy to read, but not greatly advancing the subject. The last person in the world of whom he would have thought is the one person who has actually done it better, I believe than any other person in the world could have done it. Mr. Goschen, the man of the city—the financier—has beaten the literary craftsman in his own craft. Hardly any better essay has ever been written than Mr. Goschen's discourse on Imagination. The other great essay, that by Mr. Arthur Balfour on Progress, is the work of a craftsman, one of the Company of Authors.

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Books for boys! Do any of us realise the immense annual output of books for boys—the enormous mass of literature which exists for the sole and exclusive use of boys? The other day, among a lot of boys, the question rose as to their favourite author. There was but one opinion. It was led off by the one who spoke first. He lifted his head, and remarked briefly, "Henty for me." That was the opinion of all—"Henty for me." Of course, Marryatt will never lose his followers among boys; nor Walter Scott; while there are writers like Kingston, Collingwood, George Manville Fenn, and others—good men and true. But "Henty for me." There is a list before me, showing thirty-three stories for boys, all written by this wonderful story teller. A boy who has read the whole of Henty has read a great part of the world's history. In fact, he is the schoolboy's historian. The school histories only teach him dates and bay figures. His home historians put life into the figures and meaning into the dates.

It is now five years ago, I think, that the current number of Longman's Magazine was glorified by the appearance of the most beautiful paper ever written by Richard Jefferies—a paper into which he poured his whole soul, all his knowledge, all his love for nature—a paper which shall always stand for the man, because an author must always be judged by his best work. This paper, as everyone remembers, was called "The Pageant of Summer." The present (December) number of the magazine contains another paper recently found by his widow, called "The Coming of Summer." It is like a first draft of the "Pageant," a study, a series of sketches, which the writer was afterwards to endow with breath and vision and a soul. Most curious and most interesting compared with that other article. Read without reference to the "Pageant,"
it is a paper full of knowledge, written in the earlier style of the "Gamekeeper at Home."

When Jefferies died, a reviewer in the *Athenæum* remarked that in a few years there would be no more recollection of Jefferies and no more documents connected with the name. At the present moment his books are going up every day higher and higher in value; new editions are being issued—a new edition of "The Dewy Morn" is out this day—and people are discussing, in the papers, the facts of his life; as, for instance, whether he died a Christian, or whether his faculties were so weak at the close that it mattered nothing what he said. There is every sign, as his friends believe, of such immortality for Jefferies as belongs to White of Selborne.

Some time ago we announced in these columns, for the information of those who belong to the company of readers of Jefferies, that a bust of him was to be executed and placed in Salisbury Cathedral. The bust is now ready. The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. W. Kinglake, Haines Hill, Taunton, says that he still wants about £50, to complete the payment for it. Will this company of readers wipe off this debt, if only as a mark of the love they bear the author?

The same number of *Longman* contains a short story—the "History of a Failure"—which everybody must read. Perhaps it will make some of the readers angry; it will certainly make all of them laugh and cry.

In the *Sign of the Ship* Mr. Andrew Lang has a few words on the subject of titles. He says that they are exploded—matters of old custom—that nobody of any sense wants to be made a peer or pines for the Garter; that he himself does not want a title; that "Sir Charles Dickens" would be ridiculous; that every author who did not get a title would be jealous of everyone who did, and that he would rather be commended by the bookseller. I hope I have put his case fairly—but is it so true that nobody of sense—nobody of sense—pines for a peerage or the Garter? Is it so true that nobody wants a title? And is there anything in the jealousy argument that does not apply to every other profession? Yet it is never urged that titles must not be given to lawyers and soldiers because other lawyers and soldiers would be jealous. However, my point, which I repeat, is this. The nation has only one way of recognizing distinction and good service. It is by the bestowal of a title. The man so decorated is not thereby made any greater; it is the nation which makes itself greater by showing that it recognizes his worth. This is, I believe, the theory of rank and titles. If it is the true theory, I want to know why men of letters are jealously excluded from such recognition: Browning, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot would have been no greater, but it would have been better for the country had those great writers received the highest honours the nation can bestow. For, you see, it would be a very great thing if the people generally could be taught to honour science, art, and literature. It would be better for the national character; better for those who follow science, art, and literature. But the country at large only honours those professions or callings whose followers are honoured by the Sovereign or by the State. They accept the rule of usage. Men of letters are not honoured, ordinary people think, because they follow a pursuit which is not worthy of honour.

WALTER BESENT.

THE HYGIENE OF THE LITERARY LIFE.

Two papers are published in Boston, both intended, like our own, for the literary class. They do not profess to be reviews, they are meant to be professionally useful. One of these, the *Writer*, appears to be designed especially as a practical help to aspirants; the other, called the *Author*, addresses itself to those already engaged in the work of writing. The present year is their third of existence. Apart from the personal columns, which are too full of details for a literary paper of this country, the *Author* contains a good deal that may be of great use to its readers. Thus, an article on hygiene reminds writers that bodily exercise is absolutely necessary for the continued production of good work, an elementary reminder, which, like the Decalogue, cannot be too often repeated, or too strongly insisted upon. A "one or two mile walk," says our American friend. Translated into English read a six or eight mile walk for men, and half as much for women. He recommends in the matter of diet a light breakfast, nothing at noon, and the evening meal when the work is done. But can any person go on from nine in the morning till seven in the evening working on a light breakfast? Wine and tobacco this hygienist prohibits absolutely, a rule with which we disagree absolutely. Of sleep, take, he says, eight hours a day. Everyone must find out for himself what sleep he wants. Nine hours a day
THE AUTHOR.

seems not too much for the average brain worker, whether he be a man of science or of literature.

Exercise in plenty, especially after breakfast. That seems the first and most important rule for the literary life. Richard Jefferies, for instance, walked in all weathers, without great coat or umbrella, for an hour and a half every morning after breakfast, and every afternoon from three to half-past four. The next important rule is to study diet. There seems nothing gained, but quite the reverse, by too great abstinence. It is certain that the brain of a worker must be well nourished, and, therefore, the body. Also—a doctrine to be advanced with hesitation—it seems to the present writer that a dull uniformity of living, whether in respect to exercise, sleep, hours of work, society, or diet, is a great enemy of good work, and that the imagination is stimulated by variety. A feast is good for all kinds of men occasionally; a gathering where the guests are joyous and careless, and the "best work possible" is forgotten for the time. He, indeed, who is always thinking of producing the "best work possible," will certainly end in producing the Prig's work, which is the worst work possible.

Another simple suggestion. The present writer finds that occasional—and frequent—changes of scene tend to strengthen the excision of the imagination. He goes away as often as he can; takes a night out; visits country places; and makes notes of what he sees and hears. When he gets back his work becomes brighter, the handling firmer, the colouring more delicate.

The writer of the American article recommends odd forms of exercise—Indian clubs, dumb bells, and "lung gymnastics"—which is the filling of the lungs with pure air and then expelling it; the "Delsarte movement," and so on. They are, doubtless, very good, but not so good as walking or riding. He also instances the late William Cullen Bryant, who "was in the habit of taking exercise by bending backward over a wooden chair two or three times in succession, and performing sundry other feats with the same instrument every morning." The poet in his study doing gymnastics with a wooden chair would make a pleasing illustration to his works.

Lastly, the literary worker must certainly agree with this American writer when he lays it down as a principle that the literary worker needs a long life. Yes—yes—oh! yes, that is what we especially need; and it would be comforting to think, as he thinks, if we could think it, that the greatest and best work comes to a man late in life. But we cannot, unhappily, think this. The pear becomes ripe; then the pear becomes rotten. Let us, by taking exercise and not working too hard, defer the day of perfect ripeness as long as we can.

"THE ARROWMAKER."*

Day in, day out, or sun or rain, 
Or sallow leaf, or summer grain, 
Beneath a wintry morning moon 
Or through red smouldering afternoon, 
With simple joy, with careful pride, 
He plies the craft he long has plied: 
To shape the stave, to set the sting, 
To fit the shaft with irised wing; 
And farers by may hear him sing, 
For still his door is wide: 
"Laugh and sigh, live and die,— 
The world swings round; I know not, I, 
If north or south mine arrows fly!"

And sometimes, while he works, he dreams, 
And on his soul a vision gleams: 
Some storied field fought long ago, 
Where arrows fell as thick as snow. 
His breath comes fast, his eyes grow bright, 
To think upon that ancient fight. 
Oh, leaping from the strained string 
Against an armored Wrong to ring, 
Brave the song that arrows sing! 
He weighs the finished fight: 
"Live and die; by and by 
The sun kills dark; I know not, I, 
In what good fight my arrows fly!"

Or at the gray hour, weary grown, 
When curfew o'er the wold is blown, 
He sees, as in a magic glass, 
Some lost and lonely mountain-pass; 
And lo! a sign of deathful rout 
The mocking vine has wound about,— 
An earth-fixed arrow by a spring, 
All greenly mossed, a mouldered thing; 
That stifled shaft no more shall sing! 
He shakes his head in doubt. 
"Laugh and sign; live and die,— 
The hand is blind: I know not, I, 
In what lost pass mine arrows lie! 
One to east, one to west, 
Another for the eagle's breast,— 
The archer and the wind know best! "

The stars are in the sky; 
He lavshis arrows by. 

Helen Gray Cone.

* The Ride to the Lady, and other poems. By Helen Gray Cone. §1. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.
THE SPIRITS OF BRIDGES.

"I stood upon a bridge and heard
The water rushing by,
And as I thought to every word
The water made reply."

I spoke one day in Florence to a witch, asking her if such a being as The Spirit of the Water was known to her. And this was the answer:

"Yes—there is a spirit of the water, as there is of fire, and everything else. That is to say, molti-moltissimi—as many of them as there are men and women. You don't see them, or only now and then, but you can make them to be seen." How?

"Oil, easily enough, if you let them know what you want, for they are affectionate to those who care for them. But they are capricious and appear in many delusive forms.

"And this is a good way to see them. You go of an evening, and look over a bridge, or in the daytime in the woods at a smooth stream or dark water—that sia sempre un poco oscuro—and pronounce the incantation, and throw a handful or a few drops of its water into the water itself. And then you must look long and patiently; sometimes for several days; when, poco à poco, you will see dim shapes passing by in the water, one or two, and then more and more, and if you are quiet, they will come in great numbers, and show you what you desire to know. But if you tell anyone what you have seen, they will never appear again, and it will be well for you should nothing worse happen.

"There was a man, a young man, near Civitella, and he was in great need of money—like all of us—but his was dire and dreadful need. Ebbene—this young man had an uncle, who was believed to have left a great treasure buried somewhere, but no one knew the place. Now this nephew was a reserved, solitary youth; much by himself in lone places—old mines—in the woods—un poco straggon—and he learned this secret of looking into streams or wells or lakes, till at last, whenever, he pleased, he could see swarms of all kinds of figures sweeping along in the water. And one evening he saw a shape like that of his uncle who had died, and, in surprise, he called out 'Zio mio!' Then the uncle stopped, and the youth said, 'Didst thou but know how I suffer from poverty!' Then he saw in the water his home, and the wood near it, and the form of his uncle passed along the wood, and so on to a lonely place till it came to a great stone, and on this it laid its hand, and looked at the young man, and so disappeared. The next day the young man went there, and under the stone found a great treasure. So he became rich—and I hope the same to all of us!"

This account of the shapes and shades who made a great impression on me, and as the witch had said, "Looking day after day they will become more clear," so I found that thinking day by day on this Rosicrucian-like fancy revealed to me the wondrous truth that one may dwell in the ineffable beauties and mysteries of nature, among oaken or piney forests, and rushing lonely rivers in their shades, looking at wild flowers as at girl acquaintances, and at rocks as dwelling places of thoughts, and at one's own thoughts as spirits (just as the Indians chronicled by Bekker believed that at our every heart-beat a spirit is born), until poetry becomes our own true, dearest life, and this real life an unreality. For the qualities of matter, and the beautiful are indeed immanent and eternal, but matter is only that wherein they act and display themselves. And this thought with me took the following form:

I looked into the deep river,
I looked so still and long;
Until I saw the Elfin shades
Pass by in many a throng.

They came and went like silent dreams,
Forever moving on,
As darkness takes the starry beams,
Un-noted till they're gone.

I saw what oft I wished to see,
And what I ne'er had seen;
And what I oft had longed to be,
And what I had not been.

For he who looks in the dark river,
In the hour of the Klfingrey,
Will wish that be might never go,
Or else had staid away.

And to him who looks in that river,
This thing will come to pass,
He would not give for diamonds
The dew-drops in the grass.

He would not call for silver bright
The moon light in the leaves,
Nor give for all the gold on earth
The sun light on the sheaves.

For all this world seems little worth,
All earthly things unsound,
To him who once has seen the dreams
Which pass o'er Elfin ground.

This seeing spirits from a bridge in the water recalls a very curious phenomena, which of every twelve or fourteen readers, one, at least, may realize with only a few days' practice, and all, perhaps, with patience in time. This is based on what is called
pseudapia, volitional perception, or, as I term it, eye memory, and it has been thoroughly established by the experiments of many men of science, such as Francis Galton, Clarke, and others. (i) It amounts briefly to this, that by looking at images we can get them by heart or by eye, so that we can at will reproduce them to our vision. Thus, if we take, let us say, a few coloured pictures representing birds, or animals, or men, and look at them intently and then close the eyes, and repeat the process, and then put before us a mirror reflecting only a plain grey or black or any uniform surface, we can soon see the images exist, passing along if we will. This is simply a matter of perseverance and determination with everybody, and in time it can be brought to great perfection.

But there is a very marvellous phase of this voluntary perception which comes in time. This is when images which we have not learned by effort begin to come from the secret store-houses of the brain, and mingle in these mystic processions. Of this there are many curious instances recorded. For these latent thoughts come forth so that what is apparently marvellous becomes so in reality, recalling an old story told by Grosius or Pratorius, of someone who would fain have a grand masque or procession of fair devils and quaint bonny goblins, in a certain magnificent feast. Against which a holy friar remonstrated as an exceeding wicked and profane thing, but to no avail, save that by his preaching he frightened more than half of those who were to have played the parts of demons, so that they stayed away. At which the lord who gave the feast was very angry. However, when the procession came to pass, there was no lack of actors in it—for not only were there twice as many as had been at first engaged, but still new ones kept coming after them, and ever more and more, and these all so wild and strange, some horrible, some lovely, that mortal man never dreamed the like. There were Venus, her nymphs, and satyrs, red, green, blue, and violet imps, devils of all horrors, giants of every coarseness, fairies, like wines, of every fineness, howling savages, goblins, night-mares, camias, leuremens, empusa?, trees as men walking, yea, all the fancies of Jerome Basch and Hollenbreughel in the original casks. But when at last they swarmed along by thousands, as Dutch spuynen selu, spitting fire and flames, and appearing in naught but ghastly insupportable terror, the people began to gasp and croak for fear. And what would come of it all, I know not, but just then the priest who had forbidden the procession thundered out a terrible exorcism—and the whole diabolical spuk vanished into air.

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The reader need not fear that the forms which will come by practising with pictures and a mirror will be so melodramatic as these here described. But that images and ideas will be evoked from the brain and blend with the figures originally conceived is true, and has been notably proved by the experience of wise observers.

More than one of the old polyhistors and curiosity hunters describe waters on whose surfaces mysterious forms, like strange reflections in a mirror, were ever seen coming and going. The conception is one of the most picturesque or sweetly strange which ever sprung up out of that wonderful worship of nature which was so deeply implanted in the Teutonic races, and of which curious beaux restes may still be seen in all Germans. At any hotel in Europe it is always the Germans who want to take tea in the airbour, breakfast on the balcony, dine al fresco, und lunch by waterfalls in lonely forests. Not many years ago, a burgomaster in Germany cut down an avenue of lime trees in a town, for which sacrilege he was promptly shot dead by a student who gloried in the deed. It was (as Saintine, who narrates the fact, justly observes) only an hereditary breaking out of the old German tree-worship of Teutoburgian time. In Bavaria many still believe that fairies live in water lilies, where they sit comfortably of summer afternoons sewing, knitting, and gossiping—alles sehr schön—"cradled in silent waters."

You understand, reader, that this exquisite pantheistic polytheistic spirit which took form in Pselus, and became perfectly poetical in Paracelsus and Rosiceruanism—this religion which peoples the waters with naiads, and kelpies, and nixies, and the air and earth, and all that bides therein with peculiar sprites, leads, as no other inspiration can do, to a sincere and deep enjoyment of Nature. I may say to the only very deep love of it which is pure and real. They who go about, picking out "beautiful bits," after reading of Ruskin, or any other of the writers or books who teach you how and what to admire in proper form—cur, quis, quomodo, et quibus auxiliis—only feel beauty at second hand, or see the tapestry as some reviewers see books, entirely from the wrong side.

"But," I am told, "there are really no fairies."

Well, a knowledge of what man has believed in goes very far to remedy that want. The monks have left the old cathedral shades, the bedesman sleeps among his ashes cold; but the cathedrals—I mean the forests—are still with us, and it is something to know how they were once peopled by man.

But the new philosophy or evolution impresses it deeply on us, that we, our very thinking selves, are one with the life of trees, waters, rain,
THE AUTHOR.

air, and all that is. The electricity and mysterious essence of ether, and all hidden forces are in us, as in the rocks and flowers, a million years ago you were in it, millions of years hence you will still live and act, for we were all ever immortal and ever shall act in Nature or in God—life thou cannot not escape. In this view all things have a true life in the Beautiful, and Nature from a dead object of aesthetic twaddle becomes inspired with soul. And he who will give to this, and to the faiths of the olden time, serious thought or repeated meditation, till they shall become familiar to him, will soon live in Nature a new life, streams shall speak to him with laughing voices, elfin songs resound among the cliffs, and the wondrous light which shines invisibly to common eyes wherever the heroes of ancient time lie buried, shall make clear his path, and he will see from that which was, that which is to come.

As I write on a sunny day, I see to the right, spreading far away, the blue Mediterranean under as blue a sky, the white line of waves breaking on the beach, and hear their mysterious sough ever varying, like voices. There goes a vessel by as in a dream, the same high prow and stem, the same strangely long diagonal sail, which we see on old Greek or Carthaginian coins.

Therein I see and feel the life of ancient days, which shall ever be.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Florence, Nov. 12, 1891.

A METHOD OF ADVERTISEMENT.

"YOU cannot," said Mr. Daventry, "get on unless fellows jaw about you. There's no use telling me that if I get on first, the jaw will follow, perhaps faster than I like, for it is not true. That was the old way. Now-a-days it's the jaw first and the success afterwards, and the more jaw the more success. Why, there's no rubbishing yarn I couldn't sell to the public, if I was only known as a Mahatma, or a disciple of the Higher Criticism. I should get a big practice at the bar, if men would go about swearing that I was the illegitimate son of a Begum, or one skin short. But nobody knows my name."

For Robert Daventry was seriously discouraged. Unappreciative publishers had sent back his novel, and callous editors had rejected his articles, while two years close attendance at the courts had not brought him in enough to pay for his wig.

"I will be heard of," he continued, addressing a group of highly unsympathetic friends. "I will be heard of, and one day you shall all go about swearing that you knew me to speak to, and your female cousins, when they hear it from you, will say, 'Really, how awfully nice!' And it won't be very long before I manage it somehow."

And his words came true.

It chanced that one day he went up the river with a lady. Shortly after leaving the station, the door of the railway-carriage, on which she was leaning, flew open. Robert Daventry jumped forward. He could not quite reach her skirts, but she clutched wildly and desperately in the direction of his outstretched arm, by good fortune secured it, and was saved.

"That was a shave, young woman," said he, as he settled her on a seat and adjusted his wristband, which had been almost torn off his shirt. "Before you play those pranks again, kindly cut your nails."

"I was nearly killed, Bob," said she, laughing a little hysterically. "If I had fallen out," she added, "it might have been very awkward for you, for people would have certainly said that you threw me out of the carriage."

But Robert made no reply.

"Wouldn't they, Bob?"

"We'll do it," he said, suddenly breaking silence. "It will be splendid." And then and there he unfolded this project, which his brain had rapidly formed on the hint contained in his companion's words. "We will go to the 'Horn,' have some lunch, and start for a row. I will land you near the X—— Station, and you shall run up to town by the first train you can catch. Leave your hat on the bank. I will return to the inn alone, pay for the boat, and come up by the next train. The passer-by who finds your hat is sure to conclude you are drowned. We will dine together at K——'s, where I will meet you, and we shall probably be able to read some paragraphs in the evening paper about 'the mysterious disappearance of a lady,' 'supposed drowning fatality,' and so on. Then, when those beastly editors have quite done making public asses of themselves, I shall explain that the hat was left there to see what would happen, and all those papers will have to talk about me. I shall send my photograph to all the illustrated periodicals. I should think some manager might see that I am the man for a real good drama. What do you say to doing it?"

The lady thought that it would not be a bad joke, supposing it was necessary to make a joke at all, but rather demurred at leaving her hat on the bank.

"You can get another one in London," said Mr. Daventry. "If you don't leave something
tangible on the bank, the casual passer-by will not
detect the presence of the crime. Everybody
knows that a hat on the bank is the recognised
sign of a corpse in the water. You can wear my
cricket cap up to town."

Now it fell out that in the street of the village
where it was proposed to have lunch, and to hire
their boat, Mr. Robert Daventry saw a lady of his
acquaintance coming towards them, and he turned
up a back way rather abruptly. This did not
escape his companion's notice, who began to cross-
examine him upon the subject. Robert, intent
upon his scheme, was not inclined to waste time in
idle words, and said so with a sweetness that
proved exasperating.

"The lady said, "You coward, you are ashamed
to be seen with me.""

Bob said, in his turn a little angry—for no one
likes the epithet of coward—"Perhaps you think I
ought to introduce you about the place as the girl
I'm going to marry?"

Then the waiter was seen standing inside the
door, looking for an opportunity to announce to
the visitors that their boat was ready. So they
laughed and were friends again.

They were a little nervous as they went down to
the water. Indeed, it is hard not to be nervous,
when on the edge of perpetrating a practical joke.
It is only the most callous and practised performer
who can venture boldly, where failure must entail
ridicule.

Mr. Daventry sculled in silence up stream, until
they reached a spot which seemed admirably suited
to their purpose. This was a small reach about
four hundred yards long, and hidden from the gaze
of anyone who chanced to be above or below, by
the abrupt winding of the stream.

Here he turned into the bank, and helped his
accomplice out.

"Leave your hat," he said, "and run down
stream about a quarter of a mile, and you will see
the station quite near the river. Here's my cap.
K—'s at 3.30. Shove her out with your foot."

He went on sculling up stream. She, in
obedience to his instructions began to run down the
bank. As she did so, she turned every now and
then to watch him, for he was a good-looking man,
and the sculling action suited him. Seeing which
he took one of his hands off his sculls every now
and then, and waved a little encouragement to her
in the prosecution of their splendid joke. And he
came to the up-corner, and she came to the down-
corner, and he began to disappear from her gaze,
and she hung over the brink to watch him,—and,
alas, she slipped. Vainly she clutched at all within
her grasp; the rotten twigs snapped, the rotten
bank yielded, she slipped further, and fell in.

Two hours afterwards the body was found by a
passer-by, who noticed the hat lying on the bank.
Mr. Robert Daventry's cap was firmly clutched in
her convulsive grasp.

In the meantime the gentleman had further
elaborated his joke. Why should there be only
one person drowned? Why not two or more?
To think was to act. Your practical joker is
above all things careless of the personal property
of other people. Mr. Daventry headed for the
other bank, landed, turned the boat bottom upper-
most and sent it spinning with a kick down stream.
Then he walked rapidly to the nearest railway
station.

That evening he was arrested for murder.
At his trial the following points were clearly
made out by the prosecution:

He had quarrelled with the deceased at the Horn
Inn before starting on the fatal expedition,
and had said that he would not marry her.
He looked very pale on starting.
Later he was seen to turn the boat over and kick
it down stream, and then to start running into
the country.

When arrested his hand was severely scratched,
and his shirt cuff nearly torn off.
There were signs of a scuffle on the bank, and the
victim had the prisoner's cap in her hand.

The theory of the prosecution was that he had
been strolling along the bank with the unfortunate
girl—the mark where the boat had been put in
had been found by a detective—that he had
quarrelled with her and had pushed her into the
river. That he had then turned the boat over,
hoping to make his act appear the result of an
accident.

For the defence the true story was told.
He was found guilty.

In reply to the awful question of the judge
whether he had anything to say why the utmost
penalty should not be inflicted, he said, "My Lord,
it was all a joke."

Many have sung, and many have narrated, the
charms of mediocrity, but no one appreciates it
highly for himself. But few consider themselves
commonplace. Yet occasionally it will be borne
in upon a man that he is but an average specimen.
Sometimes he will sit down under his fate, and will
court only the average destiny; holding all public
achievements as very wondrous, for in this way his
inability to perform them may be best excused.
Sometimes he will turn hither and thither, vaguely,
hurriedly, inconsequentially, if haply he may cheat
his own mediocrity, or encompass fame by some
rapid bye-path.
Robert Daventry was mediocre, and his soul loathed mediocrity. And he did not die for nothing.

"The Evening Scorpion" had in their office a manuscript signed with the assassin's name. It had been the design of the editor to lose this work, for he had employed the accompanying stamps in his urgent correspondence. But now he saw a more honourable course open to him. He published the story with a fac-simile of Robert's signature attached, and he sold two editions of the paper on the day of issue.

...THE AUTHOR...

A PUZZLING EXPERIENCE.

The "puzzling experience" related in the current number of the Author recalls very pointedly to my mind an occurrence of a somewhat similar nature which once happened to myself. My own experience throws no light upon that of your other correspondent; but it shows that, puzzling as such occurrences no doubt often are, they may still be nothing more than mere coincidences.

A year or two ago, I had occasion to pay several visits to America. On one of these (I think in 1887) I was in a Liverpool tramcar, on my way to join a steamer of the Allan Line, when there entered a certain official of the Canadian Government with whom I was well acquainted, and whom I expected to meet on my arrival at my destination. I was not aware that he was then in Europe, but it turned out that he had, for a time, left his official duties on sick leave. My friend left the matter he was at the moment engaged upon and came down to the docks to see me off. His last words, just as the vessel was moving, were: "God-bye. I shall be in [naming it a well-known Canadian city] about a fortnight after you will arrive there."

I landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and travelled over the Intercolonial Line to Montreal. An hour or two later, as I was seated in the writing-room of the Windsor Hotel, attending to some correspondence, I felt a touch on the shoulder and looking up, I saw the friend from whom I had parted in Liverpool only about ten days before. At first, I confess, the idea occurred to me that it was a case for the Psychical Society; but his cheerful salute, "Well, Christy, here we are again," at once proved the reverse. He proceeded to explain that, having been recalled by cable, through pressing business, a fortnight earlier than the date when he had told me he should leave, he had left Liverpool by an "Ocean Greyhound" the day after I did and travelling by the quicker New York route, had arrived in Montreal a day earlier than myself.

Thus, within about ten days, I had twice by the purest accident, met the same individual, at places nearly 5,000 miles apart, and in different continents, when in each case I had the best of reasons for supposing him to be in the other.

MILLER CHRISTY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The following advertisement, which "caught my eye" in the columns of the Daily News on November 13th, is somewhat of a new departure in the struggle for literary fame.

"The author of a well-reviewed novel will give 25 per cent. commission to one who can place two MSS. one-volume stories.—Address, 530 M, 'Daily News' Enquiry Office, 67, Fleet Street, E.C."

We have all heard of those misguided individuals who are so anxious to shine in the literary world that they are eager to pay even a disreputable publisher to "bring out" their lucubrations; but here we have a new genus of simpleton. Mirabile dictu, the author of a "well-reviewed" (not necessarily, however, a successful) novel is willing to pay 25 per cent. to someone—anyone—who will "place" two others! "M," whoever he or she may be, must be singularly innocent of anything except the writing of the two MSS. in question if they were worth printing at all. If he cannot do this alone, no third party would be able to get them placed, unless payment were made for publication. Let "M" no longer tempt sharks by foolish advertisements. It would cost him much less to submit his work to the Society, and take their advice.

II.

A NEW READING UNION.

The world of novelists should be interested in a society of working miners and others, which has been formed at Backworth, in Northumberland, for the study of classical novels. After a course of lectures upon fiction had been given by Mr.
Moulton, of Cambridge, it was found that hardly any of the greatest works of fiction were known to his hearers, and this effort to popularise them was the outcome. The members of the union agree to read a specified novel every two months, meet for discussion, and write papers upon some given points. They ask novelists or other literary authorities to assist them by suggesting main ideas to be kept in view while reading a subject for debate, and another for the essays. At the head of their circular stand these true words, "Literature is the Science of Life, and the great classical novels are among life's best text books. To study these is the true antidote to trashy and poisonous fiction." The books already read, or to be read, include "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Anne of Geierstein," "Woodstock," "Sintram," "Westward Ho!" "Jane Eyre," "'93," "Les Misérables," "Persuasion," "Wives and Daughters," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Tale of Two Cities," "Put yourself in his place," &c. Many authors of standing have helped them with ready kindness, and it is hoped that others on reading this may write to the secretary, Mr. J. Barrow, Northumberland Terrace, Backworth, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is self-evident that books suggested should be such as are published in cheap editions.

Necessarily the books chosen must be get-at-able in cheap editions.

III.

ON NEW WORK.

As bearing on "Berserker's" assertion in the November Author, that it is impossible to get a publisher to take up original work, it may be interesting to your readers to know that this has been frankly admitted by at least one of our leading publishing houses.

The firm to whom I first offered my book on "—" in refusing to bring it out except at my own expense, gave as their reason for declining it that it was written "on totally new lines of thought."

J. B. C.

[It is only another way of expressing the great fact that publishers very seldom take any risk. If we keep on dinning this truth into the heads of people, they will some day, perhaps, get to look upon publishing as a trade—which it is—like any other trade, conducted for profit.—Editor.]

IV.

NOVELS IN A BATCH.

A correspondent sends us, as an illustration of the care and thoroughness with which the reviewing of novels in the batch is conducted, the interesting fact that a genealogical work, published in the summer, was lately noticed in one of the leading reviews as a novel among the weekly batch!

V.

THE GENEROSITY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY.

Further particulars have now been received as to the case of munificent generosity on the part of a religious publishing society, recorded in the November Author. The book in question was published by this religious publishing society—not the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—at the price of two shillings. On a royalty of 5 per cent., which is iniquitous and sweating, the writer would receive £5 a thousand. On a royalty of 10 per cent., which is also a sweating royalty, the author would receive £10 a thousand. On a royalty of twopence in the shilling, or 16 per cent., he would receive £6 13s. 4d. for every thousand. If 3,000 copies were sold, the following is the estimated result:

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<th>5 per cent.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Publisher's profits</td>
<td>£60</td>
<td>£45</td>
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<td>Author</td>
<td>15</td>
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The generous society, however, did not give any royalty at all. They gave the writer the magnificent, princely sum of £12 !!!! It is only a religious society which can be so truly, nobly generous. It will be remembered by those who read a little pamphlet, published last year, called the "Literary Handmaid of the Church," that one of the many princely acts of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was to give an author £12 for a book of which 6,000 copies were sold, and to refuse anything more, although the author pleaded that they had promised more if the book should prove a success. How wonderfully do these societies promote the cause of true religion! With what self-sacrificing courage do they hold aloft the banner of justice! Let us always and always thank Heaven for the religious publishing society!
VI.
The Bookman.

27, Paternoster Row, London,

SIR,

In the last number of the Author you refer to a letter by a lady authoress published in the first number of the Bookman. You say that the letter is "endorsed by the editor." You go further, and actually declare that on a six-shilling book a profit to the author of £75, and to the publisher of £30, is "the full and equal royalty advocated by the Bookman!"

No more gross misrepresentations could possibly be imagined.

So far from endorsing the letter, I added the following note:

"The spirit of this letter is worthy of all admiration, but it should be remembered—(1) that on the matter of royalties well-known writers should not be put on a level with beginners; and (2) that the writer of the letter was in the habit of publishing books which sold at a low price, and contained a good deal of matter."

Ignoring this note, you attempt to make out that I considered a royalty of one penny a shilling on a very popular six-shilling book as fair. No such thing. The author of the letter was referring to books selling about one shilling and sixpence and two shillings, and so long as to involve quite as much setting as an average six-shilling volume. On such, I believe, a royalty of one penny per shilling may be fair, but I expressed no opinion even on that.

On a book priced at six shillings and selling well, I agree with you that a much higher rate may be paid; in fact, my note was written to make this clear. But I do not accept your statements on this subject. How can an addition of a thousand copies of a six-shilling volume be all sold? Out of a thousand a considerable number would be sent to reviewers, and could not, therefore, be included in an estimate of money received. But I have no hesitation in saying that the great majority of books published at six shillings do not reach anything like a sale of a thousand. Several hundred copies have to be got rid of for what they will bring. And you take no account of the element of time, one book selling a thousand in a day, another struggling through its thousand in ten years. I need not say that this consideration should influence the whole reckoning.

I now desire to put a direct question. I am, and have been for years, a member of the Society of Authors. Many of the contributors to the Bookman are also members. None of us, as far as I know, have ever given you permission to speak our minds on all subjects. We acquiesce in the publication of the Author at the expense of the Society, because we think that, on the whole, it does good, though I, for one, do not see why it should not easily pay its way. But some of us, at least, feel when we read you on such subjects as "The man of the magnificent imagination," "Titles for Authors," &c, as you feel towards the Spectator. If we cared to use your own elegant language, we should say, we are "grieved and humiliated to see such stuff in your columns." Our trouble is that you talk as if you had a right to be our spokesman. You say to me, "As a society of bookmen and bookwomen, we would earnestly invite, &c. Who gave you a right to say that? At what meeting of the Society of Authors was this invitation resolved upon? Did the Committee authorise you to extend it? Or is it simply you, the conductor of the paper, who are speaking without authority from any other human being? If so, I venture to suggest that the practice of speaking for men who have given you no authority to represent them, and who repudiate many of your most cherished opinions, should be dropped at once. Let the opinions be given simply as those of Mr. Walter Besant, and they will receive the respect they are entitled to, and from none more willingly than from,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

The Editor of the "Bookman."

---+

Notes on the Above.

1. "Endorsed by the Editor." The lady who wrote the letter did so on the assumption that a royalty of a penny in the shilling was a fair royalty—the usual royalty—and that it gave the writer as much as it left the publisher. This was the whole point of her letter, and it was entirely erroneous. The Editor did not correct these misstatements. He let them pass. If he did not endorse them, what did he do? Our readers, however, have his words before them. They may judge for themselves.

2. Whether the book is a shilling book or a six shilling book, the proportion is the same. The example of a six shilling book is given as the most convenient and the most intelligible.

3. Why should well-known writers receive more than beginners on a royalty? A royalty gives so much a copy. The beginner will not be in such great demand as the well-known writer, and will, therefore, on the same royalty, get less.

4. "The writer was in the habit of publishing books at a low price containing a good deal of
matters.” Well, I have myself published books for a shilling each containing as much matter as is found in most six shilling books. But never, certainly, for a penny royalty. So that I speak from personal experience and not from theory.

5. “How can an edition of a thousand copies of a six shilling edition be all sold?” You may deduct thirty or so for press copies. The rest will be all sold if the book is successful to that extent. If it is not going to be successful to so small an extent the publisher will beforehand—and quite rightly—make the author pay towards the production of the book. Those six shilling books which are not paid for by the author sell sometimes in great many thousands—in every case which can be called in the least successful a good deal more than a thousand. The Editor of the Bookman wants to consider the length of time in getting the book off. Well, let us consider it. A six shilling book costs about £100 with advertising. The first subscription, always supposing that it is a book sure of a reasonable success, and therefore not paid for by the author, will certainly earn more than half by the first subscription, in nearly all cases the other half in the first three months. There will not, in any case, be much left to be covered after the first five hundred are gone.

There is nothing whatever to be altered in the notes of last month’s Author on this unfortunate letter.

6. In answer to the Editor’s “direct question,” I have only to call his attention to the notice at the beginning of every Author, that signed articles represent the opinions of the writer only. The paragraphs to which he refers are signed by me as the writer.

W. B.

"AT THE AUTHOR’S HEAD."


A one-volume edition of George Meredith’s “One of our Conquerors” is now ready. (Chapman and Hall). A cheap edition is ready of George Macdonald’s “There and Back.” (Kegan Paul & Co.)

A book out of the common, and far more than commonly interesting, is Mr. Athol Maudslay’s “Nature’s Weather Warnings and Natural Phenomena.” Here are simple rules for forecasting the weather, obsolete weather prognostications, folklore, flower lore, moon lore—all kinds of things unexpected. It is a little book published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

In the new number of the Educational Review are papers by Arthur Sedgwick on “The Women’s Question at Oxford”; by Lyulph Stanley on “The Work before the London School Board”; by A. G. Vernon Harcourt on “Greek from the Science man’s Point of View”; by Professor Skeat on “The Educational Value of English,” Part II.; and by Arthur Montefiore on “Nautical Education.” The spirit of progress and activity has at last been aroused even in educational papers, which of old were wont to be the dullest of dull organs.

“Glimpses into Nature’s Secrets,” by Edward Alfred Martin (Elliot Stock), is an attempt to bring under the observer’s notice a few facts relating to those creatures of the sea-shore, which, familiar more or less to all, are always replete with interest to the seaside sojourner. The descriptions are neither lengthy nor technical, yet the information is trustworthy, and conveyed with a scientific spirit, although the manner chosen has been a popular one.

There is a new edition of Jeffreys’ “The Dewy Morn.” It now finds a place among Messrs. Bentley and Son’s “Favourite Novels.”

The narrative of Mrs. Frank Grimwood’s escape from the Mutiny of Manipur is a most wonderful story, simply and beautifully told, full of pathos and of situations terrible as well as pathetic. Its success is said to be as great as it deserves.

Let us welcome among the company of novelists a new comer in the person of Miss Mary Dickens, granddaughter of her grandfather. In the children of the great novelist, their father’s genius, as constantly happens, has manifested itself in other lines. Perhaps it has reappeared in his granddaughter. The name of the work is “Cross Currents.” The publishers are Chapman and Hall. Surely all who love their Charles Dickens will at least pay his memory the compliment by calling for the novel of his grandchild.
Mrs. W. K. Clifford brings out her "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman" this day—with Edward Arnold.

Miss Mabel Robinson has gone to the same publishers with her new book, "Hovenden, V.C." Under the same name are new books by Clark Russell, Barry Gould, MacLaren Cobban, L. B. Walford, Mrs. Molesworth, W. E. Henley; not a bad list for a new house.

Messrs. Longmans have in the press the autobiography of an actress, not a great London actress, but an obscure member of a country company—of that class formerly called strolling actors. It is the only book which gives the actual life of the modern strolling actor. The experiences and anecdotes are strictly true. The author calls herself "Dorothy Wallis," and Mr. Walter Besant, who is personally acquainted with her, will contribute a prefaceto the work.

The author of "John Westacott" has completed a three-volume novel, dealing with English characters, the scene being laid partly in the west country and on the Cornish coast, and some exciting scenes in a picturesque part of Bohemia. The publication is delayed for the American edition. Amongst the publications in which this writer's work has appeared during the present year are Cornhill, the Times, Black and White, Spectator, Leisure Hour, Athenæum, the Author, Cassell's, &c.; and he is also contributing notes to some of the principal provincial dailies. His article upon St. David, which appeared in the English Illustrated some three years since, under the title of "A Dead City," has become the acknowledged guide to that quaint place, and in the programme of the meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland at Killarney this year it was especially recommended to the members for comparison with the pre-historic remains in West Kerry.

The Duke of Argyll and his son, the Marquis of Lorne, have joined the Company of Novelists, in the series published by the Automatic Company.

Mr. George Saintsbury has introduced the Essays of Edmund Scherer to the English public in translation, with a critical prefacé. (Sampson Low & Co.)

We have received "A Descriptive List of British Novels," compiled by W. M. Griswold, and published at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The number of novels noticed is 916, from No. 1,025 to No. 1,941. What precedes No. 1,025 probably belongs to another collection. The intention of the collection is to supply a notice of every novel taken from the reviews of the day. Generally these are laudatory; sometimes they are the reverse. A pleasing surprise is introduced by a novel system of spelling. We have "ar" for "are," "wer" for "were," "britly" for "brightly," and so forth; the result is that the critics' remarks appear absolutely fresh and new.

Mrs. Edmonds, whose "Greek Lays, Idylls, and Legends" (Trübner and Co.) were favourably noticed some five years ago, has recently published a new book, entitled "Kolokotrones, Klept and Warrior" (Fisher Unwin). The same publisher has also recently issued "Amaryllis," by the same author, and a book of fairy tales.

Mr. A. R. Ropes has published, with Seeley and Co., a Selection from the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with an introduction.


With regard to our announcement of Mr. Bertram Mitford's new novel "Golden Face; A Tale of the Wild West," Trischler and Co., we learn that its publication is postponed until the end of January next.

William Wilson's translation of "Brand," Ibsen's most powerful drama, has been published by Methuen. It is not a play to be acted, but the situations are splendid in their simplicity and the central character is certainly as fine as anything that Ibsen has ever drawn.

Immediately will be published "When Town and Country Meet." Longmans. Price 6s. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin.

The Cassell Publishing Company, New York, have bought the American rights of "Indian Idyls," by an 'Idle Exile,' originally published by Messrs. Thacker and Spink, Calcutta, and also of a one-volume novel by "An Idle Exile," entitled, "By a Himalayan Lake," which ran as a serial in the "Pictorial World."

Messrs. Methuen, London, also have in the press "In Tent and Bungalow," another collection of short stories by the author of "Indian Idyls."

Miss Peard's new Dutch novel, "The Baroness," will be published simultaneously in London (Bentley) and New York (Harper) at the beginning of the year.
Among the new books of the month must be included Mr. Henry Charles Moore’s “Who was She?” published by Dean and Son with the October books.

The title of Mr. Walter Besant’s new novel, about to run through Chamber’s Journal, is “The Ivory Gate.” It is the title of a novel by the late Mortimer Collins, which was published in the year 1866. Mr. Besant has been very kindly permitted by Miss Mabel Collins to use the title for the new story.

A Fourth Edition is ready of Sir Monier Williams’ “Brahminism and Hinduism.” (John Murray.)

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THE AUTHOR.

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1. Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.

2. Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with advertising publishers, who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

4. Never accept any proposal of royalty without ascertaining exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

5. Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

6. Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

7. Never sign away American rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

8. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

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NOTICES.

The Committee have to announce with great regret the resignation of the secretary, Mr. S. Squire Sprigge. He finds himself unable to give his whole time to the Society, and the greatly increased work which has now to be done makes it necessary that the secretary should henceforth devote the whole of his time to that work. When Mr. Sprigge became secretary three years ago, the number of members was 250. It has since trebled and the work has more than trebled. This rapid increase is, the Committee feel, largely due to the zeal and the intelligence which Mr. Sprigge has brought to the work. The kind of work is often of an extremely delicate nature; authors are not always in the right in their disputes; and, when they are, it is not always expedient to set things right by the immediate intervention of the lawyer; many disputes have been amicably arranged by Mr. Sprigge in interviews and by conversation; in such a position as that held for three years by Mr. Sprigge, enemies may be very easily made. It may be said of Mr. Sprigge that he has made very few, and of those few, some—the persons, namely, who live by dishonest practices—are of the kind whose enmity is an honour. Mr. Sprigge retires at the end of March. The Committee hope to appoint his successor before that date, in order that he may have a little time to learn the work.
THE AUTHOR.

The Committee very seriously entreat members to sign no agreements without submitting them, confidentially, to the secretary. The points, however, which are most to be kept in mind are, (1) what the author gives up—his copyright, his American rights, his rights of translation, and, in most cases, his control of his own property. (2.) What consideration he gets for it. (3.) What the publisher proposes to reserve for himself. If a royalty is offered, the author must ascertain what that means, both in view of a limited and of a large sale. If he is to share in profits after the book has paid its expenses, he must have it distinctly laid down in the agreement that expenses mean actual expenses paid for production, and not a fancy charge, giving the other side a fraudulent profit at the outset. Also he must have something to say in the matter of advertisements, remembering that it is not an uncommon practice for the fraudulent publisher to charge what he pleases under this head, and to “spend the money” (!) on advertising in his own periodicals or trade lists.

In other words, the Society earnestly and unceasingly exhorts those who write books to take as much care of their property in books as they do of their property in houses, and lands, and shares. It may be only a very small property, or it may be large—in either event let it be guarded as carefully as any other kind of property.

There is no subject on which everybody is so willing and ready to write as on the subject of publishing, and there is no subject on which there prevails such extraordinary ignorance. This is because the figures of one side only have been accessible. Those of the other side have now been presented by this Society, and anyone can ascertain by the help of these figures, or by special application to the secretary, what these figures are, and what they mean. To those who do know what this means and why they have been so carefully withheld, the ordinary article which treats of publishing is a thing which would be contemptible if it was not pitiful and mischievous. Let it be remembered that the Society has a mass of publishers' accounts, printers' estimates, information from booksellers, bookbinders, printers, advertising agents, agreements and returns, which has never before been collected together, and could never be collected except by such a Society. It is hoped that members will consult the Secretary and use this knowledge freely in their own interests. It is also hoped that editors will recognise the fact that no articles on publishing methods are worth the paper they are written on unless the figures on both sides are attainable.

The recent labour agitation in the bookbinding trade has resulted in the concession of an eight hours' day with higher wages to the workmen in the trade. As to the justice of the case we are not called upon to speak. The working of the result is that for ordinary binding an advance of 7½ per cent. will be made on bookbinders' charges to publishers for books, and of 12 per cent. (perhaps) for magazines. In other words, bookbinders say, practically, “we are already cut down as far as we can go. Somebody else must bear this burden.” Let us see what it means. The cost of binding an ordinary octavo volume ranges from 4d. to 7d. An advance of 7½ per cent. adds ½d. on the 4d., and ¾d. on the 7d. In case of any attempt being made to reduce royalties on the plea of this increase, these figures should be borne in mind. It is not, however, in books so much as in magazines that the difference will be felt. If the 12 per cent. advance is made, it will make a difference to a sixpenny magazine, perhaps all the difference. Would the world be any the poorer if the sixpenny magazine became a shilling magazine? The New Review began at 6d., was advanced to gd., and will immediately become 1s. So much the better for everybody.

On November 1st the readers of the Author, and members of the Society, were invited to subscribe in order to present Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary of the International Copyright League. On December 1st the Committee announced that they had received enough money to carry out their intentions. A silversalver has been purchased, and will be sent to New York immediately. The subscription was limited in amount, so as to enlarge the number of those who might wish to join. Many who would have joined were prevented by the announcement that enough had been received. If we had wanted more money the list could have been extended indefinitely.

We have lost one of our earliest members. Mr Egerton Warburton, one of the best known of Cheshire squires, was a member of the society from the first. Without being a great author, he was well known as the writer of excellent hunting songs, and was at all times devoted to literature and literary pursuits. He was a gentleman of what is called the old school—of ancient descent—
THE AUTHOR.

conservative, and a churchman — indeed, he was one of the late Beresford Hope’s friends — a good hunting man — with all the best traditions attaching to his class. Some years ago he instituted a May Queen ceremony. For twenty years he was afflicted with blindness.

Another, and a more prominent member from the literary point of view, has been lost in Mr. W. G. Wills. If success proves greatness, he was a great dramatist. If prolific production means greatness, he was great. The time has not yet come for his work to be judged impartially as to its place in literature. Few will forget, who ever saw those pieces, “Oliver,” and “Charles the First.” He possessed the first and greatest gift for one who aspires to be a dramatist. He could hold his audience. He has been charged with the sadness of his pieces. They are lugubrious. It was, however, in the nature of the subject that they should be so. The man himself was far from being lugubrious. His muse was tearful, but his heart was light.

We have also to regret the loss of Mr. G. T. Bettany, who died of heart disease at Dulwich on December 2nd. He was born at Penzance in 1850, and, being intended for the medical profession, entered Guy’s Hospital in 1868. After graduating B.Sc. at London University with First Class Honours in Geology, he proceeded to Cambridge, where he took his B.A., coming out (bracketed Third) in the First Class of the Natural Science Tripos in a remarkable year, Professor H. N. Martin and the late Mr. Frank Balfour being respectively first and second. Mr. Bettany lectured for some years at Newnham and Girton Colleges, and at Guy’s Hospital, but ultimately decided to devote himself to literature. His chief works are “The Morphology of the Skull,” which he wrote in collaboration with Professor W. K. Parker, F.R.S., “Eminent Doctors; their Lives and their Work,” “Life of Darwin” (Great Writers’ Series), “The World’s Inhabitants,” and “The World’s Religions.” At the time of his death he was writing a “History of Christianity,” and a “History of Guy’s Hospital,” the latter in collaboration with his friend Dr. S. Weeks, F.R.S. Mr. Bettany was a contributor to the Times, the Athenæum, the Contemporary Review, and “Dictionary of National Biography,” and has, with only one or two exceptions, edited more books than any man living. The “Minerva Library of Famous Books,” of which he was the originator and sole editor, is now generally admitted to be

the cheapest and most valuable series of cheap books in existence, and has attained an enormous sale, while his “Popular Library of Literary Treasures” was also the means of bringing much that is valuable within the reach of a very large public.

The meaning, as between publisher and author, of the so-called “Royalty System” — where there is no system — was explained in the Author for November 1891. Writers are entreated, in their own interests, to study the facts and figures there set forth.

Communications intended for the Authors’ Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary. Mr. Colles will issue a report on the financial side of the Syndicate, drawn by a firm of chartered accountants, at the beginning of the new year.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.

The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.
THE AUTHOR.

MISPRINT.

The Author, December 1891, page 200, column 2, line 4 from bottom—

For "Again, there are no periodicals," read,
"Again, there are two periodicals." The passage, as quoted, is unintelligible.

W. W. Skeat.

THE COST OF PRODUCTION.

Another edition of this very useful little work is now ready. Those who possess the earlier editions will please note that since they were issued there has been a rise in compositors' wages, which, so far as London is concerned, will affect the item of composition, or setting-up, and press work, or machining, to the extent of about 15 per cent. It has not, we are assured, touched prices in Edinburgh.

Those who consult the book should also bear in mind that our estimates are very liberal, so as to be on the safe side. A printer's bill is a very elastic thing, one that may be shortened as well as lengthened, in a most surprising manner. For instance, a certain piece of work required for the Authors' Syndicate, which began by costing 36s. a week, has now gone down to 15s., without the least alteration in length. And the other day the account of a book was sent in which showed the cost of production considerably less than the estimate in the Society's book. Nor is this the only occasion in which we have found the figures supplied to us to have been liberal ones.

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.

I.

The annual meeting of the American Copyright League, by the courtesy of the Executive Council of the Authors' Club, was held at the rooms of the Club, 19, West 24th Street, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 20th, Dr. Edward Eggleston, third Vice-President, in the chair. On motion the meeting was adjourned to a date in December, to be determined by the Secretary, of which due notification will be given. At a preliminary meeting of the Executive Council of the League some routine business was transacted, and a committee consisting of Mr. E. Stedman, first Vice-President and acting President of the League, and Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary, were appointed to draft resolutions on the death of James Russell Lowell, late President of the League, to be reported at the December meeting, which will also receive reports, elect officers, and decide upon the future policy of the League.

II.

The following is important. It is an extract from a communication made to an English editor by an American house:

"In the case of the publisher of a magazine who uses matter which is also copyrighted in the United States, we think it very important that he should secure from the author in writing his or her authority, not only to publish it in their magazine, but also his or her authority to export it, i.e., the said magazine to the United States; also to sell the same in the United States. This authority should be given in legal form, and signed in the presence of two witnesses, and copies of the authority should be sent over to us, so that in case questions should come up here we should have positive proof that the author had given his authority to import and sell the publication in the United States."

The Associated Press of New York has been interviewing English publishers as to the working of the Copyright Law. As reported, the general opinion seems to be that none of the evils prophesied for the printing trade are likely to come to pass. Composition in America is twenty-five per cent. at least more than it is here. American authors are asking larger prices; literature which appeals to the million will undoubtedly be greatly affected by the Act; other literature, naturally, to a much less extent. The benefit to the author who commands a hearing in America will be enormous.

An American writes to remonstrate with an expression used in the Author. It described the Copyright Law as a Printer's Protection Act. He points out that the printers are no more protected than they were before. This is quite true; the expression should not have been used. We regret that it was used.—Editor.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

If literary criticism may be said to flourish among us at all, it certainly flourishes immensely, for it flows through the periodical press like a river that has burst its dykes. The
quantity of it is prodigious, and it is a commodity of which, however the demand may be estimated, the supply will be sure to be, in any supposable extremity, the last thing to fail us. What strikes the observer above all, in such an affluence, is the unexpected proportion the discourse uttered bears to the objects discoursed of—the panicity of examples, of illustrations and productions, and the deluge of doctrine, suspended in the void, the profusion of talk, and the poverty of experiment, of what one may call literary conduct.

This, indeed, ceases to be an anomaly as soon as we look at the conditions of contemporary journalism. Then we see that these conditions have engendered the practice of "reviewing"—a practice that, in general, has nothing in common with the art of criticism. Periodical literature is a huge open mouth which has to be fed—a vessel of immense capacity which has to be filled. It is like a regular train which starts at an advertised hour, but which is free to start only if every seat be occupied. The seats are many, the train is ponderously long, and hence the manufacture of dummies for the seasons when there are not passengers enough. A stuffed manikin is thrust into the empty seat, where it makes a creditable figure till the end of the journey. It looks sufficiently like a passenger, and you know it is not only when you perceive that it neither says anything nor gets out. The guard attends to it when the train is shunted, blows the cinders from its wooden face, and gives a different crook to its elbow, so that it may serve for another run.

In this way, in a well-conducted periodical, the blocks of remplissage are the dummies of criticism—the recurrent, regulated billows in the ocean of talk. They have a reason for being, and the situation is simpler when we perceive it. It helps to explain the disproportion I just mentioned, as well, in many a case, as the quality of the particular discourse. It helps us to understand that the "organs of public opinion" must be no less copious than punctual, that publicity must maintain its high standard, that ladies and gentlemen may turn an honest penny by the free expenditure of ink.

HENRY JAMES (Philadelphia Paper).

TWO ACTIONS AT LAW.

I.

PINNOCK v. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

THE same number of the Times—Wednesday, December 9th—contained two reports of cases, both of the greatest importance. The first of these was Pinnock v. Chapman and Hall. This case was probably seen by all our readers, who have also read the comments upon it in most of the papers. Briefly, it was an action by a private person against a firm of publishers for an alleged libel contained in a certain book of stories. In this book the plaintiff stated that he had been introduced in such a manner as to make the identity impossible to be doubted, and in such a way as to convey charges affecting his honour. The defence set up was not that a novelist has the right to place any person he pleases under disguise, real or slight, but that the plaintiff was not intended. The judge, in summing up, put these two questions to the jury: (1) Did the author have the plaintiff in his mind and intend him when writing this story? (2) Was the tale so written that those knowing the plaintiff would reasonably infer that he was intended? If either question was answered in the affirmative, the jury would have to consider only the question of damages. The jury did find an affirmative reply to these questions and returned a verdict for the plaintiff with £200 damages.

The comments on the case mostly turned on the publisher's side of the question. Everybody asked how a publisher could protect himself. Nobody seems to have perceived that it is perfectly simple to insert a clause in every agreement to the effect that the author is liable for any damages or costs in fighting an action for libel. Such a clause is inserted in some agreements, and it is one which no author could refuse to accept. With this clause, and with the additional precaution of a careful reader—in this case the reader was led to believe that the whole book was fiction—there should be little danger for the publisher. Of course, the author might be unable to pay the damages. On that point the publisher would take care to be informed beforehand. Some twenty years ago a similar case was brought. The offending author was reported at the time to have paid the damages inflicted on the firm out of his own pocket. If he did so his action was just and honourable.

The real difficulty is the novelist's, not the publisher's. Our whole gallery of fictitious characters is a gallery of portraits. There is not a novelist living or dead whose books are not filled with portraits drawn from the life. There is not a single book of any note in which there are not living characters, and for the most part characters well known and easy to be recognised. Fiction, like painting, must have models. It will be the beginning of the end for fiction when she ceases to draw from the life. Now, it is easy to get a model for the studio—but difficult—almost impossible—to get a model for the study. Who would consent to sit for the Marquis of Steyne—for Major Pendennis—for Jos Sedley—for Blanche Amory—for Ralph Nickleby—for Squeers—for the Egoist? These portraits have to
be taken surreptitiously—a line here, a line there—here the Kodak—there a word of talk. They have
to be drawn with selection and discrimination.
Hitherto, none of these unwilling models have
brought their unwillingness into court. All
the world, perhaps, knew who was meant, but
the subject pretended either not to know or not
to care. Henceforth the novelist must be very
careful. If he takes from his acquaintance a
villain, a hypocrite, a sensualist, an egotist, a man
selfish, voluptuous, vain, foolish, priggish, a hum-
bug, a bully, a poseur—anything—he must be very
careful so to disguise him that the model, though
he may know, may have no legal cause for complaint.
He may transform to his canvas the mental qualities
of the model or the physical peculiarities or the
conditions and facts of the model’s life. But not
all together. Thus, if his character adorn New
York, transfer him to London; if he be mentally
humpbacked transpose the hump to a person
physically unlike the real man.
The effect is not quite so happy as the bodily
transfer of the whole man with all his surroundings,
and the conditions which have made him what he is.
But it is safer. The portrait of a dead man may,
one supposes, be shown accurately without danger of
legal proceedings. In such a case the painter need
only fear the vengeance of able-bodied sons, brothers,
or cousins.

II.

THE PROPRIETOR OF A MAGAZINE v. THE
PROPRIETOR OF A COUNTRY PAPER.

This case is also one of considerable importance,
because it involves some definition of the right of
a newspaper to copy or abridge work appearing
in a magazine. The defendant admitted the pub-
lication of an abridgment, but contended that he
had acted in perfect good faith; that he had
received a copy of the magazine containing the
story, and that he had believed that he had the
consent of the plaintiffs to publish the story.
It does not appear, in fact, that the defendant did
more than has been very often done by country
papers. Yet it was necessary that the powers of
a newspaper to reproduce magazine articles should
be defined. There can be no doubt that the
reproduction of papers or portions of papers from
certain magazines may materially advance their
popularity and increase their circulation, so that,
to some extent, editors should be encouraged to
reproduce them. But it is well to remember that
the copyright belongs to the man who has bought
it, and that copyright means the right to publish.
There can be no harm done so long as editors
recognise the necessity of getting permission to
reproduce, and so long as that permission is freely
granted. But it should not be asked, nor would
it be granted, in the case of stories which form the
most attractive part of most magazines.

THE STORYTELLER’S NIGHT.

HERE is a hint for the Authors’ Club. At
the Aldine Club, New York, they have a
Storyteller’s Night. Their last was on
Thursday, December 17th. Mr. Frank Stockton
took the chair. The storytellers were Mr. George
Cable, M. Paul du Chaillu, Mr. Charles Dudley
Warner, Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, Mr. Will
Carlisle, and others. One after the other they
stood up and told their stories, and sat down again.
In one respect we cannot imitate the Aldine Club.
Their dinner was not served till ten o’clock. Our
people wouldn’t stand that. Here is Mr. Charles
Warner’s story as reported in the Critic:

“‘There was once a robber in Cairo who fell from
the second story of a house he was trying to
enter, and broke his leg. He went to the Cadi and
complained. The man’s window was badly made, and
he wanted justice. The Cadi said that was reasonable,
and he summoned the owner of the house. The
owner confessed that the house was poorly
built, but claimed that the carpenter was to blame,
and not he. This struck the Cadi as sound logic,
and he sent for the carpenter. ‘The charge is, alas,
too true,’ said the carpenter, ‘but the masonry was at
fault and I couldn’t fit a good window.’

‘So the Cadi, impressed with the reasonableness of
the argument, sent for the mason. The mason pleaded
guilty, but explained that a pretty girl in a blue gown
had passed the building while he was at work, and that
his attention had been diverted from his duty. The
Cadi thereupon demanded that the girl be brought before
him. ‘It is true,’ she said, ‘that I am pretty, but it’s no fault
of mine. If my gown attracted the mason, the dyer
should be punished and not I.’ ‘Quite true,’ said the Cadi,
‘send for the dyer.’ The dyer was brought to the bar and
pleaded guilty. That settled it. The Cadi told the
robber to take the guilty wretch to his house and
hang him from the door-sill, and the populace rejoiced
that justice had been done. But pretty soon the crowd
returned to the Cadi’s house, complaining that the
dyer was too long to be properly hung from his
door-sill. ‘Oh, well,’ said the Cadi, who by that
time was suffering with ennui, ‘go find a short
dyer and hang him. Justice shall prevail.’”

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. Brander Matthews, a writer of distinction
in the world of fiction, has just published
(Longmans, “With my Friends”), a dainty
volume of short stories all written in collaboration.
His literary partners are Mr. H. S. Bunner, Mr. Walter Pollock, Mr. George H. Jessop, and Mr. F. Anstey. All the stories are good, but the first and the third seem to me especially good. There is an introduction in which Mr. Brander Matthews (without a collaborateur) treats of the art and mystery of collaboration. I think that this is the only essay ever written on the subject; that is to say, many have written about literary partners, but none on what is really meant by a literary partnership; how men may collaborate in literary work; what constitutes partnership; the advantages of such partnership; its dangers and disadvantages and limitations. The scanty limits of the Author do not permit a summary, however brief, of this valuable essay, nor do they permit certain comments which one would like to make. These must be reserved for another place. Meanwhile I beg to recommend the book to all who write fiction, not only for its excellent stories but for this introductory essay.

One point I note in this place. Mr. Brander Matthews claims for collaboration an educational value so far as concerns construction. "It succeeds," he says, "most abundantly where clearness is needed, where precision, skill, and logic are looked for, where we expect simplicity of motive, sharpness of outline, ingenuity of construction, and clearness of effect." Observe that these are all things which are absolutely essential to the success of a drama. It is, he thinks, because the habit of collaboration so much obtains in France that the constructive part of their work is generally so much better than with us. Now, in fiction as well as the drama, all these qualities are desirable. And a want of clearness in outline, a want of sharpness, is one of the most common faults in English fiction. If this could be removed by a little collaboration, let us collaborate. The reason why collaboration proves a remedy for this fault is, I apprehend, that the inventor of the fable—there can be two minds working upon it, but there can be but one inventor—is thus enabled to see his own idea projected upon another brain; he sees it as it is, not as he imagines it is; he sees it in the mind of another man. Why is it that the unsuccessful man of letters so often cannot understand his ill success? Mainly, perhaps, because he cannot really see his own work; he sees the vision of it in his own brain, and he cannot understand that he has not transferred it to the page. With a collaborateur he would have had to bring out every character, every incident, every name to be discussed, arranged, altered, and made presentable. Collaboration has many dangers and many difficulties. One would not recommend a young writer to collaborate, except for quite short things, first of all; to feel his way; to enter into no lasting engagements; and never, whatever disputes may afterwards happen, to claim more than a just half share in the work. Perhaps, after all, the best form of collaboration is that which has produced this volume. It is when two friends, in after-dinner talk, hit upon an idea, begin to turn it about, to see its possibilities, and in an hour's amusement actually to construct a story which either of them can write down.

Every great thought proves to have been anticipated by somebody else. For instance, when we talked of a school for novelists and of the possibility of teaching those capable of learning something of the elements, just as rhetoric may be taught to one who wishes to know how to conduct an argument, we were quite ignorant that there was already in the field a Professor of the Art—a Literary Tutor—and that he had been in practice for many years. That is, however, the case. This gentleman edits a magazine—not one of those, apparently, which pander to the taste of the day and are read by such people as ourselves, because it is not on the bookstalls. Moreover, on application to the office we found it gone—the people knew not whither.

The tuition is conducted by letter only. The fees are decidedly low—thirty shillings for three months and five guineas a year, and the tutor offers (at least he has offered to one editor) the splendid commission of half a guinea on every literary pupil obtained for him. He says in his prospectus that many of his former pupils have now "ascended several steps up the ladder of Fame." Now, in all departments of learning, the teacher must be able to show that he is able to do, himself, the thing that he teaches. Let us, therefore, beg all who think of getting such help as that proffered by this gentleman, or others like him, ascertain that he has shown himself, by his own writings, a competent guide. That one has never heard of him is not enough to make one refuse his services or to warn others against him. Let him prove his competence in the only way possible, by the production of his own work. If it is good work, there is a possibility that he may be able to teach. But that proved, the next question is whether the man is able to teach? Meanwhile, that offer of the half guinea commission does not, somehow, inspire one with confidence.
under the title of "A New Departure." What he says is practically this—which one is quite ready to admit—that a literary agent, or middleman, may be very useful for an author. It is quite true, and there are literary agents already in existence; the advertiser would do well to find out a good one and employ him. He must be very careful not to employ anyone not well recommended. He goes on to say that "not a quota"—what is that?—of MSS. submitted to publishers are ever read. My own experience is that MSS. are always read by publishers. He therefore thinks that a literary agent would read them though the publisher will not. A literary agent would not read MSS.; he cannot possibly do so. He might, as publishers do, employ a staff of readers, but he could not, personally, read MSS. Here then is advice for this advertiser. Withdraw your advertisement; apply to the society for advice; if you employ a literary agent you will have to pay him a great deal less than the 25 per cent. you foolishly offer to any shark who may be on the look out for prey.

"It is a part of the literary gift," says a correspondent, "that authors should express their disagreements in the most disagreeable manner possible." Profound observation! It explains in one short sentence the whole of the history of authors and their quarrels. It also affords hope to the despondent. There may be a brighter future for literature, when its followers will cease to scratch and claw and revile and scarify each other. Manners will, some time or other, be taught. Thus the natural woman, when she disagrees with her friend, scratches, clapperclaws, and tears out hair. One has seen the natural woman so displaying her disagreement; the onlooker, at such a moment, thinks of authors with a sigh. But the blessings of civilisation are teaching the natural woman a better method; you may now walk about the streets for a twelvemonth without finding such a natural woman. In course of time we shall find our own profession educated up to the point of disagreeing with politeness. The Bludyers, however, are a long-lived race.

A correspondent in the St. James's Gazette writing on the old grievance—far more real for playwrights than for novelists—of the difficulty of getting a piece produced, he makes a practical suggestion. It is that the manager, like the publisher, shall have a reader or a staff of readers. Why not? He goes on, however, to suggest that the dramatist shall pay the reader himself. Why? The author does not pay the publisher's reader. He is part of the office. Why should not the manager pay his reader? But the circumstances are not quite similar. Editors of magazines and publishers must always be bringing out new things—every month for the magazines—every season for the book list. The manager only brings out a new thing when he is obliged. If he gave the world a new play every two months or so—as he could were it not for the present lavish expense of mounting and dressing—he would want a reader. As he looks for a run of twelve months at least, he does not; he prefers arranging for a new play with an old hand. Think of a new piece every month at the Lyceum, and another at the Haymarket, and another new piece at the Comedy, the Prince of Wales's, and all of them! In ten years we should have such a company of dramatic authors in this country as was never before known. A successful play would not then be worth, as it is now, a small fortune; it would, as it should, be worth what a successful novel is worth, and no more. But that should be quite enough to stimulate hundreds of active brains. And then the manager's reader would be a very useful person indeed.

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Sign of the Ship" is always a thing to look for—it is one of the minor events of the month—though, like the delicacies of the Christmas season, he does not always agree with one. This month he contributes a few interesting statistics concerning novels. There have been, he says, 270 novels of the year, as recorded in a library catalogue. As a fact, there have been many more. A "student"—of fiction or of folk lore?—has kindly erased 254 from this catalogue, as not to be sent. Of these, about 24 had been read before; of those left on the list, twelve, at least, were experimental. Of the whole 270, there were about forty that "a male human being might read." The rest, he says, were all for ladies. "Ah!" he cries, "that authors would not write, that publishers would not publish, that libraries would not buy, the common, mild, middle-class domestic novel any more!" If one were obliged to read them, one would certainly echo that sigh. But then, you see, one is not obliged—and one does not read them. In the same way as we pass a pastrycook's shop, and observe the masses of tarts, cakes, buns, chocolate, and confec-

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terrible, horrible, awful mess!" Or, again, when one goes to an exhibition of pictures, and sees the acres of wall space covered with feeble and conventional daubs, one might cry, "Ah! that painters would not paint, that exhibitions would not exhibit, that people would not buy these mild, domestic, middle-class conventional pictures any more!"

Now, let us make out what case we can for the mild novel that nobody wants. In the first place, does it injure the circulation of the forty which the male human being can read? It may injure, to a very small extent, their circulating library circulation. That is to say, the latest work of the Eminent novelist may be bought by the hundred instead of the hundred and twenty, and readers are made to wait a little for him, because—it is reported—the small fry can be bought—"sorted out"—at a much lower price—sometimes at five shillings the three volumes. But at Smith's they will get, I believe, any book that the subscriber asks for. If that is the case, then the Eminent one suffers not at all, however many domestic novels are produced. But readers always have the remedy in their own hands. They can send back, by return post, the rubbish which fills the box. Or, better still, they can select books for themselves, and return all those which are not in the list. As to the cheap edition—the one-volume edition—of course the mild domestic novel, which never gets to that edition at all, injures nobody. In fact, the whole 230 out of the 270 appear, flutter about for a month or two, and then vanish for ever. Their real end, which is pieces, comes to them after a few seasons in the seaside circulating library. Broadstairs, for instance, hath a noble, unique collection of the novels that nobody wants. Even little Llanfairfechan is not without this museum, though on a smaller scale.

Again, there are many, very many, desperately dull houses in country towns and country villages where the ladies must, perforce, devote part of the day to reading. I hope we have long since passed the old fashioned stage of believing that one must read only with a view to improving the mind. Those ladies read with a view to getting out of their dullness—away from themselves. They therefore read novels. They read a novel in two days, or three at the most, say three a week. They therefore read a hundred and fifty in the year, or, leaving out eight weeks for amusement, travel, and other distractions, they read one hundred and thirty-two novels in the year. Now, if there were published none but the forty readable by superior man, these poor ladies would simply have nothing to read, nothing to talk about, nothing to distract them from the deadly petty gossip of the place, for about forty weeks in the year. Think—oh! think—What a calamity would be the suppression of the Two Hundred and Thirty!

Again, let us acknowledge, for argument, the feebleness and the conventionality of the stuff. But it is intended for the distraction of minds not too strong at best, and, in their hours of relaxation, at their feeblest. Do these books harm anybody? Indeed, no, unless feebleness of writing injures the mentally weak. Do they lower, for those who read, their standard of purity, of nobility? No. These writers accept this standard to the best of their abilities, and, for the most part, maintain it. I do not profess to have read much of the work of this poor company of Two Hundred and Thirty, shivering and trembling beneath the forefinger of scorn, but I believe that if they ventured to assail our morals, they would be instantly annihilated. There is an Eye—a watchful Eye—upon the morals of the novelist. In my own humble way, I have received remonstrances which revealed the existence of that Eye. Once—only once—I suffered—nay, encouraged—a sailor to kiss a girl in a summer house—only a kiss, nothing more, but it was wrong—it was sinful, and I heard of it. "I thought," wrote the indignant moralist, "that your books were safe rending for my daughter. Most providentially I looked into that one called 'The World went very well then' before placing it in my child's hands. I can only say—may God grant you repentance and forgive you!" If this wholesome watchfulness is kept upon the male novelist, how much more upon the artist of the other sex!

Again, there are about thirty or forty ladies who, by writing these domestic novels for others, manage to make a little income, varying from fifty to a hundred pounds a year, bringing out one every year. The libraries take three or four hundred copies of each. The publishers say, a hundred pounds to a hundred and fifty pounds by each work. Are we to deprive these ladies of their income? It is of vital importance to them. If we have no pity on the poor ladies, shall we not find one tear for the innocent publisher?

Or, if this company of Two Hundred and Thirty were annihilated, think what would happen to the
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young gentlemen who write papers for the thoughtful magazines on the Decay of Fiction! Magazines have got to be filled, as Mr. Henry James has pointed out. What so easy to write an article on the Worthlessness of Modern Fiction! The editors like the subject. Anybody who can write at all, whether he knows anything about fiction or not, whether he is capable of writing or inventing the smallest anecdote, thinks he can write an article upon it. If we were to approach the editor with an article on the Fried Fish craving which seems so deplorably on the increase in certain quarters, he would not take it. I am sure he would not. But an article on novels? Why, he takes at least three every year, and sometimes more. And then there are the weekly reviews. The novels find employment in their pages for many eminent hands. And there are the daily papers. The reviewer of novels finds in their columns constant and remunerative occupation. And the writer of the literary letter. He has hardly anything to talk about but novels and novelists. There is also the writer of the paragraphs—what would he do without his novelists? Indeed, when we think of the reviewers alone, we shrink in terror from a measure of suppression which would abolish their chief source of income. "Strike," we hear them cry, "strike at church and constitution; abolish the House of Lords; suppress the House of Commons; but leave, oh! leave us this company of Two Hundred and Thirty." Put all together, the libraries, the publishers, the publishers' readers, the advertisement columns, the reviewers, the thoughtful young gentlemen of the Higher criticism who write on Decay, the printers, the bookbinders, the paper makers, the artists, and the authors, and consider what would be meant by abolishing this poor Company. No. Let us rather say, "Go on—go on—ye Two Hundred and Thirty." Go on writing as long as the people go on reading. When some other amusement is found, as attractive, as ready to hand, as cheap as reading, perhaps there will be no longer any demand for you. When you cease to write, then we—your reviewers—cease to flourish. Go on. But we reserve, meantime, the right to scoff and sneer at you whenever there is nothing else to write about, and whether we read you, or whether we do not. Indeed, we never intend to read you. Your function, next to pleasing the girls who read you, is to furnish subject for contemptuous writing for those who do not read you."

There is only one thing more to be said. Out of the Two Hundred and Thirty, at least eighty are authors who pay for the production of their books. And then, because the library catalogue by no means exhausts the list of new novels, there is probably another eighty or more also paid for by the authors which never even get into the libraries at all.

WALTER BESANT.

PUBLISHING ON COMMISSION.


OUR first impulse at the office of the Society of Authors, on hearing from an author that he intends to bring out a book at his own expense, is to dissuade him from his project, for it is our general experience that these undertakings end in disappointment. Accordingly, we publish a warning every month, urging a young author never, never to pay for production. But although we make it a rule to dissuade young authors from publishing in this way, we have never lost sight of the fact that in certain special cases it may be to the author's advantage to bear the cost of production himself.

For instance, let us suppose that an author has a book for which a quick sale can be expected in certain quarters, owing to his own personal efforts or private influence, or both. This is not a very rare state of affairs. His public is a ready-made one and does not require to be approached through any special channels, or with any publishing wiles. He is more or less in the position of a man who has a certain number of subscriptions guaranteed to him for his work; he can get at his public himself, and does not want any assistance. Such a man had better publish upon commission. He runs no risk and his pecuniary returns will be greatest in this way.

Take, again, the case of an author whose chosen subject precludes him from ever achieving real popularity. His work may be a valuable contribution to literature of the highest kind, and a useful addition to the world's store of knowledge. There would be good grounds for recommending the owner of such a work to produce it at his own expense, but we should warn him of the probability that much of his money would be sunk, and that he would have to take out his reward in glory for ever. It is true that many such books are published from time to time at the cost of learned societies, while a few are published on the time-honoured subscription method, but an author is not always so fortunate as to find either societies or individuals, who are ready to pay his printer's bill. It often happens that these books, thoroughly valuable work as they may be, are left to find their
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way to the public through the author or not at all. If the author does not expect anything else, but is satisfied to lose money in making his name, and spreading the knowledge he has gained for the good of his fellow-man, it is most right that he should publish at his own expense. No one asks that the author’s reputation should be made at the expense of the publisher’s purse. All the Society does in such cases is to say: “Publish by all means, but put yourself in honourable hands, so that you may not be cheated over the accounts, and do not anticipate large profits.”

But besides these classes of books there is another, where the author’s resolve to publish at his own expense can be justified by sensible and practical reasons, although the result may be a pecuniary loss to him. This is the position in the publication of certain medical books.

All purely medical books may be said to belong to one of three classes:

(1.) Works of general medical reference.
(2.) Books written in one of the popular series.
(3.) Monographs on special medical subjects.

To the first class belong the historic medical works. They generally remain the property of their publishers, though it is not unknown for the copyright to have been held by the author, editor, or compiler. There is a steady annual sale for these books to the medical profession, to the general public, to students, and to hospital and general libraries; and the new editions, as they are issued, are brought up to date by the author, or, in case of his death, by the most fitting person whom the owner of the copyright can secure for the purpose. The price at which they are sold is, as a rule, by no means a popular one, so that many of these books are valuable pecuniary properties. And this is very fitting, for most of them are monuments of industry and research.

The books of the second class—those written as parts of a series—have the double value, to their author, always possessed by books written for a series, i.e., they bring him in some money and some reputation. The author’s name becomes widely known, for these books always sell largely. The good ones sell the bad ones, and the popular prices suit the purse of a great many people. Every copy of every book contains an advertisement of the rest of the series. Again, as it is widely believed—a very justifiable belief—that the best available men for the different subjects are always desired to write these series, the public spread of a doctor’s name attached to one of the books is directly or indirectly so good for him, that the small fee received for writing the book is counterbalanced thereby. The pay and the fame should be, and doubtless are, self-compensating and self-arranging. The more the author was the favourably-known man in connexion with his subject, the higher will be his price, and the less his desire or necessity for advertisement; the less known he is, the cheaper would he sell his work, and the more good would he expect to get from the publicity.

Or it may be that a doctor is approached by the owner of one of these series, and is asked for a work on a special subject at a certain figure,* and is told that the sum named is the sum that is to be paid to all the authors of all the monographs. There is here no question of sticking out for a higher price. If the scientist wants the notoriety and the lure he will exchange his brainwork for them. If he is not tempted, the proprietor will easily find some other person equally fitted for the task to undertake it at the suggested price.

But it is of the third class, the monographs on special subjects, that we particularly wish to speak, because they appear to occupy a unique position in publishing. Most often the work is written by a man who is not yet widely known, in the hopes of becoming widely known. It is thus in a way an advertisement pure and simple, an expression, however, for which a few words of explanation will be necessary. But the first point to be noted is that it may be a very good book, and, as a matter of fact, it generally is a very good book. If mere excellence would sell a medical work, so that there should be a pecuniary profit upon it, many of these works would be worth more to the publishers than those written under contract. But, alas! mere excellence will not by itself achieve so desirable an object. For the public to which a purely medical book is sold is a very small one, though it be one with whom excellence would have due weight. And here, of course, comes in the great difference between the publication on commission of the medical work, and the same proceeding, when applied to the ordinary novel. Both acts may be looked upon as an act of advertisement, but the novel addressed to a very large and uncritical public may sell to great pecuniary advantage, although it be exceedingly bad, while the treatise, being of interest only to a small and thoughtful body, cannot ever realise a profit for its author, though it be an exceedingly good and valuable work. So far is this true, that we make bold to say that if Professor Koch’s discovery had been a trustworthy or perhaps, it is more correct to say a complete and conclusive piece of work, and he had embodied the results of his researches in a book, whoever published the book would have lost money by the transaction. Details of elaborate experiments, with figures, numbers, illustrations,

* Fifty pounds down, and another fifty pounds towards the cost of illustration, is the offer made by the proprietor of one of these series to his authors.
foot-notes, side-notes, and cross-references cannot be printed with the ease and cheapness characteristic of the production of a "yellow-back." And when the expensive book, containing within its pages priceless and authentic information as to one of the scourges of humanity is ready for sale, who is going to buy it? A suffering public—of course not. It is not written for them. If it were written for them it would not have been worth writing. The whole medical profession? Certainly not. Doctors are not rich people, and these books cost so much to produce, that some substantial price must be put upon them, while the practical use to the rank and file of the medical profession of an elaborate scientific monograph is very small. Who buys the work, then? A few savants, a few professors, and a few libraries. But from these sources the knowledge contained in the work is disseminated in lectures, comments, reviews, and scientific articles, so that the book becomes broadly useful to an enormous public, who could have gained nothing, however, by buying it for themselves. The good to the public is obtained, but—to put it flippantly—where does the author come in?

This way, for there is no especial disinterestedness about the medical author. Public recognition by his fellows as the author of a valuable work is a reward that may at any time prove as substantial to his pocket as it is grateful to his self-esteem. Upon such recognition follow appointments, upon appointments pupils, upon these lecturerships, upon lecturerships practices, and upon these legitimate notoriety, with its substantial results. This, of course, is the rosy future for the author of the medical book published upon commission. That it actually occurs often is not suggested, but some part of the programme is carried out in a fair proportion of cases. Comparatively speaking, this sort of success is as often met with among medical authors, as is a large pecuniary success among the producers of fiction upon commission.

In taking as an imaginary case a work by Koch, it may be said that here the author had previously obtained the very things which it is suggested are the medical author's sole reward. This is so. That case was selected merely to point out the unsaleability of medical books. If a work by a great man on a subject of world-wide urgency cannot pay its way, how can pecuniary profits be expected for the more specialist work of a less known man? That is the question it was desired to raise.

It is true there is no substantial reward to come to the very great physician who writes a purely medical book. He is one of the authors who has to take out his reward in fame. In this Society we have always insisted that literary property ought to receive some tangible recognition, but there are cases when in the natural course of events this is not forthcoming. And this is so here. Let it be remembered, however, that in no very far-fetched way, the successful and distinguished physician can be supposed to have been prepaid for his work. His practice and his appointments have made it possible for him to acquire the necessary information, and he owes it to his world-wide reputation that he should make his discoveries public.

In speaking of "advertisement" it must be understood that no reproach is intended by the word. Such a medical book as we have referred to is only intended to justify its author's position, or enhance his reputation among his fellows. It is not an appeal to the public to come to him and be healed, and the Royal College of Physicians can be trusted to see that no one whose conduct seemed to be open to this interpretation, attains to a position of professional authority, whatever may be his public repute. There are those who have chosen to rely upon public opinion only, and to these—still without reproach—the word advertisement applies in its full sense.

THE ART OF FICTION AND THE AUTHORS OF ANTIQUITY.

The majority of mankind have resolved to believe that there is no such thing as an "art of romance," and the novelist, in the opinion of the greater part of his fellow creatures, is merely a man who, being too idle, or, more likely, too great a fool to do anything else, wastes his time—probably worth nothing—and pens, ink, and paper—which cost something—in writing at random "anything that comes into his head." Human beings are slow to correct received opinions, and probably society must be left to enjoy this error, amongst a great many others, for a very long time to come. Meanwhile the "scribbler" of "trashy novels," whilst turning over the pages of his masters, the great authors of all ages, observes with delight that the writers of antiquity were well acquainted with all the canons of his art. The classical authors were themselves guided by these same canons in the composition of their immortal works; their writings abound with allusions to them; and in works upon authorship, of a purely didactic kind, they expound these fundamental rules of construction with all their familiar force and precision.

Indeed, it would be easy to compile from Aristotle's Poetics and Horace's Epistle to the Pisones, a code of maxims comprehending almost all that the beginner in fiction has to learn, and a great
deal more than writers long engaged upon this
difficult art are always happy enough to be able to
remember. Aspirants after literary or dramatic
fame will scarcely find anywhere manuals of equal
value for their guidance; and whilst consulting
them may assure themselves that they are in
the very best company. Anyone who pleases may
convince himself that Fielding had been reading
Aristotle's Poetics when he wrote the second
chapter of the third book of Joseph Andrews, his
first novel.

But, to offer some evidence of an assertion that
will certainly seem startling to a good many
people.

In the first place the authors of antiquity were
fully convinced that the composition of any kind
of "history" was an art that could be taught, and
ought to be learned. It seems odd that anyone
may be found to dispute the fact, one who knew,
whom everyone knows, having written, pretty
nearly two thousand years ago,

Ego nee studium sine divite vena
Nec rude quid posit video ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.†

But what is talent and what is art, the majority
do not concern themselves to discover, and, in
consequence, starting from some vague misappré-
hension of both, they easily arrive at all sorts
of absurd conclusions. Lucian, however, in his
interesting work "How History should be written"
(chap. 33), deals with this very point at some
length, and what he says is in substance this:—

"The author should have these two principal
things to start with, intelligence and descriptive
power. The former is a thing that cannot be
taught, a natural gift; but the power of description
must be acquired by much exercise, and by continuous
labour, and by emulation of the ancients. The
former, then, is not a matter of art, and here there
is no need of advice from me. For this little book
of mine does not profess to make people clever and
quick who are not so by nature. It would be a
valuable book, or rather the most valuable of all
books, if it could effect transmutations and transfor-
mations of that sort. . . . But where then
is the use of art and advice? Not to create abilities
where they already exist, but to show the right way
to use them. . . . So, pray, let no one look
askance at me if I profess to have discovered an art
in so great and difficult a matter. For I do not
say that I can make an author of anyone you
please; but that I can show a man, who is naturally
intelligent, and who is well versed in literature,
certain right ways by which he may more rapidly
and more easily attain to a certain success."

* Novels are histories. "We have properly enough entitled
this our work a history."—Fielding. "Tom Jones,"
bk. 2, chap. 1. and passim throughout the same work.
† Horace. Ars poetica, 409.

Now the distinction between ability and artistic
power could hardly be better explained than in this
passage.

Again, in the forty-eighth chapter of the same
work, Lucian insists upon the importance of
working from a scenario, a matter about which even
a great many authors are sceptical. Here is what
he says:—

"When the author has gathered all together, or
the greater part, first of all he should weave a sort
of memorandum, and make a kind of corpus,
without any adornments, or any joining together
of the various parts. Afterwards, when he has
further introduced arrangement, he should add
ornament, and then set forth his book, with art,
and reflection, and finished style."

But we may turn to a writer greater than
Lucian.

Aristotle's work on poetics brims with suggestions
of the highest value. The only difficulty is to select
one or two passages amidst so great an embarras
des richesses. Aristotle addresses himself more
particularly to the tragic dramatist and the epic
poet; but as both of these must have a story, what
he has to say about the "mythos" is equally useful
to the novelist. And it is worth while to notice—
considering some opinions that have been expressed
in late years—that Aristotle sets the highest value
upon the story. "The story," he says, "is the
beginning, and, so to say, the soul of the
tragedy." Whilst in the twenty-fourth chapter
of his work, he observes, "narrative art is above
the others." This is the sort of remark that brings
the heart of the "trashy novelist" into his mouth.

But to return to the story. A story, Aristotle
declares, should be "a whole and perfect action,
having a certain length."† Next he explains what
he means by "a whole"—something that has a
beginning, and a middle, and an end. The
beginning is that which does not of necessity result
from something else. But after it something else
naturally follows. The middle is that which both
succeeds in consequence of something and leads
to something else. And the end is that which
naturally follows, "either of necessity or in all
probability," but after which nothing further neces-
sarily ensues. Therefore "those who would put
stories together well, must neither begin acciden-
tally anywhere nor end accidently anywhere."

Aristotle is always brief to obscurity, but every
writer who has discovered with Jean Paul Richter
that, "es gibt in der ganzen entscheidenden Welt
keine verdammte Arbeit als einen ersten Sektor
der schreiben," will feel that the Stagyrite is a
friend in need in having, at any rate, something to
say about where the story ought to begin.

† Aristotle, Poetica. Chapter 7.
Respecting length, Aristotle's rule is that the story should be of such a length that the whole may be conveniently carried in the memory. He considers that "taking into consideration the nature of the action related in the story, the longer tale, provided it be connectedly clear from end to end, will be the better. So that we may say, giving a simple rule, that a sufficient length is that which affords room for the successive incidents which effect in some necessary or probable manner the change of the fortunes of the characters from happy to sad or sad to happy."*  

And these great writers were practical. It is at this very point that Aristotle pauses to add that in the question of length the habits and requirements of the public must not be overlooked. Aristotle must not detain us longer, for to leave Horace unquoted would not be pardonable. At the same time to adduce passages from the familiar "De arte poetica" is almost an impertinence. Some interesting lines occur, however, in the second epistle of the second book, respecting the great art of "cutting":—  

At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,  
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti;  
Unde inque parum splendoris habebat  
Et sine pondere erunt et honore indigna ferentur,  
Verba movere loco, quamvis invita recedant  
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vesta;  

The novelist cannot exist who does not feel the force of the last two lines. How often the very passage that has to be cut out, the incident, the morsel of word painting, the author's philosophic reflection is emphatically something "most unwilling to quit its place." How often it is something that has dwelt by the hearth-fire of the author's thought, and has haunted his imagination from the day when he commenced his tale. But, "sed nunc non erat his locus," and the favourite passage must go.  

Which suggests another of Aristotle's maxims, "Whatevsoever, whether introduced or not, makes no difference in the story, is no part of the story."  

Such are a few passages only out of works abounding with suggestive remarks of the greatest value. Anyone who will open them may find for himself paragraphs that will appear to him more helpful than the half-a-dozen brief extracts here offered. But these have been selected as an evidence that the construction of a story was regarded as an art by the great writers of antiquity, and one whose principles they did not think unworthy of their serious attention.  

H. C.  

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* Aristotle, Poetica, Chapter 7.
experience that pleasure which Shakespeare or Moliere on the stage give to some people. We may be thrilled by dramatic situation, psychological analysis, fine acting, stage management (whether of the author or actor kind) but we do not feel the intellectual excitement that literature alone can give. In French or Norwegian plays, we do experience this feeling, even when the dramas are not poetical; so let us make the experiment in England. That is all the Independent Theatre asks. Surely it is not a very terrible request. They may be asking the impossible—asking too much of the drama—or, at any rate, of the English Drama. Perhaps they are. Mr. Traill is certainly of that opinion. It may be as absurd as asking art critics to tell us what they mean, or architects to build us houses that we can live in. Monstrous requests that no one in his senses would think of making. Still, it is an interesting experiment. And, after all, it is the duty of art to be unable to answer silly questions.

However delightful it may be to witness the plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero at our leading London houses, there are moments when at a second-rate theatre I am faint to believe that the only legitimate English Drama is the Drury Lane Pantomime, as interpreted by those incomparable artists, Mr. Herbert Campbell and Mr. Harry Nicholls.

To inquire for a moment into the objection to a Literary Drama. Mr. H. D. Traill does not meet the pioneers of the new drama with the stale old phrase of “Shakespeare is good enough for me,” used by persons so thoroughly convinced of the merits of “Hamlet” as a play, that they would have dramatists imitating all Shakespeare’s faults, even if they cannot approach him in merit. Mr. Traill points out how very few of Shakespeare’s plays have survived the stage, and how when he is dramatic (very seldom, Mr. Traill thinks) he is never literary—in short, that as plays for the present requirements of the stage they are failures, because of their literary quality. This opinion the one whose sympathies would lean rather towards literary excellence than dramatic achievement. And he continues, after exploding the hopes of returning to the conventions of Elizabethan and Greek dramas (owing to the altered conditions of the stage), to show that “The School for Scandal” and “She stoops to conquer” are not played because they possess the imperishable quality of literary excellence, it is for the story, the situation, and the opportunity for the actors. And Mr. Tree, who has had practical experience from the dramatic side, as Mr. Traill from the literary side, in his lecture to the Playgoers’ Club, endorses every word. “The first duty of a player is that he should beactable, in fact, dramatic,” said Mr. Tree, and again “by all means let the drama be literary, but first let

it be dramatic. The drama has a literature of its own.” Mr. Tree might have adopted Mr. Whistler’s immortal principle, “That art is art. Mathematics are mathematics,” by saying “Drama is drama and literature is literature.”

Mr. Tree’s inimitable acting, and Messrs. Stevenson and Henley’s brilliant dialogue did not make “Beau Austin” a good acting play; any more than his more wonderful impersonation of the “Village Priest,” or Mr. Sydney Grundy’s splendidly written adaptation make that drama anything but a silly caricature of a Sacrament in the Catholic Church. Yet the “Village Priest” was dramatic, “Beau Austin” was not. Both had the literary quality, and failed in spite of it, the other succeeded in spite of the violation of fact and probability. So there is in reality as much reason on the side of Mr. Tree as there is rhyme on the side of the advocates of literary or poetic drama. There is only one unfair criticism of the Independents, and Hamlet’s unfortunate remark about the mirror and nature cannot fairly be quoted against them, but rather for them. It may or may not be right to put the Whitechapel murders on the stage, or to dramatize divorce proceedings, but to say “How unnatural!” is ridiculous. If the mirror is advocated, we must not blame it for reflecting unpleasant images. If Mr. Tree brings us nearer to the angels, the Independents can humble us by reminding us what we once were. Mr. Mathew Arnold rather contemplates the more ardent reformers when he said our drama was the most contemptible in Europe; but that is hardly true at the present moment, and the future must be exciting even if is not literary; whether we are content with the Shakespearean past and the Piner present, as Mr. Tree bids us be, or go to Norway for subject, and to France for a convention with the Independent Theatre, or remain interested spectators of the scene with Mr. H. D. Traill in the pages of the New Review.

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LITERARY RIGHTS.

I.

We have living minds who have done their duty to their own age and posterity. Such men complain not of the age, but of an anomalous injustice in the laws. They complain that authors are deprived of a perpetual property in the produce of their own labours, when all other persons enjoy it as an indefeasible and acknowledged right; and they ask, upon what principle, with what equity, or under what pretence of public good, they are subjected to this injurious enactments? Is it because their labour is so light, the endowments which are required for it
so common, the attainments so cheaply and easily acquired, and the present remuneration in all cases so inadequate, so ample, and so certain? The Act is so curiously injurious in its operation that it bears with most hardship upon the best works. For books of great immediate popularity have their run, and come to a dead stop; the hardship is upon those which win their way slowly and difficultly, but keep the field at last. In such cases, when the copyright, as by the existing law departs from the author's family at his death, or at the end of 28 years from the first publication of every work (if he dies before the expiration of that term), his representatives are deprived of their property just as it would begin to prove a valuable inheritance. The last descendants of Milton died in poverty. The descendants of Shakspeare are living in poverty, and in the lowest condition of life. Is this just to these individuals? Is it grateful to the memory of those who are the pride and boast of their country? Is it honourable or becoming to us, as a nation, holding the name of Shakspeare and Milton in veneration? To have placed the descendants of Shakspeare and Milton in respectability and comfort, simple justice was all that was required; only that they should have possessed the perpetual copyright of their ancestor's works—only that they should not have been deprived of their proper inheritance. Believing, as I do, that if society continues to improve, no injustice will long be permitted to continue after it has been fairly exposed, and is clearly apprehended, I cannot but believe that a time must come when the rights of literature will be acknowledged, and its wrongs redressed; and that those authors hereafter who shall deserve well of posterity, will have no cause to reproach themselves for having sacrificed the interests of their children when they disregarded the pursuit of fortune for themselves."

SOUTHEY.

II.

"Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius; the dunce finds a hundred roads to her palace; there is but one open, and that a very indifferent one, for men of letters. Why should we not erect an asylum for venerable genius, as we do for the brave and helpless part of our citizens? When even fame will not protect the man of genius from famine, charity ought. Nor should such an act be considered as a debt incurred by the helpless member, but a tribute we pay to genius. Even in these enlightened times such have lived in obscurity, while their reputation was widely spread; and have perished in poverty, while their works were enriching the booksellers."

D'ISRAELI.

No artist recognises any standard of beauty, but that which is suggested by his own temperament. The artist seeks to realise in a certain material his immaterial idea of beauty, and thus to transform an idea with an ideal. This is the way an artist makes things. That is why an artist makes things. The artist has no other object in making things.

OSCAR WILDE.

(From a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette.)

DEATH AND THE LIFEBOAT.

From the German of Rud. Otterlich.

I stood without a ruined nave,
Whose mossed and ivied luxury
Was fed from many a circling grave:
Below me lay a still dull sea.

Then brightly grey the midnight grew;
I felt a Spirit pass me by;
Upon my cheek the breath he drew
Fell in a chill and lingering sigh.

And straight the ivy overhead
Dropped withering on the withering turf;
And angrily the sea of lead
Curled up to break in milky surf.

For Death stood by the shattered fane,
Stood on his thick-sewn ground—a King;
His robes a shroud, his gems the train
Of death-worms on its lumbering.

What sound falls on my shuddering ear?
A suppliant shot from off the deep;
Death laughs: his worms awake and rear
A hissing crest and o'er him creep.

Death turned, and with a jaunty trip
Passed through the shrinking grass, to reach
The sea, where on a mastless ship
Plunged headlong towards the sucking beach.

He came to the wave-smitten shore:
Hearts brave for rescue were afloat:
Is there not room for one heart more?
Death stepped into the bobbing boat.

I screamed. He heard and smiled reply
Then touched the tiller with his hand;
And lo! there lay before my eye
A waste of waves, a strip of sand.
THE AUTHOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Reading Unions.

While reading in the last issue of the Author a paragraph on Reading Guilds, it occurred to me that a programme of a Reading Circle which we started a year or two ago might prove of interest.

Rules.

I. That the Society shall be called the "Sesame Reading Circle."

II. That its aim shall be to promote, by the method of association, careful and thoughtful reading, and the study of good literature; to approach the subject under consideration in an inquiring spirit, and to avoid, as far as possible, all dogmatic opinions and personal expressions.

III. The Circle shall consist of 13 members, one of whom shall be chosen as secretary. The executive committee shall consist of three members, of which the secretary shall be one.

IV. At the general meeting of the Circle the books to be studied during the next reading term shall be chosen. To each member shall be allotted a work which he shall study, and upon which he shall write an essay during the first two months.

The essays shall then be handed to the secretary, who will redistribute them. Each member shall then read the book corresponding to the essay he has received, and appending a statement that he has perused both book and paper, he shall proceed to criticise the subject and add his comments thereon. A similar course shall be adopted at the end of each successive period of six weeks. Each period shall be understood to expire on the 14th, or the last day of the month, as the case may be.

V. Each essay shall be retained by the writer of it, together with the critiques, at the end of the reading term. It shall be accessible to any of the members.

VI. If a member fail to read the allotted works on two occasions during the reading term without giving adequate reasons, he forfeits membership, and his place shall be filled by a new member chosen by the committee.

VII. A business meeting shall be held at the end of the term.

X.

II.


In the December number of the Author there was a paragraph on the generosity of a religious society, and in the October number another on the honourable conduct of a religious society. By mistake the two paragraphs were supposed to refer to the same author. They were different authors. It is the same melancholy story, however, with both. The publishing company, under the guise of religion, buys up work for ten, twenty, thirty pounds, out of which it means to make hundreds, and knows that it will make hundreds.

III.

The Authors' Club.

I read the announcement of the projected "Authors' Club" with the warmest satisfaction. As is stated in the Author, the Athenaeum is the only literary club pure and simple—though, perhaps, the word "simple" is scarcely the correct description of that august institution—admittance to which by the ordinary literary man is as difficult as admittance to the Marlborough. In the November number of the Century are an article and illustrations describing the new Players' Club of New York, founded by Edwin Booth. We can scarcely hope to vie with the magnificence of this club, but I think we should endeavour to emulate its solid comfort. In addition to the usual dining, drawing, and smoking rooms there should be a cozy library in which the literary man from the country may find a corner—like those in the National Liberal—where he can, undisturbed, write his copy and correct his proofs. For the best of all reasons the tariff must not be an expensive one; and I would suggest, with all deference, that the country subscription should not be more than two guineas. If pictures are wanted for the walls, and they should be wanted, I am convinced that they would be readily offered either as loans or gifts, portraits of living and departed authors, scenes from their lives or works, would be forthcoming from many literary men who for years have been longing for some central spot in the great city in which they could feel "at home." If well-known men would, from time to time, recount their experiences or read papers on their calling so much the better. What is wanted is a comfortable, artistically arranged club, where the London author can meet and welcome his fellow labourer from the country, and strengthen that union of hearts and brains which has too long been neglected by the profession which needs it more than any other.
In conclusion, may I express a hope that all the shares—it is, I believe, intended to make it a joint stock affair—will be held by literary men. If a man holds only one share of £1, £2, or £5, as the case may be, he must necessarily feel a personal interest in the venture, and it is this personal interest which will tend to make the club the success we all heartily wish it.

C. G.

IV.

A member of the Society signing himself "Iota-Subscript" asks a question as to publishers' liabilities under certain cases. Will he be kind enough to send his name? It is manifestly impossible to answer anonymous questions.

V.

THE BOOKMAN ON ROYALTIES.

Sir,

If words have any meaning, the Editor of the Bookman did, on his own showing, accept a very important statement that a royalty of a penny in the shilling yields as much to the author as to the publisher. There is not a word of correction or of contradiction. The note which he quoted does endorse the statement, because it does not contradict it.

Your obedient servant,
A CONSTANT READER.

[Other communications have been received from readers, all to the same effect, and none contrary to this.—EDITOR.]

VI.

The Editor of the Bookman (Dr. Robertson Nicoll) sends the following communication. It does not touch the real point at issue, which was that he printed, without a word of correction or of contradiction, the statement that a royalty of one penny in the shilling gives the author as much as it gives the publisher, and is a fair royalty.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AUTHOR.

Sir,—

A very few words will suffice in answer to your notes on my letter.

1. As you have printed my own words, I confidently leave it to your readers to decide whether I "advocated on a six-shilling book a profit of £75 to the author, and to the publisher of £305," or whether the statement was not as I styled it, and style it again, as gross a misrepresentation as can possibly be imagined.

2. We are all much indebted to you for formulating a system of publishing on royalties easily understood and remembered. It is stated in two propositions:—

(1.) "Whether the book is a shilling book or a six-shilling book, the proportion is the same." That is, upon all books, irrespective of their price and size, the same percentage should be paid as royalty.

(2.) "Why should well-known writers receive more than beginners on a royalty?" That is, all writers, known or unknown, should receive the same percentage as royalty.

(3) The only point remaining to be settled is, what should be the percentage? Obviously, the highest royalty any writer is receiving. It remains therefore, to find out that, and the whole business of publishing is simpler than A.B.C. Whenever I receive the name and address of any publisher who conducts his business on these principles, or of any person willing to invest a shilling in any business so conducted, I am ready to discuss the matter. Of the extraordinary statement that thirty or so (!) is the average number of press copies, I say nothing.

3. I did not ask you who wrote the article on the Bookman. I asked by what right the author of the article used the words "As a society of bookmen and bookwomen, we," &c. The answer is, By no right. No one has the slightest authority to pose as the spokesman of our society. More especially should such action be avoided when it is remembered that we do not elect our own committee, that no opportunity is given us for private conference, and that our opinions are notoriously divergent on many points. By throwing the Author open for free discussion, some good might be done.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
The Editor of the Bookman.

Here are two or three simple notes:—

1. A royalty of a penny in the shilling applied to a six-shilling book does produce the astonishing result quoted in my notes. He who maintains that to be a fair royalty does advocate this astonishing result.

2. The proportion of a penny in the shilling is certainly the same applied to any book at any price. How can it be otherwise?

3. I certainly cannot understand why there should be one royalty for the widely popular and another for the less popular. I exclude the
THE AUTHOR.

question of risk, because the publishers seldom take any risk. If of two books at the same price one sells ten thousand and the other two thousand, both authors should be paid in proportion to their circulation.

4. What percentage should be paid? Not necessarily what the highest-paid author receives, because an author may for special reasons receive special terms, but that percentage which may be adopted as just and fair both for author and publisher, fully recognizing the services of the latter and the rights of the former. No greater service can be rendered to literature than to further the adoption of such a plan. We have paved the way for it by learning and publishing what has hitherto been concealed—viz., the cost of production and the profits of publishers on the various systems of publication now current.

5. The number of press copies is about “thirty, or so.” We do not, at this office, speak of publishers’ methods as they might be, or as we imagine them to be, but as they are. “About thirty, or so,” is a fair statement of the general practice in sending out books of serious literature—perhaps in little story books a greater liberality may be found worth while. For instance, there are nine London dailies; about a dozen weeklies, and about a dozen great provincial papers exhaust the list. People may send as many copies as they please, but it is the usual practice of the trade not to waste good books on papers which have no weight.

6. No one has ever in the Author posed as the spokesman of the Society. But the writer of the notice which has so greatly exercised the editor of the Bookman is surely not pretending to be the spokesman of the Society when he used the simple and harmless words, “As a Society of bookmen, and bookwomen, we would earnestly invite our new friend to consider that literature has many sides, that there are many readers, and many books and standards, and many ideals of excellence and of style.” The “direct question” of the last number referred to notes signed by the writer.

7. What kind of “private conference” does the editor of the Bookman desire? He has made no proposal for any conference of members. Such a conference might be extremely interesting, and most useful, provided the meeting was conducted in the spirit of mutual courtesy and friendliness.

8. I, as the editor of the Author, have always thought the columns open for discussion. There is correspondence every month. Does not the insertion of Dr. Nicoll’s letters prove that the paper is open to discussion? But no more correspondence on this subject can be inserted.

WALTER BESANT.

“AT THE AUTHOR’S HEAD.”

Mr. George Meredith’s new volume of verse is called “Modern Love: a Reprint, together with the Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady.” Macmillan & Co. are the English publishers.

Mr. Lecky’s “History of England” is to be issued in a cheaper edition in monthly volumes (Longmans), twelve in number.

Some of Mr. Andrew Lang’s books are to be re-issued in a half-crown form. It is a great pity that the many admirers of this writer can only procure complete editions of his works by painfully toiling through publishers’ lists. No writer of the day, unless it is Thomas Hardy, is so scattered.

There is a library somewhere in a garden; the casement windows stand wide open; outside there are flowers of the old fashioned kinds—gillyflowers, sweet william, ragged robin, bachelors’ buttons, stocks, pinks, mignonette—each blooming in her season; the rose spray flaps in at the window; there are Japanese vases; the room is lined with books; the table is covered with books; there is no litter of books such as one finds in a place when a student is searching and investigating; in this library the books are arranged neatly and in order; many of them are old and shabby, but not for that reason held in lesser honour. It is a silent library; the silence is like that which one feels in an ancient almshouse beside a busy road; outside, in the road, is the sound of hoofs and wheels; within is peace. In this library there is silence; outside, the bees hum and the birds sing, the branches rustle, the scythe mows down the grass; but their noise is best heard within. “My library,” says the happy owner of this place, “is the identical library in which Christian Mentzelius was at work when he heard the male bookworm flap his wings and crow like a cock in calling to his mate. Come with me round the room. Let me show you some of my books. Nothing that a book lover likes so much as to show and talk about, as his books. Oh! I am no buyer of scarce books because they are scarce. Mine are here for reading. I will read bits of them to you if you like to sit an hour with me. Here are the works of George Wither. Do you know that poet? Here is Gerard’s ‘Herbal.’ Do you know Lady Winchelsea? Do you know Amasia? Do you know Christopher Smart? Sit down, my friend, and listen. The air that steals through the casement this hot afternoon is fragrant; that chair invites you to rest. So you shall listen and I will talk.” Fortunately, the talk has been taken down,
and everybody can hear it, because it is on Mr. Heinemann's list, and he generously allows anyone to become the possessor of "Gossip in a Library" who pays the toll and uses the name of the author, Mr. Edmund Gosse, in such a way as to show that he can be trusted with the book, and that he has a feeling for a Library. In a more civilised world we shall have to pass examinations before we are allowed to possess books of this kind or of that. Not only will ignorant persons have to surrender treasures of classical learning or of science, but literature itself will have its stages, and every man shall belong each to his own level, and shall have the books corresponding to his degree, but with the power of passing the examination for a higher degree.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Rider Haggard will contribute the serials for the Illustrated London News of 1892. There will also be occasional short stories. The literary department of the paper shows a considerable increase in activity under the editorship of Mr. Clement Shorter.

Mr. James Sully has nearly ready a new work on Psychology. It is said to aim at meeting the special wants of those who desire a more complete presentation of the results of the recent ramiform developments of the science than was possible in his earlier and more elementary work on the subject. The new treatise will be in two volumes, and will be published in January.

Mr. William Black has made arrangements with Sampson Low and Co. for an entirely new edition of his novels in twenty-five monthly volumes. The novels will be carefully revised by Mr. Black. The first to appear will be "A Daughter of Heth."

A sister of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has joined the band of story tellers. May her brother's fortune and his genius be hers as well!

The "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" seems to attract good writers. With the names of Messrs. Andrew Lang, Arthur Becket, Barry Pain, Justin McCarthy, and Walter Pollock already on the title page or promised, there should be hardly any stronger series in the market.

The book of the month is Austin Dobson's "Hogarth," a book as beautifully written as we have a right to expect of Mr. Dobson, and as beautifully got up and illustrated as the subject demands.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey, the best translator living, has finished her version of Robida's "Centuries of Toilette" (Sampson Low and Co.). It is a book which all ladies who wish to understand anything more about dress than the fashion plate of the day must certainly possess.

Sir Edwin Arnold seems to have fairly "caught" the American public, if not the English as well, by his "Japonica" (London: Osgood and McIlvaine). This is what the New York Critic says of it:

"It is hard to decide between penman and draughtsman in praising this dainty work of art. Never before have we seen so happy a marriage of pen and brush. Of the author of 'The Light of Asia' we know, and know favourably, as an interpreter of Japanese aesthetics; but, fascinating as are his word-pictures, we must award equal praise to the artist who has brought Japan before our eyes by his wonderfully accurate and deeply sympathetic drawings. With only ink, and no colours such as flush the sky and ocean, and all surfaces in Japan, or deepen in nook and shadow, Mr. Robert Blum has achieved wonders. As a lady may be handsome, and enthral a man's heart by her expression, even though her face lack colour, so Mr. Blum's pictures have the rich charm of reproducing Japan's witchery of form and grace. Sir Edwin is in his happiest vein and humour while discoursing of the country, the people, their ways, and their thoughts. To him Japan is the Land of Great Peace, gentle manners, pleasing thoughts, fair morals, and exquisite conceits. He seems a veritable child in exuberance of enjoyment, and has reached that land, so rarely entered by the middle aged, which is behind the looking-glass. A fascinating freak of geography and ethnology is this country to him, and no less fascinatingly freakish are its people. After hearing what all the literary, scientific, theological, and other critics say of them, this English knight of the pen is still the lover. 'My own opinion is,' he declares with that solid assurance which belongs to the lover who imagines his vision to be crystal, clear, and scientifically achromatic, 'that the central characteristic of the Japanese is self-respect, and that their patience, their fearlessness, their quietism, their resignation, and a large proportion of their other virtues, have root in this deep and universal quality.'"

There are notable papers in the new volume of the "Dictionary of Biography," especially Dr. Garnett on Edward Irving, Mr. T. R. Gardiner on James I., Mr. Leslie Stephen on Lord Jeffrey, the Rev. William Hunt on King John, and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole on John of Salisbury.
Just before his death, says the New York Critic, James Parton expressed his views on the earnings of authors in the following words: "An industrious writer, by a legitimate exercise of his calling, that is, never writing advertisements or trash for the sake of pay, can just exist, no more. By a compromise, not dishonourable, though exasperating, he can average during the best years $7,000 to $8,000 a year. But no man should enter the literary life unless he has a fortune, or can live contentedly on $2,000 a year. The best way is to make a fortune first and write afterward."

Mr. Henry Cresswell has in the press a new novel, in three volumes, entitled "Fairest of Three," which will be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett this month. If this novel prove as clever and entertaining as "The Hermits of Crizebeck," considerable popularity may be foretold for it.

"Lester the Loyalist" is one of the most beautiful books we have seen for a long time. It was printed in Japan, in one of the styles prescribed by their etiquette for the printing of poetry. It was manufactured entirely by Japanese. The only difference is that the lines are printed horizontally, as in English, instead of vertically. The letterpress is a poem by Douglas Sladen, author of "Australian Lyrics," "The Spanish Armada," &c. It is called a "Romance on the Founding of Canada," and is in hexameter verse. The publishers are Griffith, Farran, and Co.

In "Great Pan Lives" (London: Luzac and Co.) "Clelia" offers a paraphrase of Shakespeare's Sonnets, and proffers an answer to the question, "Who and what is the 'Lovely Boy' of the Sonnets?" The answer takes the form of a genealogy, beginning with "Beauty All," and ending with "Will Shakespeare." It is one more book added to the literature of the Sonnets, and may be left to those who have studied the subject.

A "Winter Cruise in Summer Seas," by Charles G. Atchison (Sampson Low and Co.) is a chatty, pleasant book, descriptive of a voyage on board one of the Royal Mail Steam Packets to the Brazils, Buenos Ayres, and other places. Anyone who wants to take a holiday of two months, and does not know where and how to spend his time, will do well to study this book. Those who would like to spend a holiday of two months, but cannot get the leave or the money, would do well to read this book.

The "Merchant's Children," by Eleanor Stredder (T. Nelson and Sons), is a story for the young on life in China. It is a little book to be recommended.

Mr. E. A. Reynolds Ball has written the article on Naples in Messrs. Cassell's magnificent fine art publication "The Picturesque Mediterranean," 2 vols., price £4 4s., which has recently been published.

The latest addition to the "Adventure Series" is the story of the "Life and Exploits of Theodore Kolokotronès," the Greek hero. It is translated from the Greek by Mrs. Edmonds, author of "Greek Lays," &c. The translator has written an introduction and furnished explanatory notes. A preface has been added by M. Gennadius, Greek envoy to our Court.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. will bring out in January a collection of Mr. Egerton Castle's shorter stories under the title of "La Bella and others." It is to be hoped that the volume will include "A Paragraph in the Globe," which appeared a few years ago in Remington's Christmas Annual, and was not only one of the best Christmas stories of its year, but one of the best of its kind in English. Our literature is by no means rich in good short stories, though Mr. Louis Stevenson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Pollock and others have set us such admirable examples, and this one of Mr. Castle's was worthy of Balzac himself in his fantastic vein.

Mr. Howells' daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, has entered the field of literature, as a poem in the November St. Nicholas shows. It is entitled "Romance," and conveys some of the fancies of young dreamers.

Mr. G. A. Henty has written for the new volume of Young England a serial story of seafaring life in the last century, entitled "In the Grip of the Press Gang." The other serials which will appear in this magazine are "Beneath the Surface," by Sarah Tytler, and "The Golden Lion," a romance of Elizabethan days, by Robert Leighton, author of "The Pilots of Pomona."

"Charles Kingsley: the Story of his Life" is the title of an article to be contributed by Mr. Mackenzie Bell to an early number of the new series of the Welcome Hour.

"Hypocrites," the serial story by Mr. Hugh Coleman Davidson, which is now appearing in Hearth and Home, will be published early in the new year by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It will be illustrated by René.

Two very interesting papers on Burmese life and manners which have recently appeared in the Globe were written by Mr. Henry Charles Moore. They are chapters from a proposed work on Burmah.
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1. Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, unless an opportunity of proving the correctness of the figures is given them.
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8. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Society's Offices:
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NOTICES.

The Annual Report of the Society has been delayed for the universal reason of universal delay—the influenza stops the way. The accounts could not be drawn up for the auditor. As soon as possible this will now be done, and the Report will then be issued.

The First Report of the Authors' Syndicate, which is a branch, though an independent branch, of the Society, will be issued at the same time as the Report of the Society. It will be found to show a vigorous and a promising record of the first year's work.

On Thursday, January 28th, the Committee proceeded to elect a secretary in place of Mr. S. S. Sprigge, resigned. Their choice fell upon Mr. G. Herbert Thring, M.A., formerly of Hertford College, Oxford. Mr. Thring is a son of the late head master of Uppingham. He is a passed solicitor, and is not unacquainted with the work of the Society. He enters upon his duties at the end of March. The Committee desire to express their thanks to the gentlemen who offered their services. That the post should have attracted candidates of such marked ability is a gratifying proof of the position now held by the Society.
Cardinal Manning was one of the first Vice-Presidents of the Society of Authors. He attended at several of the earlier meetings, and always took a lively interest in the welfare of the Society. It was, indeed, the adhesion of men such as our illustrious President, the Cardinal, and others, men whose position commanded respect, which gave the Society at the outset a claim to attention which a mere gathering of well-known literary men might have failed to command. Such is the situation of literature in this country. In America, on the other hand, a gathering of literary men would command the most widespread and the most respectful attention.

Our readers will be sorry to learn that for the last two months Mr. R. U. Johnson, the secretary of the Copyright League in New York, has been dangerously ill with typhoid fever. Mr. Johnson is still unable to write or communicate in any way with his English friends, and it is even believed that he is still unaware of the gift which the authors of this country have presented to him. We are happy to say, however, that as we go to press we receive from Mr. Gilder, the Editor of the Century Magazine, a telegram, which states that Mr. Johnson is now convalescent, and is believed to be out of all danger.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been elected a member of the Council.

An American Society of Authors has been founded. Its President is Mr. Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., its Executive Council consists of the Rev. Dr. Alfred H. Moment, Rev. Edward P. Ingersoll, Mr. J. Fairfax McLaughlin, and Mr. C. B. Lewis. Its secretary is Mrs. Katherine Hodges. The prospectus begins with an extract from a letter written by Mr. G. W. Smalley to the New York Tribune, a copy of which has already appeared in this journal. The five points which are put forward as the objects of the Association are as follows:

1. To promote acquaintance and sociality among authors.
2. To secure a clear understanding of the position and rights of authors in literary property.
3. To furnish information as to copyright laws, methods of publishing and form of contract.
4. To assist authors in gaining accurate information as to the true value of their productions, and, when necessary, to secure that value.
5. To endeavour to elevate American literature.

We do not know yet how the Association has been taken up in the way of membership; we have invited the committee to forward news as to their progress. We wish them every possible success, and we hope to publish from time to time reports of a triumphal march.

At the Committee meeting of January 28th the following resolution was unanimously passed: “That this Committee welcome with great satisfaction the foundation of the American Society of Authors, and that the secretary is instructed to furnish all information and help in its power to the sister Association.”

The meaning, as between publisher and author, of the so-called “Royalty System”—where there is no system—was explained in the Author for November 1891. Writers are entreated, in their own interests, to study the facts and figures there set forth.

Communications intended for the Authors’ Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.

The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.
ON LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

Within what period has an author a right to have unused manuscript returned to him? Has he any right to have it returned to him at all? If it should be lost, has he any right to compensation? These are questions as difficult as they are important. To return an exactly accurate reply to them is impossible, but an endeavour must be made to return an approximately correct one.

And, first, a wide distinction must be drawn between cases subject to special agreement and cases not so subject. In a large number of magazines the editor prints in each issue the terms on which he is prepared to receive manuscript, intimating that "he cannot undertake to return rejected communications," or the like. Out of the four corners of such agreements there is no escape, but they should be clearly printed and easily to find. They are, as a rule, however, not only clumsily worded, but incomplete. For instance, they do not state the latest day at which manuscript must be sent in order to ensure insertion in the next issue of a monthly magazine. It is believed that the 8th of each month is almost universally the latest day. Numerous contributions being strictly topical, all authors should be put on their guard on this point, and thus saved much useless "writing up to date." It is submitted that all topical contributions which arrive after this fatal 8th should be returned to the author forthwith.

But how about contributions not topical? It is notorious that some editors will keep such for many months, and, perhaps, eventually allow them to be wasted. On this point I confidently submit that no editor has a right to retain manuscript on the chance that room may eventually be found for it. As for corrected proofs which after all do not appear, or what is called "over matter," the right of the author to be paid for such is, or should be, beyond dispute.

But where there is no notification in a magazine as to terms on which contributions may be sent, what are the relations between publisher and contributor? Some would say that the publisher solicits manuscript from all the world, and is bound to have all manuscript attended to, and either accepted or returned. It is greatly doubted whether this view will hold water, and in 1884 the late Mr. Justice Williams, in an action brought unsuccessfully against Sir Augustus (then Mr.) Harris by a dramatic author for compensation for a lost play, laid down the law in terms which show that he did not share such a view, and non-suited the dramatic author. All things considered, and especially looking (1) to the excess of the supply of contributions over the demand for them, and (2) to the great risk of the same subject being selected for treatment by many more contributors than one, authors should surely either not contribute at all to magazines containing no special notifications as to handling of manuscript, or else make such terms for themselves by special agreement.

A word as to remuneration. Whether rightly or wrongly, no magazine throughout the civilised world has as yet publicly notified any fixed scale.

It need hardly be pointed out that the author has a right to be paid for each contribution according to its value—unless, indeed, the contribution be put in the form of a letter, when it is supposed that merely to insert is sufficiently to remunerate—and that a "scale pay," though in nine cases out of ten it ought to be accepted as fair, is not conclusively adequate. Much less would a publisher have any ground to stand upon who, after inserting a contribution, should venture to tell an author that the magazine is being run gratuitously. Such treatment should be met forthwith by a writ for the amount claimed.

So much for magazines. Now for books. Here there can be no special agreement by public notification, but there is always opportunity for an author to make a special agreement when delivering his manuscript for consideration by the reader. What form should this special agreement take? So varying are the subjects and the sizes of manuscripts that of course no general rule can be laid down. It would perhaps, however, be reasonable to stipulate for a limit of three months' detention of manuscript in all ordinary cases. But why should not the Authors' Society draw up a sort of scale for publishers to agree to? And why should not a reasonable demurrage become payable by publisher to author after a reasonable period of detention? And why should not an author submit copies of the same manuscript, or offers to write on the same subject, simultaneously to several publishers, with the view of closing with the highest bidder for his work?

II.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CASE.

A.B. is one of those persons who are wholly unfitted either by education, or by special study, or by natural powers, or by acquired powers, to write a single word for the furtherance or help or solace of his fellow creatures.
He is also one of those persons who become possessed of a single idea, generally a wrong idea, based upon misunderstanding, and impossible for anyone to conceive or to cherish who had any real knowledge of any subjects with which it may be concerned. Some of these persons write letters to the papers; now and then the letters get inserted. Then they are happy and look for the conversion of the world to their own opinions. Less frequently they write a book.

A.B. wrote a book. It was a long and dreary MS. on an absurd and ridiculous subject; a book which any publisher with the least regard for literature would, without hesitation, refuse; a book which nobody would buy; a book which ought never to have been published.

Having written his book, A.B. sent it to publishers. The extent of the travels of that MS. is unknown. At last a firm offered to publish it for him if he would pay the whole cost. So far, the only objection to the proceedings is that the book should never have seen the light.

They appended an estimate. The printing, machinery, and paper, they said, would cost, for 750 copies, so much. They would recommend advertising to the extent of so much. The binding of 250 copies—to begin with—would cost so much.

They also stated that they should charge a publishing fee and a commission on sales.

The author accepted the terms without question or examination.

The book came out and the accounts came in.

The printing, machinery, and paper, set down according to the estimate which the author had accepted, was about £30 more than they cost.

The binding was set down at a quarter more than it cost.

The advertisements "in papers, lists, and circulars" were charged double the stipulated sum. No details were rendered, and it is clear from the wording that a good part of the money had been charged for advertising in the firm's own lists.

The "publishing fee" was not forgotten.

There were next to no returns.

In other words, this firm took up a perfectly worthless book, knowing that it was perfectly worthless, in order to make out of it (1) a trifling publishing fee, (2) a trifling commission, and (3) the by no means trifling sum of £50 or £60 by fraud.

This was not a little unknown firm; it was a large firm which advertises a long list.

In the face of one single fact, such as the above, is there not ample justification for the existence of this Society? Should not the knowledge that the Society has dozens of such cases in its possession prompt all authors to ask its assistance, if only to be kept out of the hands of such a firm as this?

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III.

THE VALUE OF AMERICAN RIGHTS.

This is the day for warning authors—it is done very seriously by the disinterested brethren who manage literary affairs—not to expect too much from American rights. Let us not expect too much; let us wait and watch; meantime, we will keep these American rights, whatever they are worth, in our own hands, and not let the disinterested brother have them at all. An article on the subject in an American journal states that most authors—all those who are not yet in a position to dictate their conditions—are compelled to accept a ten per cent. royalty. A few, he says, can command a twenty per cent. royalty. Now, we have not yet got behind those figures; we do not quite know what they mean, in America, to publisher as well as to author. Therefore, let us for the present say nothing, but make the best arrangement possible. The cost of production and of advertising does not, it is said, follow the same law of proportion to the price as in this country. The writer who is quoted gives us, however, one or two useful pieces of information. A work by a tolerably well-known writer which sells 3,000 copies does well. Often a publisher is satisfied with a sale of 2,000 copies. At a fifteen per cent. royalty on a price of one dollar and a half, the author would get, on a sale of 3,000 copies, the sum of £135. In this country, on the same sale of a 6s. book, and with the same rate of royalty, the publisher would net about £170, that is to say, publisher : author :: 2 : 1 on that scale. On a larger sale it may become a proportion of 3 : 1. The American writer goes on to say that he numbers among his friends two well-known and successful writers, whose income from literature is not equal to that of an ordinary clerk in a prosperous business house.

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IV.

THE LITERARY FRAUD.

What protection has an editor against the man who sends him old and stolen papers as his own? None, except the police court; and it is really wonderful, considering the impunity with which the thing may generally be done, that it is not done oftener. In the States, it appears, the trick is much more common than here. The Harpers are reported to be resolved upon ferreting out and
THE AUTHOR.

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bringing to justice this class of offenders. There is more than one way of trickery. A man may steal a paper from an old, or translate one from a foreign, magazine, and pass it off as his own. This, one imagines, is what is commonly done. If an obscure magazine is chosen, the chances of detection are very slight. Of course, if a man stole from old numbers of the Cornhill, or Temple Bar, he would be found out at once. Another plan is for a writer to offer an editor work done, sold, and published years before. A third is to sell the same thing to two or more different magazines. The exposure of the criminal's name is something, but in this, as in every other infringement of literary property, the courts of law are the only real preventive.

V.

THE SALE OF COPYRIGHT.

If a man sells his copyright to a publisher, can the publisher do what he likes with the manuscripts? I hear everyone say at once—certainly. Softly! Can he mutilate the work? Surely that might be to the author's detriment. Can he burn it? That also might damage the author. For an author is paid in two ways—by money and by repute. If he is only to obtain his money payments, they should be proportionately large where he is going to be done out of his fame. The matter is one for legal exposition, which is invited. The case is put in the form of a story in this paper.

VI.

THE RETURN OF MSS.

The following notices have been extracted from the January numbers of the magazines mentioned, and if aspiring contributors would read them they would spare themselves a great deal of disappointment. A large number are silent as to their practice with regard to the return of manuscripts, and in a still larger number of cases their bark is worse than their bite. Among these must be included the Quarterly Review, Edinburgh Review, Contemporary Review, Blackwood's Magazine, and Cornhill Magazine:

The Law Quarterly Review:

"It seems convenient to repeat, in a conspicuous place, that it is not desirable to send manuscript on approval without previous communication with the Editor, except in very special circumstances; and that the Editor, except as aforesaid, cannot be in any way answerable for manuscripts so sent.

The Nineteenth Century:

"The Editor of the Nineteenth Century cannot undertake to return unaccepted manuscripts."

The National Review:

"Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their manuscripts. Postage stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their manuscripts to be returned in case of rejection."

The New Review:

"The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts."

The Fortnightly Review:

"The Editor of this Review cannot undertake to return any manuscripts."

Temple Bar:

"Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication) and be accompanied by postage stamps for its return in case of non-acceptance. Every care will be taken, but the Editor and publishers cannot be responsible for accidental loss, &c. Poetry. From the large number of pieces received every month, it is impossible to return them. A copy should be kept, as rejected pieces are destroyed."

Longmans' Magazine:

"A stamped addressed envelope should accompany the manuscript if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss."

Macmillan's Magazine:

"Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the writer, and be accompanied by the necessary postage stamps for its return in case of non-acceptance. Every endeavour will be made to send back unaccepted articles, but the Editor cannot guarantee their safe return. There is no rule in this magazine entitling a contributor to the publication of his signature. This and all other kindred matters rest solely on the Editor's discretion."

We shall give further editorial announcements next month.
VII.

A New Device.

"The wily publisher has lately adopted a new device for fleecing his secular victim that may be recommended to the notice of the Author. The wretch has taken to sending the author all the unfavourable reviews that appear of his immortal work, and suppressing the favourable ones. The result is, or is expected to be, that the author supposes his work to be a failure, and, when the time of submitting accounts arrives, either expects no cheque or is delighted with one of a most modest amount."

The above is from the *Athenæum* (Jan. 2, 1892). The adjective "wily" affixed to the word "publisher" probably means that the whole paragraph is an elaborate joke. "Secular victim" is a good phrase—also part of the recondite and cryptic joke. If it is not a joke, then somebody has been deliberately thieving, and ought to be tried in a criminal court. But when was it expected that a publisher should collect and send to an author all the notices of his book? Authors in their younger days have sometimes favourable notices sent them by their publisher to promote confidence, and always have unfavourable notices sent them—to promote despondency—by private friends. One would like to know more about the origin of this paragraph. It looks as if it had been communicated by some publisher who had been rashly accused of the thing by a suspicious author. If not that, then it is the suspicion, probably unfounded by examination into the facts, of a suspicious author, communicated by him to the *Athenæum*. If that is so, his remedy is easy. He has only to send a chartered accountant to audit that publisher's accounts. If the publisher is an honest man he cannot possibly refuse. If he does refuse, there is another step possible, and very easy, which will overrule that refusal.

GOSSIP IN A LIBRARY.

"Dryden's Fables.

"Fables, Ancient and Modern. Translated into verse from Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer. With original Poems. By Mr. Dryden. *London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Gray's Inn Gate, next Gray's Inn Lane. MDCC.*"

This is an elephant among books, and makes us sigh as we lift it. At the close of the seventeenth century the British public grew more and more to address the poets in the words of Armado in Love's Labour's Lost: "Devide, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio." Until that time these grandiose forms, properly dedicated to the theologians and the philosophers, had been commonly eschewed by the poets until they came to collect in a final shape their works ("that is to say, their plays"). The volumes in which the famous lyrical poets of the middle of the century made their appearance were delightfully exiguous. A young dreamer of dreams might carry his Lovelace or his Crashaw next to his heart without any fatal injury to the elegance of his doublet; the first edition of Waller, slipped into the pocket of his cloak, would add nothing appreciable to its weight. But, as the century closed, books of verse became steadily taller, and, above all, there came in this taste for folios. It was the enterprise of Jacob Tonson that first encouraged this latter fancy. One of his earliest ventures, as a young man of five and twenty, had been Dryden's *Absolom and Achitophel*, which he brought out, in defiance of all precedent, as a thin stitched folio pamphlet. He was immediately imitated, and this form, inconvenient as it seems to us, became the one generally chosen for the first appearance of occasional poetry. But among the enormous books of verse with which the century closes the one before us was the hugest, as it was the last.

It was published, it is believed, in the month of November 1699, and therefore less than six months before the death of Dryden. The noble poet, worn out at last in his unequal struggle with misfortune, succumbed at length to a cluster of ailments which had tormented him all through the winter. His surgeon offered him the chance of prolonged life if he would submit to an operation, but Dryden refused. He told Mr. Hobbes, as Ward reports in his *London Spy*, "that he was an old man, and had not long to live by course of nature, and therefore did not care to part with one limb, at such an age, to preserve an uncomfortable life on the rest."

And so, on the 1st of May, 1700, he died, calmly and resignedly, "taking of his friends," says one of those who were with him, "so tender and obliging a farewell as none but he himself could have expressed." This tall folio, then, possesses a singular interest as the final message of this great poet to the world in which he had fought, and laboured, and fallen, and persevered, for seventy arduous years, the last crop from this gnarled and broken but still richly fruitful tree.

If the *Fables* showed signs of a mental decay responding to the physical, they would still awaken our interest and demand our respect. In those days a gigantic book of this kind was not rapidly worked off nor readily circulated. If, indeed, certain copies were subscribed in November, it must have been nearer Easter before some country clients of Tonson received the ponderous packet. Life went upon leisurely wheels in rural places then, and many a fine lady and lettered squire may have
seen the ominous paragraph in the Postboy:—"John Dryden, Esq., the famous poet, lies a-dying!"—before they had mastered the contents of their last purchase. All their lives through such readers would have awaited the utterances of the one great writer of the age with the same certainty with which they awaited the changes of the seasons. That winter would follow autumn seemed not more inevitable than that Mr. Dryden would oblige the town, as he had obliged it since the earliest memories of man, with an ode or a satire, a tragedy or a translation. And now he "lies a-dying!" With what zest, with what melancholy eagerness, would they turn to his new volume.

Nor would there be any possibility of disappointment to a reader of that day. To compare the pleasure given by this folio to its immediate readers, we have to think of the reception proposed for the second Childe Harold or for the Idylls of the King. In spite of the insolence of his controversial opponents, Dryden was now to the world at large what Byron was in 1816, or Tennyson in 1864, that is to say, a writer intimately in sympathy with his public, of uncontested mastery, perfectly sure to provide exactly what his readers would wish to receive. The only doubt admissible was, whether disease of body and old age had reduced the creative and executive gifts. A glance at the folio would remove this fear. Never had Dryden written, in his own way, with a more brilliant force; never had his powers of narration been so pictorial, his artistic resources so completely under his control. Never till now had he shown what fire was hidden under the lids of those "sleepy eyes." The chorus of critical praise rang out louder and clearer than ever before, and the laurels weighed down the weary body as it passed to its long sleep between the dust of Chaucer and of Cowley.

The impression produced by this particular volume was not destined to be ephemeral. A hundred years after its publication, one of its most important sections could still be placed by so influential a critic as George Ellis "on the very topmost shelf of English poetry." Later still, Mr. Saintsbury has called the Fables "the most brilliantly successful of all Dryden's poetical experiments." It is therefore here, if anywhere, that we may attempt to solve the question why the admitted masterpiece of one who is acknowledged to be one of the greatest of the English poets, is no longer widely read or enthusiastically enjoyed. I know no problem more difficult to solve, none more embarrassing to our critical pretensions. It is of no use to affirm that the Fables are enjoyed as much as The Fairy Queen, let us say, or as Prometheus Unbound, because it is matter of common experience that this is not so. It is of equally little use to affirm that, therefore, Dryden must be a poet of a rank inferior to Spenser or Shelley, because it is easily demonstrable that he is quite as prominent a figure as either in our literary history. Let us, first of all, see what this volume really contains, a feat not to be achieved, even in Mr. Saintsbury's splendid (but alas! unfinished) resuscitation of Sir Walter, except in the original issue. The edition of 1700 consists of a prose dedication, a long critical preface, a poem addressed to the Duchess of Ormonde, a paraphrase from Chaucer, an Epistle to John Dryden of Chesterford, a translation from Ovid, a paraphrase from Boccaccio, three more pieces out of Ovid, the first book of the "Iliad," successive paraphrases from Chaucer, Boccaccio, Ovid, and Chaucer again, the ode called "Alexander's Feast," five more pieces of Ovid and Chaucer, an original poem to the memory of a Fair Maiden Lady, and a paraphrase from Boccaccio, all since distributed to various chambers in the complicated works of John Dryden. Of all these, one, and one alone, is familiar to every educated person, the "Alexander's Feast." Most literary men have read or know they ought to have read the poem to the Duchess of Ormonde, and, of the paraphrases, "Palamon and Arcite," "Theodore and Honorina," and "Cymon and Iphigenia." The rest is familiar only to those few who read everything in the English literature of the past. Let us quote a passage from what lies outside the selected pieces I have named. Here is a description of a delicate young girl, who died at the very threshold of her life:—

So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry revealed,
And like a picture shown, in glass annealed;
Or like the sun eclipsed, with shaded light,
Too piercing, else, to be sustained by sight.
Each thought was visible that rolled within,
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen;
And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thoughts to hide.

Here is a courtly and cordial piece of compliment:—

No porter guards the passage of your door,
To admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gives the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole, by giving part;
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought;
The first-begotten had his father's share,
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

Each of these passages suffers by excision, for Dryden's beauties are those of sustained substance and extended form, so that to judge his poetry by a fragment is almost like trying to appreciate a marble Venus by examining one of her broken fingers. Yet which of the essential qualities of
poetry is missing even in these brief quotations? Here are elevation of thought, felicity of expression, life approached from the dignified and imaginative side, versification that is as strong and as buoyant as a wave. What is wanted? The wilful modern reader says,—the charm of Spenser and of Shelley.

What the particular charm is which seems lacking, not merely in Dryden, but to a still greater degree in Pope, is, I think, mainly a technical one. It is not romantic subject, for nothing in English poetry is more romantic than "Theodore and Honoria"; it is not sweetness of verse-music, for the whole of this huge folio is ringing with a sober and majestic melody. It is rather the lack of preciousness in the details, the wide sweeps of the brush precluding all minute foreground work, the absence of pre-Raphaelite touches, which disappoint us in this manly body of poetry. We expect, in our age, to have the entire canvas covered with delicate handicraft, and we find that where the painting poets of the Elizabethan age succeed their pictures have the same peculiarity. In Dryden's age a great effect was sought for, a poetical bravura, bold sweeping lines of narrative. It was expected that poetry should be seen from a distance, not pored over with a lens, as we treat our favourites. Doubtless our conception of the art gives us a more varied and a more vivid pleasure, but a perusal of this folio, Dryden's farewell gift to his country, may serve to remind us that the other, the simpler, plainer art also exists. Our taste should be catholic, and to those who would insist on our preferring one style to another, and putting Marlowe in a class above Dryden, we may reply—

"Each heaven's alternate beauty well displays."

EDMUND GOSSE.

A HINT FOR BRITISH MUSEUM READERS.

On the 13th of July last, a register, open to the public, was placed in the hall just at the entrance of the Reading Room of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the object of which is explained in the following notice placed against the wall beside the register: "Conformément au désir exprimé par des lecteurs, le présent registre est mis à leur disposition pour l'inscription des demandes ou des offres de collaboration (recherches, copies, dessins, etc.) portant sur les collections de la Bibliothèque Nationale. L'administration demeure absolument étrangère aux indications contenues dans ce registre." Up to the present date (January 6) 109 pages of the register have been filled, or an average of nearly four entries per day, the nature and variety of which are quite interesting. It is to be noted that nearly all the entries are by ladies and gentlemen who seek literary employment, not by persons in search of assistants. There are a few investigators in foreign countries who sent their names to be entered for the purpose of finding co-workers, chiefly for gathering statistics. The number of languages in which researches are proposed to be made, or lessons given, is astonishing. Let me quote a few specimens of the entries, namely:—

Demande recherches historiques, scientifiques, et techniques . . . . recherches en tous genres, transcriptions, documents de la noblesse, etc. . . . . à faire des copies et à mettre des manuscrits au net . . . . à se mettre en rapport avec personnes s'occupant de la question juive . . . . à faire traductions de russe en français, leçons et copies . . . . des travaux quelconques (prix très donx) . . . . s'occupe de recherches heraldique . . . . désire donner des leçons d'anglais . . . . voyagerait avec une famille ou un personne seule . . . . précepteur ou emploi de secrétaire . . . . offre de vendre le manuscrit d'un roman . . . . collaborateur avec petit capital pour fonder un journal . . . . place de comptable . . . . écritures diverses . . . . à changer conversation de français contre conversation d'allemand . . . . place de rédacteur . . . . leçons de comptabilité . . . . leçons de violin et de piano . . . . apprentissage d'un métier artistique . . . . place de gérant . . . . place de garde champêtre.

The supply in all these fields of labour is enormously greater than the demand. Would such a condition be materially different in the British Museum—in England, where education is not so free as in France? I doubt that there would be much difference. The fact is that we live in an age of research, and that the business is vastly overdone. An age of research is followed by a period of destruction, and the question of the XXth Century is, Can we utilize the results of our researches for the purpose of saving civilization from collapse?

C. S.

THE DAY SHALL COME.

The day shall come—surely as time rolls by—
When true strong souls to heights of God will reach—
Aye, kiss His feet and hearken to His speech,
The distance vanquished between earth and sky;
As they draw nigh to Him, will He draw nigh
THE AUTHOR.

To them, and bend His face a little down
That glory from His eyes their heads may crown,
Their hearts may strengthen to such tension high,
But sometimes, too, I think that now and then,
(Leaving some garment, lest they lonely cry,
For them to hold, so, peaceful, childlike lie)
God will withdraw a little from these men;
And in far reaches out of ken and sight
Will live awhile in awful lonely light.

SIDNEY CAXTON.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

I CALLED at Dr. Blanche's this afternoon to hear the latest news of Guy de Maupassant.
He is only allowed to see very few people, amongst these being his publisher, M. Ollendorff, who visits him every day. De Maupassant, I was glad to hear, is very much better. His wound is healed, and he is very much calmer. A day or two ago he expressed a desire to resume the writing of his novel, so tragically interrupted, but yielded to the advice that it would be better for him, as for the work, to rest a little longer. He is, however, allowed to write letters to his friends, and one, which I saw yesterday, certainly showed no signs of having been penned by a man whose intellect is in any way deranged.

His new novel "La Debâcle" is killing Emile Zola. Usually delighting in his work, he is loud in complaint at the enormity of his task. "I do not think that I would ever have begun it, had I known..." he said to me. Still he is making progress, and is now well on with the second part of the book, which, composed of eight chapters, is entirely taken up with a description of the battle of Sedan. He hopes to have it finished by the end of April.

I called on Zola the other day on a very disagreeable errand. It was to ask him to put his autograph in a birthday book. This book belonged to a friend who is an ardent collector of autographs, and also a great admirer of the chief of the naturalist school. To oblige my friend I did what I would not have done for myself. Still, I did not care to face M. Zola with the request. I feared an "Et tu, Brute," but sent up, as ambassador, a note in which I explained my purpose. Zola came running downstairs, cordial as usual, and had me up to his study. "Have you the instrument of torture with you?" he asked. Then opposite April 2nd, wrote his laborious signature. "I hate giving autographs," he said, "when the request reeks of commerciality. I am constantly receiving circulars, chiefly from America, but never answer them."

That birthday book contained the last signature Victor Hugo ever wrote. I obtained it a few days before his death. It was pathetically feeble and illegible.

An amiable eccentric is travelling in the south of France as Paul Bourget. He has allowed himself to be interviewed several times on various literary subjects. Bourget published a letter putting people on their guard against him, as it was thought he might be a swindler. But it appears all that he seeks to obtain by his false pretences is the satisfaction of vanity. He pays his bills and behaves properly. Bourget ought to seek him out. He should be worth analysing.

The last meeting of the Société des Gens de Lettres was held on Sunday, the 17th, at the Hotel Continental. Two hundred and ten members attended. M. Zola presided. The meeting was a lively one. It was divided as to the question whether the old system of admitting members on the report of a rapporteur, elected by the committee, should be maintained, or whether Article 5 should be modified so that in future the claims of every would-be member should be examined by a special committee of three, who, after writing three several reports, should elect a rapporteur to make a final report on the admissibility of the candidate. The old system was maintained by a large majority. The next meeting will be held on the 30th of the month.

I have seen M. Rodin's rough model of the statue of Balzac, which is to be erected in Paris by public subscription. It promises a remarkable work of art. Balzac is represented in the monkish dressing-gown which he used to wear when writing, and which, it will be remembered, was always kept spotlessly white. The face is an excellent likeness, and the pose bespeaks the wonderful vitality and energy of the Goliath of the pen. Rodin is staking his great reputation on this work.

Is "avid" English? It is an adjective that I should often have had a use for, but the dictionaries ignored it. Of late I have seen it frequently used, as recently as last Sunday by a man of no less
authority than T. P. O'Connor in one of his masterly reviews in the *Sunday Sun*; and I am anxious to know *quo warranto*. In France the Academy settles the *grandes* and the *petites entrées* of words into the national vocabulary; in Germany the Kaiser decides in these matters, but who or what in England? Is the Englishman independent of an official Word-Mint, or is it coining to invent words? There are many words which, like "avid," seem *tout indiqués*, and I am curious whether a writer incurs a charge of *lesse-langue* in introducing them as occasion warrants.

Oscar Wilde's "Salome" is to be produced at the Théâtre d'Art here next month. It is in one act and in prose, a highly poetical dramatization of the story of John the Baptist. Oscar Wilde wrote in French from the beginning. It is very much admired by those who have read it, and the production of a French play of considerable literary pretension is being eagerly looked forward to by artistic Paris.

Robert H. Sherard.
Paris, January 20th, 1892.

LIKE THE AUTHORS, or A REFORMED PROFESSION.

"Wait a minute," said the man at the table, looking up. "Sit down. Take a pipe. I shall not be long."

His visitor took a chair—there were only two in the garret—and sat down. It was a cold day in January, but there was no fire. The man writing at the table had a rug wrapped round his legs. The furniture was scanty and shabby.

Presently the writing man collected his papers, numbered them, and looked over the last two or three pages in his hand.

"There!" he cried, "It is finished, and now I think that old humbug Sir George will sit up and look round about."

"Oh! they are all made to sit up every week," said the other wearily. "What good does it do?"

"I've shown that he knows no law; I've shown that he never did know any law; that his eloquence is twopenny froth; that he is a hack and a . . . ."

"That will do. You have written one of the usual beastly things, I suppose. What good will it do if it is true? Besides, you know that it isn't true, or only half true. He is what circumstances have made him."

"It will mean a few guineas in my pocket to begin with."

"And to end with. Nobody will think anything the better of you, or any the worse of Sir George, for your article, or a dozen articles like it. Never a number of any magazine comes out in which there is not some article by a clever young fellow like yourself"—the speaker was at least eight-and-twenty, and his friend was perhaps three years younger—"on the Decay of the Legal Profession. The magazines must be filled somehow. Formerly it was the Decay of Literature, and the papers were filled by the young men who wanted to show their superiority by down-crying favourite authors. I was looking the other day at some magazines of 1892. How stale and dull they were—the articles written by the men of the Higher Criticism, as they called themselves! And how dead and forgotten are the writers of those papers! I think people got tired of the thing, if they ever liked it, which one cannot believe. Fortunately the reform of the professions and the destruction of our old corporations set us free to abuse each other. Well, we have got our liberty, and the result . . . ." He looked about the empty garret. His eye fell upon the empty fireplace and his friend's shabby coat. He stopped and sighed.

"Yes," cried the other hotly, "we have our liberty and we use it. What? Why should we remain in silence when such a humbug as old Sir George keeps all the business to himself? Humbug or not he is fifty years of age; it is time for him to retire in favour of the younger men."

"Quite so. Envy of success; jealousy of age; but Sir George is a great advocate; juries think so."

"What do juries know about law? But you are always carping at things as they are. I don't believe they were ever any better. Why should not barristers, physicians, preachers—everybody—criticise each other just as literary men have always done?"

"Rather, why should authors have been allowed to set the evil example of knifing each other? Remember that the best men—even the second-rate men—have seldom, if ever, done it. The personal abuse, the misrepresentations, the envious sneers that went on under the name of literary criticism, all this was done by men who notoriously had created or invented nothing, and were jealous of the men who had. The papers which filled up the monthly magazines fifty years ago with laments on the Decay of Art and Literature were not the work of the craftsmen, but of the men who wished to be taken as critics. Their papers were sometimes accepted by editors because they could be had for the asking and at a pretty low figure, and because they filled up his paper. Nobody
wanted them; nobody read them; they had no influence; the things they cried down went on flourishing just the same. Nobody was hurt by them, except the profession of letters. That was very much hurt, I suppose; it was made contemptible as far as it can be made contemptible. What could the world, as then constituted, when professions were guilds, think of a calling in which every man's hand was turned against his neighbour, and abuse, depreciation, envy, and spitefulness were suffered without reproof or power of remedy, except action for libel?"

"By which you would infer that we ourselves—"

"Let us see. Fifty years ago the profession of the law was a closely guarded corporation. Those who belonged to it were governed by laws; if they broke those laws they were liable to be disbarred. For instance, they could not canvass, tout, advertise, or beg for work; they could not bargain with solicitors; they could not haggle and be beaten down; they could not sue for fees; they could not attack each other, as authors did—and as you do—had your grandfather written that paper in your hands he would have been most certainly disbarred. In fact, fifty years ago a barrister was, before all, a gentleman, according to the good old meaning of the word."

"Whatever has happened, we have our liberty. Freedom before all!"

"Freedom? Look out of window. Who is that great fat man swelling along like a turkey cock? A rich solicitor, is he not? He is to us what the publisher was to the author. He has the money; he give out the work; he pays us. Formerly he paid us at rates fixed by ourselves. We sat here and the work came to us. Now his chambers—that man has got a whole set of stairs in Stone Buildings—are besieged by barristers waiting to receive the work, begging for it, humbly receiving what he will give, hoping for his generosity. "Look at that fellow taking off his hat in the court. He is a great lawyer—a great scholar—a man of immense powers. Yet he has to take off his hat to the solicitor who has got the money, and he has to go himself to the man's chambers to ask for work."

"Our liberty—Our liberty"—said the other man more feebly.

"Your liberty! stuff and rubbish! we had your liberty and we threw it away; we were independent, and we made ourselves slaves. We imitated the authors—we cut the painter and cast the boat adrift. Liberty is only to be achieved by combination. As authors were fifty years ago, afraid of publishers, dependent on their so-called 'generosity,' snarling at each other, so are we now, because we have destroyed our corporation. That splendid great hall, over there; it is used, you know very well, by the solicitors for their banquets—they sometimes ask us to sit down with them—it was ours once; the library next to the hall—ours—but we threw all away when we destroyed our corporation. As for the physicians, you know what they are now—think of what they were fifty years ago.

"Do you mean to say that we are not to speak the truth when a humbug . . . . . ."

"My dear fellow, reflect. Why should you speak the truth? How do you know that it is the truth? Have you shown that you could do any better? Have you shown that you can do anything at all? Who constituted you a judge? Why should the world accept your verdict? How much envy is there in this paper that you have written, and how much pure love of justice and yearning after excellence? How much knowledge of law—principles of criticism—do you show in this article of yours?"

The other hung his head. "They all do it," he said; "my dear fellow, I should starve if it were not for the chance of making a little money this way."

"Well, it is a bad way. In the old times, before the men and women of letters saw a way to combine, and to regulate the former license, the same kind of talk went on about criticism and the tricking of wind bags. Every little prig who offered his precious contribution was allowed to pad out the pages of the magazines with the newest jargon about Art, and with his crude and impudent judgment on men he never even took the trouble to read. They were just like you, my dear boy. They had never been tried; nobody knew whether they could do anything or not. Mostly they could do nothing. Mostly they no more had the critical than the creative faculty. In fact, the former is much the rarer of the two. And they were mostly consumed with spite and envy. Just like you, my dear boy. Now you have got your knife into Sir George. That was the way the would-be man of letters generally began. You do not tell us, you see, because you do not know, what you would do if you were in Sir George's place. He has to convince the jury; to please his employer the solicitor; to win his case. What is the use of saying that he knows no law? He has to win his case. What is the use of saying that he plays to the gallery? He has to win his case."

"Is there to be no criticism at all, then?"

"Let us distinguish. A man in practice desires the favourable judgment of his employers, the solicitors. That is all the criticism he wishes. Most of your criticism is directed, and intended, to prejudice him in the eyes of his employers. Next, he desires to be thought a persuader of
juries. If the world accepts him as such, he is, to a certain extent, independent of the solicitors, because they must employ him. Therefore a great part of your criticism is intended to prejudice him in the eyes of the world. If a man is popular you deride the world for liking him—just as the unsuccessful and the untried writer used to do. You invent a thousand reasons why the world should despise him. But there is only one reason—envy. You want to take his place. That is, while you are young. At your present age you hate the men who have got on, because you wish to be in their place. When you grow old you will hate them worse, because you have failed to get on. That is about the sum of your criticism, my dear friend.”

The other man did not reply. There was no reply possible, because it was all true. “When all is said,” the speaker continued, “we remain the slaves of the solicitors; we belong to the men who have money and can give out the work; we have to take what they choose to dole out we have no protection against them. They have cut our fees down to vanishing point; they have found out a thousand ways to rob us and beat us down. If we grumble they put on men like yourself, my dear Jack, hard up, envious, and perhaps incompetent—which is not like yourself—to call attention to our sordid and money grubbing spirit when we ought to be contended with the honour and the glory of the spouting. These hacks talk about the dignity of the profession, and ask if law is to be measured by the guineas it will bring in. We are in rags, and our miseries and our helplessness bring upon us the contempt of the world. Why, men are ashamed to call themselves barristers, just as they were formerly ashamed to call themselves authors, because they were so helpless, and so poor, and so very much sat upon and robbed!”

“There are too many of us,” said the other.

“Yes, we have abolished examinations, you see. Well—we live in garrets, like this; solicitors live in stately clubs; they have robbed us of all the good things that used to be ours. They are now Chancellors, Law Officers, Judges, Masters, Recorders—everything. Why? Because, for the sake of the miserable freedom which you prize so much—the power of hating and deriding and abusing each other, we have given up the independence which was ours by combination and ours by discipline.”

There was a step on the stair and a knock at the door. A man marched in with his hat on, fussy and important.

“Messrs. Vellum and Sheepshanks,” he said, pulling out a bundle of papers, “Mr. Sheepshanks sends compliments and brief. You must call tomorrow morning at 11.30, when he will see you.

Case set down for hearing. Documents in the case. Junior counsel, brief endorsed four-and-six. With you, Sir George. Here you are—want your money down, I suppose, like all of 'em. Got sixpence change?”

He threw the papers and the silver on the table and marched out again, slamming the door behind him.

“There!” cried the young lawyer, jumping up, “My chance has come at last.”

“It used to come, fifty years ago, with a little more respect to counsel. And the fee! Four-and-six! Good Heavens! To what are we reduced? Well, it may be your chance. Meantime, this precious article! Will you add one more name to the long list of envious and malignant articles written by the young and the unsuccessful against their elders and their betters?

“Let me keep it,” he said. “If the case leads to others I will tear it up. If not . . . .”

“And as for me,” said the other, “I shall go on with the impossible task of trying to persuade this scattered company of barristers to unite, to associate once more, and to return to the old order. The older men cannot; it is too late for them. They have been too long accustomed to fight, every man for his own hand. They cannot understand the independence of the former order; servility to solicitors is in their blood; they have grown up to think it the finest thing in the world to slate and scarify each other. But with the young men it may be different. Jack, tear up this filthy rag,”—he chuckled the article into the empty fireplace—“and join me. Let us work together, let us try to restore the Inns of Court, let us try to bring back the old order, the old discipline, and the former independence.”

A MAGNIFICENT STORY.*

EVERYONE has been reading “Tess of the D’Urbervilles,” and Mr. Hardy’s splendidly pathetic story has commanded the outspoken praise of all competent to judge of its merits. It is a curious comment upon the attitude of the English reader—for this, of course, dictates the attitude of the editor who caters for him—that it should have been thought expedient to mutilate this perfectly restrained and delicate book in its original production lest it should give offence. To us it seems that if blind people will walk about, they must take the chance of bruising their shins.

* Tess of the D’Urbervilles, a pure woman, faithfully presented by Thomas Hardy. 3 vols. Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.
THE AUTHOR.

against stumbling blocks. The world is to the clear-eyed.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is the faithful presentation of a pure woman. This is on the title page, where it was easy to put it—the printer could have done it—but it is also in the text, where not another living writer could have put it, under the difficulties which Mr. Hardy has created for himself, that he might move us to admiration by overcoming them. For Tess is twice a guilty lover. As a child she is deceived by a man, and as a woman she is sacrificed to circumstances, but throughout her terrible story there is no doubt whatever that she loathes the sin that has lost her, that she is an absolutely pure woman faithfully presented. She starts as a healthy hoyden, soon to be a dishonoured mother, and she ends on the gallows, the mad murderess of her paramour, but from end to end she shows no trace of levity, no smear of sensuality. There is but one passionate time for her—her brief life as a bride.

The story depends wholly upon the method of its telling. Throughout her misery Tess is always within a few feet of happiness, throughout her sin she is always within a few feet of virtue. She walks to her doom along one of two parallel paths. The other, separated from her by only a little hedge, would conduct her to happiness. She never sees over the hedge. Her first lover would have married her had she "resisted him longer. Her mother placed her in his power, and ignorance completed her ruin. But she is not ruined for ever. She lives down her fault. She is betrothed to the man she loves. Surely now she is on the other path! No. The man who married her would have lived out a life of happiness with her, if she had told him all her story before their marriage, or told him nothing afterwards. Her mother prevented the first course, her honour prevented the second, and at once she is back on her path of sorrow. She could have kept her husband by her side if she had put out her seductive powers. Her delicacy prevented her from doing this, so his delicacy urged him to desert her. She has one more chance. Her husband's parents would have helped her had she appealed to them. She starts to do so, and a trivial accident prevents her from accomplishing her purpose. Once again she was on the path to happiness, and once again she is forced away to her allotted track. The pretty generosity of Marian and Izz Huett might have saved her, but it was not to be. With complete fidelity to his conception of the girl and to his knowledge of life, the author hurries her to her doom. She has never known how near she has been to happiness.

Tragedy is not the caterwauling of a Princess in a burlesque castle, and sensation is not a question of undiscovered crime. For those who can understand it this book is most tragic and most sensational, but it is not a book for housemaids.

Tess is a very simple creature. She has very little reasoning power and no religious convictions whatever. Therefore, stayed neither from within nor from without, she easily falls a victim to circumstances, and her cruel fate becomes logical. But she is a pure woman.

Mr. Hardy justifies his title by his book. Read it and see that the book justifies our title. It is a magnificent story.

NOTES AND NEWS.

No English paper, so far as I have seen, has noticed the very remarkable case brought before the Sydney Court, under Sir Frederick Darley, a few weeks ago. It was in the New York Nation that I saw the note upon it, which will be found in another part of this paper. A certain firm of Australian publishers had brought out a book called "Australian Men of Mark." The judge ruled that all contracts entered into on account of the book should be null and void, because it did not contain biographies of men really remarkable, but only of local importance. The Nation calls attention to certain dangers rising out of such a judgment. Others may be suggested. Thus, "Claribel: a Romance of the Bay." (3 vols. Washington Jones. 1892.) What is to prevent a judge from ruling that the publisher is not bound to give the author any of the royalties stipulated for on the ground that there is nothing romantic in the book at all? Again, what is to prevent a judge from ruling that the publisher of a periodical called Noble Thoughts is not entitled to claim his rights because the Thoughts, in the opinion of the judge, are not all Noble, or that he who guides Little-Bits can enforce no claim because the "Bits" are not "Little," or that the Spectator does not spectate and therefore has no rights? What with the decision in the Pinnock case and this of the Sydney judge the law, as regards both author and publisher, is becoming confused and miscellaneous.

The foundation of the American Society of Authors should prove an event of the highest importance to American literature. Elsewhere will be seen a longer notice of this event. It is hoped that they may follow our leading in certain particulars, viz., in the accumulation of all the facts...
connected with the management of literary property, the reform of the law as regards literary property, the creation of jealousy and suspicion as regards literary property. It is also hoped that they will show us an example in public spirit, clearness of action and union. Not to move too quickly, but to be always moving, has been our aim. There are some who think we do not move quickly enough. There are others who cry out to us that we are moving far too quickly. It is neither helpless crying nor a wrathful strike that is wanted; it is steady increasing education and creation of public opinion, and the publication of the actual facts.

There is one point in which I hope that the new American Society may be distinguished over our own. I hope that we shall hear that the whole body of honourable publishers have joined in support of the Society. In this country they have not. Partly, of course, it is the difference between a trade and a profession, that the former is not careful and jealous about its name and honour, and the latter is. What a barrister cannot do if he wishes to remain a barrister is well known. What a publisher can do and remain a publisher should be by this time very well known to our readers. Yet one might have expected that personal considerations, self-respect, dignity, even self-interest, should have caused those publishers who have given these hostages to fortune would have pressed forward to the support of an association whose principal object is the protection of property against those who live by pillage of that property.

The case of the State and men of letters has been summed up by Mr. Earl Hodgson in the National Review. The spirit of the paper we cannot but commend. To begin with, Mr. Hodgson treats the question of the exclusion of literature from national recognition quite seriously, which is the first thing wanted; in fact, it is the only thing wanted. That the question is serious is the one thing asked for. The proper answer will follow very naturally. Mr. Hodgson, however, goes wrong at the outset by asking whether there is among literary men such a desire for titles that the Patronage Secretary of the Treasury would be justified in ignoring the custom that the brewing interest has a practical monopoly of new peerages.” And he points to the fact that men of letters have not come forward to complain that they have not received the titles which are freely given to everybody else. How should a man complain about himself? It would make him on the spot ridiculous for ever.

Even I, from my humble corner, when I began to speak on the subject, did so in the full knowledge of the cheap sneer that would certainly follow. A man of letters, asked if he would like a title—asked if he considers the withholding of national recognition from literature a scandal—must put the question aside or fence with it. Can a poet write in reply that he ought to have been a K.C.B. long ago? Of course he cannot. Mr. Lecky expressed this very well when he said that it is hardly for literary men to take the initiative in asking for distinctions. Most of the objections advanced by men of letters take the form of fear that the wrong men would be distinguished. But that objection applies to all professions. Some, as Lord Selborne, write the conventional talk about the “greatest honour of literary men is the power they exercise over the minds of men”—a phrase which may be used of lawyers, artists, engineers, physicians, architects—all the liberal professions. Lord Selborne, observe, does not object to the conferring of distinction upon lawyers. The only serious objection hitherto advanced is that literature should have a special order of distinction, and at present there is none. Certainly one would not wish that literary men should be knighted—a distinction pour rire when we consider the men who are thus decorated. What, then, is Mr. Hodgson’s solution of the question? He says that the answer is only matter of time. No class will ever have titulardistinctions conferred upon its prominent members merely because it demands recognition. Yet it is inevitable that the distinctions will come to men of letters by-and-bye.

There is to be, at last, a selection from the old and, to me, familiar pages of the Athenian Oracle. Mr. John Underhill has made the selection; Mr. Walter Scott will publish it. The book is simply invaluable to everyone who wishes to study the mind of the middle class at the beginning of the last century. The thing cannot be found anywhere else in its entirety. Some of it is in Pepys. If we had the whole of Pepys without any omissions, we should doubtless find a great deal more, because Pepys was not at the outset in the very best society. “For my own part,” he writes, “I never did think my own family anything considerable.” There is some of it in Defoe, but then Defoe was a strong self-contained man, whose ideas were very far in advance of his friends. Besides, Defoe was a Bohemian, and Defoe was a Dissenter. There is none of it in Tom Brown and Ned Ward, for the bourgeois mind has always been reputable and decorous, if dull. There is very little of it in the Essayists, because Addison & Co., though they might sit beside the smug cit at the coffee-house,
did not go home with him and sit with his wife and daughters. The Athenian Oracle, with its successor, the British Apollo, is the only place where the middle mind stands revealed.

"God save the mark!" What does it mean? The words are now used at random; as often as not they mean nothing, unless it is a mild depreciation. "He calls himself a poet—God save the mark!" There has been a little talk in the New York Nation on the origin of the phrase. It occurs, with its identical "God bless the mark!", four times in Shakespeare. It has been conjectured to refer to the mark in archery, or to the cross instead of signature. But the explanation explains nothing. Now, one of the four places is in Romeo and Juliet, where the Nurse says: "I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—God save the mark!—here on his manly breast." She touches her own breast while she speaks. The writer in the Nation, Mr. W. Hand Browne, thus comments on the passage and the phrase:

"We know that in superstitious times men believed that they lived in a perpetual beleaguerment of malignant powers or demons, always on the watch to harm them in body or soul; and a careless act, word, or gesture might give a disastrous opening. Against such mishaps Christians were taught that the handiest prophylactic was the sign of the cross, which put all demons at once to flight. So I conceive that when the Nurse touches her breast she makes a cross upon it—'God save the mark!' being equivalent to 'God protect from harm the place I now cross'; and this custom I surmise to have given origin to the phrase. The English gave up the habit of crossing themselves, the original significance was gradually forgotten, until the phrase was used much as writers and speakers of the present day occasionally use it, without any idea of what it means or what they mean by it.

"A curious passage in Petronius seems to support this view, and indeed gave me the notion of this explanation. Trimalchio is telling a story of witches yelling around a house in which a youth has just died. One of the family, a bold Cappadocian, draws his sword, rushes out of the house, 'et nulicere, tangum hoc loco (saeurn sit quod tango), medium trajecit.' Here Trimalchio evidently touches his own or his neighbour's body to indicate the spot where the witch was pierced, and uses at the same time a protective, or averruncine, formula to avert possible mischief."

In another page will be found part of an address by Mr. Andrew Lang on Burns and Scottish poetry, filled with patriotic pride in the great and noble literature that is purely Scottish, on which nobody can—or does—speak so well as Mr. Lang himself. But is it the case, as he thinks, that the age is not "ending in song"? Only yesterday we were all asking each other where was the poet under forty? It had become a commonplace to lament that poetry attracts no longer the keenest spirits. One worries through a good many commonplaces in the course of this pilgrimage; they are born; they live; they die. Sometimes they are nearly true, and die only when the conditions change; sometimes they are only half true; sometimes they present a small fraction of the truth. The history of the commonplace has yet to be written. Of this one commonplace, at least, I hope we shall hear no more. Mr. Traill, himself a poet of no mean repute, has shattered it. He enumerates sixty poets—real poets—to whom the title cannot be refused; sixty, not including himself, purposely omitted, the author of "Ionia," Dr. W. C. Bennett, and Mr. Gerald Massey, accidentally omitted. There is going to be a fresh outburst of song, if I read the signs aright. They are the signs of serious attempt of serious reception, of awakening love for verse, of improved form. In America, if study and practice and perseverance can make poets, there ought to be many poets already. Mr. Howells, the parochial, I believe, claims all the leading poets of the age for his own parish. This is an age which, I venture to think, will end with the warbling of multitudinous songsters. The whole world will be a tuneful choir, and each bosky grove will be melodious. Whether there will be any great poet among them all, I know not; but I am fond of listening to songs, and I shall listen with the greatest pleasure.

We may expect before long a great invasion of American literature. It must come, in fact, unless the American papers are far more kindly to their writers than our own. The invasion will, I suppose, ruin us all. Who can stand up against such writers as Paul Hamilton Hayne, "greatest of all southern poets," Celia Thaxter, J. T. Turbridge, Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, Mrs. Henson, Miss Edith Thomas, and Miss Helen Gray Cone, of whom we read that they have very often surpassed the remaining lines of Sappho, Danske Dandridge, "the West Virginia poetess," Miss Malt Crim, the "new southern novelist," Lafcadio Hearn, and others who are revealed to us in the pages of the American journals? Seriously, however, there is a great, a vast, increase in the United States of literary endeavour of all kinds, and they are attempting excellence with a newly born, but much fuller, recognition of form and style than we see in this country. If study and perseverance can
make poets, novelists, and dramatists, then will the United States speedily lead the way: the whole country, from highest to lowest, is full of respect for literary achievement; there is the stimulus of the highest national honours—such as the representation of the Republic at the courts of St. James's and Berlin; there are, available for literary art of every kind, inexhaustible materials within their own frontiers; it seems to me almost safe to prophecy an outburst before long of genius in the United States such as we ourselves have not seen since the time of Elizabeth. All the conditions are favourable—encouragement, honour, ambition, study, confidence, materials—everything is there waiting for natural aptitude or genius, and this will not be long before it shows itself in a full and flowing flood.

The book of the month—i.e., the book which has attracted the greatest interest during the month—is undoubtedly Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "David Grieve." There will be great diversity of opinion as to the place in literature which this work will occupy. Meantime, apart from opinions as to the development of mind here portrayed, there can be no doubt that the judgment of the Times, in reviewing the work, was sound when it pronounced the novel to be impressive. No other adjective could so completely sum up the book.

One would like—this has nothing to do with the worth of the book—that the people who talk so glibly about writing to a three-volume length on the assumption that all three-volume novels are of the same length, would kindly consider this three-volume novel as to length. It is very nearly twice as long as the ordinary novel. Of course the cry about Procrustean length belongs to that prattling bird the parrot, but it is seldom that its absurdity is so readily noted as here.

WALTER BESANT.

ERIC AND ROBERT, OR REVENGE IS SWEET.

I LIKE these old titles. Out on your "Some Ideas and their Exegesis," a plague on your "Developmental Evidences," your "From Prig to Prime Minister," your "From Bookmaker to Bishop." Under such a title as I have chosen all can guess what sort of story they may expect.

Eric and Robert were at school together. They were neighbours at home, and so far friends at school, that they walked together and talked together more than a little, although they did not like each other much. I knew them both, and it always seemed to me that they kept up considerable semblance of friendship, and some of its practice, because each distrusted the other; but I may have wronged them, and possibly they were as fond of each other as school friends usually are. This, at least, was notorious—they were desperately jealous of each other. And circumstances gave them cause, for circumstances constantly pitted against each other. Robert, the son of an officer in Her Majesty's Army, would occasionally adopt a condescending tone towards Eric, the son of a solicitor. Eric, the son of a thriving businessman, would at times show an obtrusive sympathy for Robert, the son of an impecunious half-pay major. When Eric got a scholarship, for which Robert had competed, Robert congratulated him with a long face. When Robert was selected to represent their school at cricket, in the place that Eric had confidently expected for himself, Eric's interest in the national game waned, and he took to lawn-tennis.

Both entered the same University, but availing themselves of the increased liberties of college life, they took different courses and saw little of each other. And this was the easier that they had but few common friends. If a man knew Eric he somehow did not care to meet Robert. If a man was on confidential terms with Robert he would get an impression that Eric was rather a person to be avoided. But they remained "Eric" and "Robert" to each other. The University worked changes upon them. Eric grew idle, but read promiscuously, and adopted a didactic and critical tone. Robert grew diligent and became bitten with Orientalism. The result of this was to make him the only examinee in certain unpronounceable dialects, while it took seven savants to examine him. With a not unnatural generosity they awarded him a first-class in the tripos.

It was about this period in their lives that the affair with Edith took place. I can say but little about it, for I know but little. Probably Edith would have married Robert, if Eric had not interfered. Probably she would have then married Eric, if Robert had shown a proper dignity and taken his refusal as final. He continued, as Eric said, to pester the girl. Now, she was a peaceful lass, and for the sake of peace she married the local brewer.

With a University career and the regulation love affair brought to their definite conclusions, each young man felt that the business of life was now before him. Robert took pupils in the Cashmere dialects and began to make a reputation for himself as a Numismatist. His Oriental studies had
infused a certain enthusiasm into a school-boy trick of coin-collecting, and had thrown over it a glamour of classic learning. At two or three public sales he gave the highest prices on record. From the newspaper notoriety which he thus acquired to public recognition as an expert in his subject was but a short step. Next came rumours of his fortunate bargains. The British Museum cut Robert's own records, by giving him more for certain coveted bits of metal than he had given himself. Then the museums of New York and Melbourne followed suit, and in course of time he acquired a second reputation, as big as the first, by the sales from his collection. He was chosen with acclaim the Librarian and Curator of the New Institute of a northern town, became a serious candidate for election to the Royal Society, and was believed to be writing an exhaustive book on the enthralling hobby that he had made his own, and lifted into the position of a science.

Meanwhile, Eric had also fallen upon his legs. Shortly after leaving college he had entered a well-known publishing firm, and as time went on he became the presiding genius of the business. He was very modern. He republished certain Elizabethans' poetry in numbered copies on hand-made paper. He ran a serious magazine, entitled "The Mirror of Contemporary Thought," to which he obtained contributions from an archbishop, a prize-fighter, and Mr. Gladstone. Of course he had his series. It was called the Victorian series, and consisted of little manuals stuffed with home-truths about the Great People of the reign. It had a certain vogue, chiefly among the little people of the reign, but that is a very respectable public to appeal to.

Soon after the establishment of "The Mirror of Contemporary Thought," there were hints in various literary periodicals that the coming book of research—a book from which amusement and artistic pleasure were to be derived as well as mere information—was Robert's Manual of Numismatics. With an impartial spirit, hardly to be too highly commended in these log-rolling days, Eric lent the pages of his review to Mr. Mortimer Watson, who essayed, firstly, to dispose of Numismatics as a science for ever, and, secondly, to indicate that Robert's Numismatics presented that foolish science for ever, and, secondly, to make it clear that he was not Robert, but that he was deeply sorry that Robert should have been exposed.

It was about this time that Eric came on for election at Robert's club. Robert was so busy in the matter, that more might have been expected from his efforts in behalf of his old friend, than actually came of them. Eric was not elected; and Robert said in more quarters than one that he was deeply sorry that Eric should not have been more fortunate. To his inner self each owned that he hated the other.

The position between them would have been clearer to all of us, had not Robert's appointment kept him far from London. As they never met, a formal agreement not to meet seemed superfluous to both. Yet, oddly to say, at the very time when it seemed most clear to us all that they could never pretend to friendship again, business brought about a rapprochement. Eric wrote to Robert and asked him if he would give him the publication of the book, allusion to which had appeared in the papers. He would like so much to publish it, he said, firstly because he felt sure that it would be a good book, one—not to make too great a pretence to disinterestedness—that would bring him in a certain amount of money; and, secondly, because he wished to dissociate himself for ever from Mr. Mortimer Watson's vile attack on Robert. "Why should not Robert," he asked, "run up to town, dine, and talk the matter over?"

So they dined and they talked, and they parted dissatisfied with each other. For Robert had been exacting; of this there could be no shadow of doubt. He had also been exasperating. He had spoken of his book as the only work that had ever been done on the subject that could be worthy of serious consideration. He boasted that it would not only open to him the exclusive portals of the Royal Society, but that it would cause him to be quoted as a pioneer in Numismatic circles for ever.

"It has taken me ten years to write, sir, and two more to illustrate," said he, banging the table, "but it will pay me with ten lifetimes of fame. The book is unique." Eric listened to these gasconades without interrupting. The next day he made Robert an offer for his book. It was accepted. It was boundlessly generous—at any rate by comparison with the offers that had been made by other publishers. The brief conditions were that Robert was to deliver the MS. by a certain date, and that he was to assign absolutely and for ever all his rights in the book to Eric, in return for a thousand pounds.

On the morning of the day upon which the MS. was to be delivered Robert received a letter from Eric, laudably anxious to keep his share of the contract, reminding him that the work was due and hoping that Robert would bring the original illustrations, and leave their reproduction to him,
as he could make better arrangements for their reproduction than the author.

"Fidgetty fool!" said Robert, who had already tied up the illustrations, and into whose mind no idea of interfering in the details of publication had ever entered. "Fidgetty fool!" he repeated.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him that made him shiver. "Oh! that's it, is it? That's why you pay a thousand pounds," said he, and sitting down he telegraphed to Eric that the work could not be ready for a day or two. He spent those days, assisted by his pupils, in making rough imitations and tracings of all the original illustrations in his work, while he sent the text to be typewritten. Two more days saw him in London, with a parcel in each hand, one containing the original illustrations and the typewritten text, the other the rough imitations of the pictures and the original MS. The first parcel he left with a well-known publisher, asking for an appointment in the day, and the second he took with him to Eric. Eric was very white, and received him affectionately. Robert spoke in friendly tone, but, with the greed of authors, suggested business, putting his parcel on Eric's desk.

"I am quite ready for you," said that excellent publisher, "Here is the agreement for your signature, assigning to me all your rights in your work, on consideration of my giving you a thousand pounds, and here is a cheque for that sum."

Robert looked at the cheque.

"When shall you bring the book out?" he asked.

Eric had in the meantime untied the parcel, and was running his eye hastily over the MS. He seemed satisfied with the perusal.

"I can tell you at once what I am going to do with it," said Eric, "but I wish first to put it in safety," and he walked into a little room behind the office, carrying the precious MS.

"This is a joke," said Robert, and, said Orientalist as he was, he actually capered. And then there was the sound of fire-irons from Eric's retreat, whereat he capered again, and with more abandon.

Eric came back in two or three minutes and his face was now a vivid crimson.

"As I have bought your book right-out," he said, "of course I can do what I like with it."

"Of course," said Robert.

"Well," said Eric, "I have paid you, and I have burnt your book."

Said Robert, "You've burnt the work of my life?" Then he added, after a moment's silence, "Aren't you afraid that I shall kill you?"

"No," said Eric, putting his hand in the drawer of his desk, whence a click immediately proceeded.

"Melodrama?" said Robert.

"Oh no! Tragedy," said Eric, "It's loaded."

"I suppose you really have burnt it," said Robert.

"I hope so," said Eric.

"Are you sorry?" said Robert, looking at the cheque.

"Not in the least," said Eric.

"Then there's nothing more to be said?"

"Nothing."

Robert cashed the cheque. He then went to the publishers with whom he had left the other parcel.

"Print it regardless of expense," he said. "I am prepared to spend a thousand pounds, if necessary, on its production and advertisement."

Six weeks afterwards the book appeared, and in a short preface Robert bore eloquent testimony to the generosity of Eric, who had crowned a lifelong affection by an act of splendid munificence, in making a noble contribution to the cost of his old friend's work.

Eric wrote a letter to the publishers, threatening to take proceedings to restrain them from publishing the book, but Robert pointed out that he had better, for the sake of his own reputation, keep quite quiet. "About the burning of the thing," he said, "I don't know that people would think so much. After all, many would say it was only a MS., meaning that it was only two shillings' worth of paper. And many more would consider your malice so ingenious, so medieval, so picturesque, that they would almost forgive it, even though the author did not. What no one would ever forgive you, if the matter came out, is the fact that you were fooled. My dear old schoolfellow, my open-handed patron, dry up."

And, as the reporters say, proceedings then terminated.

O. J.

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"CRITICISM AND FICTION."

This little book, written by Mr. W. D. Howells, and published in London by Messrs. Osgood and Co., seems to have received much less attention from the English papers than it deserves. For to sum up, at the outset, it is a book helpful to the novelist of every age and of every degree; it is suggestive, encouraging, kindly; it is full of wise saws; it is admirably written, and abounds with unexpected happinesses in phrase and word. For English readers, however, everything that Mr. Howells
writes is marred by that anti-English warp of his mind which amounts to an actual craze. He belongs to the irreconcileables; his ancestors kicked ours out of America after we had spent immense treasures and thousands of lives in making their home secure from foreign invasion; he, with the other American irreconcileables, can never forgive us for the benefits we conferred upon his forefathers and for the gratitude with which these benefits were repaid. Consequently, he cannot allow any good thing, whether in literature or in anything else, to England or Englishmen. Then he is afflicted with a most pestilent self-consciousness, which compels him to be perpetually measuring himself, or some immortal genius of his own country, with Thackeray and Dickens. Indeed, when you have cut down Thackeray by a head and shoulders and deprived Dickens of his legs, Mr. Howells and that other immortal do really stand much about the same height with these two Britons. In this little volume, for instance, the English writer is continually spoken of with open or veiled contempt, while Mr. Howells's warm heart and real admiration are reserved for that world-widely known lady, Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, who "now carries the art of story telling to its highest" (page 169), or to that other illustrious favourite of the Muses, Miss Jewett, whose sketches are "perfectly satisfying." For this singular feature in Mr. Howells's criticism, and for one or two other points, which need not be pointed out here, a writer of his own country—one of those whom he has not measured beside Thackery—compared Mr. Howells, as a critic, to a socialist in a dress coat, pretending that he did not know the taste of beer.

It is, besides, a parochial method, and must make people on the other side laugh, while it makes people on this side a little irritated and a great deal contemptuous. It is unfortunate when such a form of madness is allowed to appear in such a book as the one before us. We all have our weaknesses and our crazes. These cannot be helped; but when they would injure the quality of work, they should be kept carefully apart and bestowed upon some other piece of work. Now, in a well-known case—a leading ease—quoted by a tenth-rate writer named Charles Dickens—far, far below Rose Terry Cooke, and not to be compared with Miss Jewett—there was a man who used to get mixed about Charles the Blessed Martyr. It was arranged by his friends that this man should keep two desks whenever he sat down to write; one for his thoughts concerning King Charles, the other for the work in hand. This settled, he got on very well indeed. If Mr. Howells had only kept two desks, one for England, English institutions, and English literature, and the other for his own proper work, how delightful this book might have been! For instance, that little passage on page 125 clearly belongs to the other desk:

"There can be little question that many refinements of thought and spirit which every American is sensible of in the fiction of this continent, are necessarily lost upon our good kin beyond seas, whose thumb-fingered apprehension requires something gross and palpable for its assurance of reality. This is not their fault, and I am not sure that it is wholly their misfortune: they are made so as not to miss what they do not find, and they are simply content without those subtleties of life and character which it gives us so keen a pleasure to have noted in literature. If they perceive them at all it is as something vague and diaphanous, something that filmly waveries before their sense and teases them, much as the beings of an invisible world might mock one of our material frame by intimations of their presence. It is with reason, therefore, on the part of an Englishman, that Mr. Henley complains of our fiction as a shadow-land, though we find more and more in it the faithful report of our life, its motives and emotions, and all the comparatively etherealized passions and ideals that influence it."

This little trouble about Charles the Martyr apart, the book is as good a treatise on the Art of Fiction as has ever appeared; written in a perfectly clear style by a man who knows what he means. There is nothing woolly in his utterances. He lets us see clearly what he means. He is intelligible. The young novelist could do nothing better than to buy and study the book. Beneath the parochial view there is wisdom and there is guidance.

The author has forgotten the index and the table of contents, so that, though the work is divided into chapters, which are not even headed, there is nothing to guide the reader. This is a singular omission for so practised a hand.

Let us justify our appreciation of this little work by two or three extracts—for our limited space—perhaps as much as should be taken from so small a volume.

**What is Genius.**

"In fact, the whole belief in 'genius' seems to me rather a mischievous superstition, and if not mischievous always, still always a superstition. From the account of those who talk about it, 'genius' appears to be the attribute of a sort of very potent and admirable prodigy, which God has created out of the common for the astonishment and confusion of the rest of us poor human beings. But do they really believe it? Do they mean anything more or less than the Mastery which comes to any man according to his powers and diligence in any direction? If not, why not have an end of the superstition which has caused our
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race to go on so long writing and reading of the difference between talent and genius? It is within the memory of middle-aged men that the Maelstrom existed in the belief of the geographers, but we now get on perfectly well without it; and why should we still suffer under the notion of 'genius,' which keeps so many poor little authorlings trembling in question whether they have it, or have only 'talent'?

ON STANDARDS.

"If I were authorised to address any word directly to our novelists, I should say, Do not trouble yourselves about standards or ideals, but try to be faithful and natural: remember that there is no greatness, no beauty, which does not come from truth to your own knowledge of things; and keep on working, even if your work is not long remembered."

FICTION, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"Fiction is now a finer art than it has ever been hitherto, and more nearly meets the requirements of the infallible standard. I have hopes of real usefulness in it, because it is at last building on the only sure foundation; but I am by no means certain that it will be the ultimate literary form, or will remain as important as we believe it is destined to become. On the contrary, it is quite imaginable that when the great mass of readers, now sunk in the foolish joys of mere fable, shall be lifted to an interest in the meaning of things through the faithful portrayal of life in fiction, then fiction the most faithful may be superseded by a still more faithful form of contemporaneous history."

OXFORD AND THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

(From an article by Mr. F. York Powell in the Educational Review, by permission of the Editor.)

The Hebdomadal Council (which alone has the power of initiating University legislation at Oxford) has rejected, by a division of 10 to 9, the proposal to introduce a "statute" for the establishment of a final school of English language and literature.

The University has, by this extraordinary decision, been prevented from discussing and deciding a question of the utmost importance. Yet the memorial which Council was thus replying to was one of the most weighty that has been before it for years—no less than 108 persons, comprising nearly every Master of Arts interested in or really qualified to give an opinion upon the branches of knowledge for which they desired to secure the advantages of University patronage and organisation.

No reason was given by Council for the rejection of the memorial, and naturally, because the memorial was rejected by a combination of persons for various reasons and very different motives.

It will be remembered that on a big division of 94 to 94 in Convocation, the regular Parliament of the University only a few months ago, the casting vote alone decided against a final school of modern language and literature. According, therefore, to all constitutional ideas, the present denial of discussion to a project neither so ambitious nor so novel as a complete modern literature and language school can only be regarded as a cunning, but not very creditable, attempt to burke a measure which would most probably have been carried had the University assembly been allowed to vote upon it.

The real opposition comes from two bodies of persons who believe that their interests are at stake, and who will therefore fight bitterly. The first are those who think the beloved "college system" will be compromised by the demands for instruction which can only be met by the creation of fresh college lecturers (to which course, for various reasons, they are opposed), or by allowing their pupils to go to University officials for instruction—a natural proceeding one would have thought, but a proceeding they very cordially dislike. The boarding-school interest, it has been called, is therefore against the new school.

Their companions are persons to whom the college is less important, but to whom the very name of philology is a word of fear. They detest a science they wot not of; they are too old or too obstinate to look into the matter for themselves; but they are firmly persuaded that philology spells ruin, and that the proposed school for English literature and language would be nothing more than a mask for the insidious advances of new grammarians and phoneticians upon an ancient and respectable University. This nice of opponents will die out, and that before long; their number lessens rapidly every year.

Next come the eccentric people who vote against a school of literature because "you can't examine in literature," and therefore, in order to prevent people trying the experiment, cast out the whole project. Of course, most of the very people who use this argument are examining every year in Greek and Roman literature without difficulty. We may leave them to be converted by facts (as they possibly will be), or to persist in their Partingtonian position.

Lastly, among the opponents of the teaching of English at Oxford comes that well-known and
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not unloved type, the Oxford paradoxist. When he says literature is such a beautiful thing that he cannot vote for encouraging anyone to learn or teach English literature, that it is really too beautiful for use, one knows he will probably go home contentedly to his college and lecture on Homer or Euripides or Lucretius or Juvenal, who have managed to survive some centuries of hard use in schools and places where they teach. The paradoxist is, at least, amusing and disinterested.

To sum up the situation. It is the wrongly called "college interest" and the foes of philology that really stop the way at Oxford. Their opposition must be counted upon and fought down. This need not take very long.

A final school of English language and literature is needed by teachers of all grades and by learners of all classes in this country. The University needs it as much as any place in England. A reasonable demand supported both inside and outside the University must soon be granted.

TO "BUSY MEN IN GOOD POSITIONS."

There is a bookseller, librarian, and publisher, who seems, if the slang may be pardoned, to "have got a soft thing on." The following remarks will not, it is hoped, spoil his market.

An eminent and popular novelist, a really eminent novelist, and a really popular novelist, whose work is valuable as well as good, received a request from this gentleman that he would do a tiny volume for him. The subject mentioned was one on which the novelist had special knowledge, and this, as the publisher allowed, had dictated the choice of author. A most reasonable dictation! Fifteen guineas were offered for 2,500 words. A most reasonable proposal! And a specimen "tiny volume" was enclosed. Undoubtedly this volume was tiny, and so was the type in which it was printed. In fact, it contained 25,000 words instead of 2,500.

The novelist wrote to ask for an explanation. Was the wage offered for the larger number of words contained in the "tiny volume," or for the smaller number of words suggested in the letter?

The publisher allowed that it was the larger amount that he required, "and the copyright for his little series."

The novelist in expressing his inability to comply with the publisher's request, took the opportunity to point out that it was hardly a compliment to him to have been selected as a specialist upon a subject, and then invited to work for six weeks or more at the rate of seven and sixpence a day or less. He also pointed out that, in his opinion, if cheap books could not be produced without sweating the author, they had better not be produced at all.

The publisher was hurt. He answered and said that all he wanted was a sketchy thing that could have been put down in a week. But, O man of business, why apply to a good workman if you want bad work? He also said that half the number of words mentioned would have satisfied him. But, again, O man of business, why enclose a specimen of work, if you do not want an article similar to the specimen? And in justification of his proposal, and in repudiation of the author's remark about sweating, he said "the sum I offer is double what I was asked for by the specialist who wrote my other stories . . . . he is a busy man in a good position."

Now, a word of advice to this "busy man in a good position" on the chance that it may catch his eye, and the advice applies to all who, ignorant of the value of their work, or contemptuous of its money returns, accept the first mean offer that is made to them. Quadruple your price. Why divert proper pay from those who want it? Why put money in the publisher's pocket which he ought not to have? If you want to give money away, why not take from the publisher your legitimate pay, so that you may dictate for yourself the direction in which your aims shall go? Of money, Sir, you may be indifferent, but you should not be indifferent to the power of doing good.

BURNS AND SCOTTISH POETRY.

"They were not a people of one poet only, though that was an impression which some tried to give to the world. They neglected Lindsay and Dunbar. If using poetry for school-books were not the best way to disgust children with poetry, he could wish that Dunbar and Lindsay were read in Scottish schools as Chaucer was used in English education. The ballads might certainly be so read, for nothing could spoil 'Kinmont Willie' and 'Jamie Telfer of the Fair Dodhead.' There was not such a body of ballad poetry so noble, so pathetic, so spirited, so weird in any language in the world . . . . As for the songs—humorous, amorous, Jacobite—songs by ladies who, perhaps, sang only once; by peasants whose names are forgotten, but whose strains are immortal, he did not think it was too characteristic to say that no country, except perhaps France and England in
the Elizabethan age, had their equals. They might make a Scottish anthology which, considering that they had but five centuries to choose from, and the Greeks had near 2,000, would rival that of Greece—would be the golden treasury of the North. They had but to listen a moment, in this din of an age which was not ending in songs, and they heard those sweet, piercing, and melancholy notes from the dead years, echoes of the horns blown in raids and revings; echoes of the shepherd's pipe, of the wedding festival, of the dirge and the lament; minstrel Burns grieving for—

'Many a place in evil case,
  'Where blythcfolk kenned no sorrow;
  'Of Humes that dwelt in Leader braes,
  'And Scotts that dwelt in Yarrow.'

Tradition wailing for—

'The flowers o' the forest are a'wede awa'.

As to the greatest of all, it was needless to speak. In the Odyssey the returned wanderer tells one of his people that he was come, and 'no other Odysseus will come again for ever.' No other Homer, no other Shakespeare, they might have said, would come again, but both came together in Walter Scott. Verily they were not a people of one lonely poet, though in one Nature combined many of the voices of the past, much of the music of the future, in the good, the generous, the tender, the kindly, the homely, the impassioned Burns, the brightest of our lyrists, the most human of our satirists, the most perfervid of the perfervid Scots. They sometimes lamented that he fell on evil days and evil tongues, they regretted his narrow fortunes, they blushed for all the reward that his country gave him. But the Maker and the Master of poets knew best, perhaps, what was fitting, and, had Burns not been born to labour and poverty, he could not have been the poet of poverty and labour. As to his later profession, in the life of Mr. Joseph Train—himself a writer of verse spirited and sincere—they learned how happy and how beneficent, how valuable to letters and to society the life of a Galloway gauger might be. Had Burns been living to-day, would the world that lay around him have been so fit to inspire him with song? The mirth, the sport, the tradition are 'a'wede awa'. London would inevitably have sucked him into its dingy and disastrous Corrieveckan. He would have battered at the door of the theatre, he might have scribbled articles for the Press and drunk in Fleet Street, and contributed verses to the magazines. His magnificent genius would have been frittered away in the struggle for life. He was not happy; no man with his passionate nature could be happy; few men of genius, indeed, have been happy, 'even as mortals count happiness.' They might not be more miserable than others, but one heard more of it. Whoever represents humanity, as Burns represents it, whoever was to utter its voice, as Burns utters it, must know its sufferings in his own heart, and endure them in his own life. Some bear them better, as Virgil—

'For gently comes the world to those
  'That are cast in gentle mould.'

Some carry them more fiercely, as Burns, but endure them all must, who would utter their complaint. In the Scottish phrase they were not there as 'doon-heartit loons' to 'make a poor mouth' over Burns, nor greatly to blame the world for its treatment of him. He had received what he would have valued more than wealth, or ease, or inglorious life: he had added renown to the country he loved, and for himself had gained that immortal garland, which was not to be run for without dust and sweet.'—From an Address by Mr. Andrew Lang, reported by the Times of January 26th, 1892.

PERIODICAL LISTS OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT.

The Author has from its commencement contained a monthly list of English "New Books and New Editions," and if the writer of these lines may judge from his own experience, this list must have been found convenient and helpful, in different ways, by a great many authors, who will not need to be here reminded how useful the catalogue of "New Books and New Editions" has on occasions proved, or how much labour of searching it has sometimes saved them. The aim of the present article is to inform those authors who, having found this English list of use, would like to be provided with a similar periodical register of new publications in such European languages as they may happen to read, where they may procure regular periodical announcements of new books and new editions published in most of the countries of the continent.

A word, in parenthesis, on the use of bibliographies and carefully compiled catalogues. The great assistance afforded by such publications to workers in every department of literature is so well understood by all who have served their apprenticeship to letters, that experienced authors will probably consider any allusion to the subject superfluous. The case, however, is not quite the same with beginners. The literary tyro is generally ceasing to be a tyro when he wakes up to a consciousness of the enormous number of books that have been already written and are at the present moment being
written, and when he realises that what other people are writing is a matter of importance to everyone who writes. Then he begins to see that bibliographies and catalogues are indispensable to some, guides for many, and useful to all. No scientific work can be done without the assistance of bibliographies; no solid acquaintance with the belles-lettres of any language can exist apart from them. They save the beginner from undertaking work that has been already done. They discover to those engaged in increasing the sum of human knowledge the firm foundations already laid, upon which others may securely build. They keep the busy contemporary author informed of all that is going on in the wide world of letters around him. This last service is especially performed by such periodical lists as appear in each number of the Author, and in the works about to be mentioned below, and it is therefore hoped that the information here offered may be found of service to many. If it be found so, the following list may appear again, augmented, the compiler trusts, in a manner that will render the record less imperfect than it now necessarily is, in consequence of the small literary enterprise at present existing in many parts of the continent.

In offering this list of periodical announcements of continental publications to the readers of the Author, the compiler begs to call their attention to the following points.

The catalogues and bibliographies here enumerated are not all of the same character. Some are official publications, some trade circulars of various booksellers' unions, some simply announcements of new books sent out by leading houses for the convenience of their customers. Some are much more trustworthy than others. Some mention every publication that has appeared within a given period, so far as that is possible. Others record only the books thought likely to be popular.

The list is sadly imperfect. A good deal of trouble has been taken to obtain as far as possible bibliographies of each country, and the list is as complete as it has been found possible to make it. Unfortunately, several countries and several modern literatures have, at the present date, no regular periodical announcements of new publications. This incidentally throws some interesting light upon the present literary activity and inactivity of certain countries. Thus Wallachia has a brave little monthly "catalogue" of new publications, Portugal none. Russia and Poland have good monthly lists, and Bohemian books appear in the Austrian Booksellers' Correspondence. But regular announcements of works in the other Slavonic languages are, just at present, lacking. Both the Slovansky Katalog, which contained all Slavonic literatures except Russian, and the quarterly Anzeiger für Slavische Literatur, which contained works in all the Slavonic languages, have ceased to appear. Something that would take their place is a desideratum with Slavonic scholars. The literatures of the most unimportant European languages, whose few publications are carefully recorded in learned periodicals, supported by scholars interested in special studies, are in better case than the literatures of Portugal, Servia, and Bulgaria.

It has seemed, as a general rule, best to give the titles and addresses in the language of the periodical, and the rest of the information in English. In some cases a few notes, in square brackets, have been added, conveying information which appeared useful but was not contained in the periodical itself.

The prices named are those announced as the prices of the periodicals at the places of publication. Many mention a second higher price charged abroad or in the provinces. But in any case the purchaser in London will expect to pay considerably more. In the case of gratuitously circulated catalogues too much reliance must not be placed upon receiving them, even when the postage is forwarded.

Most of the catalogues here named may be seen at Mr. D. Nutt's, 270, Strand. Bound volumes (not current numbers) of those marked * will be found in the British Museum Reading Room. Press BB.R.

CONTINENTAL LITERATURE IN GENERAL.

Monthly list of new books published in Germany, France, England, America, Italy, Spain, Scandinavia, Russia, and other countries. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand. [Annual subscription, 15. A catalogue of selected works of a very handy sort. It may be fairly said to contain all recent foreign books of any real and general importance.]

SCANDINAVIA.

Nordisk Boghandletertidende. Editor: E. Jespersen. Published by the "Boghandlerforeningen." Copenhagen. Quarterly subscription, 75 øre [equal about 10d. Published every Friday. Contains Danish, Norse, and Swedish publications].

GERMANY.

Allgemeine Bibliographie für Deutschland. A weekly catalogue of all novelties in the German book trade. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs. [Annual subscription, 7 marks 50.]
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Monatliches Verzeichniss der Neugkeiten und Fortsetzungen des Deutschen Buchhendels. [Same publisher. The contents are the same as those of the "Allgemeine Bibliographie," but alphabetically arranged under authors’ names. This catalogue is supplied only to subscribers to the "Börsenblatt für den Deutschen Buchhandel."]

Vierteljahrs-Catalog aller neuen Erscheinungen im Felde der Literatur in Deutschland. Wissenschaftlich geordnet. [Same publishers. A quarterly compendium of the contents of the "Allgemeine Bibliographie." Annual subscription, 9 marks.]

Verzeichniss der neu erschienen und neu aufgelegten Bücher, Landkarten, etc. [Same publishers. Appears half-yearly, and contains a Subject Index, as well as complete bibliography of the German publications of the previous six months. Price of the volume (bound) varies; about 6 marks.]

The following bibliography may also be found useful to scholars:

Bibliographischer Monatsbericht über neu erschienene Schul- und Universitätsschriften. (Dissertationen. — Programmbandhungen. — Habilitationsschriften, etc.) Leipzig. Gustav Fock, publisher. [Appears monthly. Annual subscription, 2 marks. Contains Classical Philology and Antiquities, Orientalia, Theology, Philosophy, Educational works, History and cognate subjects, Law, Political Economy, Medicine, Natural Sciences, Exact Sciences, Chemistry.]

Holland.

Belgium.
*Bibliographie de Belgique. Journal officiel de la librairie paraissant le 1er et le 15 de chaque mois. A. Manceaux, éditeur. Rue des Trois-Têtes, 12, Bruxelles. Abonnement annuel 4 francs. [Contains French, Flemish, and Walloon publications. An annual index of authors’ names.]

France.

Catalogue mensuel de la Librairie Française. Publisher, K. Nilsson. 8, Rue d'Alger. Paris. [Appears monthly and contains the principal works published in France, and in the French language in other countries. Annual subscription, 2 francs 50. An alphabetical list of authors is published at the end of the year. Price, 2 francs.]

Switzerland.
*Bibliographie et chronique littéraire de la Suisse. Parait un fois par mois. Editeur, H. Georg. Bâle. Prix par an, 4 francs. [Contains French, German, and Italian publications, and has a short annual index of authors’ names.]

Italy.
*Giornale della Libreria della tipografia e delle arti e industrie affini. Published by the Associazione Tipografico-Libraria Italiana. Milan. Via S. Giuseppe. No. 5. Published every Sunday. Annual subscription, 6 lire = 6 francs. The Bibliografia Italiana is published every fortnight, and not sold separately, but with the above journal. Annual subscription, 20 lire = 20 francs. [Two indexes every six months; one, alphabetical, of authors’ names; the other arranged under subject-headings.]

Novità della Letteratura Italiana. Published monthly by Ubrico Hoepli. Milan. Galleria DeCristoforis, Nos. 59–63. These catalogues are distributed gratuitously to customers.

Spain.
*Boletín de la Librería. Published monthly by M. Murillo. Madrid. Calle de Alcalá, No. 7. Annual subscription, 20 reales = about 5 francs. [Two annual indexes: one of new works; authors’ names, and titles of books alphabetically arranged together; the other of old works, similarly arranged.]

Austria.
Oesterreichisch-ungariscbe Buchhändler-Correspondenz. Editor, A. Einsle. Published every Saturday. Vienna. Riemergasse, No. 11. Annual subscription, 8 florins = 16 marks. [Contains German, Bohemian, and Slovakian publications.]
CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

ILLUSTRATION.

To THE EDITOR OF THE AUTHOR.

SIR,

It has been suggested that the observations you permitted me to make in the November number of the Author, on the "misuse of processes," would have been more practical if I had given any examples from books lately published. To do this at all thoroughly would take up too much space, and lead too far into technicalities.

But it may be interesting, and useful, to take from the shelves of an editor's room two small books waiting for review; one with the fascinating title of "The Stream of Pleasure," the other "The Blue Poetry Book," by Andrew Lang. The illustrations to "The Stream of Pleasure" are by that well-known artist Mr. Joseph Pennell, and are reproduced, for the most part, by mechanical (photo-relief) processes. They are interesting in a high degree as showing how an artist of great ability and experience can go wrong. I know of no book published last year in which so many drawings have been injured in reproduction. (See pages 72 and 99 as examples in two different methods, tone and line, of "how not to do it,"—given a clever artist and the adjuncts of good paper and printing); and yet, if there is one man who should be able to show the way to draw for reproduction, it is the author of Pen and Pencil! All this is very hard upon the makers of "process" blocks.

Turn from "The Stream of Pleasure" to "The Blue Poetry Book," illustrated by Mr. Lancelot Speed, an artist whose work, from a purely artistic point of view, cannot be compared to that of Mr. Pennell, but who has a knowledge of technique,—and of the possibilities and limitations of the art of drawing for "process,"—equal, if not superior to, anyone in England. Some of your readers—artists, publishers or reviewers—may be "surprised to learn," on turning over the pages of "The Blue Poetry Book," that all the illustrations are reproduced by the same cheap processes as the line drawings in Mr. Pennell's book, and the latter artist's Russian drawings in the Illustrated London News of December 12th!

I could quote other instances, but the above may serve. The serious side, as it seems to me, is not so much the mystification of reviewers as to methods of illustration, as the misleading and disheartening effect on students when they see the work of experts going so very wrong.

I am, yours faithfully,

HENRY BLACKBURN.

123, Victoria Street, Westminster,
12th January 1892.
THE AUTHOR.

II.

THE NEW AMERICAN SOCIETY.

A correspondent writes to us concerning this new Society. "Our Association is growing in a surprising degree in the face of opposition arising, on the one hand, from persons whose self-interest is jeopardized, and, on the other, from a class too timid or cowardly or supine to demand a right. In addition to these two there is, perhaps, a third force operative against the progress of the measure; but combined, or singly, they will not prevail.

"In this country, favourable to swift growth, conditions are auspicious to advancement, if there is this resolution to advance; and there is swift response to appeal for fair play, if that appeal is loud and broad enough to reach the people.

"Already our Society has vice-presidents and auxiliaries in almost every State and territory of the United States, and will soon have them in all. It is not true that publishers who rob authors are rare in this country; on the contrary, they are so many that it may be said that the honourable men in the business are the exception, not the rule. Heretofore every whisper of this condition was carefully suppressed. The knowledge of it once diffused, it is greatly mitigated, if not abolished, in America, for it is against the spirit of the nation—the whole nation—to favour a wholesale pitiful thieving of that kind after it has been thoroughly made known. . . . Our Society will do a great work. It is bound to demand nothing but the right."

III.

PRESS COPIES.

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that popular religious books as well as little story books are sometimes sent about broadcast to the papers. And another suggests that educational books are sent out in large numbers. Both statements are, doubtless, quite true. My own statement is also quite true. When one speaks of serious literature one does not exactly mean little story books or popular religious works. The "Lux Mundi," for instance, would not be sent out broadcast, but to a small and carefully chosen list of papers. As for educational books, they are sent out in large numbers, not to the papers, but to head masters. Some publishers are getting very chary of their books. I know a case in which one book only—it was by a well-known author—was sent for review. It was to the Times. And the publisher always said that the absence of any other notice made no difference whatever to the book.

W. B.

IV.

A PLEA FOR THE MILD DOMESTIC NOVEL.

The feminine reading public owes the Author a debt for gently protesting against Mr. Andrew Lang's desire to witness a massacre of that poor innocent, "the common, mild, middle class domestic novel." If Mr. Lang's wish were carried out, lamentation and weeping would certainly be heard in the land. I myself do not read the mild domestic novel, but I know many women who do, and I believe it is a mistake to suppose that "ladies in these cases are apt to let the supply regulate the demand." In what way is a taste for the mild domestic novel more reprehensible or regrettable than a taste for the shilling shockers and three volume thrillers, which try to make up by wild improbability of scene and incident for slipshod writing and vacuous silliness? Is the mild domestic novel inferior in workmanship or good sense to the society novel flavoured with a little "sport," which delights the soul of the ordinary male novel reader? The ladies who make from fifty to a hundred pounds a year by supplying the mild domestic article—they have no monopoly of the trade, and gentlemen compete with them—deserve congratulation rather than reprobation, and when that happy day comes when the publisher no longer "sweats" the author, their incomes will increase astonishingly.

Mr. Lang is frankly contemptuous of the feminine reading public, towards which Mr. Besant shows himself kindly condescending. We note the kindness, but the condescension also. Yet both these gentlemen owe a heavy debt of gratitude to "the ladies." Could they make inquiries they would probably find out that for every male reader they have ten female ones, or should I say twenty? The novelist or writer of literary essays who estranged the feminine reading public would indeed find his "occupation gone." Is the literary taste of the average (non-literary) Englishwoman less critical or at all inferior to that of the ordinary (non-literary) Englishman? I believe it to be on the whole superior.

One wonders what Mr. Lang would propose to give us in the place of the "common, mild, middle-class domestic novel," and there are indications which lead one to suppose that he would substitute unlimited "adventure stories," and the works of Dumas père. Well, thousands of Englishwomen have doubtless taken pleasure in "Treasure Island," and also in "Solomon’s Mines," but a woman's taste for what are, strictly speaking, "boy's books" usually dies out before she is far on in her teens. A taste for Dumas should be cultivated early, and his works are not often to be found in girl's schoolrooms. The paper covered volumes of the foreign library are a more tempting substitute.
THE AUTHOR.

The writer of this letter takes refuge alike from the mild domestic novel and the tale of the wild and wonderful in foreign fiction, which she believes to be quite harmless to her personally, but which certainly is not mild. But should those ladies in "deperately dull houses" of whom Mr. Besant speaks so feelingly (plenty of desperately dull houses, by the way, may be found in London), take to reading one hundred and thirty French novels a year, she would hesitate to regard the change as an improvement, and so she imagines would Mr. Lang.

S. P.

[I hope that the condescension attributed to me by the author of this letter was not observed in my remarks by any other reader.—W.B.]

V.

HOW?

"I, myself, and I think a great many others would be very glad to get some information on two points which have always interested me. I want to know how a book gets read, that is, in what way the general public living all over the world gets to hear of a book, and is stimulated to read it? Next, I want to know how a book gets sold, that is to say, who buys the book, and how it is supplied? In the old days there were booksellers' shops. These exist still, but in number and importance quite out of proportion to the vast increase of the book trade. The Author is always insisting that we should learn all we can about the management of our property. Here is a branch of the management about which I, for one, know nothing."

A MEMBER.

VI.

GERALD MASSEY.

"In the list of minor poets enumerated the other day by Mr. Traill, I observe a very curious omission. The name of Gerald Massey is not among them. Surely this is accidental. Gerald Massey's verse has been so long before the world, he has so many fine qualities, and so many admirers, that a list of living poets is incomplete without his name. The same may be said for Dr. W. C. Bennett."

T.

FROM THE PAPERS.

I.

MODERN POETS.

THERE are plenty of facts which warn us how difficult it is to generalise safely about literature, and especially about poetry. At present we live under high pressure, as Mr. Lang, like so many other critics, has reminded us. We live among railways and telegraphs, and under conditions of instantaneous communication which enormously increase what Sir Arthur Helps used to call social pressure. Nothing less favourable to poetry, as the world used to believe, could be imagined; and yet we have around us a volume of good poetical production greater, perhaps, than England ever saw before. Perhaps we have no Burns, but we have a crowd of excellent writers of verse, the least of whom would have been thought much of had he lived in Burns's day and written as he writes now. A critic in one of the recent magazines has taken the trouble to enumerate quite sixty English writers of the present day, to whom, without any great indulgence, the name "poet" may be applied. There are major and minor among them, of course, and we may safely cut out half as not really important. But, even so, that leaves a larger number than were ever to be found before producing work of that quality. Some of the names are obvious, and every constant reader of poetry endeavours to keep up with whatever comes from the hand of our three chief poets—alas! they were five before Browning and Matthew Arnold died. But beyond this small circle, how many writers of pure vein there are! How perfect are some lyrics of Stevenson; how noble the best order of Coventry Patmore; how tender and gracious the muse of Aubrey de Vere; how finished is Robert Bridges; how gem-like are the "vignettes" of Austin Dobson; how original, under their borrowed form, are the "ballades" of Mr. Lang himself! It may be that the highest poetry, which grows from seeds that are sown no one knows how, or when, or where, is best developed in a less crowded and less competitive society than ours; but it would at least appear that the many-sidedness of modern life and the width of modern culture bring their compensations with them. The greatest poet, whose home is "the general heart of men," may, perhaps, belong only to a simpler world; though the question cannot be solved till either a Burns arises in modern London or till the world comes to an end. But, on the other hand, it does not seem probable that of literary poets, charming, elegant,
and masters of their craft, there will ever cease to be a copious supply.—From the Times, January 26th, 1892.

II.

Names and Work.

A wail comes from New England. The true literary worker, says he who waileth, is pushed aside to make room for the millionaire, the society woman, actresses, English lords and ladies, and "asinine royalties." He goes on to explain that the English nobilities have the pleasure of paying for their productions, which nobody buys or reads. In that case the English nobilities cannot do any injury to American or English littérateurs. We, therefore, on our side are blameless in this matter. Again, as we on this side do not read the feeble books produced by American millionaires, we are not harmed by them. In fact, I am quite certain that both here and across the water the production of feeble books, whether written by well-known people or not, does no harm either to literature or to men of letters. They are produced; they fall; they die; they are forgotten; they are more ephemeral than the day's paper, which does get read and produces its effect; and as nobody buys feeble books the true worker is not hurt. I have never been able to feel any sympathy with wrath—which seems to me simulated—over harmless little blocks of paper in guise of books. Let them be printed; they make work and pay for publishers, printers, paper-makers, book-binders, and advertising columns. And nobody reads them; and nobody is a bit the worse for them, except the author, who pays.

However, this American writer, Mr. W. B. Harte (New England Magazine), seems to think he has a real grievance, and this is what he says. His remarks about certain noble English authors are omitted, not so much because they are uncomplimentary as because they are superfluous.

"We are told by the publishers that to-day is the day of 'big things' in literature. The ordinary old-fashioned means of achieving success are no longer adequate. This means book-making, not writing. The 'big things' are books by men who have become famous or notorious—more often the latter—in finance, in politics, or on the turf, whose names, publishers say, attract the attention and pique the curiosity of the public. It is not big things by big literary men, but little things by men with big names, and usually an amazing illiteracy."

"The late Admiral Porter's novels found publishers because he was Admiral Porter, and for no other reason, William Waldorf Astor is a novelist too, and of course, being the head of the Astor family, he experiences no difficulty in finding a publisher, and perhaps less difficulty in obtaining the highest praise in the press. If James G. Blaine could be persuaded to write a novel, and draw his hero sitting before his own mirror, he would probably realise a million dollars for it. All the world would like to know what Mr. Blaine thinks of Mr. Blaine. Chauncey M. Depew, I am told, was offered a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year for five years, if he would write editorials for one of the big newspapers. He probably thought his stock of old stories would not last as long as the contract demanded. He declined the offer. Senator Ingalls is credited with having refused two offers—one of ten thousand dollars a year, and another of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, to furnish three editorials a month to one of the leading periodicals of the country. This is probably a fish story, for it is said that Mr. Ingalls lives principally upon his literary work, now that he is not busy at Washington, and a man that lives by literary work would not be likely to refuse twenty-five thousand dollars a year for thirty-six flimsy editorials. There are other rumours that Mr. Thomas Platt and Mr. Thomas B. Reed, and Mrs. Harrison, the President's wife, are also pestered with invitations to become literary lights. Mrs. P. T. Barnum has already made her début in literature, and a startling début it was. In Boston, every woman you meet in society has written at least one novel, and in New York the percentage is about every other woman."

III.

Copyright in Lectures.

The forthcoming volume of hitherto unpublished lectures by Carlyle "On Successive Periods of European Culture" appears likely to give rise to some rather subtle questions of literary property. Practically the "Lectures Copyright Act, 1835," has been a dead letter owing to its vexatious conditions. Where the lecture, however, has not been given to the world, save by word of mouth, equity has been more kind, and Lord Eldon, in Abernethy's case, and Mr. Justice Kay, in the case of Nichols v. Pitman, eight or nine years ago, laid it down that, whether the lecture had been committed by the lecturer to writing before delivery or not, a member of the audience would have no right to publish it for profit from shorthand notes. The contents of the forthcoming volume seem to have been obtained in this way when the lectures were delivered in 1838 at an institution near Portman Square. Possibly they
THE AUTHOR.

were read by Carlyle from an existing manuscript, in which case the right of his personal representatives to restrain publication would be unquestionable. It is possible, on the other hand, that they were mere orations that were never committed by the author to writing either before or after delivery, in which case there would be nothing wherewith to compare the forthcoming book on the question of infringement. It is a curious feature in the case that if the representatives of the reporter, who was probably the only person who took these lectures down, cannot be restrained, they will, though they are neither the author nor the assignees of the author, virtually have secured a copyright in the book running for forty-two years; because though the original source may have been open to all, one man may not copy another man's report. These are the lectures of which Leigh Hunt said that it seemed "as if some Puritan had come to life again, liberalised by German philosophy and his own intense reflections and experience;" but a Scotch gentleman, who was also present, was only moved to exclaim, "Can any living man point to a single practical passage in these lectures? and if not, what is Mr. Carlyle himself but a phantom?"—Daily News, January 6th, 1892.

IV.

A NEW TERROR.

Again does English law come forward with a decision calculated to develop the bump of caution in publishers. A firm in Sydney issued a subscription work in two volumes, entitled "Australian Men of Mark." A certain subscriber declined to take the books, on the ground that his own biography did not appear therein, although the promise had been made him that it should so appear. The publishers brought suit to compel performance of contract, but the Chief Justice of New South Wales, Sir Frederick Darley, threw them out of court. His decision took a wider range than the contention of the defendant that a private understanding had been violated, and was based upon the broad ground that the contents of the book did not correspond to its title. He declared that the biographies it contained were of merely local celebrities, who had no right to be considered as Australian men of mark. In view of this fact, the Chief Justice decided not only that the defendant should be acquitted, but that, in general, all contracts entered into on account of the book were null and void. This certainly adds a new difficulty to the traditional ones of an author in choosing a title for his writings. Of what avail to select a taking name, when it may only result in a prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences? Particularly ominous is this decision for the publishers of such works as "The Best Books" or "The Greatest Thing in the World." A buyer with a different standard of judgment from the author's may hereafter throw such books back on the publishers with a demand for a refund. The principle must apply to sub-titles also, and this suggests the danger of appending "a poem" or "a farce" to an otherwise legally unobjectionable title.—The Nation (New York), January 7, 1892.

V.

LITERATURE AND THE STATE.

"He has been loudly blamed for his insensibility to literary merit; so far, at least, as such sensibility is shown by distribution of the funds and patronage of the Crown. We do not know what were his principles as to such matters, for during his 20 years of government he was, though assailed by Mathias and Montagu, never taken to task in Parliament on that subject. This fact, while it deprived us of his explanation, throws so remarkable a light on contemporary opinion as possibly to illustrate his own. If he was convinced that literature, like war, thrived best upon subsidy, he was culpable indeed. But it is conceivably possible that he may have thought differently. He may have believed that money does not brace but relax the energies of literature; that more Miltons have remained mute and inglorious under the suffocation of wealth than under the frosts of penury; that, in a word, half the best literature of the world has been produced by duns. Pensionless poetry may at least bear comparison with that which has flourished upon bounties. Under the chill rays of Pitt, we had Burns, Wordsworth, Cowper, Southey, Scott, Coleridge, Canning, Crall, Joanna Baillie, Rogers; and even under the tropical effusion of twelve hundred a year, dispensed in heat-drops of fifty or a hundred pounds a piece, we have had nothing conspicuously superior. It is not easy at any rate to cite the names of many eminent men of letters who have received material assistance from the State since the time of Pitt, Hook, and Moore had reason even to curse the ill-judged bounty of their country, and yet they were provided with lucrative offices. Nothing, Pitt may have thought, is so difficult as for a Parliamentary Government to encourage literature. It may begin by encouraging a Shakespeare, but it is far more likely to discover a Pye. You start with a genius and end with a job."
The above is from Lord Rosebery's "Pitt." It is a passage worth reading. But the author is not probably aware that all successive Governments have followed the example of Pitt in his insensibility to literary claims. It is true that they get every year £1,200 for literature, science, and art, but as they always give it away to widows and daughters of men in the Army, Navy, and Civil Services, literature remains where it was in the days of Pitt.

VI.

The Commonest Delusions.

Beginners in literature nurse one delusion with singular persistence. Next to the confidence that they have in their own genius, the strongest basis of all their hopes of success is the imaginary "friend at court," whose interposition in their behalf is one day to launch them into the full tide of fame and fortune.

The most pathetic part of every well-established writer's experience is connected with the letters he receives from ambitious young people, who fancy that all they need is a note of recommendation. The covert meaning of these letters is that the beginner has extraordinary talent, against which all the editors have studiously set their faces. Of course, such a theory is known to be preposterous by every competent writer who casts a glance back over the road by which he has come to success in his profession. No amount of friendly recommendation can advance the interests of an aspirant for literary rewards. The editor cares not a fig for any man's "influence"; the publisher depends upon his well-paid literary advisers. This is so, and it is right that it is so.

The vision of a "friend at court" is at best a dishonest vision. The writer who indulges it loses self-respect with every glance, every thought, every calculation connected with it. A friend at court is a lobbyist, who is to work the writer's manuscripts into the favour of editor or publisher by means of a powerful influence not inherent in the manuscript itself.

In the first place, the man or woman who would accept any success in literary life, save that compelled by the intrinsic value of art and thought, could never feel a clear right to what is highest and best in that life. Doubtless young persons whose imaginations have become inflamed by literary ambition do not fully realise the shame of contemplating any means of forcing accomplishment save simple desert.

From America.

"At the Author's Head."

Who wrote the poem called "The Children," ascribed to Charles Dickens? Mr. Douglas Sladen sends an interesting note on the subject to the Athenæum of January 16. When in New York in 1889 he was introduced by Mr. E. C. Stedman to Mr. Charles M. Dickinson as the real author of the poem. In his book called "Younger American Poets," Mr. Sladen has included the poem with the name of Mr. Dickinson as author, on that gentleman's own authority. He then received a letter from a lady in Australia stating that the real author of the poem was a certain man named Zachariah Sutcliffe, who died in Melbourne in 1891. This Sutcliffe, the lady stated, possessed an autograph letter from Charles Dickens, thanking him for sending a copy of the poem, and expressing admiration of it. Where is that autograph letter, and what can Mr. Dickinson tell us of the circumstances attendant upon the birth of the poem?

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has in the press a volume of Selections from Hafiz. The book will be published by Nutt.

Mr. Eugene Field in the Chicago News attacks those who use the word wended. He says there is no such word. "Infinitive, To wend; past, went." Yes, but there is nothing to exclude the other form of the past. One would rather sin with Scott than be correct with Mr. Eugene Field.

A lady of San Francisco, Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead, has begun the publication of her novels, with the simple assistance of a bookseller. John Ruskin has long done the same thing with his works. There is no reason at all why, with some simple machinery of an agent or salesman, authors of standing should not imitate this example. Is the time ripe for such a step? That it will be taken before long no one who can read the temper and spirit of the times can possibly doubt.

Mr. Joseph Hatton has in the press a volume of reminiscences called "Cigarette Papers." Mr. Hatton's experience has been so wide and varied that the work ought to be most interesting.

It is when such a book as Mackail's "Epigrams from the Greek Anthology" (Longmans) appears that we regret not having space to give for such a review as would do justice to a volume produced by a scholar for scholars. When our members are numbered by the thousand instead of by the hundred, the Author will be able to do justice to such books as these—rare and few and far between.
Mr. Brander Matthews has published (Chatto and Windus) in London his "Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb." There is an introductory essay of his own which is well worthy of the subject. Mr. Matthews is one of the very few English speaking writers who can speak about the theatre and things dramatic.


Mr. C. J. Wills has in the press "His Sister's Hand," a novel in three volumes, to be published in January, and, to be published in March, "In and about Bohemia," a collection of short stories. The publishers of both books are Messrs. Griffith and Farran.

Professor Middleton has in the press:

Mr. Thomas Macquoid's new novel is to be published by Messrs. Innes & Co. It will be in two volumes. The title is "Maisie Derrick," and the work will be ready shortly.

The Clarendon Press will shortly issue a thin quarto volume, containing twelve facsimiles of pages of important Old English MSS., from the Ninth to the Fifteenth Century, accompanied by transcriptions and a palaeographical introduction by Professor Skeat. This is, in some degree, a new departure. There is no reason why reproductions from old manuscripts should not become familiar to all who care for them.

A little monthly journal—the youngest and the smallest—has been sent to me. It contains, on four pages, nothing at all but songs written for music. The writers of these songs pay so much for insertion of their productions, which are classified under the heads of Nautical, Amatory, Martial—is it without meaning that the love songs stand between the Nautical and the Martial, between the Sailor and the Soldier?—Sacred, Pathetic, Humorous, and Tragic. Each poet affixes the price of his verses for the information of the happy composer who may secure them. In the Humorous, one remarks, we do not excel. The Editor promises to post the paper to as many composers as he can find. Why not? The verses are not a bit worse than most of those which form our popular ditties. The rhymes are our dear old familiar ones: The wavelet gleams and the maiden dreams; the Pilgrim sings his Song of Faith and the Matin Bell awakes; the reaper touches his brow and angels bear him home: when the lilies bloom again, my love, when the lilies bloom again. For thou art the star of night, and I am a shadow apart, longing for one ray of light to gladden the shade of my heart. Let us wish every success to the song writers. Perhaps they have got their chance at last.


Mr. M. Powis Bale's book on Steam Pumps and Pumping (Crosby Lockwood and Son) is going into a second edition. It will be ready early this month.

Mr. Charles T. C. James's new novel, entitled "Holy Wedlock," will appear almost immediately in a single volume (Ward and Downey).

A fourth edition of "Nature's Fairyland," by Mr. H. W. L. Worsley-Benison (Elliot Stock, 5s.), has been issued.

The following books, by Miss Selina Gaye, have been recently published by T. Nelson and Sons: "Dickie Winton, or Between Gate and Front Door," "All's Well that Ends Well," being a reprint of "A Storm in a Tea-cup," "Ilka, the Captive Maiden, and other Stories from Hungarian History."

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has in the press a volume of Essays, which will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus next month.

We learn from the Athenæum that Mr. Stevenson has also ready a volume on Samoa, and the novel written in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osborn, which has been running in Scribner.

Mr. Walter Besant will bring out in April, in volume form (Chatto and Windus), the papers which he has contributed to Harpers' Magazine during the last nine months on London. The papers, which had to be cut down to meet the limited space of the magazine, will be published as they were written, with additions.

Mr. John Underhill has in the press (Walter Scott & Co.), a selection from the Athenian Oracle. There will be an introductory essay by Mr. Underhill, and a letter by Mr. Walter Besant.
Mr. Wilfred Meynell has in press a monograph on Cardinal Manning. No one is more fitted for the task, if long friendship can constitute fitness.

When an author arrives at the dignity of being the subject of critical essays and a bibliography, it is a sign that there is not much left between himself and the top of the tree. This is the case with Mr. Thomas Hardy.

The first number of the Albemarle is promising. To say that some of the articles are good because they are short may sound hardly complimentary, but it is the case. For example, the head master of Haileybury's little essay makes us all understand the Greek question at schools. We may agree, or we may not, with his answer, but at any rate we know what the question is. And that, we take it, is a distinct advance for most of us. Mr. Oscar Browning's article on the Primrose League is witty and pretty, and Miss Mabel Robinson's Storicule—to poach from Punch—is a very clever and pathetic sketch.

One of the later volumes of the Pseudonym Library, "Some Emotions and a Moral," by John Oliver Hobbes, has just fallen into my hands. It is a brilliant little book! There is no story—that is to say, not much—but it is brilliant. And who is John Oliver Hobbes? You swear first that it is a man, and next, from a touch, a word, a way of presentment, that it is a woman, but you can never be quite certain which it may be. The writing is so good that it suggests the influence of many summers and much experience; yet I think the author is young. There is a curious sort of contempt for all that so many frail mortals find fascinating, running through the whole story, and this, I think, is more likely to have sprung from early cleverness than from later disillusion. But, I repeat, a brilliant little book!

FOR DISPOSAL.

Two £50 shares in a well-known leading Review. Apply to J.N., care of Secretary.
THE AUTHOR.


Langhorne, J. and W. Plutarch's Lives of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar. Translated by Cassell's National Library. Cloth, 6d.


Longmore, Surgeon-General Sir T. Richard Wiseman, Surgeon and Surgeon-Surgeon to Charles II., a biographical study. With portrait and illustrations. Longmans. 10s. 6d.


Morris, Mowbray. Mammom: A Novel. 3 vols. William Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Anstey, F. The Talking Horse, and other Tales. Smith, Elder.

Armstrong, Jessie. From Out the Past: A Story. Houlston, Paternoster Square. 1s.

Cameron, Mrs. Lovett. Weak Woman: A Novel. 3 vols. F. W. White and Co., 31, Southampton Street, W.C. 5s.

Combe, T. Jonquille: or, The Swiss Smuggler. Translated from the French by Beatrix L. Tollemache. Percival and Co. 6s.


Fogerty, J. Mr. Jocko: a Novel. 3 vols. Ward and Downey.

Gibbs, Alice. Tim Teddington's Shoes. Home Words Office, Paternoster Square. 1s.


James, C. T. C. Holy Wedlock: a Story of Things as they are. Ward and Downey.


McLennan, Malcolm. Muckle Jock, and other Stories of Peasant Life in the North. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.


Roberts, Morley. King Billy of Ballarat, and other Stories. Lawrence and Bullen. New Bond Street.

Russell, W. Clark. Mrs. Dines' Jewels: a Mid-Atlantic Romance. Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.


Tasma, Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill. A Novel. W. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

Tourgee, Albion W. A Son of Old Harry. A Novel. Illustrated. Brentano's, Agar Street, Strand. 6s.


General Literature.


Bailey, Wellersley C. The Lepers of our Indian Empire; a Visit to them in 1890-91. J. F. Shaw, Paternoster Row.
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Tyndall, John, F.S.A. New Fragments. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Vere, Aubrey de. The Legends of Saint Patrick. Cassell’s National Library. Cloth. 6d.

Wardle, Thomas. Tusser Silk, a paper read at the Society of Arts on May 14th, 1891, by. Trounce, Gough Square, Fleet Street.

West, B. B. Half Hours with the Millionaires. Arranged and edited by. Longmans. 6s.

Educational.

Bartholomew, J. G. The Globe Hand Atlas. Nelson, Paternoster Row. 2s. 6d.


——— A Student’s History of England; from the earliest times to 1885. Complete in 1 volume, with illustrations and index. Longmans. 12s.


——— Manual of Horticulture and Agriculture, 1892. Published by Kelway and Son, Langport, Somerset. Paper covers. 1s.

Ralf’s Rapid Road to Spanish. Parts I. and II. Second edition, revised and enlarged. George Philip, Fleet Street. 5s. each.

Scully, James, M.A. The Human Mind: a Text-book of Psychology. 2 vols. Longmans. 21s.


Poetry and the Drama.

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Davidson, John. In a Music Hall, and other Poems. Ward and Downey.


Yolande. The Church’s Seasons, and other Verses. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

Science.


Parliamentary Papers.

Calendar of the Department of Science and Art for 1892, 1s. 6d.; Return as to Hours of Closing in Scotland, 3d.; Return—County Boroughs (Rates and Receipts from Local Taxation Account), 4d.; Return (in part) as to Alien Immigration during December, 4d.; Return as to the National Debt, 3d. The Annual Local Taxation Returns, 1889–90; Part II., 5s. List of Parliamentary Papers for sale, with prices and postage affixed, 1890–91. Eyre and Spottiswoode.
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5. The Syndicate will only work for members of the Society.
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8. The Syndicate acts as agent in every kind of literary property.

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For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible.

WARNINGS.

Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:—

1. Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

2. Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with those who advertise for MSS., who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

4. Never accept any proposal of royalty until you have ascertained exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

5. Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

6. Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

7. Never sign away American rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

8. Keep some control over the advertisements by clause in the agreement. If you are yourself ignorant of the subject, make the Society your agent.

9. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Society's Offices:

4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

NOTICES.

THE Americans have committed a very graceful and complimentary action. They have allowed the piece of plate presented by the Society to Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary of the American Copyright League, to be admitted to free entry on importation. We submitted the case to Mr. Robert Lincoln, the American Minister, who kindly promised us his good offices in the matter, with the result that a copy of the following letter from Mr. Spaulding, the Acting Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Blaine, has been forwarded to us. It will be observed that this is only the second concession of the kind made by the States.

"Sir,

"I HAVE the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th instant, enclosing, for the consideration of this Department, a Despatch, No. 587, from the Minister of the United States at London, inquiring whether a piece of silver plate, to be presented by the Incorporated Society of Authors of Great Britain to Robert U. Johnson, Esq., Secretary of the American Copyright League, as a testimonial of recognition of
the services of himself and his Society in the establishment of the International Copyright Law now existing, can be admitted to free entry on importation.

"In reply, I have to state that, under date of 5th May 1887, free entry was authorised for certain vases imported for presentation as testimonials to members of the American Committee who superintended the installation of the Bartholdi Statue of 'Liberty enlightening the World,' and that, in accordance with the practice of admitting to free entry, under paragraph 648 of the Tariff Act, cups and plate as prizes and trophies, it would seem that the piece of plate in question would be exempt from duty on importation.

"Respectfully yours,
"O. J. Spaulding,
"Acting Secretary."

"To the Hon. F. G. Blaine."

The following letter appeared in the Times of February 24th:

Sir,

To-day is the birthday of James Russell Lowell, and I understand that a commemorative ceremony is being performed in his honour at his native place. It has occurred to me that Englishmen might be glad to show their respect for a man who was one of the most eminent writers in the common language of England and America, and who, as Minister in this country, did so much to promote goodwill between the two nations.

A monument is erected in Westminster Abbey to Lowell's friend and fellow-countryman, Longfellow. It seems to me that it would not be out of place to give in some similar way a proof of our national regard for Lowell himself.

If anyone who agrees with this would communicate with me, I should be very glad to co-operate in taking the necessary steps for giving effect to the proposal.

Yours, &c.

Leslie Stephen.

22, Hyde Park Gate, S.W., Feb. 22nd.

This proposal should be supported by every member of our Society, not only because Lowell was one of the most eminent writers of the century, but also because he fought manfully and all his life long for the cause of International Copyright, and because he was, in a very especial sense, the friend of this Society, whose aims he cordially approved and whose growth he always watched with interest. It is hoped that every member will hold himself in readiness to support Mr. Leslie Stephen in the promotion of this monument.

The Authors' Club has now passed from the preliminary stage to that of actual existence. The Club is to be founded upon a Limited Joint Stock Company, already established and registered, the possession of a single share in which will serve in lieu of entrance fee. The shares in the Company are limited to 600 of £5 each, of which it is not anticipated that more than £3 will ever be called up, and the shares will be allotted upon application in the usual form by the directors. The Company is not a commercial one, its Directors will receive no fees, and all profits will accrue to the Club. When the first 600 shares are applied for and allotted, the election of members will be according to usual club-land law, by proposer, second, payment of entrance fee and election by the general committee; the shareholding members, therefore, will possess an advantage over ordinary members. The annual subscription is fixed at four guineas, and the entrance fee at ten guineas; the usual facilities and remissions being extended to country members. The number of members is fixed at 600; and the Club house will be as near that centre of the civilized world, Piccadilly Circus, as possible. A great many names of men at once eminent (and clubbable) in every branch of letters—scientific, informative, or recreative—and in the ranks of the higher journalism, are already upon the list of the general committee of the Club. Its first Directors are Lord Monkswell, Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. H. Tedder (the secretary and librarian of the "Athenaeum"), and Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G. (Chairman). The qualifications for membership are that a man should be a British subject, or a citizen of the United States; an author, in the widest acceptance of the term; a contributor to a leading periodical; or a journalist of established position. It will be gathered from these lines that the main objects of the Authors' Club are: first, the union of authors as such, which makes the Club a natural outcome and offshoot of the Society, and (2) the consolidation of literary interests of all kinds. Application for shares can be made to the Company's bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co., No. 1, Pall Mall, or to the Chairman, who may also be applied to for any general information at the temporary office of the Authors' Club, Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.

An advertisement has appeared in several of our papers, dated from New York, inviting MSS., and promising a circulation of hundreds of thousands. The Secretary answered the advertisement, asking what machinery the advertiser possessed by which he could insulate so enormous a circulation. A reply has been received in which the advertiser states that he is editor and proprietor of an illustrated American paper, whose subscription list numbers
THE AUTHOR.

200,000, and which has 30 branch establishments in the principal cities of the Union. The circulation promised is the publication of the works accepted by this advertiser in the pages of his magazine. Nothing is said as to the price paid to authors, but those who think of answering the advertisement would do well to submit a question on this point before parting with their perhaps valuable American rights. The advertiser affects surprise at being asked to give references and explanations. Does he really believe that we should advise authors to despatch MSS. to a foreigner in a foreign country, solely on a vague promise made in an advertisement? One has not been accustomed to attribute to American men of business this guileless innocence. Our advice, which we repeat, is to get the business arrangements placed on a satisfactory footing before sending out the MS.

A case was recently tried before one of the inferior courts, in which it was held by the judge that the publishers had no right in sending in an account, based upon a share of profits, to charge for "production" more than the sums actually expended by them. The publishers attempted to justify charges which gave them a profit on items forming cost of production on the wording of the agreement signed by the author, but the judge held that this did not justify the charges, and he was evidently of opinion that for a publisher to entitle himself to a profit on the cost of production in such cases he must clearly stipulate for it beforehand. It was hoped that the publishers would appeal to a higher court, but this they have not done. Meantime the decision is a step in the right direction. We have the notes and report of the case.

The chief weapon of offence in the return of accounts is the item of advertisements. The publisher advertises in his own magazine if he has one, by exchanges for nothing with other magazines, or, if he does not exchange, he pays and expects a return of the same kind. He charges for inserting the book in his circulars and lists. He charges, in fact, what he pleases, and advertises what he pleases, and as often as he pleases, in organs which cost him nothing. In this way he can, and often does, sweep the whole profits of a tolerably successful book into his own pockets. This is done every day; it is the commonest, the most specious, and the most impudent form of swamping profits. Of course, the pretense set up is that the sale was entirely due to the publisher's own organ and the advertisement in it.

For instance, an author, some time ago, received an account in which a considerable sum was charged for advertising. He went to the publishers and informed them that he would pay for none but advertisements for which they would produce vouchers. They sent an amended bill for a sum less than one-eighth the original charge!

The meaning, as between publisher and author, of the so-called "Royalty System"—where there is no system—was explained in the Author for November 1891. Writers are entreated, in their own interests, to study the facts and figures there set forth.

Communications intended for the Authors' Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.

The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.

A correspondent writes to ask for information as to the "loss" of copyright. A few elementary points are, therefore, advanced. Copyright is the right to copy or reproduce. It must not be parted with, except for a consideration fair and reasonable. Most publishers' agreements contain a clause which
assigns to them the copyright. It is called sometimes by its own name, sometimes it is called the right to first and all subsequent editions, sometimes it is called the right to produce future editions at cheaper prices, should the publisher think fit. Then follows the consideration for which the author is asked to surrender his property. Writers who sign this agreement in too many cases do not even know what they are giving or selling, and in some instances are too inexperienced in business matters to understand plain English. Let them before signing any agreement ask themselves these questions:

1. Does the agreement assign the copyright to the publishers?
2. If so, for what consideration?
3. What does that consideration leave to the publishers on the sale of the first and all subsequent editions?

---

**LITERARY PROPERTY.**

---

**I.**

**Registration.**

*(From the Law Quarterly Review.)*

BRITISH subjects will be well advised not to publish foreign literary or artistic works in England because they cannot find them registered at Stationer's Hall, or to defend actions for piracy because the plaintiff was not registered at Stationer's Hall before the issue of the writ, in reliance on the judgment of Stirling J. in Fishburn v. Hollingshead ('91, 2 Ch. 371) cited without dissent in the last number of the *Law Quarterly Review*, at p. 501. In that case Stirling J. undoubtedly expressed an opinion that the foreign author of a painting could not sue in England without registering under the English Copyright Acts; but this opinion was clearly *obiter*, as the learned judge also decided that the work before him was properly registered in England. It has since been doubted by Smith and Grantham JJ. in the argument in Moul v. Groenings, '91, 2 Q.B. 443 (though the doubt is not reported), and Judge Martineau has felt himself justified by that doubt in declining to follow it in the case of Moul v. Devonshire Park Co. (*Law Times Paper*, Sept. 19th, 1891).

The point is one of great importance, as, if Stirling J. is right, the British Legislature has failed to carry out the intention of the Berne Convention, which was that an author who complies with the formalities required by law in the country where he first publishes his work should thereby obtain copyright in the foreign countries, parties to the Convention, without also having to comply with the formalities in each of such countries (Article 11 of Berne Convention). This benefits the British author equally with the foreigner; the only person aggrieved is the pirate, and the great feature of the Berne Convention is that for the first time it treats copying other people's work as at the risk of the copyist, instead of impeding the author by technical restraints.

The Copyright Statutes on the point are, as the *Law Quarterly Review* observed, an “ungodly jumble,” but the point admits of being shortly stated.

1. The Act of 1842 (*5 & 6* Vict. c. 45, § 24) required registration of copyright as a condition for bringing an action for its infringement.

2. The International Act of 1844 (*7* Vict. c. 12, § 19), provided that copyright in a work first published out of Her Majesty's dominions should only be obtained under the provisions of that Act; and provided that the Queen might by Order in Council confer on authors of countries named therein the same benefits as they would have under the English Copyright Acts. The Act further required (§ 6) every such foreign author to comply with certain formalities of registration, differing from those of the Act of 1842, as a condition of obtaining the benefit of the Act of 1844.

Pausing here for a moment, it has never been suggested that a foreign author before 1886 ought to register both under the Act of 1844 and under the Act of 1842, though it might be argued that as the benefits of the English Acts were conditional to English subjects on their registering under those Acts, a foreigner taking the same benefits as an Englishman must also register under the English Acts.

3. The Art Copyright Act of 1862 (*25 & 26* Vict. c. 68, § 12) included the provisions of the International Act of 1844, while providing that English authors of paintings, &c, must register at Stationer's Hall, and that any proprietor should not be entitled to the benefit of the Act until registered, and could not sue for anything done before registration. The Act of 1844 had included provisions for the registration of works of art.

4. The International Copyright Act of 1886 (*49 & 50* Vict. c. 33, § 3) provided that when any Order in Council was made by Her Majesty under the International Copyright Acts, the provisions of those Acts as to the registry and delivery of copies of works should not apply to works under the Order in Council, except so far as provided by the order.

5. The Order in Council of November 28th, 1887, made under this Act, contains no provision as to registration and delivery of copies, and incorporates
the Berne Convention of September 5th, 1887, which in Articles 2 and 11 appears to show an intention that the “accomplishment of the conditions and formalities prescribed by law in the country of origin of the work” shall give an author copyright throughout the countries of the Convention.

It seems fairly clear, therefore, that the provisions of the International Copyright Acts as to registry and delivery of copies do not apply to foreign works, by reason of section 4 of the Act of 1886. But it is suggested that, as the foreign authors take the same benefits as they would have had under the English Acts, they are liable to register and deliver copies under the English Acts. But if this were so, foreign authors before the Act of 1886 would have been liable to register both under the English and the International Acts; and authors of foreign books at the present time are liable to deliver five copies to certain libraries as an English author is. This consequence is so startling, and, as regards the practice before the Act of 1886, so contrary to the facts, as almost to prove its error. But it would seem clear that the provisions of the International Act of 1844 supersede instead of supplementing the provisions of the English Acts of 1842 and 1862; and that the effect of the Act of 1844 being in its turn superseded by the Act of 1886, is to revive the old provisions, but to leave the foreign author to register in his own country, obtaining thereby copyright under the Convention throughout the countries under the Convention. And apart from the construction of statutes, the hardship would appear to be if Mr. Justice Stirling’s decision is right. Under the Art Copyright Acts an author cannot sue for infringements which have preceded registration; registration is to that extent a condition of the right as well as of the remedy. It is said that there is a hardship on the “innocent copyist,” who has had no notice of copyright. I may be permitted to doubt the existence of the “innocent copyist,” whom I have not yet met in my experience of copyright cases. I have met the tradesman who desires to get his wares cheap, without too scrupulous inquiry as to the cause of their cheapness, and in many cases with direct knowledge that he is copying someone who he thinks has omitted to technically protect his rights, but I do not feel much sympathy with him. In any case this class of person will be well advised not to place too much reliance on Fishburn v. Hollingshead, '91, 2 Ch. 371.

T. E. S.

II.

TRANSFER OF BOOKS.

TO YOUNG PUBLISHING FIRMS or others COMMENCING A PUBLISHING BUSINESS.

-A firm of publishers, having more MSS. of novels in their possession than they can for some time publish, are ready to part with the contracts relating to several MSS. by good authors. Some of these are already in the press and almost ready for publication. Some of the MSS. are subject, on publication, to a royalty, others have been paid for in full. This is an admirable opportunity for a young firm who want to start with a good lot of publications without any loss of time. For particulars apply by letter to . . . . Address and Inquiry Office, The Times Office, E.C."

The above advertisement appeared in the Times of February 24th, 1892. We have always been of opinion that a contract by one author with one publisher, except in the case of sale, could not be passed on to another publisher without the author's consent. For instance, in a royalty agreement, it is with one certain publisher that the author makes his contract, not with all or any publishers, good or bad. This, however, is a question for lawyers, to whom we intend to submit the case.

SWINDELLS v. MORGAN AND OTHERS.

I.

THE REPORT OF THE CASE.

(Before Mr. Justice Grantham and a Common Jury.)

THIS action was brought under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The plaintiff, James Swindells, sued William James Morgan, Joseph Sydney Tomkins, the City of London Publishing Company, and the Authors' Alliance (Limited) for the return of some literary MS., and also damages for their detention. He further sought to recover £40, which he had paid on account of an intended publication. The Authors' Alliance entered no appearance to the action, but certain pleas were raised by the other defendants.

Mr. Bethune was for the plaintiff; the defendants did not appear personally, nor were they represented.

In opening the case Mr. Bethune said the plaintiff claimed the return of the MS. of “Ballads and Poems,” and a drama called “Charles I.,” which he had delivered for publication. The
plaintiff was about fifty years of age, and he was employed at Manchester in the position of warehouseman. Notwithstanding this, however, he succeeded in educating himself, and he had written various works which had appeared in Manchester local papers. In June 1885, he received a communication from Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins, which was headed “City of London Publishing Company, in succession to the Charing Cross Publishing Company.” This document said that they would be glad to receive MS., and would offer special facilities for publication. The learned counsel said that Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins were two men who had for years been defrauding unhappy authors.

Mr. Justice Grantham said that as the defendants did not appear, the matter need not be gone into at length.

Mr. Bethune answered that he would not be long, but as the jury would have to assess damages, he should have to inform them of some of the circumstances. These men had from time to time registered limited companies for a short period, and one limited company was succeeded by another. In the meantime, they sent out circulars like the one in this case, and then, when they got MS. for publication, they said that there was a favourable report from their reader, and they asked that money should be sent on account of publication. The money having been sent them, the poor author never heard any more of the matter. Such authors were generally poor, and, therefore, their case was a particularly cruel one. Having got Mr. Swindell’s MS., they suggested that he should get his friends to subscribe for copies of his works, and he did in fact get from Lord Selborne, Lord Derby, and others very kind letters, which he, in his turn, sent to the defendants; and he also sent them £40, which he had received in subscriptions from his friends. Now he was in the unfortunate position that he could not produce his book, for he had not the MS. He could not return his friends their money, and, his name being Swindells, he had had a most uncomfortable of it, and he therefore came to the jury for redress. In 1884, Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins were in possession of premises in Friar Street. They traded under the name of a company, and they said that whatever they did was as servants of the City of London Publishing Company. He (Mr. Bethune), however, said that the company was Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins only, and he should ask for an order against them for the return of the MS. The learned counsel said that he would refer to some of the correspondence which had passed.

Mr. Justice Grantham: There was no necessity for reading those letters to show that they were swindlers, for the nature of the claim had been shown, and the defendants did not appear.

Mr. James Swindells, the plaintiff, was then called. He said that he was a warehouseman at Manchester, his wages were 24s. a week, and he had a wife and family. In June 1885, he sent the MS. of “Ballads and Poems” and “Charles I.” to the defendants. He did this because he had received a letter from them. He had not had that MS. back again. He collected money by subscriptions, as he was to find £40 on account of the risk of publication. He mooted the matter to his friends, and they liberally subscribed to the extent of £40. Lord Derby subscribed £5, and the late Mr. Peacocke, M.P.——

Mr. Justice Grantham: You need not tell us all that.

Witness continued: He remitted £40 in various sums to the publishing company, and from that time to this he had not had his £40 nor his MS. back. He got receipts for all the money he sent, except for the amount of a postal order for 25s. sent in 1887.

Mr. Justice Grantham said that the jury had heard the case. It certainly was a very bad one, and he had no doubt that it was not the first time that unfortunate authors had been robbed in this way, and particularly those who were poor. Of course, the plaintiff was entitled to have back his £40, and he would advise the jury to give him a considerable sum in addition. It was impossible to know the value of these MSS.; but the defendants were not here, and they would be justified in estimating them at the highest price possible, to mark their view of the conduct of the defendants in not giving them back.

The jury at once gave a verdict for the plaintiff for £500.

In reply to questions of the learned judge, the jury said they found that the plaintiff was entitled to the return of the £40, and that if the MSS. were returned, the defendants should pay £200 for the detention. If they were not returned, their verdict would be for £460, in addition to the £40.

Judgment was entered accordingly.—Daily News.

II.

ON THE CASE.

The case Swindells v. Morgan and Tomkins, tried before Mr. Justice Grantham, on February 17th, 1892, has, one hopes, effectually disposed of these gentlemen. The case, which we have copied from the report in the Daily Telegraph of February 18th, is one the particulars of which had already been brought before the Society. It
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was the old, old story; money paid in advance for the production of a book; manuscript forwarded; the book not produced; the money kept; and the manuscript not returned. The verdict of the jury was simple, for the plaintiff, with 40l. for retention of manuscript, and damages, 200l., with costs. One fears that the money will not be paid, but the defendants will be effectually blown upon. There was, in fact, no defence at all, and the parties did not appear in court. We have been for six years calling attention to the bogus publishers, of whom the man Morgan was eminently a representative. The Charing Cross Publishing Company, the City of London Publishing Company, the Authors' Alliance, and the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art, were four of the attempts of Morgan to catch the inexperienced author. His method, however, was always the same. It has been exposed over and over again in the columns of Truth. Only a month ago, on January 30th, the editor of Truth exposed his last attempt, the so-called "Society of Literature, Science, and Art." This, says Truth, is a "bogus learned society, the promoters of which obtain fees averaging from two to fifteen guineas, by offering people 'membership' and 'fellowship,' with privilege (!) of writing 'M.S.L.' or 'F.S.L.' after their names. These payments are obtained by the pretense that a 'Council' of the 'Society' has passed a resolution, pursuant to which the invitation is sent. . . . The promoter and moving spirit of the 'International Society of Literature, Science, and Art' is one W. J. Morgan, who has appointed himself 'Curator' and a member of the Executive Council. . . . He now carries on business as a publisher under the name of James Longman & Co., in an office opening out of that of the 'International Society.'"

It is a constant subject of amazement to watch the ease with which the author is deluded. The silly sheep is a miracle of wisdom compared with him. A swindler advertises; the author jumps at the chance; he sends his manuscript; he sends his money; he asks nobody's opinion or advice; he believes implicitly whatever is told him; he trusts his property to a perfect stranger in the blindest confidence.

In no other business, in no other relations of life, would he be such a fool. Would he lend his gold watch to a stranger met in the crowd? Would it lend that stranger a ten pound note? Would he leave his gold watch to a stranger met in the crowd? It is exactly the same thing. The man Morgan is is only one of many. There was another man who stole manuscripts and money in exactly the same way; there was a man who pretended to belong to a very well-known London firm; he went off to America with waggon loads of manuscripts; there are people who are advertising for manuscripts at this moment with the same intention. They will go on advertising and catching their victims. The would-be author's desire to see himself in print overrides everything; his reason; his prudence; even such revelations as those of Truth; even such revelations as those of this action in the High Court of Justice. Morgan will die a rich man; very likely a member of a west end club.

THE OUTPUT—PAST AND PRESENT.

BETWEEN the years 1700 and 1756 the production of books from the London Press, according to Charles Knight, amounted in all to 5,280 new works. That is to say, an average of 94 books for every year. . . . There were not wanting those who held up their hands in astonishment at this prodigious annual increase to literature. Now, in the first half of the eighteenth century, it is quite certain that none of the country gentry bought books, that in the country towns there were no bookshops, that the great mass of the country clergy were careless of new literature, and that the only place, outside London, where new books could be procured were the university and the cathedral towns. Johnson's father, we know, was a bookseller of Litchfield, a cathedral town, and he used to attend markets and fairs at country towns with a books stall. Among other places, at Birmingham, already an important town. For how many readers were these ninety new books issued? The population of England and Wales was then about six millions. Deducting children, rustics, working men, and those who, like the country squire, confined their reading to books on farriery and the like, we shall certainly not be far wrong in estimating the number at half a million. Consequently there was, roughly, a new book for every 5,000 readers. This, however, does not mean 5,000 readers for every new book.

Between the years 1792 and 1802, there were issued 4,096 new works, or an average of 372 every year. The population of England and Wales was then ten millions, with a greatly increased proportion of readers, say two millions in all, so that we had then a new book every year for every 4,000 readers.

Between 1802 and 1827, there was an average of 588 new books every year. The population at the latter date, without counting Ireland, was fourteen millions. Education was greatly extended, and, not including children, there were probably six million readers, or a new book to every 10,000 readers. But, among these so-called readers, there
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were many who never read anything at all, except the newspapers. Perhaps, however, children ought not to be excluded, because the branch of children's books, which was only commenced towards the close of the last century, had already assumed considerable proportions.

In the year 1891, according to the Publishers' Circular, the number of books issued was 5,706. The population of the British Islands is now 38,000,000, of whom all, or nearly all, can read. That is to say, there is now issued, every year, one new book for every 6,000 readers. But of course we ought to deduct young children and all those rustics and poor people who never read a book at all. Let us deduct ten millions. There remain 28,000,000, and, according to the estimate, a new book is provided every year for every 5,000 readers. Surely that does not represent any extraordinary eagerness for new literature.

The modern output of books, which seems so enormous when it is written down in its thousands, comes, briefly, to this.

From 1700 to 1756, there was every year one book for every 5,000 readers; from 1792 to 1802, there was every year one book for every 4,000 readers; from 1802 to 1827, there was every year one book for every 10,000 readers; and there is now every year one book for every 5,000 readers. So that, taking these islands alone, there is no greater literary activity in proportion, and, as shown by the production of literature, than there was nearly two hundred years ago.

But there are other considerations which very greatly lessen the proportional output. Those who every year deplore the enormous production of books take a narrow parochial view of English literature. They cannot get beyond Fleet Street, daily journal and weekly review land, club land. They can understand, perhaps, something of the vastness of London itself, but of the vastness of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham—the crowded north—they understand nothing. Nor do they gauge the demands of the millions who are now demanding books. And if they cannot take in the needs of their own country, how can they understand those of the Empire? Australia, New Zealand, India, Burmah, South Africa, Ceylon, the far East, the West Indian Islands—and where there is a great market for new books as well as old. Again, beyond the Atlantic, there are sixty millions who read our books as we read theirs. Shall we try to grasp these things? If we can succeed, only partly, to understand how great is the area covered by the English language, how enormous is the demand for books, how the area occupied by readers becomes every year greater, how thickly populated, better educated, so that the demand is increasing by leaps and bounds, and yearly more and more, we shall then begin to understand the influence, the power, the force, of that thrice fortunate man who succeeds in being listened to by the whole of the English speaking race at once. Other things, too, will become more plain to us, of which the first is the necessity of using every effort to make the calling of literature independent, and to maintain that independence.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

In my last I recorded that the next meeting of the Société des Gens de Lettres was to be held on the 31st ultimo. So it had been arranged. But on the 31st not sufficient men of letters put in an appearance at the Hotel Continental to constitute a quorum, and the meeting had to be postponed. Émile Zola, the president, did not like this, and on returning home sat down and wrote personally to each one of the hundreds of members of the Society present in Paris, urging him to attend. The result was that the meeting which was held yesterday was very well attended indeed, and a quantity of business being got through before the men of letters separated. Considering the amount of writing Zola has to do, it was simply heroic of him to write all those letters, but Zola takes his presidency of the Société in earnest, and is thorough in this work as in all he undertakes.

Maupassant's state continues as it was. This is bad, and, to a certain extent, justifies the evil rumours that are afloat. In mental maladies the stationary state is as bad as retrogression. I am afraid from what I have heard from the very best sources that, as a writer at least, we may speak of de Maupassant in the past. What a pity for literature!

Some weeks ago I noticed in an American paper a foolish paragraph about Jules Verne, in which the writer professed to describe the life of this remarkable novelist. Amongst other things a description of Mr. Verne's cabinet de travail was given which was as imaginative as all the rest. Verne was described as working surrounded by electrical instruments and other scientific paraphernalia. I have a particular joy in watching the canard's flight, and that particular canard winged its way across the columns of quite a number of papers. The last I saw of it was in the columns of the Sunday Sun. As a matter of fact,
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Jules Verne does all his writing in a small bedroom at the top of his house in Amiens. The room contains a bed, a table, and a chair, and a couch, as bare as room well can be. Neatness is the characteristic. The paper on the table is methodically arranged. There is no waste-paper basket. Verne writes very deliberately and rarely erases. When not at home he spends his time at the Literary and Scientific Institute of Amiens city, where he reads up the scientific facts that he requires for his stories.

We read in the Author, month by month, a good deal about the sweating of authors by publishers. I suppose all of us have in our day been so exploited. I can remember receiving from the proprietors of a well-established London magazine a cheque for one guinea for a story of seven thousand words, the said proprietors being rated very high amongst London publishers. But the sweating of authors by brother authors seems to me a very much worse affair, and I am cognizant of numerous cases of it. There is something particularly horrible about Ishmael turning on a brother Ishmael, but he does do it. Here in Paris there are many reputed authors who employ hacks to do their work for them. I know of a feuilleton that appeared not long ago in the Petit Journal, which was signed by one of the best names in the literary market. The presumed author received fifteen hundred pounds for this story. Every line of it, however, was written by an unfortunate youth, who was promised eighty pounds for his work. That was some time ago. Up to the present he has received in small sums about a third of what was promised him. Occasionally the reputed man of letters gives him a five-franc piece towards the balance. I know of many similar cases in England also.

Madame Marinoni, the wife of Marinoni, the well-known inventor and director of the Petit Journal, reads all the manuscripts sent in for publication in feuilleton in the Petit Journal, and, what is more, enjoys doing it. It is she who selects the stories for that publication. They are the making of the paper. The Petit Journal publishes two concurrently, and there is no literary work better paid. A fairly well-known writer gets about 10d. a line for a serial in this paper. It is to the interest taken in its fiction columns that the immense success of the paper is due.

Renan's "Souvenirs" is the book of the month. Everybody is reading it. As a contribution to philosophy it is a decided failure, but the writing is beyond praise. The people, however, for whom Renan specially writes consider the philosophy very pretty indeed, and, accordingly, all are satisfied.

Zola's "La Débâcle" is appearing in feuilleton in the Vie Populaire, although the author has not finished more than two-thirds of the book. The reason of this is that serial rights in case of such an author are of considerable value. For the French publication, for instance, Zola gets a thousand pounds. Had he waited till April, when he expects to have finished the manuscript, before authorising the publication in serial form, the publication of the book in volume form would have had to be delayed until long after the Grand Prix. Now no book issued after the Grand Prix in Paris has anything like the sale that a book issued earlier in the season obtains. Zola is a good business man, and, though he spends money lavishly, has always about 15,000 francs to his credit at Charpentier's. Daudet, on the other hand, has always an account on the wrong side with the same publishers.

Doctor Jacques Bertillon, the statistician, is bringing out a table of statistics, or rather a statistical map, to show what books are read and in what proportions, at the Paris municipal free libraries. Books are lent out at these libraries or may be read in the libraries themselves. In one year the public of these libraries borrowed 1,115,800 books to read at home, and read 151,636 books in the library reading-rooms. More than half the books read were novels, Zola being most asked for, indeed there are always eight or nine people waiting for every volume by this author. Verne comes next. Sue and Dumas continue very popular. George Sand is little wanted, and Balzac, our master, the father of us all, is but rarely asked for. Poetry, and notably that of Victor Hugo, is a great deal read. Geographical works and travel come third in popular demand, and then science and the arts. Women, however, never ask for any books belonging to either category. Historical works come fifth, musical books sixth, and last of all books in and on foreign languages. The demand for the latter is very small indeed.

Oscar Wilde has numerous friends in Paris, and the delight at the great success he has obtained with his new play at the St. James's is universal.
in Paris. His “Salomé” promises to be equally successful, and a run is assured on the translation of the “Portrait of Dorian Gray,” which is being undertaken by a leading man of letters of this city. *Tous les succès, alors.*

Some years ago, a Mr. Jogand, writing as Léo Taxil, made himself vastly notorious as the author of a number of grossly blasphemous anti-clerical and irreligious works. The time came, however, when Mr. Jogand, otherwise Léo Taxil, recognised the error of his ways and became as fervent a son of the Holy Church as he had once been a rebel against it. Rome opened her arms to the penitent sinner, and Léo Taxil, destroying all the anti-clerical and irreligious books he had written, put his really fluent pen at the service of the Church. His blasphemies and curé-baiting literature had, however, an excellent market value, and in spite of the author’s interdiction, a firm of publishers, Messrs. Letouzey and Ané, who had published for him while a heretic, considered it good business to go on issuing his books and brochures, interdiction or not . . . Léo Taxil sued them for the fraud, not for profit, but with a view to stopping them from publishing works which, by his later lights, he saw as unclean things . . . A few days before the trial came on at the Ninth Chamber of Correctional Police, the publishers offered to “square” the matter with a sum of sixty thousand francs (£2,400), but this Léo Taxil refused, and ordered the prosecution to proceed. The verdict of the court was in the favour of the publishers, who have got off scot-free. This judgment has been condemned by every paper in Paris as a piece of sheer nonsense, and Léo Taxil has appealed, determined to carry his case before the jury of the Paris Assize Court. It is more than probable that the Assize jury will reverse the illogical judgment of the police court magistrates. The hearing of the appeal is anxiously looked for by all interested in letters in Paris.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

Paris, February 23rd.

The following is the brief report given in the *Intransigeant*:

**Tribunaux.**

**Auteurs et Éditeurs.**

Le procès intenté aux éditeurs Letouzey et Ané par M. Jogand, l’auteur de divers ouvrages cléricaux, s’est terminé hier par un jugement qui le déboute.

L’auteur reprochait aux éditeurs d’avoir, sans le prévenir, tiré de ses livres plusieurs éditions dont ils ne lui avaient pas tenu compte. Une enquête judiciaire et une expertise établirent le bien-fondé de ses réclamations, et les éditeurs qui, lors des premières plaintes de l’écrivain, lui répondaient qu’il était leur débiteur d’une centaine de francs, lui offrirent, à la veille de l’audience 60,000 francs, pour se désister.

Après de longs débats, malgré les aveux et les offres des prévenus, la neuvième chambre a déclaré qu’il n’y avait pas lieu d’accueillir la demande du plaignant, attendu que les mensonges, l’augmentation frauduleuse des bénéfices, la dissimulation des tirages ne constituent pas, de la part d’éditeurs, le délit d’abus de confiance.

Voilà qui serait rassurant pour les hommes de lettres, si la cour confirmait cette jurisprudence absolument insensée.—*Intransigeant.*

**AN OLD PIRATE SONG.**

There is a quaint legend of the Church of Saint Aleswill *super mare*—I do not swear to the name—that after it had utterly vanished from the face of the earth, an enterprising young rector restored it in all its entirety, wholeness, plenitude, integrity, yes, and even in all its antiquity, out of the remnants of the “restoration” of three churches in the neighbourhood—on the principle by which ingenious men in America often construct a “bank note” out of three, leaving four—which process, as it paid largely at little risk, was before the modern era of entire greenbacks, a sure dependence for “a world of honest fellows who get their living by stealing and cheating.” On the method employed by the young rector of Saint Aleswill and the American financiers referred to, I have put together the fragments of song gathered from three separate sources, making thereof a new one. But whether these fragments were originally portions of one and the same ballad, or whether the ballad in question is like some Chinese plays, or Spenser’s *Faerie Queene,* an endless series of parts, which like a polypus are continually dismembering and uniting, I cannot swear, affirm, or declare.

An American ex-sailor, who gave me a few of the verses, called it a mutineer’s song, adding that if an officer should hear a man sing it, the vocalist would be sure of receiving 25 lashes with a rope’s end, by way of reward. This was all long ago, when slavers, who were all pirates on occasion, swarmed in New York city, gloating in their
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calling, and no man made them afraid, and Señor Guarez had his offices there for "the Guinea traffic" in bozales, or "sacks of charcoal," i.e., negroes; and the United States Marshal (whom I remember as one of the keenest and "spryest" little men whom I ever met), was wont to go on board the slavers, and accept their hospitality, and aid them to get away in safety, his sworn duty being to intercept them. Let it be remembered to the credit of Abraham Lincoln that his very first act on coming to power was to break up this infernal nest of Guarez & Co.; in fact, he hung one of the gang. In those days I knew many men who had been slavers, and they are not all dead as yet.

There were, of course, among the English-speaking seamen who were in "the ebony trade," songs, some perhaps which had come down from the days of the Buccaneers, and I believe that some of the verses which I here give are of this antiquity. But to the lyric. The reader of Scott's "Pirate" will recognise the opening verse:

Hold Robin Rover
Said to his crew,
Up with the black flag,
And down with the blue.

Up with the black boy
All men to show:
And over the water
And off let us go!

A man-of-war he hailed us
"Come under my lee!"
"See you damned," said the pirate,
"For I'd rather sink at sea,
In the blue water,
Far out and free,
Cruising down on the shore
By the coast of Barbaree!"

We met the Flying Dutchman,
To windward he came,
His hull was all of hell-fire,
His sails were all of flame,
Fire in the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below.

Four and twenty dead men,
Those were the crew,
The devil in the bowsprit
Fiddled as she flew.
We gave her a gun shot
Right in the dip,
Puff, like a candle,
Out went the ship!

We met a gallant vessel
A sailing on the sea;
For mercy, for mercy,
For mercy she did plea,
But the mercy we gave her
We sank her in the sea;
Cruising down on the shore
By the coast of Barbaree.

Truly not a song for the piano, or for young ladies; indeed, there are not many men who can understand the grim and terrible, yet intense relish with which these ditties of the devil were sung in the olden time. Yet there is a scent as of cold salt water in them—a rocking of the vessel in the waves in their metre, and a fierce red gleam as of sunset lasting into the black night perceptible in the scenes which they recall.

Should any of my readers be able to give any further information as to, or contribute additional verses to, or show what the ballads were from which these fragments came, I—and perhaps the Editor as well—be very much obliged for the information supplied.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Florence, February 5th, 1892.

TITLES OF HONOUR.

I SHOULD like to say very shortly why I agree with Mr. Lang rather than with Mr. Besant in the matter of conferring titles, orders, or other official State honours on the sole ground of literary or artistic merit. First, we have already the honorary degrees of our universities. Is it likely that any corresponding honours given by the State would be as highly esteemed, or more wisely conferred?

Next, the proper object of official honour in this country, it seems to me, is official service, public service in the strict sense. Of the value of such services the State (that is, in the concrete, the head
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of the department concerned) is or ought to be not only a competent, but the most competent judge. In so far as literary and artistic institutions are under State direction or control (as the National Gallery, the Théâtre Français) this principle applies to persons who serve the State as directors or officers of such institutions, but not farther or otherwise.

General literary or artistic reputation, on the other hand, must depend in the long run on the general opinion of persons of knowledge and taste; an opinion which often is not settled for a generation or more. I see no reason to think that an official judgment in these matters would be specially competent, or even free from danger of being incompetent.

I am quite aware that the existing distribution of official honours could be reduced only with difficulty, if at all, to uniform principles, and that it does not invariably give satisfaction. This, I think, rather strengthens my argument. Also my purpose is to suggest what I believe to be the true general rule, not to deny that exception may fitly be made in singular cases. That of Lord Tennyson will occur to every reader. To discuss how far it is really exceptional would involve careful consideration of the relation of the peerage to other "titles of honour," and would exceed both the Author's space and my time.

F. Pollock.

My own case, as I endeavoured to set it forth, was, if I may state it once more, as follows:—

1. The service rendered to the State by the poet, the dramatist, the historian, the novelist, the essayist, is service as real and as important as the service of a great general, a statesman, or a great lawyer.

2. It is right and fitting that the State should recognize all kinds of State service with the same kind of distinction and honour.

3. The stock arguments against granting distinctions to art and letters—as, that distinguished authors should be satisfied with the reward of their own success—apply equally against granting distinctions to any other profession. For instance, what could possibly be a greater honour in itself than the winning of a great victory? Yet no one says that we should tell the successful general to be content with that honour.

4. The exclusion of any branch of the higher work of the world from national honour lowers that branch in the eyes of the general mass of the nation. The exclusion of literature tends to make literature in the eyes of the nation contemptible. To the official eye, everything that is excluded from national distinction is contemptible. As, for example, when five years ago, on the occasion of the greatest national function of the century, not a single man or woman of letters was invited to be present, as such.

5. The most formidable objection is that raised above by Sir Frederick Pollock, among others. It is the danger that the official judgment would prove, in art and letters especially, incompetent. Is it not incompetent in other branches? But the incompetence of officials in the way of literary distinction would very soon be challenged and remedied, because the whole question of titles and their bestowal will be raised and discussed, as soon as the literary class becomes concerned with it. At present, nobody ever discusses the subject, and the most ridiculous persons receive the national distinctions without a protest.

6. In short, my case is that to exclude literature from the national distinctions means either that such distinctions are worthless, and not to be desired by any class; or that the production of worthy literature is not a special service to the State.

W. B.

RED CLOVER.

Call me new born thy worshipper, sweet flower,
Soft laughter of the meadows! I have seen
Thy pink spheres shake away the dewy screen
From night's caress to greet the dawn's glad hour.

I feel the rich weight of thy blossoms cower
When wild winds sweep across the wastes of green,
Startling the bees, who, restful wings a-sheen,
Steal thy sweet richness for their queen's bright dower.

Thou seem'st to all pure things allied, and so
Thy blossoms touched no stranger when they lay
So proudly 'neath that rose-tipped chin of hers.
For she, though bred in cities, yet doth know
The finer thoughts of nature. Her soul stirs
To greet thee as thine own to greet the day.

Harriet Monroe.—New York Critic.
HAS a dramatist done his duty towards the public, when he tells a good story in such a way as to thoroughly interest and amuse his audience? Some persons think so, and as one of those who do, I venture to congratulate Mr. Oscar Wilde upon having done his duty, though so commonplace and middle-class a performance as duty-doing may appear to this brilliant and paradoxical author a poorish subject for congratulation.

"Lady Windermere's Fan" is brilliantly and audaciously funny—upon that everybody seems to agree—but certain objections have been urged against the story:—that it is improbable, that it is duty-doing may appear to this brilliant and paradoxical author a poorish subject for congratulation.

Here is the story:—Lord Windermere in attempting to help Mrs. Erlynne, his wife's dishonoured mother, back into good society, manages so indiscreetly that he is considered by society to be the lady's protector. The audience, like society, is kept in ignorance of this lady's relationship to Lady Windermere. Lady Windermere is told that her husband is devoted to an adventuress, and the husband, at the same moment, insists that the woman in question shall receive a card to his wife's ball. This she will not send. Her standard of morals is a very high one, and her ideal is the mother whom she believes to have been dead for twenty years. Lord Windermere sends the card himself, and his wife declares that when Mrs. Erlynne is announced, she will strike her across the face with her fan. And so the curtain comes down on a capital first act. In the second act, Mrs. Erlynne appears at the ball, to the malicious astonishment of Lady Windermere's guests, all of whom believe that she is playing the part of the complacent wife, in spite of her claims to the before-mentioned high standard. The blow is not struck, for Lady Windermere's courage fails her. But enraged at the public insult which she conceives to have been put upon her, she flies, on impulse, from her home to a man, whose dishonourable proposals she had put aside a few minutes earlier. The curtain rises for the third time upon the two women in the rooms of the would-be seducer, for Mrs. Erlynne has followed her daughter with the intention of persuading her to return to Lord Windermere. Just as Mrs. Erlynne's appeals have their proper effect upon Lady Windermere's heart, steps are heard outside the chamber and a party of men enter, among whom is Lord Windermere. Mrs. Erlynne takes refuge in an inner room, and Lady Windermere hides in the window-alcove behind the curtains. But Lady Windermere leaves her fan on the sofa. It is found. Lord Windermere demands from his host an explanation, threatening to search the place if it is not a satisfactory one. Mrs. Erlynne appears from the bedroom and owns to having brought the fan by mistake, and while all the men are absorbed in Mrs. Erlynne's confession, Lady Windermere escapes from the room unnoticed. Her reputation is saved, and Mrs. Erlynne's chances of returning into society—so frail and so carefully built up—are disposed of at once. Curtain, upon a very strong situation. In the fourth act we have a sort of reverse of the opening position. Lady Windermere, who knows that Mrs. Erlynne's act has saved her reputation, wants to see her again in order to thank her, but cannot of course say why. Lord Windermere, who believes that Mrs. Erlynne is a disgraceful woman, will not hear of his wife seeing her, but also cannot explain why, or reconcile his refusal with his expressed wishes of the night before. Mrs. Erlynne gets them out of the dilemma. She comes to say that she is leaving England for ever. She does not reveal herself to her daughter, and exacts from Lord Windermere that he also will respect her secret. The last curtain falls on the announcement that she is going to marry an unintelligent and amiable nobleman, to whom she has "explained everything."

Such is Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, and there is much in it which, thus baldly put, stamps it as rather improbable. Now it must be admitted that even in the play all the improbabilities do not disappear. Lady Windermere is willing to "exchange in a trice the lilies and languors" for "the roses and raptures," but the reasons for her conversion—impulse and pique—are not quite convincing. The fact that the villain was inefficient, and thus rendered particularly unpersuasive, must not, however, be counted as a fault to the story. Again, society's ignorance of Mrs. Erlynne's real identity, and Lady Windermere's ignorance of her mother's existence, are both a little difficult to believe in. Still the story is not wholly improbable; it only has that amount of improbability which stage representation has made a necessary factor in story-telling for dramatic purposes. All plays that are truly interesting have a more or less improbable story, or have a story in which more or less improbable incidents occur. The skill of the dramatist is shown in making these improbabilities of no particular account in his story, or in hiding them behind the strong interest which he creates in his characters. In reality probability has as little to do with making a play good as has morality. An immoral play can never be a good play, because it can never give general pleasure. It is outside the limitations which the necessity of giving general pleasure imposes. The very skilful man can say more than the clumsy man, but each
likewise is bounded by respect for his audience's self-respect. It is the same with probability. A splendid story-teller can be improbable, because the last thing that the fascinated recipient cares about, when listening to what his author has to say, is how far the incidents could really have happened. He believes in the impossible, because it is presented to him as the inevitable, and all he wants to know is—what is going to happen next. If he finds that he is pulled up in his stride to consider the probability of the story, he is irritated with the author, and he is right to be so. It means that the story has been too big for the author, who has been unable to create illusion. There is no difficulty of this sort in Mr. Wilde's case, and thus probability does not matter at all. Many people have said that it is an old story, and it seems to have suggested several French origins to several critics. But in almost every case the novel or play suggested was a different one, so that the story may be said to be one whose central idea has always been floating about among the dramatically-minded. Mr. Oscar Wilde, to his immense credit, appears to have used a complication which previously had struck Messrs. Balzac, Dumas, Augier, and Sardou (among others) as good. It is to his credit, because the new treatment is distinguished, adequate, and personal. He treats the theme of the erring mother and innocent daughter most delicately and reasonably. Although the characters are so superior to sentiment, and although Mr. Wilde has devised so happily cynical an end to the story, cynicism never forces mother and daughter into any position where the daughter is forced to act towards her unknown mother in a way that the audience might find horrible. The author would be the first person, we are sure, to admit that he has not made the theme his own because he has treated it from one point of view. He has only added one to the difficulties of the next dramatist who attempts to treat of the subject, by subjecting all successors to a comparison with another brilliant treatment. It would be as reasonable to say that Mr. Hardy might write no more strong bucolic stories, because of the wide circulation of "Ruth," as to try to prevent dramatists from treating of unrevealed mothers because "Odette" was a popular play. With regard to the way the story is told, Mr. Wilde originally decided that he would not reveal the identity of Mrs. Erlynne until the last act, and at its brilliant reception on the first night the story was played in that way and seemed to us quite intelligible. Neither Lord Windermere nor Mrs. Erlynne would have acted exactly as they did, had not the connexion between them been what it was. "If I am a good story-teller," said the author, "deduce from the behaviour of my characters what relations they must bear to each other." This, however, though a sensible attitude, is against the critical canons, which demand that the audience should not be asked to reason. Your audience, says the unwritten law, must know what the motives of action are, so that they may judge of the way in which the resulting actions are rendered. To me it seems that either method is quite capable of being the right method, and that, as in the amount of improbability that can be made to look probable, the personality of the author decides the question. If early in his story the author can show such good sense and reasoning power, that his listeners can trust him not to be making his characters say and do things without a reason, then he is right to keep the secret back, and the pleasure of gradually guessing the motive will be added to the pleasure of hearing the story. If, on the other hand, the author excels more in showing how a thing is done than why it is done, he must not leave his public in doubt about anything. Mr. Wilde now takes the audience into his entire confidence in the first act, which seems to me to be a concession to the sluggish, although it is in accord with generally expressed opinion.

Having settled to one's own satisfaction that the story is probable enough and new enough, because the author's skill and individuality of treatment have made it both, it remains only to add that the dialogue must have been a revelation to most present—to all, in fact, who had not read "The Decay of Lying." No such witty dialogue has been heard on our stage for many a long year. Paradox and epigram followed each other thick and fast. Too thick and too fast; but what a pardonable mistake! In "Lady Windermere's Fan," Mr. Oscar Wilde has given us a strong and dramatic story, and has set it in brilliantly witty words. I hope—and believe—that his play will meet with its deserts.

O. J.

NOTES AND NEWS.

I HAVE religiously published a mass of correspondence on the treatment of contributors by editors. At the same time, I think that many of the complaints against editors are groundless. It is a great pity that, when contributions are invited, editors should not show every consideration to those who respond. In the high class magazines and papers, I am sure that they do. In my own case I have frequently, in old times, received my papers back, but never without courtesy. Further, I am bound to say, that when time had passed and I could read the MS. in cold blood, I always approved of the decision of the
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On page 366 there will be found a very astonishing case. A firm of Parisian publishers named Letouzey and Ancé, deliberately falsified their figures to prevent paying royalties. When proceedings were commenced they offered to pay 2,400l. down, if the complaint would be withdrawn. The police court ruled that though the publishers had robbed the author in this wholesale way, their acts do not legally constitute the crime of "abuse of confidence." What a very remarkable law must be that which obtains in France! And what a very remarkable confirmation of the justice of our claim that authors have a full right to have accounts audited!

How does a book get read? The question is asked in the February Author (p. 282). The correspondent explains that he wants to know what way the general public, living all over the world, gets to hear of a book, and is stimulated to read it. Formerly, he says, there were the booksellers' shops, but these have certainly not increased in proportion to the vast increase of the book trade. That is very true: booksellers have gone down instead of up. In the old days the country bookseller had all the new books on his counter; he was often a person held in great esteem for his reading and his knowledge, especially in Cathedral towns. But there is now one shop which has increased and multiplied, and spread itself until it has well nigh swallowed up all the rest. This is the railway bookstall. Look at the great bookstall at the Great Western, for instance; or at any important station on that line, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth. All day long the buying goes on; before every train goes out; from morning until evening. And this at all the stations over the whole country. That is the principal way in which books are sold in the country. Who tells the people what to buy? Partly, the salesman; partly, the name of the author; partly, the advertisements; partly, the reviews; partly, the title of the book; partly, the subjects. The great mass of readers do not read reviews, they are moved by some of the other considerations referred to above. And, perhaps, more than all, by that whisper, which, directly a book attracts attention, runs like lightning over the whole country. In the train, in the
omnibuses, at dinner, wherever people meet and talk, a book is recommended and at once ordered, if only of the library. How to attract that attention? Well, the only known way—the only way yet discovered—is to present attractive work.

The questioner goes on to ask how the publisher sells his books? Some do not. There is the omnibus, where people meet and talk, also very elastic in their prices, and, to make a ileal, this respect. Some seem not to know how to sell: a book is recommended and at once ordered, if only discovered— is to present attractive work. They advertise them; they send out copies to the press; they watch the press notices. Some publishers are greatest possible difference between publishers in this respect. Some sell their books rapidly and easily. The difference is so great, that in some cases we have deliberately sent authors to publishers whose agreements we know to be unfair and one-sided, because, in spite of this fact, the author will do better with them than with other houses where they will give him a better agreement. As to the methods of sale, they have travellers for town and country; they get their books subscribed at Smith's and Mudie's; they get them taken for the stalls; they have them sent to India and the colonies; they advertise them; they send out copies to the press; they print their titles in their lists and circulars; they watch the press notices. Some publishers are also very elastic in their prices, and, to make a deal, will often lower the price very materially. This fact must be borne in mind when the question of equitable royalties is considered. And it must be remembered that while a careless publisher or an incompetent publisher may grievously damage a book, not the most zealous publisher in the world can make the world buy what the world does not want.

We were talking of literary collections. We discussed the hunter after first editions, the collector of rare books because they are rare, the haunter of book auctions, the man who eagerly turns over "all this lot at fourpence," the man who has stories of how he picked up a rare bargain, and the man who buys and keeps books which he thinks will become valuable. Thus, "Payne's translation of Villon," and Burton's "Arabian Nights," have been bought and kept on the chance of the price going up. Again, as any second-hand catalogue shows, there are the first editions of Louis Stevenson and Andrew Lang, at the present moment first favourites with the collectors of new first editions. Then there are the collectors of books about places and people. I could name one man who has all the Wordsworth editions; another a nearly exhaustive collection of books on Coleridge. I have myself a goodly lot of books on London; another man has a great collection of books connected with the navy. All these belong to the serious—the literary—collections. There are again the autograph collectors, whose name is legion, and whose impudence is colossal. Then there are the lighter and more frivolous collections. Of these there are endless varieties. And here the other man came out strong. One man, he said, has collected election squibs for the last three or four general elections. Another collects penny songsters; another, halfpenny ballads; another, shilling shockers; another, chap books; another—who must have a library as big as a barn—dramatic posters. "But the cream of the fancy collections," he concluded, "is the most curious and the most valuable, to wit, a collection of those editions of contemporary plays, so familiar to the dramatic world, which are 'printed as manuscript, not published.'" They invariably differ from the copy deposited with the Lord Chamberlain (or with whomsoever they be deposited now), for that copy represents the play as about to be performed, these its shape after it has gone through the fire of the "first night," and has been invariably modified somewhat by experience, or in conformance with public taste. The copies, printed to save the labour of type-writing "parts" and copies for prompters, are distributed only among performers and persons closely connected with the theatre, and not only are they not to be bought, but the authors guard them very jealously. A man who could collect them would have collected about as uncollectable a species of literature as exists. And he must make haste. If the copyright laws once make the printing and publishing of plays safe—these unpublished "printed as manuscript" curiosities will disappear.

Here is a bibliographical description of the edition of the popular farcical comedy "Jane":—


The book is printed on one side of the paper only, recto. Title page, characters, and a diagram of scenery form three separate leaves inserted before sig. A. Only there is no sig. A, the first sheet being without signature. Then follows sigs. B, C, D, in 16° of, I think double-post; but the book has been cut. After sigs. D, one leaf is inserted without signature.

Our correspondent, C. S. Oakley, shows how a book may, by taking a vast deal of trouble, be introduced to the public without a publisher at all. It is true that it would be at a disadvantage to begin with, but it is possible that, in the case of a fairly successful book, the author might really do better for himself by dispensing
with an agent. Ruskin tried it, with the result that he has created a publisher. A lady in California, however, well known as an effective storyteller, has started a venture of her own. She brings out a monthly magazine containing one story of her own, and nothing else, every month. The enterprise has begun with what promises to be an action at law. A paper in one of the Eastern States has deliberately stolen the work of her first number. Meantime, the experiment seems to be attracting a good deal of attention in literary America. The lady's name is Flora Haines Longhead; her stories are called the Gold Dust Series.

I was asked last December by Mr. Archibald Grove to give him a paper for the New Review on literary collaboration. I took as my text an essay written by Mr. Brander Matthews, introductory to his new collection of collaborated stories. In another part of this journal will be found the conclusion of my little paper. But I very particularly invite all who contemplate collaboration to read that essay by Mr. Matthews, and, in order to do so, to get his book. Meantime, it is right to own that the experience of some men makes rather against than for collaboration. I have myself been exceptionally and greatly fortunate in my own ventures into the field of collaboration. But all are not so fortunate. I have known examples where the work has been simply ruined through the partners being either unsuited to each other or ignorant of the proper methods of collaboration. In any case let the partnership be tentative at first, and, if successful, let it be carried on from book to book. But the best collaboration, as I have endeavoured to point out, is that gained by talking a thing over.

If I were younger I would make a most valuable little library by cutting out all the really good articles from the magazines and all the really good short stories. There is, on an average, one article in every month's pile which one would like to keep, and one or two stories every month which one would like to cut out of the magazines and the collections. For instance, I should cut out, for this month, Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson's paper in Longman's on the "Mastery of Pain," as an article whose subject goes straight to everyone's heart, while the story which it tells is of extraordinary interest. Then there is Frederick Anstey's little story in his new book of collected tales, called "Shut Out," which I recommend to those youthful critics who are always informing the world that we cannot write short stories. And there is, perhaps—I am not sure whether it would last—Andrew Lang's nightmare in the same number of Longman's.

The author of an excellent little story called the "History of a Failure," which appeared in the pages of Longman's—say, rather shone in the pages of Longman's—last October, is going to be reproduced in volume form by the same publisher. The book will be entitled "The History of a Failure and other stories, by E. Chilton." I have not the honour of E. Chilton's acquaintance, but if the other stories are on the same level with the first, the book ought to receive the warmest of welcomes.

WALTER BESANT.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE TIME—1788.

IT is called a catalogue of "Celebrated authors now living." There are 472 of them—actually 472, in the deadest period of English letters! The catalogue contains a complete list of their publications with "occasional strictures." Such a catalogue in these days enumerates the works without the strictures, and, indeed, presents features of suspected autobiography. It is in these occasional remarks that the interest of the volume chiefly consists, though it is also interesting to note how long the memory of many indifferent writers may survive, and how generous are the bounds of limited immortality. The animus of some of the remarks upon, and the space assigned to, certain persons, now utterly forgotten, shows that there were then, as there are now, some who made as much noise as they possibly could, hoping that people would mistake noise for prophecy. For instance, who now remembers Stephen Addington, D.D.? He lived, however, and he talked; and he must have been greatly pleased to find himself described in the following remarkable terms: "With specious abilities, he is reported to have carefully modelled those abilities to the meridian of a coterie of canting old women, and has published several pious pamphlets full of grace and edification. He is also concerned in a presbyterian hotbed for the instruction of grown gentlemen in all sciences in the course of a twelve month." Again, John Andrews, LL.D., is said to be an author of moderate abilities, who appears to have taken some pains for the improvement of mankind. Again, one Miles Andrews is
sliidto have produced plays, “each of which has taken its station in the region of mediocrity.” Charles Anstey’s “New Bath Guide” is spoken of as “that exquisite poem”—but then the use or custom of adjectives varies. Of Samuel Ayscough, assistant librarian to the British Museum, who made catalogues and indexes, it is cruelly written: “Performances of this sort have their use, though they should happen, as in the present instance, to be extremely incorrect.” Mrs. Brooke is “a female writer of very distinguished merit.” Up to that year in her distinguished career she had published a tragedy, three novels, and a farce, besides translations. Now, unless Mrs. Brooke was a personal friend of the compiler of this catalogue, the praise bestowed upon her shows that she was a woman with a following of disciples. Is there any single person now living who has read a work by Mrs. Brooke? One name, which we omit, because it would be cruel to quote it, is given in connexion with a “tragedy never performed.” Heavens! If “Men of the Time” of 1892 were to include authors of plays never performed, novels never published, poems declined with thanks, how rich and splendid would be the literary army of the day! Of “Geoffrey Gambado” we have all heard, but who knows its author’s “most admired drawing,” called Lord’s Day Evening Amusements? It is, however, pleasing to learn that his wife “is much admired for her personal charms and mental accomplishments.” In the career of General Burgoyne, again, we all remember a most unfortunate day at Saratoga, but do we remember that this gallantly incapable officer was also incapable in other directions, especially in playwriting? Of Frances Burney it is sadly stated that since her appointment as keeper of the robes, “the hours of this celebrated genius have been chiefly occupied in the folding of muslins.” Here is a somewhat cold reception to the first of (then) living poets. “Burns, Robert, a ploughman in the county of Ayr, in the kingdom of Scotland. His poems were published in the year 1787.” George Canning “is a young gentleman of the kingdom of Ireland, late of Eton College. He was the most approved writer in a periodical called the Microcosm.” Of Clarkson, we learn that his efforts against slavery dated from a prize essay gained at Cambridge in the year 1785. William Cooke is the “author of the Life of Doctor Johnson,” which appeared about three days after his death, and has very worthily been bound up with a jest book.” William Cowper “has taken a turn to Methodism, is of a serious and melancholy humour, and spends his whole time in rural retirement. His works are poetical . . . they are greatly deformed and obscured by the total neglect of method. He is best known by a kind of rhyming romance, entitled John Gilpin’s Journey to Edmon- ton, which is the most indifferent of all his performances.” Lady Craven is a person of extreme grace and vivacity in private life, who has successfully transferred these qualities to paper. Among her productions is one which ought not to be forgotten, if only on account of its title, “The History of the Baron Kinkvankotslurspruen-gotchelderns.” Thomas Day is the author of a work of “more reputation than merit,” called “Sandford and Merton.” Of Catherine Macaulay, the historian, we are told that her style is “loose, incoherent, and ungrammatical,” and that “her present husband is said to entertain such a fondness for money as to oblige her to live without a servant, and to officiate himself in the character of cook and chambermaid.” Of Samuel Horsley, D.D., Bishop of St. David’s, “Dr. Horsley married his maid-servant, and is editor of the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton”—the two events being considered equally remarkable. Of Hannah More, we learn, after the examination of her works, that she has lately been celebrated for her animated patronage, and still more animated quarrel, with Mrs. Anne Yearsley, the “poetical milkwoman.” What were the circumstances of this historic quarrel? Anne Newry, whom we seem to have forgotten, is harshly called “one of the mob of writers who have lately undertaken to produce books for the instruction of children.” Of John Nichols, whose “Collection of Poems” is now rather rare, it is said that his characteristic qualities are “industry without taste, and the faculty of collecting a vast quantity of materials without discrimination.” Here is a sad episode in the life of a man of genius. It occurred to O’Keefe, actor, dramatist, and poet. He had to leave the Dublin stage and his native country owing to “the accident of having demolished his wife’s nose in a fit of jealousy.” Was there ever a more untoward event in the history of a poet? Mrs. Thrale is treated kindly. She “had long borne with the moroseness and petulance of Johnson for the sake of his great respectable qualities, but her second marriage occasioned an open and violent rupture between them, and produced several angry and ill-breud letters from her former preceptor.” John Potter—a clergyman—wrote “luscious” novels—he is now rightly punished for his lusciousness by oblivion. Pratt—without a Christian name—a bookseller of Bath, who called himself Courtney Melmoth, Esquire—that a bookseller should dare to call himself Esquire!—wrote a quantity of books, and, says the catalogue sarcastically, “there are people now living who believe that they possess a degree of merit”! Of one Stockdale, who wrote sermons and poems, it is said that “he is
THE AUTHOR.

paradoxical without being ingenious, even without the faculty of invention; and he possesses the true poetic melancholy without one of poetic imagination." Of another clergyman we are told that he wrote a tragedy which he could not get acted; he therefore engaged a company of actors himself and produced it. The work "is reported to have produced all the effects of a genuine comedy."

And of yet another clergyman it is said that "his writings are not good prose, because they are tagged with rhymes; and they are not good poetry, because they are cold, insipid, pleonastic, and prosaic."

Mrs. Trimmer—our own, our proverbially admired Trimmer!—is said to be "a devout lady who dedicates her slender talents"—slender!—"to the instructing from the press of the rising generation. Her works are a Sacred History, in four volumes, 12mo, and a spelling book, price sixpence." She was fated to do even greater things. One Waldron published an edition of Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd." He "appears by no means deficient in that sort of industry which leads a man to peruse all such writers as were never read."

Poor Ben Jonson! Of Horace Walpole, that great authority on manners, it is actually said that "an acute and refined sensibility is not the strong side of Mr. Walpole's character." It will be seen that even so far back as the year 1788, authors had acquired the elements of the art of saying extremely disagreeable things about each other, in fact, those very things which were well understood to be the most disagreeable. It must also be acknowledged that the "occasional strictures" of this critic are for the most part well deserved. It is difficult to ascertain what amount of vogue had been obtained by the writers whom he ridicules or censures, but in every age there are reputations undeserved and popularities ephemeral. And it must also be acknowledged that this list, which does not contain half-a-dozen names worth preserving, does yet contain a great number—a surprisingly great number—of mediocre writers whose names, and even their works, have somehow survived to the present day.

THE DANCE OF DEATH!

1.

Shrouded in white, and with dishevelled hair,
A strange wild dance the awesome woman flung;
Atween the ebon coffins lying there,
While a weird ditty to herself she sung:

"The Dance of Death!" Thus she said,
That's the Dance for me!
Floating round the confined dead,
Softly, silently."

2.

A tiny silver lamp, a niche within,
Upon the Dancer threw a sickly gleam,
Showing the features of this child of sin;
And still she chanted on as in a dream:

"The Dance of Death amid the dead!"
That's the Dance for me!
Gisting round the coffin head,
Softly, silently."

3.

From out the depths of night her spectral bird,
The ghostly owl did send its chilling cry;
No other sound in that dim vault was heard,
Save the poor maniac's ghastly monody:

"The Dance of Death amid the dead!"
That's the Dance for me!
Floating round the coffin head,
Softly, silently."

F. B. DOVETON.

WITHOUT A PUBLISHER?

M ANY years ago Mr. Herbert Spencer pointed out that in the present state of the evolution of society it would be perfectly possible, if people would only help themselves and look at things as they are, for an author to do without a publisher. But if we try to examine the manner in which publishers probably arose, we may take for granted, I think, that originally the author did so, and that the gradual differentiation of the publisher was simply a natural working of the law of distribution of labour. When a man had written a book he set about to get it printed, and the man who printed it also had a shop where it was sold. And since he made terms with the writers who came to him he gradually became a publisher; and the publisher, as publisher, became differentiated from the bookseller and the printer by the growth of trade. But in those days (and in the next two sentences I go back to the substance of what Mr. Spencer has said) travelling was difficult, and advertisement was difficult, and distribution was difficult, and without the occult machinery of the middleman it was impossible for the writer to obtain a market. Railways, newspapers, the penny post and the telegraph have created a different order of things, but the writing man has been the last person to perceive it practically. He still insists on employing a very expensive middleman to do things which, in very many instances, he would be perfectly capable of doing himself. First of all, let us take the case of a perfectly unknown author, and let us suppose him to have written a political or social pamphlet, such as would naturally be sold in paper covers at a shilling. He
may have a well-founded belief in the usefulness of his ideas. If he takes this pamphlet to a dozen publishers in succession, he will meet, with the reply that it is not in their line, and that nothing but a notorious name on the cover could make anybody ask for it. He may send it to reviews, but, unless it is trimmed to catch more than one breeze it will come back to him.

* Again, supposing a publisher to take it on commission; he may furnish (as a sine qua non) an estimate which more than covers the actual expense, and may insist on 750 copies being printed, though having a shrewd suspicion that not more than 50 will ever be wanted, and most of these for presentation. Furthermore, he may just conceivably fail in interest in the matter after the cheque has been paid. But if the aspiring writer went to a printer and asked for the price of so much printed matter in paper covers, and at the outside of 50 copies, and paid his bill, which would be but a trifling sum, he could then insert in two newspapers the announcement that such and such a pamphlet could be obtained at such and such a private house on payment of one shilling by the passer by, or of one shilling and twopence to include postage paid. Not much response would come to this, but what came would be all profit to the writer. Meanwhile, he would simply go and ask at certain journals' offices that the thing be noticed; asking no unworthy favour, be it remarked, but making an honest request, as an honest traveller might leave samples of his goods with a country firm. If there were anything in the book some favourable notice would very likely come, and all the money returns would be profit. With the profit the wise author would slightly increase his machinery, as by leaving it with certain booksellers on commission, or negotiating directly with W. H. Smith & Co. to place it on every bookstall. He would have parted with no right, and profit would probably come to any man who was originally justified in his undertaking.

Next, let us take the case of an established and successful author. He, of course, can do as he likes; he is really entirely independent of his publisher. The immense occult machinery of the publisher, of course, offers him great advantages; but are they not too dearly bought? No one really knows this in its entirety but the publishers themselves. What may be called shrewd suspicions point to the conclusion that they are. The successful author would, of course, have to appoint an agent, and the being such an agent would grow up into a trade, but employing one man who was his servant and private secretary, and making always his bargain with his printer, there is little doubt he could make immense savings on the publishing system. I admit that what I say operates less in favour of well-get-up pretty-looking books, especially those in which illustration plays a part, and more in favour of books in which the subject-matter is all in all. But this again is a summation devoutly to be wished, and the market is at the moment perhaps over-flooded with publications in which secondary accessories really determine the sale.

However, the case of the unknown author is really the more important of the two; and the matter to be insisted on in his case is, the advantage of beginning with nothing more than that which you actually want. If you are forced to commence by paying for 750 copies, there is a strong probability that you will be asked to take back about 707 copies as waste paper at the end of 18 months, and an incidental advantage to the publisher of the insistence on at least this number, has been that the general estimate can be made more impenetrable.

But if a man goes himself to the printer and asks the price of 50 copies, and sells them himself, he has no unnecessary expenses for a problematical result. In this way he makes the thing pay itself. The next time he goes to his printer he can almost pay him out of results. And then pure profit (or almost pure) begins to set in. An analogy may be suggested in the case of a private tutor, who is asked to pay 1,000£. for a connexion, but who has a belief in himself and declines. What does he do? He sits down in a single room next door to the man who wishes to be bought out; he knows that one or two privately know his worth, that pupil will pay for gradual increase of accommodation. This illustrates that side of the difficulty which touches on expense. The question of distribution is illustrated by what often happens in the case of ladies who live in the country and want to sell flowers. They advertise that by sending a shilling or two shillings to a certain address, the sender will receive in return small boxes of early flowers. The senders of money finding that the flowers honourably arrive tell their friends, and profit ensues. Meanwhile experience grows to the flower-producer; and the mingled experience and profit then justify a small shop at the west end. Courage and limitation of actual expenses come to repay themselves. All this is thrown out for the benefit of any untried author who believes in himself; and it is thought that such people exist.

But there is a way in which all this affects the Authors' Society. The Authors' Society has an office, it has a few clerks, and most of all it employs as readers men very competent to give opinions as to what has merit in it among manuscripts.

* I make this statement on the supposition that the name of the author is not eminent.
submitted. Merit in itself I mean, apart from commercial value from the publisher's view of the probable existing demand. The Society may feel called upon to recommend the authors of such manuscripts to publish at their own expense, and may even suggest having the courage to be their own distributors. But these authors may lack the means for the initial expenses, and they may on other grounds be unwilling. There is no reason why the Authors' Society should not say to these men, "We recommend you to be your own publishers, and you should see your own printers immediately; but you may refer the public to this office by your advertisements. We will undertake the storage and the details of distribution, and our charges will be only sufficient to recoup expenses of distribution and management. It is obvious that this privilege will only be given to the deserving; that is, to those only of whose manuscripts the Society's readers shall have so reported as to cause the Society to say that they are entitled on public grounds to a fair hearing. The Society therefore says to them that if they should be refused by publishers, or if they prefer to brave the market in their own way, they do so with the great advantage of bearing to this extent the imprimatur of the Society, and the growing knowledge on the part of the public that this imprimatur will be extended only to those whose manuscripts seem in their several ways excellent, independently of any existing demand in particular directions to the exclusion of other directions equally good in themselves, will cause probably a larger number of manuscripts to be submitted to them. Now, as the charge for reading will be given partly to the reader and partly to the Society, the Society will itself profit by its public-spirited effort.

But the subject does not stop here. The moment the Society has assumed this position, another aspect of the matter shows itself, and this is the most important aspect perhaps of all. There are certain matters of intellectual development in which it is good for competent people to create an artificial market. At least Chantrey thought so in matters of pictorial or sculptured art, for he left a sum out of what he had gained by his genius to enable his successors to buy what they felt to be good, and felt that it was unlikely that the public would buy. He wished that a painter who paints his best, independently of the market, should feel that he had the chance of one purchaser, namely, a body which contained the best opinion on art obtainable, and that this body, by purchasing his work for the nation, should give him a position he could not otherwise obtain. In literature, of course, there could be no question of purchasing for the nation. Nevertheless it might be good not so much to create an artificial market, because in literature only the public can ultimately decide that, as to give those a chance of a hearing to whom the chances of the market would probably deny it, therefore the Authors' Society should at once be taking steps towards setting aside a sinking fund, which should become the nucleus of a capital destined to act the part of the Chantrey Bequest. This could be done in various ways:—(1.) To begin with, authors who had in this way been helped to publish might be compelled to make it part of the bargain that they should set aside a per-centage out of the first year's or two years' profits of their aided work towards such a fund, or that they should contribute their three guineas or so, directly the aided work had yielded them more than a certain sum of profit. So a schoolmaster who has obtained a place through an agent is compelled to pay commission on the first year's salary. (2.) Members of the Authors' Society who are well off, or those generally interested in literature, should be asked to contribute a guinea a year to the fund. (3.) Men who have really made money by literature, or who love literature on independent grounds and have wealth, should be invited to larger subscriptions, or to leave sums in their will to such a fund. (4.) This matter is more important to literature than an Authors' Club, because all authors who have vitality will feel that to mix with the general world is more important to them than to mix with authors. Walter Scott in an authors' club would have only partially enjoyed himself. But the Authors' Club will have many advantages in giving solidarity to those who use the pen, and it can be made to subservire this very point. Great luxury of residence and style would be out of place in an authors' club, and therefore by a self-denying ordinance a per-centage of all actual profit on the ultimate working of the club might be set aside for the fund, and thus well-to-do authors would be compelled, unconsciously as regards many of them, to help the possible coming man, and to secure an independent position to really worthy effort as against the prevailing market of the hour. I think I am not wrong in saying that the Burlington Fine Arts Club has published engravings, and so the Authors' Club, independently of the formal examination of manuscripts, might be the means of discovering where to assist.

This capital, when obtained, would be intended to be drawn upon that the Society might contribute to, or pay all, the expenses of the first book published by an author, or of his first book on an unpopular subject, and it might be accompanied by a stipulation that where the profits were considerable the expenses should be repaid. The policy of such a stipulation would be matter for consideration. The use of the fund might apply to poems or novels as well as to any other form of literature. But, as
an instance of the way in which considerations of the market may hamper the publication of what might be beneficial in itself, I will instance that only the other day I heard of this. An essay dealing with social improvement, which was thought to have some strong points, had been offered to a publisher. This essay criticised prevailing sentiments, both social and political, which have their probable foundation in religion. The answer given by the publisher was that it was useless to put such a book on the market, unless it bore on its title-page the name of an F.R.S. or a bishop. Now, it is obvious that if a well-directed attack on such sentiments was to come it would be more likely to come from one who had not yet attained the dignity of F.R.S., and certainly it would be more likely not to come from a bishop.

This subject is not wholly alien to that of the miserable little pensions to survivors which are fought for, as a piteous spectacle for the world, when men who have done service in literature die. Personally, I am inclined to deplore any State patronage of literature, and I think it is of very doubtful advantage that authors should ever use this fund to take the place of the State in this matter; yet, if they thought otherwise, there would, in what I suggest, be the nucleus of a fund for doing so. The actors provide for the weaker brethren; and they at least show authors that a body of men can value themselves, and not come to the State for aid.

My remarks amount to this, that I propose a trades' union for authors; and indeed it is high time that they had one, for it is a profession that is essentially weak in the individual members of it, except in the two or three who have "arrived" and more than arrived. And having used the word trades' union, I may add that there is no reason why the Authors' Society should not do yet one or two things more. There is no reason why they should not fight actions. The law of "maintenance" is formidable on paper. One of its sources may have been a fear lest the poor should combine. But in so far as it still exists it may be defeated, and it is not dishonourable to defeat it. Publishers, in so far as they are a hostile body, should be made to feel that they have to fight the whole purse of the society over agreements, or the absence of them.

Again, there is no reason why it should not be an entirely honourable and moderate loan office. There is no creature who is more in need of it than the honourable man with ideas, that cannot be put upon the market in a moment. I mention this because, of course, such a development is entirely dependent upon the creation of the suggested fund. I will illustrate this idea first of all by one of the best known passages in literary history, which the pencil of Frith has made familiar to many whom a charming book would not appeal to. It happened to a shiftless person, and literature has escaped from Bohemia; but without Bohemian ways, many a man could fairly ask for a loan on work accomplished, at the present day. When Goldsmith or Goldsmith's landlady sent round for Johnson, Johnson found the completed "Vicar of Wakefield" as an existing asset. His quick eye saw there was money in it in 10 minutes. But what was he to do? A loan would have been accompanied by exorbitances and delays unimaginable. Moreover at that day it would not have been entertained. Nor would it now, by the publishers, except on terms which are equitably unfair. Johnson was obliged to sell out and out; and nothing but his authority and unselfishness could have obtained the 60l. that he did obtain. But an Authors' Society, with a reading staff, a lawyer, and a cash fund, could have given Goldsmith a few pounds at the moment, which would not have tempted him to invite the landlady to drink, could have subsidized him with a few more pounds when matters had been examined, and could have retained for him his full interest in a remunerative work. There are no few men here and there who could satisfy an Authors' Society of the existence of accumulated material of a certain value, and when credentials of character and intention had been obtained, they could be subsidized in such a way as to enable them to continue useful work without distressing sacrifices. Five per cent., and the payment of necessary investigations, is all the Society would ask. They would only be doing what a solicitor will do for land. There must be a slightly greater risk, for literature is intangible. This slightly greater risk can be measured in a practical way by lenders whose aims are public ones, and who have no private ends to serve.

C. S. Oakley.

OBSERVATIONS ON "THE TALE-TELLING ART" IN SIR WALTER SCOTT'S INTRODUCTIONS TO THE "WAVERLEY NOVELS."

The aim of the following paper is to collect together the scattered hints and observations on "the tale-telling art" that occur in the various "Introductions," "Introductory Epistles," "Prefaces," and "Advertisements," which Sir Walter Scott at one time or another prefixed to the different editions of the "Waverley Novels." The number of such hints and remarks is not small.
But they lie almost perdu in this heap of prefatory essays of various kinds. Students of Scott are, of course, well aware of their existence. Prefaces, however, are things which a great many people—including some authors, who certainly ought to know better—do not read. Whilst even, in the case of those who do read them, the casual and frequently almost accidental manner in which some of the most pregnant and most valuable of these observations are introduced renders it easy to overlook their importance, and difficult to remember them. Respecting their value there cannot be too opinions. They represent conclusions about fiction, and about the writing of fiction, to which one of our greatest novelists had been led by his own experience. And it will be readily admitted that, if anyone ever lived competent to speak with authority on such matters, it was “the Wizard of the North.” His various Introductions are also included in all copyright editions of the “Waverley Novels”—books that ought to be in every English house—and everyone will, therefore, be in a position to compare the extracts here presented with the context in which Sir Walter Scott himself offered them to the world, and to supplement the contents of these brief articles with his own reading and observation.

It may be well, first of all, to remark that two of Sir Walter Scott’s introductions contain much more information respecting his views on the art of fiction than any others. These two are the “Introductory Epistle, Captain Clutterbuck to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust,” prefixed to “The Fortunes of Nigel,” and the “Introduction to the Monastery.” In the former, as everyone will remember, the imaginary Captain Clutterbuck relates how, having called upon his bookseller in Edinburgh, he chanced to penetrate into a certain “labyrinth of small dark rooms,” and at last, all unexpectedly, came upon the “Eidolon of the Author of Waverley.” The “Vision” bade him be seated, and then he and the author of Waverley discussed various topics, including the “Waverley Novels,” the captain stating a good many of his own views about these works pretty freely, and the author making reply. The Introduction to “The Monastery,” is of an entirely different character. In it Sir Walter Scott himself relates how the romance was by degrees built up from his first conception of a motif, adding, as he goes on, a considerable number of criticisms upon the work, which, as he plainly says in another place, he considers “something very like a failure.” (Introduction to “The Abbott.”) There is so much in both these introductions that defies quotation, that (though extracts from them will be given below) the reader who desires to see what kind of lesson Sir Walter Scott’s prefaces have to teach, cannot do better than give both of them a careful perusal from end to end. Every line of the Introduction to “The Monastery” (though Sir Walter Scott did consider the tale “something very like a failure”) will be read with interest, revealing, as it does, the whole genesis of the romance, and offering a fuller and more elaborate criticism of the author’s own work than any other of his Introductions.

In the second place it is self-evident that the greatest lesson of all to be learned from Sir Walter Scott’s prefaces is how a legend, a ballad, or a simple tale is converted into a long romance. It is not necessary here to point out how large a proportion of Sir Walter Scott’s novels are built upon a foundation of this sort. But every reader who has perused the simple narrative as given by Sir Walter Scott in his Introduction, and the romance he has constructed out of it, must have reflected upon how vast a treasure of legend and ballad, and piquant tale, historical and domestic, still exists untouched, whilst a cry is being raised that all the stories have been told, and whilst some authors are casting about them anxiously for any kind of new theme. How the lesson of Sir Walter Scott’s example is to be taken to heart, how the magical transformation of a tale of a couple of pages into a romance of some 130,000 words (that is about the length of “The Bride of Lammermoor”) should be effected, it is not for the writer of these lines to say. But this is evidently one of the biggest lessons which the author’s introductions and the “Waverley Novels” themselves, taken together, have to teach. In the various prefaces preceding the tales, and in the notes added at their conclusion, the reader is put into possession of the artist’s studies. In the novel itself he has the completed work. No one will be so foolish as to suppose that, because he has both set before him, he will be able to rival the magic with which Sir Walter Scott changed the one into the other. Neither, on the other hand, can anyone be so obtuse as not at once to perceive that in this open presentment of the tale and of its elements, a great master is offering lessons of priceless value. If it is pardonable to offer (very diffidently) an opinion respecting which tales might be first studied in this way with the greatest advantage, perhaps “Guy Mannering,” “The Bride of Lammermoor,” and “The Heart of Midlothian” might be selected. Or should “Kenilworth” be preferred to “Guy Mannering,” because, in the case of the latter, Sir Walter Scott broke away from his original design? Only the very fact of his having broken away from that original design, and his reason for so doing, and what he substituted in its place, seem all to be parts of the lesson his work offers. He tells us:—

“The author of ‘ Waverley’ had imagined a possibility of framing an interesting and, perhaps,
not unedifying tale out of the incidents of the life of a doomed individual, whose efforts at good and virtuous conduct were to be for ever disappointed by the intervention, as it were, of some malevolent being, and who was at last to come off victorious from the fearful struggle."

But he adds below—

"It appeared, on mature consideration, that Astrology, though its influence was once received and admitted by Bacon himself, does not now retain influence over the general mind sufficient even to constitute the mainspring of a romance. Besides, it occurred that to do justice to such a subject would have required not only more talent than the author could be conscious of possessing, but also involved doctrines and discussions of a nature too serious for his purpose, and for the character of his narrative."

But, to continue, Sir Walter Scott does not leave us altogether without information respecting how the conversion of a short story into a long one was effected by himself. Many hints, which must be read in their proper context, are scattered amongst his prefaces and notes, and something more general is said in the "Prefatory Letter: Dr. Dryasdust to Captain Clutterbuck," preceding "Peveril of the Peak."

"A poor fellow like myself, weary with sacking his own barren and bounded imagination, looks out for some general subject in the huge and boundless field of history, which holds forth examples of every kind—lights on some personage, or some combination of circumstances, or some striking trait of manners which he thinks may be advantageously used as the basis of fictitious narrative—bedizens it with such colouring as his skill suggests—ornaments it with such romantic circumstances as may heighten the general effect—invests it with such shades of character as will best contrast it with each other, and thinks perhaps he has done some service to the public if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture, for which the original anecdote or circumstance . . . only furnished a slight sketch."

To proceed next to particulars. First of all, the people who think that fiction is an art have Sir Walter Scott on their side. In the "General Preface to the 'Waverley Novels'" he calls this art the "craft of romance writing," and in "The Introduction to the Betrothed," "the tale-telling art." Whilst in his imaginary conversation with Captain Clutterbuck in the "Introductory Epistle" preceding the "Fortunes of Nigel," already mentioned, the captain having quoted "Tom Jones" as a novel that satisfies the highest conceptions of a romance, the author of "Waverley" replies, "True, and perhaps 'Amelia' also. Fielding had high notions of the dignity of an art which he may be considered as having founded."

This immediately suggests the question—what constitutes a good novel? We find these replies:—

"To describe manners minutely . . . to arrange an artificial and combined narrative . . . these two requisites of a good novel." ("Advertisement" preceding "Antiquary.")

And, as a description of a perfect novel,—

"Natural and probable—commencing strikingly, proceeding naturally, ending happily—like the course of a famed river, which gushes from the mouth of some obscure and romantic grotto—then gliding on, never pausing, never precipitating its course, visiting, as it were, by natural instinct, whatever worthy subjects of interest are presented by the country through which it passes—widening and deepening in interest as it flows on; and at length arriving at the final catastrophe as at some mighty haven, where ships of all kind strike sail and yard." ("Introductory Epistle" preceding "Fortunes of Nigel.")

"Tu quid ego et mecum populus desideret audi! Only, where is the poor author to find the materials for these paragons of tales? The inspiration of some happy moment is the good fortune upon which many would-be authors are content to build their hopes. Such was not, however, Sir Walter Scott's method."

"No, captain, the funds from which I have drawn my power of amusing the public have been bought otherwise than by fortuitous adventure. I have buried myself in libraries, to extract from the nonsense of ancient days new nonsense of my own. I have turned over volumes . . . which might have been the cabalistic manuscripts of Cornelius Agrippa . . . From this learned sepulchre I emerged . . . to mingle in the crowd, and to elbow amongst the throng, making my way from the highest society to the lowest, undergoing the scorn, or, what is harder to brook, the patronising condescension of the one, and enduring the vulgar familiarity of the other, and all, you will say, for what? . . . to write a successful novel." ("Answer to letter from Captain Clutterbuck" preceding "The Monastery.")

So much for what a good novel should be, and whence an author may hope to procure one. What Sir Walter Scott has to say concerning motifs and plots shall be reserved for the next paper.

**Henry Cresswell.**
ANNUAL MEETING OF THE COPYRIGHT LEAGUE.

THE adjourned annual meeting of the American Copyright League was held at the rooms of the Authors' Club, on Tuesday afternoon, December 29th, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman in the chair. The Treasurer's report showed a cash balance on hand of $469.02. The following memorial resolution on the death of Mr. Lowell, written by Mr. Stedman, was adopted by the league:

"Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Lowell, not only the League, but his country and the entire republic of letters, have lost the scholar and writer upon the whole most eminent in various branches of learning and literary production, and confessedly at the head of his guild throughout the English-speaking world. In common with all Americans, the members of the League grieve for the loss of the poet, the patriot, the eloquent, and gracious adjuster of national and international affairs. As writers, we shall feel the absence of the best equipped, the most subtle, witty, penetrative master of our English tongue.

"As a League organized to restore the American good name for integrity, to protect the rights of authors without distinction of nationality, and to foster the growth of our native literature, we have sustained the most grievous blow that could befall us. In our late President we have lost one who cheerfully, and with the purest sense of duty, lent his great name and his earnest personal labours to the movement for International Copyright. He took the place assigned him at the head of our column, and remained there until the victory was won. We owe to him the advance ment of our cause on the principle of abstract right. We owe to him the most brilliant and incisive elucidation before Congress of the difficult problems involved. We owe to his epigrams, and to his attitude, that legislative comprehension which finally enabled us to obtain an effective recognition of our claim. Even in the hour of bereavement, and while there is yet much to do, the League rejoices that he was not taken until after the principle of International Copyright had been legally established by Congress, and not before the common gratulation in view of its reduction to practice had reached his knowledge. Animated by his example and monitions, the American Copyright League can never retract its course; it must steadily move towards the full attainment of his own high ideal of what in the end shall constitute a true literary federation of enlightened Powers."

On motion of Mr. R. W. Gilder, seconded by Mr. R. R. Bowker, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the American Copyright League desires to place on record its special obligation to Dr. Edward Eggleston, as the originator of the idea of the League, one of its first promoters, and one of the most arduous and effective workers in the cause. While not present in the final campaign, owing to ill-health, largely the result of his exertions in the interests of the League, we recognize that his continuous and intelligent labours at an earlier date led up to that great victory. Dr. Eggleston was especially active, and of paramount use in the establishment of relations between the League and the publishers, and in carrying on the most delicate and difficult negotiations between the Publishers' and Authors' Leagues. He also took the initiative in the negotiation with the typographical unions; and in general served the League and the cause of copyright with enthusiasm, devotion, and initiative, which make his part in the long conflict one of peculiar honour, and deserving of the gratitude of all who have at heart the interests of literature, and the honour of our country."

On motion of Mr. Bowker, seconded by Dr. Eggleston, the Chairman was requested to write to Mr. R. U. Johnson, Secretary of the League, and to express the regret of the League at his illness, and wishes for his speedy recovery: also to put on record the sense of the League as to his great services to the cause of International Copyright. It was stated that Mr. Johnson was convalescing from the attack of yellow fever by which he had been prostrated, but would not be out and about again until February.

The following members of the council were re-elected, with the addition of the name of Mr. Frank Millet, in the place of Mr. Lowell, deceased:

II.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

It is stated in Ottawa (the Times' correspondent says) that Lord Salisbury has sent a despatch to Lord Stanley which joins issue with the Canadian Government on the refusal to allow to citizens of the United States the privileges of copyright in the Dominion without domicile. Canadian action is based on the existing Dominion law, under which registration is only permitted to foreigners whose Government has a copyright treaty with Great Britain. But Canada contends that the United States Copyright Act of 1891 and the President's proclamation of July last granting certain privileges to British subjects do not constitute a copyright treaty, and that, therefore, the citizens of the United States cannot be registered under the Dominion Act. The Canadian legal authorities affirm that the Canadian view is correct. The present difficulty lies in the fact that Lord Salisbury assured the Washington Cabinet that all the British possessions would grant copyright to Americans—an assurance which Canada repudiates. It is hoped that the difficulty will soon be settled, although it is feared that the public sentiment of the Dominion is clearly in favor of the right to legislate for herself on the subject. This right so far the Home Government has not admitted.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

ADVICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

BEFORE sending a contribution to any magazine or journal the author should observe the following simple rules, which, if they are obeyed, will sweep away most of the complaints against editors:

(1.) He should write to the editor offering his paper, describing its subject and its length; he should also state his own special qualifications for treating that subject, and his experience and record as a writer.

(2.) If he is satisfied with the position and standing of the paper, he should say that he will accept the scale pay. If he has any reason for doubt on these points he should name the minimum price he will accept.

(3.) If the paper is on a subject interesting only for the moment, he should ask for its return, if it is not accepted, by a certain date.

(4.) Before sending to any editor, he should first look at the announcements made in its pages. Some papers state that they do not ask for outside contributions. In that case, a writer cannot expect his MS. to be considered, or returned, or noticed in any way.

(5.) In any case he should keep a copy of his MS.

A draft of the above notes was submitted to the editor of a well-known journal. He suggested certain changes which have been made in the third clause; he says that the advice is, on the whole, "entirely reasonable," and on the last clause he writes, "This is his only way of insuring himself against its loss, though if an editor says he will return the paper, the chance of its being lost is presumably small."

VALUE OF A PSEUDONYM.

I beg to bring under your notice the following unfair procedure of the editor of a well-known journal, the name of which I give below.

For some years I had been a contributor to the journal in question, having run a serial and several short stories in it. Quite suddenly, and without any apparent reason, the editor fell into the habit of rejecting each and all my MSS., without, as I suspected from the promptitude with which they were returned, even taking the trouble to read them. As the MSS. were afterwards accepted by journals of as high, if not higher standing, I could not think it was lack of merit which threw them out of the journal just mentioned. I acted on the advice of a friend, and had one of my short stories copied by a relative, assumed a pseudonym, and another address, and sent it to the editor. It was at once accepted. About a week before, I had sent the same MS. to the journal, without even a different title, and it was promptly returned, without being looked at, I am forced to conclude. As the MSS. were afterwards accepted by journals of as high, if not higher standing, I could not think it was lack of merit which threw them out of the journal just mentioned. I acted on the advice of a friend, and had one of my short stories copied by a relative, assumed a pseudonym, and another address, and sent it to the editor. It was at once accepted. About a week before, I had sent the same MS. to the journal, without even a different title, and it was promptly returned, without being looked at, I am forced to conclude. Since then, MSS. sent under my pseudonym have been, with one exception, accepted; those sent under my own, as invariably rejected.

I consider that such conduct, which an unlucky author is forced to submit to, is subversive of all the confidential relations which ought to exist between editor and contributor. I may add that
THE AUTHOR.

this particular editor, not knowing me personally, could have no personal animus against me, and I cannot account for his acting in so unfair and arbitrary a manner.

H. B. M.

[This case seems purely accidental. If the editor has no animus against this contributor, why should he send back her work? Probably the paper accepted under the pseudonym pleased him so much that he readily looked at other work by the same hand. H. B. M. had better stick to her new name.—En.]

A FAR TOO COMMON CASE.

In January of last year I offered the editor of a certain monthly to "do" an article upon a subject that was just then attracting a considerable amount of public attention. A journey to town (100 miles) and an interview with a specialist upon the matter in hand, resulted in an article which was accepted "upon the terms named in (my) letter." In due course the contribution was published. After a lapse of several months, as I had received no remittance, I wrote to the editor, who ignored that and two subsequent communications. In December (after waiting, threatening legal proceedings) I placed the matter in my solicitor's hands. He succeeded in getting firstly a denial of the debt; secondly, an inquiry as to how much was claimed; and lastly, a statement that the editor understood that the remuneration expected (although he had my letter distinctly stating the sum I was prepared to accept) was 10s. The article was only 10 columns in length, and had only involved a journey of a hundred miles to London and back, and the best part of four days to write.

The editor, a more or less well-known person, is now stated to be away. Surely, sir, an editorial black list, in which such men could be pilloried, should be started in the Author. I have more cases for a future occasion.

C. H.

EDITORIAL ETIQUETTE.

I am glad to find in the current number of the Author some indication of the treatment which editors accord those who send them MSS. on approval. I once forwarded, by request, to the editor of a monthly review an article on a current political topic. Weeks after, when the subject discussed had died out, and my "copy" could not be used elsewhere, it was returned to me.

Has not every writer, famous or obscure, experienced the sweets of editorial etiquette? Has he not sent MSS. to editors to find them unacknowledged; written to editors to find his letters ignored; sent stamps to editors to find them appropriated without a word?

When one merchant sends samples and quotations to another, his letter is replied to, or at least preserved. You may write to a pork-butcher and be sure of getting a civil reply. You may write to architects, builders, surgeons, and lawyers, and receive courteous treatment; but when you write to an editor your communication is as sent to the dead. The chances are that the waste paper basket receives your letter, and the office boy pockets your stamps.

Editors are now endeavouring to elevate their calling to the dignity of a profession. They have founded a Journalist's Institute, and incorporated it by Royal charter. Is it, then, too much to ask that they should acknowledge some common and humane standard of professional etiquette?

E. H.

STAMPS FOR RETURN.

A correspondent calls attention to a very curious difficulty. He calls it, indeed, by a stronger name, but the thing can hardly be designed. He says, in effect as follows. He has sent MSS. to a certain journal. The only address of the editor is that of the publishers. He always carefully encloses stamps in case of rejection. Now in one case he sent a paper on which he set some value. Not getting it back or accepted, he wrote again and again for it; he obtained no reply. At last, after a very sharp letter, he received a note from the editor saying that the stamps had been used in forwarding the MS. from the publishers to his private address, and that, as there were no more stamps, the MS. could not be returned. Now, it is quite certain (1) that if a magazine asks contributors to forward stamps for return, they are bound to return rejected MSS.; in which case the editor's place of residence is a private consideration for himself and the publishers. But (2) if the magazine does not invite contributions, MSS. must be sent to take their chance. Should members of the Society fall into such a difficulty as this, a letter to the secretary, with the particulars of the case and the name of the paper, would probably lead—if that paper invites contributions—to the return of the papers.

ACCEPTED AND KEPT.

A correspondent, not a young writer, but well known in the world of letters, sends us particulars of treatment to which he has recently been subjected.
He offered a certain paper to a certain magazine. The editor, writing in November, said, "I am quite willing to use your article in ____, but every page is arranged for so far ahead that I see little chance of being able to use it till the January or February number. If you are willing to wait until I find room for it, I shall be very glad to keep it."

In January he writes again, "I am obliged by your note, and shall send proof as soon as ready to the ______ Club, unless I hear from you to the contrary."

In February he writes again, "As it is evidently of importance to you that your article should appear soon, I return it to you herewith, as it is quite impossible for me to promise any date for its appearance in ______ and I may not be able to find room for it until the May or June number."

Here we have an article deliberately accepted, and kept for three months, when it is uncerremoniously sent back to the author. Suppose a fruiterner, who buys of a grower fruit which must be eaten within a week or two or it will spoil, were to keep that fruit for a week, and send it back rotten, saying that he could not use it. This is exactly a similar case. Nearly all the papers published in the magazines belong more or less to the day. Suppose the contents of the current Contemporary, for instance, were kept for six months. How flat and stale and unprofitable they would appear! Editors who are open to receive unsolicited contributions might, at least, remember that the wares offered them belong for the most part to the day. Suppose the aspirate—except in words preceded by the indefinite form, e.g., "I intended to have seen him for I intended to see him." "It would have been impolite to refuse the invitation" for "It would have been impolite to refuse the invitation." This mistake is committed by our best writers and speakers. You find it everywhere—in the Times, and the Saturday Review, and the works of John Ruskin and Charles Reade, not to mention less shining lights. Why I wonder,
THE AUTHOR.

should so gross an error be more leniently regarded than the occasional dropping of an aitch, or the aspiration of a word which begins with a vowel?

WILLIAM WESTALL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Mr. Traill's List of Poets.

"T" is quite right in calling attention to the omission of Mr. Gerald Massey and Dr. W. C. Bennett. But he has forgotten to take note of several other omissions, which are equally, if not more, remarkable. A list of living poets is indeed incomplete which does not include women like Mrs. Hamilton King, Isa Craig Knox, and E. Nisbet (Mrs. Bland), and men like Philip James Bailey, author of "Festus," &c., Dr. George Macdonald, Professor John Stuart Blackie, Dr. Walter C. Smith, author of "Hilda, or Broken Gods," &c., the Rev. T. E. Brown, author of "Fo'c'sle Yarns," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

MACKENZIE BELL.

II.

Useful Books.

The Author does not, I believe, admit "notices" of new publications. Criticism, I am sure, none of us wish to see in its pages. Enough of that is to be had anywhere. But I think that the Author ought somehow to bring before our notice books either especially designed to assist literary men, or of very great service to them. I mean, for example, works such as the more important English lexicons, or books like Dr. Roget's "Thesaurus," or Dr. Hodgson's "Errors in the Use of English." Works of this kind are not very numerous. The notices of them in the ordinary literary journals are very brief, and are often, also, inserted in places where they are liable to be overlooked. Here the Author might help us. Could the authors themselves be invited to send paragraphs, simply mentioning the character and scope of any new publication of this kind? Or could any that may appear be announced in the Author fairly conspicuously, say, always in some particular part of the journal where we might look out for them, and easily afterwards refer back to the announcement? I wish something of the kind was possible, for my own experience is that very useful books of this sort often escape my notice until someone chances to tell me of them. And, whilst I am writing this, it occurs to me that if a few experienced authors would draw up and send to the Author a little list of books of this description, which they have themselves found useful, and would therefore recommend others to have on their shelves, the information would be valuable to many of us.

A Member.

[Will the "Member" kindly begin with a list and description such as he proposes?—Ed.]

FROM THE PAPERS.

I.

"One Who Knew Him.”

(By One Who Knows Him.)

The breath has scarcely left the body when “One Who Knew Him” takes pen and paper, in profoundest grief, and proceeds to earn a guinea by describing, with the greatest unction, trivial details as to the dead man's manner of existence, picked up, as the fruit of vulgar curiosity, at a few chance meetings. The less the acquaintance of the writer with his subject—and, generally speaking, it is evidently a good deal less—the more "chatty" and "readable" is the resulting article. If the poor man who was unfortunate enough to be "known" drank coffee after dinner, with or without sugar, there is material for an article. From this fragment of truth the new journalist who knew him will build up a memoir with far greater ease than that with which an Owen can reconstruct the frame of an extinct beast from its jawbone, and, of course, many miles further away than the original. When caution in the invention of facts is advisable, imaginary conversation dishonouring to the subject's intellectual capacity, and the autobiography of the writer, make up the necessary column of matter. Autobiography, in fact, is indispensable, and has been so this long time. It is in this department that "One Who Knew Him" is really at home, and can let fly something that is warranted to interest the reader—as, for instance, "He gently glided from business into general topics, knew all about my career, congratulated me on some recent success, had known some of my belongings, inquired about my school and college, was delighted to find that I had been, like himself, at Harrow and at Oxford, and, when an hour's pleasant chat was ended, said, 'Now you must stay and have some luncheon.' From that day I was a frequent visitor at the Cardinal's house, and, as long as he was able to go down stairs to meals, at his table."

There is none among the living who can know that he will be exempt from this new and terrible
scourge when dead, there are many who must be sure that their friends will have to undergo this additional horror in their death. No matter who it be, prince, cardinal, politician, criminal, or nonentity, everyone is fair game for the author of "Imaginary Conversations with the Demi; to which are added Notes on their Idiosyncrasies in the Payment of their Washing Bills." There is always "One Who Knew Him"—generally several more—who is ready to reel off an endless string of trivialities, imaginary or otherwise, as to his habits and manners, which, even if historically true, are the last things to be remembered or brought up against the dead. There would be no objection to these journalistic memoirs if they took the form of respectful tributes to the memory of those who have done something for the world or their fellow-men; but this is the very last shape they take. They are calculated to belittle their subjects, to reduce them to the standard of the narrowest life, of which the most remarkable incidents are the appetite for meals and the hour of going to bed. The only possible effect is to place the whole world in the position of a valet to the mighty dead. And the worst of it all is, that there is no one who can rid us of this insolent pest.—Saturday Review.

II.

Reading as a Recreation. By Mr. Edmund Gosse.

(From an Address given at the College for Men and Women. By permission of the Author.)

There is at the present day a certain danger of our taking the act of reading, as so many other of the daily acts of our little desultory life, too pompously. It is one thing to set up a high general standard of literature, and another thing to allow ourselves to be bullied by the best hundred books. In this matter our liberties—the right of the British citizen to amuse himself with what he finds amusing—are threatened by two enemies whose hands are usually at one another's throats, but who on this occasion have joined arms against our peace of mind: I mean the Rev. Dr. Prig and Professor Pococurante. Dr. Prig, who has no conception of the need of pleasant things in life and no sense of proportion between our plain capacities and the cravings of his own erudition, wants us to master the classics of the world before we presume to be entertained. He marches round, with his cane behind his back; and if he finds us grinning in our corner, with "Treasure Island" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on our knees, he snatches it from us and bids us be studying the "Mahabharata." He tells us the awful tale of Sir William Jones, who in the brief leisure of a busy career, invariably reads through, every year, the entire works of Cicero. But Dr. Prig is really not very dangerous. He is so lumbering and so unpractical that we laugh at him and his hundred best books, and run away to read what we like best. Professor Pococurante is a far more insidious enemy. He pretends to sympathize with us; he has not read the "Mahabharata" any more than we have, and laughs at the idea of reading it. But, of the two, I think I like poor old Dr. Prig the best, for he has a sort of superstitious respect for literature, while the whole essence of the Professor is that he comes to sneer at the charming illusions of the book world, to tell us that he has tried them all and found them dust and ashes.

If I remember rightly, it was Mrs. Pipchin who told Miss Pankey that she would never go to heaven if she sniffed. I am sometimes afraid that, in spite of all his gifts and graces, the heaven of literature will be closed to Professor Pococurante. He advances sniffing to the rank of the fine arts. He has little offensive and defensive formulas, taking in vain the names of one or two authors whom he patronizes—Dumas's, Thackeray's, Scott's—that he may from behind these ramparts fire down contempt upon all other novelists, as though ginger were not still hot in the mouth in spite of our virtuous partiality for roast saddle of mutton. In the course of sniffing the Professor reaches the world of old books, and would fain forbid us to read any genial-hearted brown quarto that attracts us, because, forsooth, we might be spending our time better in reading "Rob Roy" for the eighth time, or chewing the lamentable cud of Thackeray's least inspired fragment. The strength of the Pococurante position is that it conceals its listlessness, its radical contempt for literature, under the shelter of one or two noble names, so that he who ventures to denounce this evil trick of sniffing may be charged at once with disrespect to Scott or Homer. But I risk this danger, and I urge you not to be the dupes of this cynicism. Do not despise the day of small books, nor believe that you can restrain a genuine taste for literature within the narrow limits of a handful of accepted classics.

It is amusing to find that the very writers on whom cynics of the Pococurante school base their scorn of second-class literature were themselves, without exception, indulgent to and enamoured of little books. Nothing in the shape of a volume was too obscure or too old-fashioned to amuse and attract Sir Walter; Thackeray's fondness for dumpy twelves amounted to a passion. What a pretty letter is that of Scott's to Terry lamenting that he cannot buy all the rarities he desires.
because of the expense that the building of Abbotsford is putting him to. Yet there are two books which, poor as he is, he must secure if possible. What are these? One is the "Mahabharata," you will be bound; and the other a copy of "Rob Roy"? By no means. The books that Scott so much longed to amuse himself with were a "Treatise on Dreams, by the author of the New Jerusalem," and a volume of "Loyal Poems, by N.T."—no more illustrious a person than Nahum Tate, who wrote such affecting hymns in company with Brady. For this latter curiosity Sir Walter was willing to give a guinea or thirty shillings.

To limit our sympathies in books to those which are the best-accredited and the most classical is like refusing to know anybody whose movements are not chronicled in the Morning Post. It is not an enviable social aim to be always trying to know none but the "best" people. Everybody who is worth his salt has seedy friends, friends who have been failures, friends who possess some uncontrollable foible which prevents them from being universal favourites. Each of us, I hope, understands the weakness of loving some one who does not seem lovable to all the world. So it should be with our book friendships. In idle moments, when one is tired or dispirited, one finds one's fingers drumming on the panes of one's bookcase, and one asks one's self, "What shall I read?" I know that, in my own case, some rascally old comedy often gets taken down, although "Paradise Regained" is austerely frowning at the side of it, or else Sterne glides naturally into hands which know they ought to be engaged on Gibbon. Is it that if some one suddenly came up and said, "Do you seriously prefer the lax frivolities of Vanbrugh to Milton's noble appeals to the sanctified imagination," I could answer "Yes"? Certainly not. But why should I pretend to be always "seriously preferring" anything? There are moods in which it is our privilege not to be serious; and then the second-rate and the third-rate literature has its day, all the queer books and the silly books, the books that run too far ahead of their age and the books that lagged too far behind. I positively refuse to be always reading "Rob Roy" for the eighth time. I would rather read over again "Count Robert of Paris" and "St. Ronan's Well" than do that; while, in point of fact, as soon as Professor Pococurante's back is put to, I will be bored with what I choose. I will read "Polexander" or the "Leviathan" of Mr. Hobbes.

Who, that is a real lover of books, does not acknowledge the charm of a squat volume that has had its day. It makes no demand upon us. It is so thankful to be read at all that it does not insist upon a rigorous observance of the rules of reading. If I take up the "Essay on Man" I feel that a great deal is required of me. "Awake, my St. John," says the poet, and you must not merely awake, but, in the frivolous language of the day, you must sit up. No skipping to the fourth page, no dipping here and tasting there, are permitted. You have an intellectual task before you, a very inspiring and improving one; but you must give your unbroken attention to it. "Awake, my St. John," says the bard, and unless he is ready to make an effort, St. John had better put his classic volume back on the shelf again. But let me remind you how another poet suggests that you should read his verses, and perceive in it the accent of the man who knows what sympathetic reading is. This is how Herrick wishes us to approach those golden apples of his western orchard, his rich "Hesperides":

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spits in the fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth;
When up the thyrse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around, around,
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

In short, it is only needful to recall once more that happy phrase of Lucas de Penna, and remember that a book should be lumen cordis, the light of the heart. No one can lay down rules or draw up lists which can help us much to discover what kind of lantern or candlestick will hold this light with most convenience. The heart must choose the book that shines on it. Experience alone can teach us where we shall find the sympathy of which we are in need among those silent servants "within whose folding, soft, eternal charm we love to lie." But the more we are thrown upon the sympathy of books, and acquire the habit of appealing to them in every mood, in every nervous vicissitude, the more we shall become convinced of the truth of what Isaac Barrow says, "that he who loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter."—St. James's Gazette, January 28th, 1892.
III.

ON LITERARY COLLABORATION.

(From the New Review of February 1892.)

To sum up, the chief advantage of collaboration is that it is tolerably certain to produce clearness of purpose, a well-defined plot, and distinct characters. There is the danger that there may be too much distinctness—a loss of atmosphere—not enough left to the imagination. Living men and women are not always distinct; they change from day to day; they possess more than one characteristic; the miser is not always paring the cheese; the man of science is not always in his laboratory; the shrew is sometimes good tempered; the wanton is sometimes serious and chaste. That is a real danger—and it is only to be avoided by giving, as I have demanded, the final revision to one of the two partners. As for collaboration being a saving of labour, it may be so sometimes, but I would not press that point. From my own experience, I should say that it is not, especially when it results in the improvement of the work, any saving at all. Discussion, you see, is far less rapid than thought. Meantime, let it be remembered that the dramatist or the novelist can find nothing more helpful to his work than to talk over it. When a plot, an incident, a situation, a character, is discussed, a thousand combinations occur and rise up in the conversation. Those which are useless, inartistic, or unnecessary are most easily picked out and thrown away in conversation. Those which remain are most easily passed in review in conversation.

The great—the very great—objection to literary partnerships is the difficulty of finding your partner. Mr. Brander Matthews has been so happy as to find several; I have only been able to find two. To take a man into partnership, even for a short story or a short play, is a step attended with great risks; it may lead to certain failure, with certain quarrels, recriminations, and pretensions. Why did the novel fail? Because of the other man. Or, if it was not a failure, why did the thing succeed? In spite of the other man. Of course, one knows men who could not possibly say such things. Unfortunately, there are men who could and would. Therefore, one would advise a young literary man not to attempt partnership until he has proved his own strength. Perhaps not even then: it is not always that an artist can admit another man to work upon his canvas. But let him not hamper himself at the outset. When he has had a few years' experience, the man whom he would now willingly accept as his partner may be far, very far below him.

Reputations in literature are made sometimes very suddenly and very unexpectedly. Let him, therefore, wait. In any case, a literary partnership, though it may result in many volumes when the partners are happily able to work together evenly and harmoniously, without jealousy, without measuring each other's share, can only, from the nature of the case, be one from book to book—from play to play—from one fable to another.

There is, however, one kind of collaboration not put forward by Mr. Brander Matthews, which may be recommended very strongly to every young literary workman. I would advise him to find among his friends—cousins—sister's friends—a girl, intelligent, sympathetic, and quick; a girl who will lend him her ear, listen to his plot, and discuss his characters. Perhaps he would like to get engaged to her—that is a detail: if he does it might not injure the collaboration. She should be a girl of quick imagination, who does not, or cannot, write—there are still, happily, many such girls. When he has confided to her his characters all in the rough, with the part they have to play all in the rough, he may reckon on presently getting them back again, but advanced—much less in the rough. Woman does not create, but she receives, moulds, and develops. The figures will go back to their creator, distinct and clear, no longer shivering unclothed, but made up and dressed for the stage. Merely by talking with this girl, everything that was chaotic falls into order; the characters, which were dim and shapeless, become alive, full grown, articulate. As in everyday life, so in imaginative work, woman should be man's best partner—the most generous—the least exacting—the most certain never to quarrel over her share of the work, her share of the pay.

WALTER BESANT.

IV.

THE CRITIC.

The critic is the Ishmaelite of the literary family. No one sympathises with him. The people he criticises, of course, will have none of him. His fellow readers, or playgoers, as the case may be, regard him as a wet blanket. Even the "serious intellects," with whom he thinks he may at least claim something in common, treat him with good-humoured contempt. Indeed, the wayward attitude of the "serious intellect" in these days is one calculated to stagger the critics. He never reads the books, or sees the plays, which call for the critic's keenest powers. He cannot be got to read "Robert Elsmere," or "The Wages of Sin."
Nor will he turn out at night to see Shakespeare, or Ibsen, or Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. He infinitely prefers burlesque, or a broad farce. It is only the intellects of the second rank who revel in the analytical novel or psychological drama; and the poor critic, realising all this painfully, feels himself out in the cold. He is compelled to write to an audience he cares little about, while those whose ear he would fain reach will not take him seriously. "There is nothing," says an eminent scientific man of the day, "that serious intellects hate so much as an intellectual treat." People whose brains and bodies are systematically under-worked may care about them. But men who have done a hard day's work take more kindly to something frivolous, and prefer—as Darwin did—a trashy volume from Mudie's to Shakespeare himself. It baulks the critic to find people who will insist that fiction and the drama are intended, not for education, but for relaxation. His trade is to detect and measure the serious purpose which underlies most of the important work, both of novelists and playwriters, in this day. Both have ceased to be merely recreative. The onward march of education has absorbed them as factors in the moral development of the age. The pulpit has admitted them amongst its coadjutors. They have become, like the jam that envelops the powder, vehicles for truths, and lessons of the gravest kind. It is, therefore, heartless of the person of serious intellect to eschew them all, and addict himself to the lewd fellows of a baser sort, who aim at nothing beyond raising a laugh, or lulling the brain with drowsy nonsense.

Happily for the critic, the second-rate intellects, who do concern themselves with fiction "with a purpose," still constitute the bulk of the British reading public. With them he is, or might be, a King supreme. For, without his help, they would be drowned in the floods of books and plays which pour in from every side. On him they depend to keep their heads above water, to guide them through the torrent, and bring them within reach of the few spots of foothold on which they may stand secure. It is rare indeed for anyone to-day to buy a book of one's own motion. It must previously have passed muster with the critic before we pay hard cash for it. It is conceivable that our judgment may not jump with that of the critic when the book is read. If so, the discipline to which long habit has reduced us will probably lead us to assume that the mistake is ours, not his. More frequently we know what we are to think about a book before we write it up, and, to do us justice, we rarely fail to think accordingly.—Leeds Weekly Mercury, February 6th, 1892.

V.

Do Publishers Read MSS. Submitted?

Writing in the Western Daily Mercury on "Money-Making in Writing," as a phase of "Women's Questions," Miss S. F. Latimer says:—The idea that publishers do not trouble to read all the MSS. submitted to them is generally ridiculed. We are told that this is an essential part of their business, and if they were to neglect it they would soon go the wall, for the competition among them is now very keen. Nevertheless, I am inclined to believe their readers are not so keen as their employers may be, judging from two instances that have been given to me by a couple of my friends during the past week. The first lady did not take the matter much to heart, as she had met better fortune in a previous attempt; but she detailed the keeping of her MS. by a firm for over six months, from whom, despite various letters, she could get no response nor learn of the safe arrival of her copy into their hands, until a cousin made a personal call of inquiry, when the following day the MS. was returned to her—never having been apparently read or glanced through, as it came back done up just as she had sent it away. The second account of the fortunes of a novel that is still awaiting the fiat of a publisher is one that is none too encouraging to the chances of its establishment, nor gratifying to the amour propre of the wearied author. It started on its travels in a box made to fit and to keep its sheets clean. It came back minus the box after an absence of sufficient duration to have enabled the mastering of its contents. On removing the outer paper covering, the precious volumes proved never to have been opened. Each had been tied up separately and numbered to save the reader trouble; each presented precisely the same appearance as when laid with expectation within the missing box. "I thought," said the narrator, "when I received their opinion of the novel, that they had evidently no idea of the work at all beyond my brief descriptions that accompanied it." It was next sent off, packed in a fine wrapper. A MS. soon shows signs of having been through the post if not well protected, and the trouble of rewriting, of course, is great. It was kept exactly the same time, and then returned with the communication that the reader's opinion was so unfavourable that the firm could not publish it. The wrapper no longer enveloped the sheets, but the pages bore equally plain evidence that they had not been looked through. The third attempt was to write to the publishers in advance, to ask if they would consider the novel if forwarded. After the lapse of a
fortnight a letter of the usual stereotyped form came from the house, saying "that they had given their best and careful attention to the work, and regretted that they did not see their way to its publication." The fact of its not having been sent had been forgotten. They waited the usual time, and returned the usual answer. And the hapless novelist sums up by saying, "I am at present just where I was a few months ago, save being a loser to the amount of 10s. MS. sent to and fro, one deal box, and one wrapper. Sore and downcast with disappointment, she exclaims, "It is very provoking to feel the time going past when the novel might take, and not be able to get a publisher to read it fairly and honestly! I know that there is good matter in it, and that I have laboured hard to make it worthy of being read, and I am not given to over-value my own work." The lady has for years practised her pen. The firms she has tried are influential ones, but there is such a tendency to deal with writers known to the public, and thereby save trouble and risk, that unless some favourable introduction or happy chance comes to the rescue among the flood of offers, the rejected find themselves in the majority.— Pall Mall Gazette.

VI.

CREATIVE?

A daring lady named Molly Elliot Seawell has excited the literary circles of New York. She has written an article in the Critic, and, with relentless impartiality, has denied that her own sex has ever been great in creative literary genius. Readers of the Critic have withdrawn their subscription, by way of proving that Miss Seawell is wrong. Right or wrong, she has called from an opponent named Sidwell N. Breeze by far the most amusing of all exhibitions of literary patriotism. We know how good Americans insist that Emerson and Mr. Whittier have better chances of immortality than the Laureate. We know it, but we do not argue about it. We may be prejudiced, and besides prophecy is a frivolous exercise. If humanity develops more people who admire Mr. Whittier than people who admire the author of the "Lotus Eaters," then the American patriots are right. We may hope that they are wrong, rather in the interest of humanity than of Lord Tennyson, but no one can be certain. However, this is a digression. In the game of literary poker, Mr. or Miss Sidwell N. Breeze "bluffs" a much stronger hand than we hold in the Laureate, though that is a strong hand too. She (she must be a woman) "bluffs" the hand which ancient Greece holds in the case of Sappho. Miss Sidwell N. Breeze is ready to "see Sappho, and go two better"—two at least. Now the whole opinion of the world has recognized in the Lesbian lady

Who with the deathless Muses, hand in hand,
Sang side by side,
the one great woman poet of the world. The fragments which remain, those wonderful fragments never to be translated even by poets, suffice to show the unapproached genius of Sappho. But Miss Breeze avers that these fragments "can easily be surpassed by Miss Helen Gray Cone or Miss Edith Thomas," whose rhymes we may have observed in the magazines. This delightful observation simply leaves patriots like Mr. Higginson nowhere in the race, and adds two to the Muses who are now twelve, including Sappho. No other vaunt can match this vaunt.

But, if we examine the general question, we may think that Miss Seawell has been too hard on her sex. They never created, she says, a Pantagruel, a Becky Sharp, a Micawber, an Ivanhoe, a Don Quixote, a Faust. Well, we do not expect them to produce Pantagrueles. Ivanhoe, as Miss Breeze remarks, is no creation at all. Poor Wilfred is a lay figure; perhaps Scott would have called him, as he called Edward Waverley, "a sneaking piece of imbecility." "I am a bad hand at drawing heroes," he added, and Ivanhoe is a hero. As to the others, it is certain that no woman (unless it be Miss Cone or Miss Thomas) has created a poetic figure like Faust, or Satan, or Don Quixote, or Lear, a humorous figure like Falstaff, or Mrs. Gamp, or anybody that is good in Shakespeare or Dickens. No woman (not even Miss Murfree nor Miss Wilkins) has designed a Captain Costigan, or a beauty and a Queen of Hearts, like Beatrix Esmond, or Rosalind, or Di Vernon. Women have created no great characters of any sort, and very few good ones, few whose names are household words. * * *

It was a woman who gave us Mr. Collins and Anne Elliot, and all the immortal family of Bennets—Lydia and Kitty, their father and their mother George Elliot also created Mrs. Poyser and Caleb Garth, and the girl whom Mr. Gilfil wooed. But it is certainly curious, when we think of George Elliot, to consider how few of her people hold their own—how few of them are household words. When Manse Headrigg remarked that she would cease testifying for nac painted brick o' the Tower of Babel that's coloured scarlet and ca's itself a corporal, she quite outshone Mrs. Poyser by mere native eloquence. Take away Mrs. Poyser, and who is there? Tito Melema is only the "Awful Example" of a sermon. Adam Bede is a stage-
carpenter. These people do not wear, they do not last, like true and living creations.

The name of George Sand is also invoked. But whom do we remember, or what do we remember, in George Sand's work? We remember descriptions, sentiment, a charm of style, such as never other woman wrote, and perhaps we remember Consuelo. Indiana is just a passionate Creole; Valentine is hardly more actual than Aurora Floyd. George Sand drew living people in her memoirs, much more than in her novels. It is really the humorous women who create characters, not the clever women, the learned women, the audacious women. A woman (who might conceivably have been better employed) gave us Xaintrailles, Paulette, Madame de Flirt, and scores of others. Miss Broughton's people—not her heroes, but her children, her casual coquettes, her vulgar, good-hearted girls—are creations; they live, and move, and are remembered, simply by dint of humour. As to speaking "immortal words," in verse, passages that live as familiar quotations, we do not, unluckily, remember any of the many with which Miss Helen Gray Cone and Miss Edith Thomas have enriched the world. But the real prize would have to be given to no lady who writes in magazines, but to the women who composed "Auld Robin Gray," "The Flowers of the Forest," "And were na my heart light I would dee," and so forth. They were not professional poets, they struck the lyre but once or twice, yet still the notes are ringing.—Daily News.

VII.

AN AMERICAN ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

(From the Times, January 15th, 1892.)

There has been a deal of talk back and forth across the water as to the bigness or littleness of our American literature. We talk about the bigness of it, you about the littleness of it, and the real truth concerning it is altogether ignored, or else it is not understood. By your gracious leave I would say what seem to me the facts in the case.

We have had no creators of literary sentiment, or more truly discoverers, such as Wordsworth, who found for us the spiritual life in nature; like Browning, who has taught us the deeper, truer, meaning of love as a life passion of the human heart; like Carlyle, who knew more concerning the energy of life that wins results in the world than all his predecessors. We have not these. Let us frankly admit it. There is nowhere in our literature the thoughtful substance that the Englishman thinks of when he thinks of even his modern literature. Our poet is Longfellow, a man of musical rhythm, sweet fascinating phrases—in short, a man of art in verse. But you have this, too, say you, in Tennyson, the poet of form, and a man of more substance than Longfellow. Let me distinguish. Tennyson is a creator of form, a discoverer of every possible new form in musical verse, a man who racked his brain from youth to find an exquisite phrase, a perfect word, a striking and enduring figure. Tennyson's eye was on the form itself, just as much as Browning's eye was on love, or Wordsworth's on the spirit of nature, while Longfellow touched the little nature, the little life, the little human passion that lay about him, with his eye on the human heart, not on his form or on his substance of thought. It is this wonderful adaptation of Longfellow's simple, sweet, beautiful verse to the common heart of man that makes it as significant as it is popular. Tennyson has done some bad work, shocking work; he has written verses that jar as well as verses that sooth to sleep or fill with life; so all the English poets, in their efforts to discover what was good, were unable themselves to distinguish the good from the bad in that which was to the world altogether new as it was new to them. Browning has written a considerable body of work which would not inspire even his own soul, let alone that of anyone else, and Wordsworth seemed utterly unable to tell his good work from his dry, meaningless verbiage, as Matthew Arnold himself says. So it is with Mr. Arnold's own work, and with Keats and Shelley and Clough and Mrs. Browning and the rest. Even the popular Macaulay in his effort to be striking fell into serious blunders, and Carlyle is full of irregularity.

Glance over such a book as Lowell's "From my Study Windows" and you will see plainly some of the chief characteristics of our literature. Lowell does not say anything of great moment, but what he does say is gracefully addressed to the heart and thought of us all; we can all enjoy it, we can all understand it, and we all are the better for his having written it. Browning and Shelley confess that they did not write their poetry for you or me or anybody else, but for themselves, for their own relief, to satisfy their own passion of expression. If we get any good out of their work it is because they were good men and worth something, and we are free to borrow what we can from all good men. But that is not art in its true sense; that is accident. Conscious art writes for somebody, aims at a definite effect on a definite audience. The germ of that art we have and you have not. In us it has not yet borne very great
fruit, but it is sure to do so in the near future, as you yourselves admit when you incline to the view that the great novel of the future will come from America. We have not yet gone very deep, we have not yet even fully comprehended the thoughts that you have laid before us, but we are coming to just that, and we have the power—perhaps a power of youth—to put all thought, all feeling, all discoveries of the heart into a form which will be useful and will endure, as you have not at all. The mass of England's nineteenth century literature will be dead and buried within two centuries unless we Americans rescue it from the mass of vagueness and verbiage in which it already languishes, and put it into the setting of the gold of the human heart—the common heart, the common intelligence—by which I mean the intelligence common to all humanity, high and low, and not the vulgar herd merely. The common human heart is your heart and my heart and yonder bleared-eyed fellow's heart, and that common heart is dull of comprehension, weary it knows not why, and like a child must be fed by a trained nurse if it is to thrive. We are coming to be the trained nurses of future life and growth throughout the world, we have learned our business, and we are rapidly putting it into practice. From you we get our materials to work with, our appliances, our food, our drink. We own our mother; we are not disloyal; England has as much right to be proud of us as we of ourselves, and perhaps more right, and the great novels which I fully believe we will soon send forth will perpetuate her name quite as surely as it will ours.

But please, cultivated Englishmen, let us not hear any more about the lack in substance from which our literary arts suffers. We may not have substance yet, but our literary work is adapted to the human heart more widely, more certainly, than anything of the best you can boast, and we will not be slow to utilize all the substance you have laid open to us.

A. S. Cody.


VIII.

Swindells v. Morgan and Tomkins.

The business of Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins, who appear to be indifferent whether they transact it under the style of the "City of London Publishing Company" or that of the "Authors' Alliance, Limited," should be considerably curtailed by the revelations made yesterday in the Queen's Bench Division. These ingenious persons appear to derive much of their income from the remittances they receive from aspiring authors, among whom they appear to sow their circulars broadcast, otherwise it is hard to understand why they sent one to the plaintiff in the action just tried. Their anxiety to receive MSS. for publication led Mr. Joseph Swindells, employed in a warehouse at Manchester, to send a sheaf of verses entitled "Ballads and Poems," besides a drama called "Charles I." Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins, with a frankness which must have won the author's heart, admitted that a most favourable impression had been created by the perusal of the MSS.; but they required a sum of money towards the expense involved in the intended publication. . . . Under the circumstances there was little which was remarkable in this request, and Mr. Swindells expressed his willingness to comply with it. In short, he forwarded to the moving spirits in the undertakings we have named, and others, £40, some of which seems to have been raised "by subscription" from persons willing to take copies of the work. But, alas! the promised book has never been issued, nor have the MSS. ever been returned. Upon the whole the jury showed their sympathy with the troubled author in a manner which should do much to console him. He was awarded £500 damages, and in the event of his having the MSS. returned he must receive £200 for their detention. We can only hope that the order of the Court may be complied with, but, judging from the caustic remarks of Mr. Justice Grantham on the system of business pursued by Messrs. Morgan and Tomkins, it may be doubted if they will respond to all the demands involved in yesterday's verdict.—Daily News.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

Among the more noticeable books of the month may be specially mentioned Carlyle's "Lectures on the History of Literature" (Ellis and Elvey), Aitkin's "Life of Dr. Arbuthnot" (Clarendon Press), Miss Gordon Cumming's latest book of travels (Blackwood), H. G. Keene's "Literature of France" (Murray), Saintsbury's "Political Verse" (Percival), Earle's "Deeds of Beowulf" (Clarendon Press), Watson's Poems (Macmillan), Lyon's "Colonial Furniture" (Houghton and Mifflin), Lord Selborne's "Facts and Fictions concerning Churches and Trees." The new novels include the "Duchess of Powysland," by Grant Allen; "Nevermore," by Rolf Boldrewood; "A Strange Elopement," by Clark.
THE AUTHOR.


A new literary paper is about to appear. It will be called the Library Review. The editor is Mr. Kineton Parkes, Librarian of the Nicholson Institute, Leeds. The publishers are Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., 25, Paternoster Square. There are promised (1) critical notices, "chiefly of an expository character," written by experts and signed. There are some subjects, one would suggest to the editor, which are best reviewed by persons who are not experts. The tendency of every expert is to find out something omitted, and to give undue prominence to that omission. However, the signature will have some effect in restraining the experts from too much contempt; (2) condensed estimates from the leading critical papers; (3) bibliographical details; (4) publications of the month; (5) statistics of sales from booksellers and publishers—a promise difficult to keep—and of issues by libraries; (6) general notes; and (7) a library calendar. Nothing new in these features, except as regards the library intelligence. Signed criticisms are found in the Academy. Lists of publications in the Athenaeum and in the Author. Notes and news everywhere. But we must not judge by a prospectus. Meanwhile we wish the Library Review every success. The Author cannot choose but welcome every new attempt to create and maintain an interest in literature, especially if it be remembered in each new venture that literature belongs to those who make it, not to those who sell it.

The Publishers' Circular shows that the number of books published in England in 1891 was 5,706—4,429 new books and 1,277 new editions. These figures show a slight decrease from those of the previous year, a larger decrease from 1889, and a still larger when compared with the number in 1883, which was 6,591. Since 1880 the number of novels (new and old) published in a year has increased from 580 to 1,216, while "miscellaneous" (including pamphlets) has increased from 353 to 731. Books relating to the arts and sciences, and illustrated works, have decreased from 479 to 116, and theology from 975 to 627.

The increase in the number of novels during the last ten years, so that there are now produced annually double the number of the year 1880, is very remarkable. But in considering this increase we must remember that the Board schools have given us new readers by the million. This is shown in many ways, but especially by the immense circulation of the popular weeklies. We hope it is not libellous to say that Tit-Bits is reported to circulate 600,000 every week, while Pearson's has 300,000. At the same time the old favourites, such as Chambers's, the Family Herald, and others maintain the position which they have held for so many years. Then the increase of story books for school prizes and presentation becomes greater every year; and every year the demand for books from the colonies and India becomes greater. Nor must it be forgotten that of the novels intended for adult readers and those of the better class, a large proportion are actually paid for by the authors, while the better class politely decline to read them.

Houghton, Mifflin and Co. will publish in March the first number of the New World, "a quarterly review of religion, ethics, and theology." It will be under the charge of an editorial committee consisting of Profs. Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy of Harvard; the Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., President of Buchtel College, and the Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilnan (managing editor). The new periodical will have 200 pages in each issue, a fourth of which will be given to the careful review of important books in its field.

A new magazine has appeared in America called the Philosophical Review, the first number of which, for January of this year, now lies before us. It is edited by Prof. J. G. Schurman of Cornell, and is supported in part by funds in the control of the same institution. "It will aim," says the editor, "at the organization, the diffusion and the increase of philosophical knowledge and activity in America." It will deal with all subjects that have hitherto been embraced by the term philosophy.

A new weekly, literary and artistic in its aims, the Mahogany Tree, appeared at Boston with the new year. The first few numbers of such a venture rarely afford grounds for an exact and infallibly just appreciation of it.

More criticism! The prospectus of another new venture, this time a quarterly review of very high aspirations, is now being sent out. It is to be called the Knight Errant, and devoted to criticism of all the arts, "working to this end without hope or, indeed, desire of pecuniary return." The expenses of the first year are assumed by forty guarantors.
THE AUTHOR.

Under the title "Some Aspects and Tendencies of Current Fiction," Mr. J. Stanley Little will contribute a series of articles on contemporary fiction to the Library Review, a journal for librarians and general readers, the first number of which appears this month.

The Leadenhall Press has been turned into a limited liability company, with Mr. Andrew W. Tuer as managing director. No prospectus is issued.

Who is "John Oliver Hobbes," author of "Some Emotions and a Moral"? There have been guesses and suggestions. Mr. Oscar Wilde has been confidently proposed as the probable author of the book. But it is not given to many to discover the author from internal evidence alone. It is not Mr. Oscar Wilde. Then many have thought that it was the work of a woman. They are quite right. John Oliver Hobbes is a woman. Further than that I am not allowed by my informant to go. Meantime, in the hope that these lines may reach her—since I have not been told her address—I venture to express, very humbly, the hope that we may, before long, enjoy more Emotions with or without a Moral.

Mr. W. A. Gibbs is about to bring out a continuation of his "Idylls of a Queen" in April, as an "Easter Offering to a Princess." The book will be published by Sampson Low and Co.

In the last number, "Maisie Derrick" should have been announced as the work of Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid.

Mrs. Leith Adams (Mrs. Laffan) has just brought out her latest volume with Eden, Remington & Co. It is in one volume, and is called a "Garrison Romance." Bright, lively, natural, true, and womanly. One cannot use all these adjectives at once for many books. The serial current in Household Words, "Estelle," is also by Mrs. Laffan.

Mr. W. Carlton Dawe's new Australian romance, "Mount Desolation," will be issued by Messrs. Cassell early in this month.

Lady Fairlie Cunningham's new novel, "A Wandering Star,"—3 volumes—will be published about the 20th of March (Ward and Downey).

D. Appleton and Co. are bringing out the third volume of McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." It covers the period from the Louisiana purchase down to the beginning of the War of 1812 and Hull's surrender at Detroit, and thus includes Burr's conspiracy, the Embargo and its effects, and a review of the social, economical, and political development of the people since 1784.

Scribner's for March will contain the last poem written by James Russell Lowell, and "the only one of consequence that he left in manuscript." It is called "On a Bust of Gen. Grant." One of the stanzas will be given in facsimile.

A selection of Moltke's letters to his mother and to his brothers is promised by the Harpers.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., has translated Pierre Loti's work, "The Book of Pity and of Death," and it will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. Joseph Knight, perhaps the best-known of London critics, is about to publish a volume of reminiscences of the stage.

Fiction is to have a magazine all to itself. Under the title the Long Quarterly Mr. Elliot Stock will publish every three months a new novel. The Long Quarterly will be published at half-a-crown. The first number will be entitled "Until My Lord Returns," by Admiral Hinton.

A new translation of the "Memoirs of Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre." (Nimmo.) The book will be provided with an introduction and notes by the translator, Violet Fane, and will be illustrated by portraits from contemporary engravings. It is dedicated to the Duc d'Aumale.

Mr. Froude's masterly papers on the Spanish Story of the Armada, with other essays, are to be published in book form before long. (Longmans.)

Mr. Charles Booth has ready for publication a book called "A Picture of Pauperism, with some remarks on the Endowment of Old Age." (Macmillan.)

Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume will be called "Potiphar's Wife and other Poems." (Longmans.)

Lord Lytton's last Poems will probably appear this month. (Longmans.) The volume is entitled "Marah."

The last poems of Philip Bourke Marston will be published in Boston by Roberts Brothers, with a preface and biographical sketch by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.
Mr. Lowell's "Lectures on the English Dramatists" will be published in book form next autumn by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.

Professor Karl Pearson has almost ready a book called "The new University for London." (Fisher Unwin.)

David Wingate, the poet, is dead at the age of sixty-four.

Mrs. Spender's last three-volume novel "Lady Hazleton's Confessions" will be immediately by Messrs. Sonnenschein. Her new novel, originally called "For better, for worse," has been run by a newspaper syndicate. That title has already been used, and it is now called "A Waking."

The author of a "Game at Bluff" is getting steadily to the front. A man is always at a disadvantage who has an elder brother in the same line and already successful, but Henry Murray is like Henry Kingsley. He cannot be mistaken for his brother, and he has a following of his own.

The "Song of Sixpence," just out, is distinctly "clever," in the best sense of the word—dexterous in construction, and possessed of the "grip" which the bad novelist toils after in vain, and the real novelist has by nature.

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NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.


Fleming, Rev. James, B.D. Recognition in Eternity: a Sermon preached before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales in Sandringham Church on Sunday morning, January 24, 1891. Printed by command of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Skeffington and Son, 163, Piccadilly, 2s.


MacLaughlin, Rev. J. Is one Religion as Good as Another? 27th thousand. Burns and Oates. 2s.

Magee, the late W. C., D.D. Christ the Light of all Scripture. Edited by Charles S. Magee. Isbister, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. 7s. 6d.


Taylor, Rev. E. H. Messages from the Cross to the World. Griffith Farran. 1s. 6d.

Vosket, Rev. Charles. The Bible and Modern Criticism: Three Sermons preached at the Theistic Church. Williams and Norgate. Paper covers. 4d.

Wickham, Rev. E. C. The Church Catechism. Notes and Questions intended to help towards its teaching in the middle forms of public schools. Percival and Co.

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History and Biography.

Adam, G. Mercer. The Life and Career of Sir John A. Macdonald. Based on the work of Edmund Collins; revised, with additions to date. Sampson Low. 16s.


Beesly, E. Spencer. Queen Elizabeth. "Twelve English Statesmen" Series. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

Carlisle, Thomas. Lectures on the History of Literature. Delivered by, April to July, 1838. Now printed for the first time. Edited, with preface and notes, by Professor J. Reay Greene. Ellis and Elvey. 5s.

Beresby, E. Spencer. Queen Elizabeth. "Twelve English Statesmen" Series. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.


THE AUTHOR.

Hosmer, James K. A Short History of German Literature. Revised edition. Sampson Low. 7s.6d.


Old England: Sketches of English History. By E. A. W. Hunt and Co., Paternoster Row. 3s.6d.

Oliphant, Mrs. Jerusalem: its History and Hope. With wood engravings from drawings by Hamilton Aïdé, and photographs by F. M. Good. Macmillan. 5os.


Praeger, F. Wagner, as I Knew Him. Longmans. 7s.6d.


Schwabk, Ludwigo. Tuffel’s History of Roman Literature, revised and enlarged. Authorised translation from the 5th German edition, by George C. W. Warr, M.A. Vol. II. The Imperial Period. George Bell. 1s. 6d.


Symonds, Mrs. J. A. Recollections of a Happy Life, being the autobiography of Marianne North, edited by her sister. 2 vols. Macmillan. 17s. net.

Fiction.


Boldrewood, Rolf. Nevermore. 3 vols. Macmillan. 3ls. 6d.


Clark-Russell, W. A Strange Elopement. Illustrated by W. H. Overend. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.


———— The Westlakes. Griffith, Farran. 6s.


Gerard, Dorothea. Orthodox. Cheap edition. Eden, Remington. 3s. 6d.

———— On the Way Through, and other Tales. Eden, Remington.

Gissing, George. Denzil Quarrier: a Novel. Lawrence and Bullen, New Bond Street.

Green, J. T. Eline Vere. Translated from the Dutch of Louis Conperus by. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

Harding, Claud. The Bo's'un of the Psyche. 3 vols. Fisher Unwin. 3ls. 6d.

Herman, Henry. Eagle Joe: a Wild-West Romance. Griffith, Farran. 3s. 6d.


In Tent and Bungalow. By the author of “Indian Idylls.” Methuen.

Jones, Charles. The Solicitor's Clerk. Second and revised edition. Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d.


Marryat, Florence. There is no Death. Griffith, Farran. 3s. 6d.

Mitford, Bertram. Golden Face, a Tale of the Wild West. Trischler. 2s. 6d.


Patterson, Arthur. A Partner from the West. Chapman and Hall. 5s.

Penfold, Bertram. Golden Face, a Tale of the Wild West. Trischler. 2s. 6d.

Phillpotts, Eden. Folly and Fresh Air. Trischler. 2s. 6d.

Piddwell, Ellen. Condemned; or, In the Dark. King, Sell, and Ralston, Bolt Court, Fleet Street. Paper covers. 1s.

Rose, F. W. "I Will Repay." Eden, Remington.

"Rox." Through the Mill, or Rambles in Texas. Sampson Low. Paper covers. 1s.

THE AUTHOR.

Sims, George R. Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law. George Newnes (Limited). 2s. 6d.


Terrell, Thomas. The City of the Just. Illustrated by Everard Hopkins. Trischler. 2s. 6d.

Yorke, Curtis. Two on an Island. F. V. White. Paper covers. 1s.

General Literature.


Armatage, George, M.R.C.V.S. Every Man His Own Horse Doctor, in which is embodied Blaine's Veterinary Art. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. E. Warne. 21s.

Arnold, Sir Edin. Seas and Lands. New edition, with illustrations. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

Attwood's Volunteer Artilleryman's Handbook. Reports of the Shoeburyness meetings from 1865 to 1892. Truelove and Shirley, Oxford Street. 1s. 6d.

Ancient Facts and Fictions Concerning Churches and Tithes. By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. Second edition, with a Supplement containing remarks on a recent history of tithes. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.


Cochrane, Patrick, R. W. Medieval Scotland: Chapters on Agriculture, Manufactures, Factories, Taxation, Revenue, Trade, Commerce, Weights and Measures. James Maclehose, Glasgow. 7s. 6d. net.


Dilke, Sir Charles and Spencer Wilkinson. Imperial Defence. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.


Flügel, Dr. Felix. A Universal English-German and German-English Dictionary. Supplementary part. Asher, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.


Harper, Charles G. English Pen Artists of To-day. Examples of their Work, with some Criticisms and Appreciations. Percival and Co. 3l. 3s.

Hessels, J. H. Archives of the London Dutch Church. Register of attestations or certificates of membership, confessions of guilt, and other papers preserved in the Dutch Reformed Church, Austin Friars, London, 1563 to 1872. Edited by David Nutt.

Hodkins, J. E., and Edith. Examples of Early English Pottery, named, dated, and inscribed. Printed for the authors, by private subscription, by Cassell & Co.

Hoffmann, Prof. Card Tricks with Apparatus, and Card Tricks without Apparatus. With illustrations and diagrams. F. Warne. 7s. each.


Ignatius. The Essential Foundation of Real Army Reform. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Paper covers. 6d.

The India Office List for 1892, containing an account of the services of officers in the Indian service, and other information. Harrison and Sons. 6s.

The India List, Civil and Military. January, 1892. W. H. Allen, Waterloo Place. 10s. 6d.

Journal of the Leprosy Investigation Committee. Edited by Phineas S. Abraham, M.A., M.D., Medical Secretary to the Committee. No. 4. December, 1891. Published for the Committee by Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

Kalm's Account of his Visit to England, on his way to America, in 1748. Translated by Joseph Lucas, with maps and illustrations. Macmillan. 12s.


Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes for 1892. Kelly & Co., Great Queen Street, W.C. 16s.
THE AUTHOR.

KENNEDY, ADMIRAL. Sporting Sketches in South America with map and illustrations. R. H. Porter, Princes Street, Cavendish Square. 6d.

LORD, ANDREW. Books and Bookmen. A new edition. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

LORING, G. B., M.D. A Year in Portugal, 1889-1890. G. P. Putnam's Sons, King William Street, Strand.


"M." A Prosperous Kingdom: or a Vision of the Possible. The problem of pensions for old age discussed, and how to empty the workhouses. Slater, Strand. Paper covers. 6d.


MEW, JAMES, and J. ASHTON. Drinks of the World, with illustrations. The Leadenhall Press. 1s. 1d.

MORRIS, REV. M. C. F. Yorkshire Folk Talk, with characteristics of those who speak it in the North and East Ridings. Henry Frowde, Amen Corner: York, John Sampson. 7s. 6d. net.


PRIESTLEY, NEVILLE. Distance and Route Tables, India: showing the shortest distance and route between any two stations in India, also alternative routes between them. Indian State Railways. Second edition, revised and corrected. Printed at the Education Society's Steam Press, Bombay.


SAINTSBURY, GEORGE. Specimens from Defoe's Minor Novels. Edited by. Volume of the Pocket Library of English Literature. Percival. 3s. 6d.


SCHAFER, D. A. The Impossibility of Social Democracy: being a supplement to "Quintessence of Socialism." Authorised English edition, with a preface by Bernard Bosanquet, M.A. Swan Sonnenschein.


TREDWELL, DANIEL M. A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books: a Plea for Bibliomania. Privately printed at Lincoln Road, Flatbush, Long Island, U.S.

VERGA, GIOVANNI. The House by the Medlar-Tree. Translated by Mary A. Craig, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. Red Letter Stories Series. Osgood, M'Ilvaine. 3s. 6d.

WALTERS, ALAN. Palms and Pearls; or, Scenes in Ceylon. Bentley.


WHITE, W. H. The Architect and his Artists: an essay to assist the public in considering the question, Is architecture a profession or an art? Spottiswoode and Co., New Street Square.

WILKINSON, J. FROME. Pensions and Pauperism. With Notes by T. E. Young, B.A., Vice-President of the Institute of Actuaries. Methuen. 1s.

WRIGHT, H. C. Children's Stories in English Literature, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

Educational


HUGHES, W. M., and J. F. WILLIAMS. Advanced Classbook of Modern Geography, Physical, Political, Commercial. George Philip, Fleet Street. 6s.


Practical Arithmetic Exercises for Senior Pupils, containing upwards of 6,000 Examples, with Answers. Blackwood.


Stanford's Handy Atlas of Modern Geography. 30 coloured maps. Stanford, Cockspur Street, S.W. 10s. 6d.

Wormell, Richard. Plotting, or Graphic Mathematics. 1s. Arnold's Mathematical Series. Edward Arnold, Bedford Street, W.C.

Wright, Joseph, Ph.D. A Primer of the Gothic Language, with Grammar, Notes, and Glossary. Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.

Poetry and the Drama.


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340 THE AUTHOR.

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3. Only the serial rights are sold for the author. He receives his volume rights and copyright.
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5. The Syndicate will only work for members of the Society.
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2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all Members.

3. The Grievances of Authors. (The Leadenhall Press.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March 1887.


5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. Squire Sprigge, Secretary to the Society. 1s.

6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C. 2s. 6d.

7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. Squire Sprigge. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C. 3s.

For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible.

WARNINGS.

Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of six years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:

(1.) Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

(2.) Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with those who advertise for MSS., who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

(3.) Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one firm of publishers.

(4.) Never accept any proposal of royalty until you have ascertained exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

(5.) Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

(6.) Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

(7.) Never sign away American rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

(8.) Keep control over the advertisements by clause in the agreement. Reserve a veto. If you are yourself ignorant of the subject, make the Society your agent.

(9.) Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

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NOTICES.

The Secretary will be much obliged if members who have kept the Report for 1890 will kindly send their copies to him.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.
THE AUTHOR.

The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.

Communications intended for the Authors' Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary.

AN AMERICAN SUCCESS.

"There are," writes an American author, "in our country as in yours, various kinds of success. Thus, the late Mr. E. P. Roe has obtained a success; Mr. Howells is successful; and a certain writer, whom we will call Mr. Smith, to prevent jealousies, is also successful. But Mr. Roe's success, if it is measured by sales, compared with Mr. Howells', and that again with Mr. Smith's, may be represented in the continued proportion of 1,000 : 7 : 1.

"The general method of publication with novels, by which the greatest successes are obtained, has hitherto been to bring them out at a dollar or a dollar and a half at first, and afterwards in paper at 1s. or 2s., as a cheap edition. Let me give you one or two experiences. A novel was published two or three years ago by one of our most successful men. It was his most successful work. He published it first in serial form, for which he obtained the price of a thousand pounds, or perhaps more. His English publishers set it up in this country, and gave him—for sole remuneration—the plates, which he handed to his American publishers, who allowed him a 15 per cent. royalty, in consideration of having the plates given to them, which saved composition. There were sold 2,000 copies at 4s., or one dollar, and 16,000 at 1s. You may easily calculate the royalty to the author. He got £180 only. His publisher, for his share, supposing the returns to have been honest, of which there was no proof, made about £250. And this with a man who stands in the front rank of American writers.

"Here is another experience. A novel was brought out by a new writer. Here was risk, it may be said. But the publisher owned that he had sufficient prestige to plant at least 1,200 copies of every work he produced. And in this case the book was heralded by a letter of praise, written by one of the best known and best trusted critics in the country. The author was to receive 10 per cent. on all copies after the first 500. There were subscribed 7,500 copies at a dollar, and 20,000 copies at 1s. The author obtained £240 for his work. The publisher, for his share, netted £480 or £500—just twice as much. This with a book about which no risk at all could be pretended. You English authors will do well to be on your guard when you deal with our publishers.

"But, above all, do not expect too great results. A circulation of 2,500 copies of a dollar book is a remarkable—a noteworthy—success. That of 5,000 copies is a most unusual success. One of 10,000 is phenomenal. Things may alter in accordance with the new Copyright Bill, but let your anticipations be moderate and you will not be disappointed. For you, as for us, the serial right will remain the most valuable."

THE PANTHEON.

This is a gratis advertisement for the man Morgan, for the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art, and for the official journal of that institution. Undismayed by repeated exposure, this precious Association still sends out numberless circulars, and perhaps still receives a fair proportion of guineas in return. Blue Books and Red Books, Clergy lists, and Calendars have all been ransacked, with the result that everyone of the slightest official position has been assured, that by a special resolution of the Council he can become a Fellow of the Society, without further formula, upon payment of one guinea. And now the Pantheon has arrived, the official organ of the Society. We reproduce from this sheet part of the article headed, "the Literary Department." "The Department undertakes the whole cost of the revision, production, and publication of Fellows' and Members' work, where more than usual merit is apparent (even though it be the Author's work), paying to the Author an agreed share of the profits. In other cases the Author will be required to pay one-half of the estimated cost" (whose estimate?) "taking one-half of the net proceeds arising from the sales, but in no instance will the entire estimated cost of an accepted Work be required of the Author, as demanded by ordinary publishers. Works that are likely to prove a failure will not be undertaken. Arrangements have been made whereby all Works published will be reviewed by the press. Thus Authors will secure the two essentials to success too often denied them, viz., production of their first works and publicity." (Italics are the Pantheon's.)
THE AUTHOR.

To anyone with the least idea of what a bona fide publishing offer looks like, these suggestions form a very clear case. But probably many people will be caught by them. "Here," will the aspirant say, "is my chance. Production and advertisement secured, with only half the risk to be run! And to be dubbed an Author with a capital A! and to see my MSS. called Work with a capital W!" Of course the Secretary of the Literary Department will receive MSS. by the thousand. The particular method is so obvious to readers of the Author, and to all who know, that we refer to it apologetically.

A Novel Book Club.

A new kind of Book Club has been started at Bridgwater. It is designed partly to furnish new books for the Free Library in that town. A small library has been founded, consisting of about 400 volumes, selected with some care. Those who use the library find in every volume one of the deposit forms used in the Post Office. Every member affixes a postage stamp before returning the book. If, therefore, a book is kept for four days and is then taken out, it will earn, not counting Sundays, 78 pence in the year. Now, with 78 pence, or 6s. 6d., certainly two, and possibly three, books can be bought for the library. And if there is a steady circulation of 300 out of the 400 books on the shelves, the amount realised would be nearly £100 a year. Everything depends upon the honesty of the reader. In these little things honesty may perhaps be expected, especially provided the readers feel a certain assurance that they may be detected in dishonesty.

Here is a circular which runs as follows:

"Of Paramount Importance, and should be Read by every Author!"

HINTS TO AUTHORS AND LITERARY ASPIRANTS,

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Liber.

Cr. 8vo., 6d. a copy, sent post free on receipt of 7 stamps.

Contents:

Advice to Authors and Literary Aspirants, Publishers and Publishing, on making a Book, Poetry, MSS., Proof-correcting, &c., Remuneration."

It was with an expectant eye that we glanced over the pages of this little work, for the contents, as advertised, ought to interest us much, if they were properly done, and should be of much service to authors. We give an introductory sentence, which rendered it unnecessary to read more.

"No one can write poetry, unless they have the poetic vein or gift, and most assuredly they cannot write books, or for the press, &c., unless they have those natural endowments which ensures an appreciative public."

We did, however, read a little more. The rest of the work is full of vague encouragement to all who have MSS. to print them, and in an accompanying letter, Messrs. Alder & Co., "who have twenty years of experience in publishing," offer to revise MSS. and to generally assist the fortunate author. We give the firm this credit—it is not likely that their pamphlet will bring even the youngest of aspirants to them for advice. Their wording is too clumsy. When we remember the letters of the London Literary Society, of the City of London Publishing Company, of Mr. McGuire, and of Messrs. Bevington and Co., and recall the fact that these letters secured applicants by the score, it is hard to believe that any bait can be too coarse. But "Liber's" utter freedom from syntax would shake a baby's confidence in his advice.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.

Transfer of Contract.

"The Author calls attention to a recent advertisement in the Times, in which a firm of publishers, having more MSS. of novels in their possession than they can for some time publish, offer to part with the contracts relating to several MSS. by good authors (some being subject on publication to a royalty), and point out 'this is an admirable opportunity for a young firm who want to start with a good lot of publications without any loss of time,' the advertisement being addressed to 'Young Publishing Firms or others commencing a publishing business.' The Author 'has always been of opinion that a contract by one author with one publisher, except in the case of sale, could not be passed on to another publisher without the author's consent,' but thinks that the question is one for lawyers to consider. The general rule as to assignability of contracts is that all contracts are assignable by either party on notice to the other, but without the
consent of the other, except in cases where the individual skill or other personal qualifications of the assigning contractor were relied on by the party contracting with him, and the modern tendency of the Courts appears to be in favour rather than narrowing the assignability of contracts (see 'Chitty on Contracts,' 12th edit. at p. 862, citing The British Waggon Company v. Lea, 44 Law J. Rep. Q. B. 321). In two cases, however—that of Stevens v. Benning, 6 De G. M. & G. 223, and Hole v. Bradbury, 48 Law J. Rep. Chanc. 673—contracts between author and publisher have been held not to be assignable. In Stevens v. Benning, a complicated case arising out of 'Forsyth on the Law of Composition with Creditors,' it was held that an agreement on the half-profit system was of a personal nature on both sides, so that the benefit of it was not assignable by either party without the other's consent. In Hole v. Bradbury, another half-profit agreement between Canon Hole and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans for the production of 'A Little Tour in Ireland, with Illustrations by John Leech,' was held also to be personal, and to be put an end to by a complete change of partnership in the publishing firm. From the language of Lord Justice Fry in delivering judgment, it is clear that that learned and literary judge was of opinion that, except where the copyright passes, the contract between author and publisher is personal and not assignable, but that there is a great distinction arising if the copyright is sold to the publisher, and in such a case we cannot but think that as a copyright is assignable ad infinitum, a contract to produce copyright must be assignable ad infinitum also, but assignable by the publisher only, and not by the author also. At any rate, authors would do well, in contracting to produce a work of which they sell the copyright and receive no further remuneration, to restrain the assignability of the contract in some reasonable manner, as it is obvious that publishers must differ very much from one another in capability to get a book sold."

In ordinary cases, therefore, publishers' contracts are not assignable, and those authors who find their works passing into the hands of publishers others than those with whom they originally contracted, will do well either to consult their own solicitors or to apply to our secretary forthwith. It seems also to be worth while to restrict assignability in cases where the copyright is sold, otherwise an author who expects to be published in London may suddenly find himself published in Cornwall, and in Cornwall only.—Law Journal (March 19).

II.

LITERARY AGENTS.

Two or three letters have been received on the subject of literary agents and their use in the literary world. A good deal of doubt and of misunderstanding exists on the subject. For instance, those who think that an agent can succeed in placing work that has been already refused by editors and publishers are certain to be disappointed. They may get the agent to make the attempt; in the end they will grumble at paying for services which have proved useless; they may suspect that these services have never been rendered at all. No one—not a literary friend, not a well-known man of mark, not an agent—can succeed in getting editors to accept MSS. unsuitable, or publishers to produce work of no commercial value. No one can help the author but himself. He alone has to besiege the fort. Very often he has to retire; in some few cases the fort presently surrenders. Of what use, then, is the agent? Of every use to the writer who has already created a demand. The agent undertakes his work, estimates his market value, keeps him out of mischief, and leaves him free from money worries. There are so few, comparatively, who have succeeded in creating this demand for their work, that they may reasonably be supposed to know the agents who can be trusted. A bad agent—one who plays into the hands of fraudulent publishers—audits and passes fraudulent accounts—is a worse shark than the most dishonest of publishers. Beware of him! In a word. Let no one go to any agent on the faith of an advertisement. And let no one who is not already on the ladder of popularity go to any agent at all.

III.

THE SUPPOSED INCREASE OF MAGAZINES.

On the subject of magazines, we are always ready to cry out at the increase in their numbers of late years. The following, however, is a list of monthly magazines published in the year 1807, with their prices. It will be observed that, comparing the population of Great Britain in 1807 with that of 1892, there were many more magazines in proportion to population than there are now; and comparing the proportion of reading classes, very many more. And if we consider the Colonies and India, there is no comparison possible. Then in 1807 the population of England alone was 9,000,000. In 1892, it is 27,000,000, or three times that of
the former year. Now, consider the magazines of 1807. They were:

- Athenæum, 2s.
- Agricultural, 1s. 6d.
- Britannic, 1s.
- Botanical, 3s.
- Christian Observer, 1s.
- Evangelical, 6d.
- European, 1s. 6d.
- Gentleman’s, 1s. 6d.
- Gospel, 9d.
- Literary Recreations, 1s. 6d.
- Literary Panorama, 2s. 6d.
- Ladies’, 1s.
- Ladies’ Museum, 1s.
- La Belle Assemblée, 2s. 6d.
- Le Beau Monde, 2s. 6d.
- Medical and Physical, 2s. 6d.

Besides these there were the reviews:

- The Annual, £1 1s.
- Anti-Jacobin, 2s. 6d.
- British Critic, 2s. 6d.
- Critical, 2s. 6d.
- Electric, 1s. 6d.
- Edinburgh, 5s.
- Gentlemen’s, 1s. 6d.
- Methodist, 6d.
- Monthly Mirror, 1s. 6d.
- Naval Chronical, 2s. 6d.
- Naturalist’s Miscellany, 2s. 6d.
- Orthodox Churchman, 1s. 6d.
- Philosophical Mining, 2s. 6d.
- Philosophical, 2s. 6d.
- Repertory of Arts and Manufactures, 2s. 6d.
- Records of Literature, 2s. 6d.
- Sporting, 1s. 1d.
- Theological and Biblical, 6d.
- Universal, 1s. 6d.

In short, there were in 1807, 40 magazines to 9,000,000 people. But, at the very least, five-sixths of these, rustics, children and the working classes, read nothing. That makes one magazine for every 40,000 people. Observe again that these magazines touched only the better class. At the same rate we ought now to have 700 magazines of the higher class.

IV.

THE OUTPUT.

The autumn harvest of books is followed by a spring gathering almost as rich. The Laureate, our President, contributes his new drama, advertised for the last day of March. Lord Lytton’s posthumous volume “Marah” is out. Sir Edwin Arnold has produced his “Potiphar’s Wife”; Dr. Abbott, his book on the “Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman”; Mr. Molesworth, his “Stories of Saints for Children”; Prof. Earle, his “Deeds of Beowulf”; the Dean of Winchester, his “History of France”; Prof. Jebb, the “Fifth Part of his Sophocles”; Archdeacon Farrar, his new Volume of Sermons; Grant Allen, his new novel, the “Duchess of Powysland”; a popular edition of Mrs. Oliphant’s “Life of Laurence Oliphant”; Mr. S. Baring Gould, his new novel, “Margery of Quether”; Mr. Dubourg, whose silences are too prolonged, is ready with his romantic drama “Angelica”; “Melmoth the Wanderer” is revived once more; Mr. George Gissing produces his “Denzil Quarrier”; Churchill’s “Rosciad” is reprinted. And when we consider the long lists which are not advertised in the ordinary channels and never appear in the Saturday, the Spectator, or the Athenæum, there is little reason to doubt that the output of 1892 will equal that of the preceding years. All the more reason to keep hammering into the minds of those who are terrified at this output the fact that it is intended for an enormous multitude of readers, every day growing greater and more greedy for literary food. We need not be afraid about the quantity; that concerns the purveyors only; as for the quality, let us remember that it is what our educators make it. If the quality is low, raise the standard by education—or by example. Meantime, let us do our best to prevent the publishing of books worthless and not wanted.
America by agents of tried integrity. From this it will be seen that the encouragement which the association has received is highly promising. Many publishers, nearly every journal of standing in the kingdom, many journals in the colonies, and in India, and either directly, or through our agents, a large number of established journals in the United States have requested that we will keep them constantly informed of the rights we have to offer. In addition, a large number of periodicals have expressed their willingness to deal through the Syndicate, provided it can supply them with the material they require. Only two journals and one magazine have expressed any unwillingness to do business, in each case simply on the ground that their conductors object to the intervention of such an intermediary. The applications which reach the Syndicate for the work of the best writers are steadily increasing. There is, too, a small but growing demand for work on its merits, apart from name, and the Syndicate has even been asked to send out work of all kinds with its imprimatur. When the necessary arrangements have been completed a reading staff will be established, whose recommendation shall be given with as much jealousy as that of a publisher's reader. It is obvious that work which secures so valuable a recommendation is certain to receive favourable attention. Again, the knowledge possessed by the advisers of the Syndicate of the markets for literary property will be, at least, instrumental in sparing members much disappointment.

It must be understood that this department is quite distinct from the reading department of the Society. The Syndicate does not give an educational opinion, but passes judgment upon the commercial value of a MSS. submitted to it.*

The Syndicate, it must be repeated, acts merely as the agent of members, and its expenses are met by a commission charged upon moneys received. It is now in a position to look after all rights that may be entrusted to it. The information accumulated in the archives of the Society is at its service, and it is simply impossible to exaggerate the value of that information. Its conductors are by means of this knowledge acquainted with the methods of business of every publishing house in the trade. The future of the Syndicate now depends only on the support it receives from the members of the Society, and it is hoped that they will, in their own interests, strengthen the hands of its conductors. Members who receive applications for work from the manager will materially advance the interests of the Syndicate if they will endeavour, as far as possible, to meet its demands, although these must, necessarily, often be somewhat peremptory. None of the work of the association is more important than that it should, as far as possible, satisfy the needs of its clients. It has been objected that the Syndicate is designed to sow distrust between authors and editors or publishers. Nothing could be further from the fact. The personal relations of publishers and editors with authors will most certainly continue cordial so long as their business negotiations are conducted for them by means of such an association as our own. Nothing is so conducive to a rupture of the entente cordiale as those misunderstandings which constantly arise when an author conducts his own business for himself. The history of literature is full of such misunderstandings and quarrels. It is a preposterous condition to insist that a distinguished author shall do his own "marketing." And it must be remembered that the only way in which authors can act with each other, and for themselves, is by means of such an association as this, in which they are not exploited for the advantage and interests of one person. It is the interest of the Syndicate to advance the position of everyone who takes advantage of its services. There are no traps or secret profits.

W. M. C.

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AMERICAN AUTHORS.

I.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

PROSPECTUS:

PROTECTION of authors and of literary property.

First. By advice before publishing; by arbitration or by appeal to law in all cases where members have been swindled or oppressed by publishers.

Second. By enacting here the French statutes in regard to literary property; in particular that one which compels the publisher to affix to each book printed by him a stamp furnished by the author of said book and inflicting legal penalties if he neglects or refuses to do so. (A law which would do away entirely with the wholesale cheating of the author by the publisher in the return of books sold.)

Third. Extension of the present term of copy-right to the lifetime of the author, or fifty years.

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* No MSS. whatever must be sent to the Syndicate without previous communication with the secretaries.
THE AUTHOR.

Fourth. Carriage of literary property (MSS.) through the mails at the same rates charged for property not literary.

Fifth. Co-operation with the British Society of Authors for needed amendments to the present International Copyright Law.

Sixth. Cultivation of a fraternal spirit among writers by monthly meetings for discussion and the reading of papers on literary topics, and by the publication of a monthly journal devoted to the interests of authors and of the Society.

Seventh. Reading of MSS. for authors, and opinions as to its value, &c.

Membership.

All persons, male or female, who have written a book, or are engaged in writing for the press, to be eligible to membership.

Annual Dues.

Limited to $5 (the dues of the British Society), in return, each member to be entitled to legal and expert advice gratis, and, if wronged, to have his case prosecuted by the Society; also to one year's subscription to the Society's journal.

Officers.

A President, Secretary, and Board of Managers, to be elected by members at an annual meeting, the Secretary to be executive officer, the Board of Managers to control the affairs and shape the policy of the Society.

The above prospectus is followed by a letter, of which the following is an extract:

"We ought to have in America a society of at least 5,000 members. If such a society did nothing more than force Congress to enact the French statutes (noticed above), it would prove abundantly its "raison d'être." But it could do much more. Will you join us in creating such a society, by pledging your name as a member when organised, and, if convenient, by attending a meeting for organisation, to be held privately in New York not later than May 1st? If 100 favourable replies to this circular are received, it is proposed to organise such a society at once.

"To those who fear to incur the resentment of publishers by joining such a society, we would say that its proceedings and lists of members could be kept secret, if desired, but no publisher would be so foolhardy as to antagonise such a body, since with the British Society (whose co-operation is pledged by their Committee) and the French Society, it would control nearly the entire literary output of the world."

"CHARLES BURR TOTTD,"

Author of "Life and Letters of Joel Barlow."

"Story of the City of New York."

"Story of Washington, D.C."

II.

THE BOOK OF THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

An erroneous account of a project recently entered upon by the Authors' Club appeared in several of the New York daily papers a few days since. The enterprise has proceeded so far that its success is no longer problematical, but the Club was not quite ready to announce it. Now, however, the Critic is authorized to set forth the matter as it is.

The Club will publish a sumptuous volume, made up of stories, poems, essays, and sketches, written especially for it by 100 or more of the members. One hundred and six have definitely promised to contribute. The length of the contributions will vary from one page to a dozen pages. Those contributors who are artists as well as authors are asked to illustrate their articles. The volume will be as handsome typographically as the De Vinne Press can make it. The head of that establishment, by the way, is himself an author and a member of the Club, and will contribute to the book an article on "Typographic Fads." But one edition will be printed, and that one limited to 251 numbered copies, 250 of which are to be sold to subscribers. In every copy of the book, each article will be signed, in pen and ink, by its author. The subscription price is $100, and the Club may reserve the right to raise the price after the first 100 copies have been sold.

Type-written copies of the articles are prepared for the printer; and the original manuscripts, clean and whole, are to be bound up by themselves and sold to the highest bidder.


The intention is to carry the book through the press during the spring and summer, and have it ready for delivery next autumn. The Club has not yet formally opened a subscription list, but a good many subscriptions have been sent in. Letters relating to it should be addressed to the Secretary of the Club, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, 1, Bond Street, New York. The money to be raised by this publication will be held as the nucleus of a building fund; but as the Club has never been in debt, and its finances have always been managed remarkably well (belying the popular dictum that literary men do not understand business), it is not probable that a clubhouse will be erected very soon.—New York Critic.

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THE REPORT OF 1891.

This Report is, in every respect, the most satisfactory that the Society has had to show. There is advance in every direction. First, as regards numbers. The election of over 200 during the year; the loss, by death or retirement, of no more than 30 or so; the increase of members to 800; these are very satisfactory figures. They have not, as yet, assumed the proportions which we desire, but a list of 800 means a very considerable advance in power. We now have among our members nearly all the best-known writers of the day. The opposition which we formerly received has, in great measure, disappeared. It still pleases certain journals persistently to misrepresent the aims and the work of the Society. They have, no doubt, their motives and their inspiration. Meantime, it is now generally understood that our chief raison d'être is the definition and the maintenance of literary property. With this end in view, we have investigated the exact meaning of the various systems of publication—"half-profits," royalties, &c.—and have shown what these mean to publisher and to author, and have exposed the various frauds practised under their methods.

We therefore continually and earnestly entreat everyone who has an agreement submitted to him to ascertain, before he signs it, what proportion in the returns of his own property is offered him, and what is reserved for the publisher. If he has any doubt on the point, let him ask the publisher for an estimate of this proportion on the supposition of certain results. Or, which is simpler, let him refer the agreement to the Secretary, remembering to forward not only the agreement, but the length of the MS. and the kind of form in which it is to appear.

There has been, from the beginning of the Society, a persistent attempt made to represent it as hostile to publishers. This is, of course, the trick of the fraudulent publisher in order to cover his own iniquity. He pretends that not only he himself, but all the fraternity, are attacked. We will repeat, if necessary, with every number of the Author, that the Society fully recognises the necessity and the justice of allowing the publisher his just fees and share of the property whose rents he collects and which he manages. Like the solicitor, too, he must be paid first. But he must not make secret—which are fraudulent—profits. And in every agreement it must be clearly understood what share he is to receive, without any other secret—and fraudulent—profits. What is this share? Is it possible to arrive at a method of publishing which can be applied to every form of book alike, whether cheap or dear, large or small? Perhaps. Let us try. We will state the problem in plain language, and refer it to our members. Perhaps between us all an answer may be found. Suppose that answer will not be accepted by publishers? Well, in the present competitive condition of business no method based upon fair play is in the least likely to be refused by the better houses. If it were refused, the next step would be easy.

In point of fact, men and women of letters have their independence in their own hands, if they choose to accept it on the only possible terms. They must cease, absolutely and at once, from believing that the material side of literature is a branch of gambling; they must cease from prating nonsense about publishers' generosity—a jargon as degrading to letters as it is mischievous and false in fact; they must regard their work as property for the administration of which they must pay; they must regard those who want to administrate it as they regard solicitors, of whom some are good and honourable, some indifferent, many dishonest and incapable; and, above all, they must desist from talking as if the material side was beneath their dignity. The material side is everything; properly treated it gives independence and freedom to the artistic side; it must be watched jealously, closely, continually. Where wealth is gathered, thither flock the thieves; where property is to be administered, thither flock the rogues who hope to steal that property. Not to watch over property is the attitude of a madman;
to drop contentedly into the attitude of a mendicant is the act of a slave. What literature—what art—comes from the bondsman? What—of what quality—are the fruits of Grub Street?

All this is very different from clutching greedily after guineas. One does not desire that literature should be followed as a means of acquiring immense fortunes, nor does one envy in the least a successful publisher who honourably accumulates an immense fortune. But we must no longer ask what a publisher will give; the question henceforth must be what the book will bring in—if anything—on a definite system. That this will be the attitude—this the question—of the future admits of no doubt. That it will become immediately the attitude of all writers is matter of considerable doubt. Let those begin, at least, who have already achieved such a measure of success as will make that attitude possible.

Consider, for a moment, the change which will be effected by the adoption of a common and recognised method of publishing. The author will have no trouble in bargaining; he will simply offer his book; he will understand his own popularity—if he has any; the extent and nature of his own following; he will be in true partnership with his publisher; he will be under no delusions; he will suspect no tricks; the accounts which concern his work will be his own, for inspection whenever he pleases. There will be no affectation of generosity on the one hand, no attitude of mendicancy on the other; there will be no suspicion of trickery; both parties to the agreement will stand upright, man with man. Compare this independence, this openness, with the sullen suspicion, the jealousy, the smouldering wrath, the outspoken accusations which prevail at the present day. Listen to the talk of authors among themselves; listen to the stories they whisper or suggest of fraud and treachery; some of them get into these columns, but not a fiftieth of what are told. Are they all true? Those that we give are true, not all the rest; but they are all founded on suspicion, or on cases that are, unhappily, true to the letter. One would have thought that men engaged in this business would catch at anything—anything—that promised to relieve them of this atmosphere of suspicion. This, however, has not generally proved to be the case.

Everything is in the hands of men and women of letters. But they must learn to act together, with common objects and that amount of confidence which springs from the possession of common interests. The Society has from the outset regarded common action as one of the most important objects to be realised. Understand. No concession of individual freedom is desired. In the world of letters, foolishly called a Republic, where there is no equality possible, every man must stand apart and individual. But every man is not necessarily the enemy of every other man. There are common interests. Where these are concerned let us be friends; where they are not concerned, we need not be deadly enemies to each other, even though there may be disagreements. It is time that the old brutal slogging and hammering of author by author should cease—most of it, indeed, has ceased; it is more than time that men of letters should adopt those outward forms of respect towards each other which are enforced in the professions of the law and medicine. This does not preclude criticism. When a man sends his book to be criticised, he invites a judgment; he has no right to complain if that judgment is harsh; he has invited an opinion. But for a man to go out of his way in order to attack, wantonly, spitefully, and maliciously a man of the same calling, deliberately to sit down unasked, unprovoked, in order to stab a member of the same calling; deliberately to besmirch a reputation by throwing mud, like a dirty little schoolboy; deliberately to insult another writer for the mere enjoyment of insult—all this is plainly and simply brutal and black-guard. A barrister who should dare to do such a thing would be disbarred; a physician would be expelled the college; in private life a man who should wantonly insult another man at a club would have his name removed. There ought to be—there must be—found some way in which such men shall be made to feel that they are exactly in the same position as those lawyers, physicians, or club men who have been expelled from the society of their brethren. Who, it may be asked, does such things? Perhaps, no one. The question may be answered by any reader for himself.

The dependence of writers is, no doubt, greatly increased by the continual influx of those who have no business to take up literature as a profession, and no capacity to do more than the production of books which are not wanted, and of literary work which is purely hack. There must always be such writers. Let us do our best to urge and persuade those who would swell the unhappy ranks that in any other line—any other—a more easy living, with more money, more independence, more self-respect can be obtained than in the lowest walks of literature. If they must and will write—the impulse is sometimes as strong for the incompetent as for those who have the gift—let them take up some other position and give to writing their spare hours.

Every member who sends his yearly guinea enables the Society to act for other members. This is the first step towards common action in matters connected with law and property. The creation of public opinion as regards literature as a calling has yet to be achieved. It may prove
difficult, but so much has been done already, owing to the efforts of the Society, that it does not seem impossible. And we look for the co-operation of editors in the enforcement of these outward forms of respect. Without them, indeed, the profession of letters would long since have been an arena of maddened gladiators.

The newly formed Authors' Club will also prove of assistance in this respect. The club, even if it does nothing more, will make it difficult for men who meet in friendliness to go away and stab each other in spite and malice. The newly formed Writers' Club should exercise a similarly beneficent effect upon ladies.

We have spoken of the work already effected by this Society. It has already taught those who have work to produce what it will cost to produce; it has enabled them to understand, for the first time in the history of literature, what agreements mean. And it has made publishers far more careful in the agreements which they submit to authors. The old cynical impudence with which arrangements, ridiculously unfair, used to be offered, has almost vanished, while certain firms which a year or two ago were remarkable for barefaced trading on the ignorance of their clients, are now offering agreements which leave little to desire. The Society does not propose to arrogate to itself the functions of a judge; it neither pretends to punish, nor does it bear malice; where fair agreements are offered, the past may be forgotten. But it does its best to keep away from fraudulent houses as much work as it possibly can. This course it has pursued for seven years with satisfactory success; it has mulcted certain houses in many thousands of pounds; it has taken out of their hands authors by the dozen; and this course it will still continue to pursue.

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**THE STORY OF ANITA.**

It became ridiculous; it became proverbial; it became maddening. What was there in the commonplace work of this commonplace girl—they liked the double use of the adjective—commonplace, they said—that caused her work to be taken by magazines—paid for properly, mind, with good sound substantial cheques—to be accepted by publishers and issued in series which included some of the very biggest names? Other maidens with similar ambitions, curiously turned over the leaves of her stories and tossed them contemptuously one to the other. Some said, "Well!" and it was as if there were rivers and lakes dammed up behind. Others said, "Ah!"

and it was as if a cataract was ready to leap and bound. Others again looked round them and asked of the silent heavens, the patient earth, and the unsympathetic ocean, "Can anyone tell me why?" For it could not be denied, even by Anita's worst enemies, to say nothing of her most bosomly friends, that her tales were commonplace in the conception, slovenly in their execution, and vulgar in sentiment; that her plots were old, feeble, and ridiculous, and the style was what is commonly called that of the school girl.

"Anita Palaska has got a story in the *Cheapside* this month!" It was in one of the halls of the British Museum. There were half-a-dozen girls talking together. She who spoke had the discordant tones of envy.

"She had one in the *Haymarket* last month!" With a wail of pain.

"And one in the *Regent Street* the month before!" The voice was that of one who prefers an accusation against fate.

"And she is doing a weekly fashion letter for the *Young Duchess*!" This in a minor key, as of one reciting a Penitential Psalm.

"And oh!" cried another, "Mr. Cyril Mucklemore is announcing a new novel by Anita Palaska. *Preparing. Will be ready in a month.* Ah! Can anyone—will anyone—anyone tell me why?" It was as the cry of a Lost Soul, and along the sonorous ceiling of that vast hall rolled the notes, echoing as they rolled, "tell me why—why—by—y—y—y—y—y—y—y—y—y—y.

"I have read everything Anita has ever written," said one, "and there is not a line, or a sentence, or a character—not a situation or a thought—which is not feeble and commonplace. Not one. All as commonplace as her appearance."

"Well, my dear," murmured a bosom friend, "you certainly ought to be a judge of the commonplace." But she said aloud, "I have tried to read our Anita, and I confess that I cannot."

They all had desks and drawers and chests and boxes full of MSS.—these inky Graces. They were all mad—instantly mad—for literary fame. They were all poor, badly dressed, and insufficiently fed; they wanted dollars almost as much as they wanted literary fame. And here was Anita—one of themselves—who twelve months before had been in the same quagmire of neglect and contempt with themselves, now blossoming into a popular author. The thing called for a universal sniff to begin with—wrath could come after, but the sniff came first—a thing so absurd, so foolish, so unjust—a popular—popular—Hear! Oh Heavens! Anita Palaska was already a popular—popular—popular author, while they—they—they—the unsuccessful—those of the inky..."
fingers—were as much on the outside as the Foolish Virgins! What did it mean? By what magic did Anita persuade editors to take her stuff? Let the truth be told plainly—her skimble skamble, foolish, futile, commonplace, weary, dreary, languid, miserable, copied, imitated, second-hand, humbugging stuff—while her sisters had their works—far better—everyone knew it, and was not ashamed to say it—better? Gracious! Comparison was out of the question.—Their lovely work returned, hurled back in their faces, with a slap of contempt, so that all the cheeks of all these maidens were always red and glowing, and their eyes alight with rage, and their tongues like forked serpents charged with venom and hatred, and spite, and all uncharitableness. There is nothing in the world for these qualities like a disappointed literary woman, unless it is the disappointed literary man.

It will be readily understood that whenever these angry and defeated ladies met together the conversation speedily turned on the success—temporary only—everyone agreed upon that—of their more fortunate sister. And the talk always assumed such a character as that indicated above.

One day, then, while three or four of them were gathered together in the luncheon room of the Museum, that Tavern with the sign of the Inky Finger, the Spirit of Envy being in their midst, the subject of their discourse appeared. She opened the door and stood there for a moment smiling. By the quick snap of all the mouths; by the quick glance of all the eyes; by the little shudder which ran round the group; by the little blush of shame; by the sudden silence, it was plain to Anita, being a woman of at least ordinary intelligence, that they were talking about her. At this she was not surprised; she knew even the kind of discourse they would be holding about this she was not surprised; she knew even the commonplace something a little better than the commonplace.

Anita Palaska was a tall and rather fine-looking girl—her friends said that her real name—but that matters nothing. She looked English and had a foreign name—a Servian name? A Polish name? A Czetch name?—what does it matter? Almost a handsome woman, large and generous in her proportions, and about 24 years of age. "Commonplace in her appearance," said her friends. Not quite. These ladies were not perhaps, the best judges of what is attractive in a woman where man is concerned. Nor did they understand in the least—certainly they had never had an opportunity of observing—the latent power in Anita's eyes. They could not even guess how those eyes could dilate; how they could tremble; how they could fascinate; how they could flicker; how they could mean wonderful inexpressible things; how they were, as she pleased, persuasive, coaxing, innocent, limpid, loving, fresh, candid, sincere, alluring, promising, saintly. Her friends never even suspected the magic, and said she was as commonplace in her style as in her manner. Poor deluded girls! As for literary style, that may be conceded. For her manner, however—

"I have been correcting my new proofs," she said, addressing the assemblage. "My story is going into the Cheapside this month."

"So we see," said the eldest of the damsels, with a little prolongation of the sibilant. "We were just asking each other if you would be kind enough to tell us the secret of your success, which, indeed, we cannot understand. Your stories, of course, are taken on their merits."

She tossed her head.

Anita laughed softly. "Outside the profession I should say, 'Send in good work and it will be taken.' To you I cannot say that."

"No, no." They all hastened to exclaim assent. Had they not all—to a female—sent in good work which had been sent back to them? And Anita had sent in bad work and it was accepted.

"No. To you I say this: There are just a few living writers who really have got the art of writing attractively. They are very few. Everybody wants their work, and there isn't enough to go round. Then there are a great many who all write up to a certain level, and that a low level. Now do you begin to understand?"

They did not. They shook their heads. Each one felt that she, in fact, was a good bit above the level achieved by her sisters.

"Well, it is so, however. And the great difficulty of editors is to select from this vast expanse of commonplace something a little better than the rest. Now do you see?"

She spoke very sweetly, and they began to see, and the gleam of that new light brought fire into their hearts which burned them up, internally.

"I am not a Rudyard Kipling nor a Barrie," Anita went on, modestly, "I don't pretend to such greatness. But I may be—you see—a little—just a wee bit—above the general level of those who send in contributions. That is why I am accepted. Only ever so little above the commonplace. The explanation is quite easy. You have only to be a little, very little, bit above the average level."

She nodded pleasantly, and took a table by herself, where she taxed the resources of the establishment for her selfish gourmandise. And the rest felt themselves—all—all—lying on the low, cold, watery, despised levels of incompetence. They crept back to their work, one after the other, unhappy, crushed, trodden upon.
Anita, luncheon despatched, took a MS. out of her hand bag, and ran through it hurriedly. "I think it will do," she said. "At all events, if it won't do he must make it do. If it is not good when he's dressed it up, it is his fault, not mine."

She put it back—rose—and walked away.

The editor of the *Haymarket* sat in his room at work. It was a cosy room, with one or two comfortable chairs and a bright fire and the appearance of seclusion, with a window which looked out upon a quiet churchyard, not yet turned into a playground. A boy brought him a card. He read it; he changed colour; he put it down. "I am busy," he said. "Lady says she can wait any time," replied the boy. "She's taken a chair and a book." "In that case— show her up," replied the editor desperately.

She came in smiling sweetly. She gave him her hand; nay, she pressed his hand tenderly with her softly gloved fingers. For purposes of pressure, the persuasive cover of a Swede is better than the nudity of bony and knuckly fingers.

"Best of editors," she murmured.

"What can I do for you, Miss Palaska?"

"Fie! last time it was Anita—so—now we are friends again. Between friends everything is easy. I have brought you—" she opened her bag and added, "a MS. This is really very, very much better than the last. Oh! I know affected not to hear his groan—"a MS. This is really very, very much better than the last. Oh! I know there were weak—terribly weak—points about that tale, though your beautiful touches improved it so wonderfully. This, however, is much better. It is quite, quite an original story. I will tell it you in brief. There are two most charming lovers—girl like me, you know—and the man—vain creature! you look in the glass! They are separated by a horrid lack of money. There is little hope, but when things are desperate, her long-lost uncle comes from India. Oh! it is beautifully original and full of pathos. I know you will like it. I wrote it on purpose for you—for you—my best of editors.

She laid the MS. on the table, and touched his hand with her's accidentally. Were there ever such eyes, so full of admiration, of respect, of humble handmaidenly devotion? Was there ever a face so full of tender interest and sympathy?

"You are quite well?" she asked, "Quite—quite well? Do they watch you enough? You are not working too hard or anything? You are not in love, are you?" She laughed softly and consciously. Now this wretched man had a wife—but he trembled and he reddened, and he murmured, "Except with you, Anita? Impossible."

He leaned his face; he kissed her forehead. She held his hand, and her eyes lay upon his face like sunshine, filling it with glow and radiance.

Then she rose. "You will put it in the very next number? Dear friend! make any alterations—any. Farewell!"

She left him. The moment after she left the room, the spell of those eyes died away. He took up the MS.—looked into it—fell into a blind rage over it—hurled it on the floor and jumped upon it. Then he picked it up and smoothed it out, and spent the rest of that day and the whole of the next in correcting it and re-writing it. But it still remained, after his corrections, about as bad a paper as the magazine had ever seen. And he knew that unkind things would be said about it, and perhaps the proprietor might . . .

Anita went away with a dancing step and a laughing eye. This time she was going to see the publisher of her new novel, Mr. Cyril Mucklemore. He was an aged gentleman whose brows had long been frosted. As for his reputation, it was like unto that of the nether millstone. Anita possessed an agreement signed by Mr. Cyril Mucklemore—the beautiful Christian name inspired confidence—in which the firm agreed and bargained to give her a deferred royalty. She was to receive 16s. a copy after the first 500 had been sold. It was a noble offer. No other house, Mr. Cyril Mucklemore assured her, would possibly make such an offer. In fact, as the libraries did not give him so much for a copy, it was what the world would call princely. Mr. Mucklemore's record is full of such princely episodes. But the good and generous patron of literature could very well afford these noble terms, because, you see, he knew very well that 300 copies would be the very utmost that he could cram down the throats of the libraries, and nobody outside the libraries would buy one single copy. Therefore he had had an edition of 350, and no more, printed, and he had already distributed the type. But this he did not tell the author. When the proper time came, he would be the first to lament the failure of the work, and to express regrets more on the author's account than on his own. As a matter of fact, he proposed to make a nice little profit of £100 and more, to the author's double duck's egg. "You think," said a certain adviser of Anita—a male novelist—"that old Mucklemore means to let you have any money? Not he. I know his tricks and his ways. Not a penny will you ever get out of him." In fact, this good old man had the warm heart and the kind word of every author who had ever gone to him. Hence his princely fortune; hence, too, or closely connected with the warm heart and the kind word, was his eminent piety, for he was of a very advanced and stalwart form of Christianity, and in his will he has endowed a college for decayed—but this is anticipating the charitable intentions of a good and great man.

"I think," said Anita, "that Mr. Mucklemore will
be persuaded to give me a cheque on account." Her adviser laughed scornfully. Anita smiled darkly, mysteriously. "If you are a witch, Anita."

"Dear Mr. Mucklemore!" said Anita, sinking into a chair and holding the hand of this Christian person in her own. "You are well? You look anxious. Do they consider you enough? Do they watch over you? You are not worried about anything? Have wicked men written you angry letters? You are not—Oh! you are not—anxious about my little book, are you? Dear Mr. Mucklemore! I could never forgive myself if I thought you were going to lose money over my little venture."

"No, I shall not lose much money," said Mr. Mucklemore. A benevolent smile stole over his countenance. "Not more than I can afford, over your little book, Miss Palaska." He looked down upon her with a certain growing interest. The damsel was comely, and she met his wrinkled old eyes with looks so full of sympathy, that he began to forget his seventy years. She certainly did show for him a tenderness and a consideration— and, could he be seventy? Those eyes— those eyes— "I feel your kindness so much, dear Mr. Mucklemore— Oh! so very, very much. I feel almost like a daughter to you."

"Yet I can never feel like a father to you," replied the Inflammatory Old.

"No? Well you are quite as kind as a father to me, anyhow. You may call your kindness what you please, dear Mr. Mucklemore."

They were quite alone. Mr. Mucklemore melted. He felt less and less like a father. He told her that she reminded him of his young days, and that she made him lament his youth; and that he thought such an interest in a girl as he now felt had long since gone, and presently he had his benevolent old arms round her slender waist. Nobody would have recognised at that beatific moment the saintly Mr. Mucklemore.

Presently Anita drew herself slowly away from this glimpse of Eden. "Dear Mr. Mucklemore," she murmured, "you must not take advantage of woman's weakness. But you will always be young in heart."

"Um—um—um," murmured the Inflammatory over her fingers.

"And oh!" continued Anita, "How good it is when one no longer—quite—so young is so young."

"To you, Miss Palaska—Anita—" he became poetical with passion—the Passionate Publisher— "Methusalem would be young, and old Parr himself a boy in buttons."

"Flatterer! But why did I call here this morning? You make me forget everything, even that I am wasting your most valuable time, and outside—outside," she said this without a ghost of a smile, "there are a dozen people at least waiting to bless your generous heart." He caught her by the hand, again murmuring his "Um—um—um. " "What I came to say is only this, dear Mr. Mucklemore. You have given me an agreement by which you promise me a royalty—a most generous royalty—of 16s. a copy when 500 have been sold. You are the only man in the profession, everybody tells me, who would ever make such a splendid offer to a novelist. How can I ever sufficiently thank you? Meanwhile sit down, my dear friend, and write me a cheque for a £150—a little £150— that will do—in advance, and on account of those royalties."

He did it. He did it without a word, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do, and yet, as you have heard, he had only printed 350 copies, and the type was already distributed.

Now you understand the secret of Anita's success, and yet they said she was as commonplace in appearance as in style.

Something has happened, however. No one knows how these things do happen. Some one must have communicated the thing under promise of secrecy; then it got whispered in a club smoking-room—but nobody knows. Only one day, when Anita called with a new MS. upon one of her editors, she was coldly received, and was presently informed in plain words that her work could no longer be received in exchange for the pressure of a hand, and the kindly light of pretty eyes. She went away, feeling sad, and called on another editor. The same reception awaited her, almost in the same words. And good old Mr. Cyril Mucklemore has gone, and his heir has discovered that Anita's last novel resulted in a real loss.

"I am going"—Anita was sitting with her friends, the Children of Defeat, in the Tavern of the Inky Finger at the British Museum—"I am going very soon to New York. I have been very much disgusted of late about several little things. I thought that editors were gentlemen. Well, you will hardly believe it, but I have met once or twice with things—things, you know—one of them once actually wanted to kiss me."

"Impossible," cried the young lady who had called Anita commonplace.

"True—and another—and another. What is the world coming to? Well, of course I cannot any longer offer to contribute when such insults have been attempted, and I have been considering. Now, I find that the American magazines are far better, richer, and finer than our own; that they welcome good work—."

Everybody coughed slightly.
"Work above the average, when they can get it—they pay four times as well—and their editors are high-souled gentlemen, incapable of insulting a lady. Oh! America is fast becoming the only country in the world for a gentlewoman. Chivalry has a new and a better home in Broadway."

She got up and went away, conscious that she could not make a better exit. Yet they had called her as commonplace in style as in manner!

"Oh!" cried one of them, who spoke for all, "what does it mean? Can anyone—anyone—tell me why?"

Along the lofty walls and along the cornice of the panelled ceiling rolled, and rang, and echoed her question, "Tell me—tell me—why—why—hy—hy—y—y—.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

SEVERAL paragraph-writers, commenting on what I wrote last month about Ishmael sweating Ishmael, have asked me why I did not give the names of the "reputed author" who sweated, and of the "unfortunate youth" who was sweated in the case I cited. My principal reason was to avoid giving offence to the latter, who, being now a successful feuilletonist on his own account, would hardly have liked the record of his early struggles made public. A secondary reason was that the "reputed author" would certainly have sent me a challenge, and I have had all the duelling I care for. It is not dangerous, but each duello cost you—for landau, refreshments, doctor's fee for attendance, and lunch to one's seconds at the Café Anglais after the affair—a matter of £15, and, what is worse, obliges you to rise at the unearthly hour of half-past five. Now I do not think I could get up at half-past five even to be guillotined.

Apropos of duelling, it is perhaps to be regretted that the fashion of it has gone out so completely in England. I fancy if it existed still the critics of one's works and persons would be more civil. I could not help thinking this as I read the notices about Mr. John Gray's translation of "Le Baiser," produced at the beginning of this month at the Independent Theatre, and the abominably offensive personalities which were indulged in against him. I understand that he has commenced one suit for libel, but the majority of the critiques were not such as could be attacked in a court of law, and in this way would very summarily have been dealt with.

English literary criticism, by the way, is a thing which French men of letters are totally unable to understand. I remember reading some of those malevolent critiques, for which a particular paper has gained a reputation and a sale amongst our splenetic fellow citizens, to a very prominent novelist here. He said, "If a Paris newspaper were to publish such critiques, everybody would be convinced that it was attempting to blackmail either the author or the publisher." I had considerable difficulty in persuading him that these notices were written with a certain amount of bonâ fides on the part of their authors.

There is little or no criticism of general literature in Paris. In sending you a book for review the Paris publisher also sends you his card, and—with a prière d'insérer—a small printed notice of the book. If one can find room the notice goes in, if not it does not. One would never think of reading the book for the sake of writing a few lines about it, unless the author were a friend and one wanted to oblige him. It would not pay to do so.

Three hours is the least one would spend in gaining an honest opinion of a book, and there are very few books on which, in justice to one's journal and to one's public, one could write a critique of more than, say, twenty lines. Fourpence a line is the maximum rate for articles in a leading Paris paper, so that the remuneration for three hours of such labour would amount at the utmost to eight francs. Three francs would, however, be nearer the average. With coals at 5os. the ton in Paris, men of letters cannot work at those rates, and so literary critiques are not supplied to the Paris papers. Of course, when any big novel or book—a Daudet or a de Maupassant, a Zola or a Dumas—appears, all the papers review it. It is the actuality and is dealt with in the leading article or premier Paris. But the minor authors do not get reviewed at all and seem none the worse for it.

Spitful criticism of the kind which helps to sell a number of moribund publications in England is practically unknown here. It would soon be put a stop to were any innovator to introduce it. That innovator would have to be getting up early most days in the week, to have an excellent balance at his bank, or to have a very tough hide. The only man of letters here who is attacked in the British fashion of attack is George Ohnet, who is a cripple and cannot defend himself. It is all the more cruel that he feels it deeply. I have often found him almost prostrate with mortification at spiteful
things which have appeared against him. I remember his once pathetically exclaiming to me, "I wonder why they so hate me, I am sure I have never done anything wrong. I never stole any spoons, and am a decent lived man as a whole." I suppose it is the phenomenal success of his books stirs the gale. It is fair to say that the attacks are made by nonentities, the same class, I presume, who harass the British author.

George Ohnet works three hours a day regularly, during which time he writes four pages of small MS., amounting to about one thousand words. He then revises carefully, and, having finished his corrections, hands his MS. to his wife, who makes a beautifully neat fair copy for the printer. She is an immense admirer of his talent, but never allows herself to make any suggestions.

A thing which always astonishes French men of letters is to hear a British author talking about the number of words his novel consists of. When you tell him that custom has it that a book to be sold at such a price has to contain a minimum of so many words, incredulity first, and then pity comes into their eyes. The commercial side of literary production is what they never can and never want to grasp.

It may be accepted as a general rule that all books, other than those of authors who have made a name, which are published in Paris are produced at the author's cost. A French publisher would never dream of risking a farthing in a publication. When Charpentier settled a small income on Emile Zola, to enable him to have leisure to write, he did a most unusual thing. On the other hand, I have never heard of any Parisian publisher practising the frauds by which most British amateur authors are victimised. An ordinary French novel or volume of poems will be produced in good style at from £20 to £32. As soon as a man gets a little known the best he can hope for is a sum of £10 on account of royalties for a novel or a volume of poems. The author in Paris who wants to make money tries for the newspaper serial stories. These are splendidly remunerated. The majority of French authors and poets, however, write for glory. It would be considered lunacy on a man's part to look for a living to the production of books. Those here—barring a few exceptions—who live by their pens are engaged in journalism or in writing for the stage. Many well-known writers follow commercial or professional pursuits. Huysmann, for instance, is employed at one of the Government offices, and is partner in a bookbinding business.

Alexander Dumas is tired of life in Paris. He is selling his mansion in the Avenue Villiers, and all the art treasures it contains, and is about to retire definitely to the country. Most enviable Alexander, tired of worlds to conquer.

The catalogue of the books in the French National Library has at last, after years of labour, been completed. Some time, however, must elapse before this most interesting work can be published. It appears that the money for its publication is not forthcoming, and cannot be hoped for for some time. Yet France spends £40 a minute on her army.

I wonder if ever we shall succeed in getting the author's rights to the benefit of his work as fully recognised in England as they are in France. Here is an instance of this recognition in France. A friend of mine, who is just now collaborating with Catulle Mendès on a play, told me a night or two ago that he receives annually a few sous as heir of his grandfather, who many years ago wrote the libretto of a certain operette, of which Offenbach, I think, wrote the music. Of this operette only one air has survived the change of taste, and it is constantly being fitted to fresh words of topical interest. During the Exhibition, for instance, it was to this tune that a song about the Eiffel Tower was set. The original libretto in general and the song to this air in particular have long since been forgotten, but French justice holds that the writer of the libretto to some extent suggests the music to the composer, and is therefore entitled to a certain share in the proceeds of the music, even if his words are no longer used. Accordingly, whenever that song is sung, the heir of the man who wrote the original words to it is credited by the agencies with a certain per-centange of the composer's droits d'auteur.

I hear from Madrid that the widow of de Gonzalez has just died in an almshouse. Gonzalez was the Dumas of Spain, and his works are still immensely popular. He received very large sums from his publishers, but was a sad spendthrift, and would only work when need pressed him. At last his publishers agreed to give £12 a day against so much copy to be delivered daily. He used to fetch
his money every evening at six, then hasten off to a café and keep it up all night till five in the morning. Then he would begin dictating to a couple of secretaries, and his task being finished, would go to bed until the time came for fetching a fresh supply of doubloons. As a rule, he never had enough money left to pay the cab that took him to his publishers. These, by the way, are all millionaires, chiefly thanks to the Gonzales copyrights. Why did they let his widow die in a workhouse?

It may not be generally known that Mr. Oscar Wilde is by maternal descent the grand-nephew of Charles Maturin, where “Melmoth the Wanderer” is at last attracting attention in England. I say “at last,” inasmuch as it has been a classic for nearly sixty-five years in France and Germany. It won for its author the admiration of Balzac, and was a livre de chevet of Baudelaire. It contributed greatly to the literary movement in France in 1830.

In the course of a conversation I had the other day with Mr. Ernest Renan, I happened to ask him his opinion about Emile Zola’s work. These are his own words: “Zola! Nay, Monsieur, you must not ask me about him, for I have no opinion on him. It is low, far away, beneath. It is the mud, and a pity for French literature. I have a horror for what is coarse. At Pompeii, all that was coarse was secreted and hidden away. It is a pity we do not do the same in these days. I confess that I cannot understand how the French, so lettered, so scholarly and so full of taste, can tolerate such horrors as are the modern French novels.” I must now ask Zola what he thinks of Mr. Renan’s work.

It is reported that the Parisian publishers are organising an immense lottery by means of which to rid themselves of huge accumulations of unsold stock. The prizes will be assortments of reading with a work of art (cruel distinction) thrown in. One publisher declares himself ready to contribute one hundred thousand volumes. And still the pens run on—

Robert H. Sherard.

Paris, March, 20th, 1892.

SPRING.

Oh! to wake at early morning, and to hear the thrushes sing,
To watch the steady sunshine stealing over everything,
And to know that now, at last, is come the first warm day of spring!
Oh! to open wide the window, and to taste the scented breeze—
Sweet and pungent from the breathing of the flowers and the trees,
And to listen to the humming of the discontented bees!
Oh! to step out on the grassplot and to note the sprinkled dew,
To look above the lark’s song at the deep unfathomed blue,
And to feel the world is still the same as springs ago we knew!
Oh! to sit at noontide idle in the chestnut’s flickering shade,
To hear the cuckoo calling from every knoll and glade,
And to catch the perfect harmony by Nature’s discords made!
Oh! to wander in the evening, with the pink clouds overhead,
To listen to the nightingale when his song is freely shed,
With one companion by my side, one dear friend, long since dead!
Oh! to tell out all my thoughts to her, my loneliness and pain,
Pale hopes and glowing memories, the toil of heart and brain,
And all my deep delight and grief that Spring is come again!
Oh! to lie at night and listen to her solemn whispering,
While I strain my soul to try and hear what tidings she may bring,
And to learn if I may dare to look for everlasting Spring!

F. Hayford Harrison.

USEFUL BOOKS.

A CORRESPONDENT recently suggested the formation of a list of useful books, i.e., books useful to those engaged in literary work. Here is a contribution to such a list. No doubt others will help to swell the list and to make it really serviceable:

P. M. Roget. Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. (Longmans.)
T. Stormonth. Etymological and pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. (Blackwood.)
T. Walker. The Rhyming Dictionary of the English Language. (Routledge.)
NOTES AND NEWS.

The literary event of the month, the appearance of the President's Drama, occurs just as these proofs have been passed, too late for notice here.

American rights, long sighed after, have now become American expectations. We have been accustomed to think of the United States as the author's land of milk and honey. Everybody who produces a book now looks to its reproduction and a wide popularity in America. With this view every publisher and most editors in the States are deluged with offers, and books are given to newspapers for nothing in order to get copyright. Time will, of course, bring its experiences and its disappointments. It will be discovered that it is not enough to lie a British author in order to command success; but that one must also write what the American public want, and that will be done very largely for them by their own authors. In the case, however, of the men they do want, an American author, on p. 346, shows pretty clearly what they may expect. The figures will come to some of us as a revelation.

I commend for our very serious consideration certain passages in Mr. Robert Sherard's Notes from Paris in this number. French men of letters are, he says, wholly unable to understand the criticisms, spiteful and cruel, which appear in certain English papers. The love of insult is kept in check by the fear of the duel. No French publisher ever dreams of risking a farthing in the production of a book. Strange? Every English publisher is always dreaming that he risks immense sums. Perhaps Mr. Sherard will give us more information on this side of French literature.

Here is a very curious and complete coincidence. One day last year an unfortunate girl connected with one of the theatres in London committed suicide on account of some love disappointment. Just before this event a story was given in at the office of the New York Herald, for the London Sunday edition, in which the life of this girl—of whom the author had never heard—her love business, and her suicide were all faithfully portrayed, and her very name, with one vowel wrong, was also used. This curious coincidence happened to Mr. Joseph Forster. It was mentioned in the New York Herald—in the American edition—at the time, but seems not to have attracted any attention.

The New York Critic, referring to a certain paper on the work of the Society of Authors in the Forum for March, sums up the situation by saying that "the cases brought forward against certain publishers could very easily be paralleled in every other branch of business." That is very likely. Does that, however, concern us? Do a thousand wrongs justify one other wrong? But there are certain considerations which make our position different from that of other producers. We are for the most part robbed under the guise of friendship; the fraudulent publisher will not, if he can help it, allow the business to be treated as business; he must be considered as the confidential adviser and friend—the generous, disinterested, large-hearted friend. If these things, and things like them, go on in all other lines of business, then a time will come when the whole edifice of corruption will fall to pieces; and if these things are done in the holy name of religion, then it is the worse for that religion, and for the people who should be guided by that religion.

Walt Whitman is dead. It is a long time since we heard that he was paralysed, though he has gone on working almost to the end. When, many years ago, his earliest volume came over here, it was handled at first by critics and by readers with disgust and contempt. Then came a reaction: the book so gross, so coarse, so misshapen, was found to have great thoughts in it. The reaction prevailed; the reputation of Walt Whitman has been growing steadily higher. He is said to have, now, more readers in this than in his own country.
On Wednesday, March the 9th, a bust of Richard Jefferies, executed by Miss Margaret Thomas, was unveiled in Salisbury Cathedral by the Bishop in the presence of the Dean and a small company. The inscription on the bust is as follows:—"To the memory of Richard Jefferies, born at Coate, in the Parish of Chiseldon and County of Wilts, 6th November 1848. Died at Goring, in the County of Sussex, 14th August 1887. Who, observing the works of Almighty God with a poet’s eye, has enriched the literature of his country, and won for himself a place among those who have made men happier and wiser."

The Bishop made a short speech, followed by the Dean, who spoke at greater length. It is very much to be regretted that not one of those who had promoted the acquisition of this monument, nor a single man of letters, except Mr. Leith Derwent, who resides in Salisbury, was present on this occasion. Not even the sculptor was invited to be present or informed of the time at which the ceremony would take place. The committee were absolutely ignored. This discourtesy, or neglect, was the sole cause of the absence from the ceremony of those who would otherwise have marked their respect and affection to the illustrious author by their presence.

The chief credit for the idea of this bust must be assigned to Mr. A. W. Kinglake, of Haines Hill, Taunton. He it was who conceived the idea, and would have carried it out single handed, but for ill-health, which obliged him to hand over the matter to a London committee. It is not the last, one hopes, of the many acts of national recognition which have been instituted by the creator of the Somersetshire Valhalla.

The placing of the bust of Jefferies in Salisbury Cathedral reminds us of the great increase of interest in everything connected with the world of Fields and Hedges. To be sure, he was only one of a succession—Gilbert White of Selborne, Thomas Burrows, Jefferies—a very fine procession, not to speak of the scientific explorers, Romanes, Lubbock and others. But the succession has not ceased, it is carried on by more than one diligent and peaceful lover of nature. One of the new books, by one of Gilbert White’s successors, is in my hands. It is “Nature’s Fairy Land,” by H. W. S. Worsley-Benison, already in its fourth edition; a book that one may take up in the evening for a quiet hour; which carries you away into country scenes, and to lovely places; on the sands; among the gorse; in the garden. If one who is not a student of nature, yet a humble reader of books on nature—may name with commendation such a book, I venture to do so. It is never tedious; nor is it a catalogue, as some of Jefferies’ earlier books were cruelly said to be; it is always pleasant, and always instructive.

The late Lord Lytton died, pen in hand, correcting and finishing the verses which, under the name of “Marah,” have just been produced in a collected form, and in a daintily bound volume (Longman). One more poem still remains to be published, after which there will be no more of Owen Meredith. Perhaps many of the readers of the Author may like to possess this volume as a memento of a man who valued the Society so highly, and hoped so much for its future. The following lines are from the Epilogue:—

1.
My songs flit away on the wing;
They are fledged with a smile or a sigh;
And away with the songs that I sing
Flit my joys, and my sorrows, and I.

2.
For time, as it is, cannot stay,
Nor again as it was, can it be;
Disappearing and passing away
Are the world, and the ages, and we.

3.
Gone, even before we can go,
Is our past, with its passions forgot,
The tears of its wept-away woe,
And its laughers that gladden us not.

4.
The builder of heaven and of earth
Is our own fickle fugitive breath;
As it comes in the moment of birth,
So it goes in the moment of death.

5.
As the years were before we began
Shall the years be when we are no more;
And between them the years of a man
Are as waves the wind drives to the shore.

6.
Back into the Infinite tend
The creations that out of it start;
Unto every beginning an end,
And whatever arrives shall depart.

7.
But I and my songs, for awhile,
As together away on the wing
We are borne with a sigh or a smile,
Have been given this message to sing.
The Now is an atom of sand,
And the near is a perishing clod;
But Afar is as Faery Land,
And Beyond is the Bosom of God.

In a talk on things literary, one chanced to say, "I am convinced that an uncomfortable pen, or paper of a kind to which I am not accustomed, makes twenty per cent. difference in the quantity I write under ordinary circumstances in a given time. I know that it is absurd to be affected by such trifles—but that is so." "It is not absurd at all," replied the other, a man of science, "but perfectly natural. You speak of the point of a pen, or the degree of rugosity of the surface of the paper as small things. Have you ever considered how very much smaller things are the molecules of the brain, and the infinitesimal changes taking place in them that are all the time guiding your hand and thought? It is only reasonable to suppose that living fibres of a delicacy so infinite would be very much affected by finding their operations hindered by objects comparatively so large as the point of a pen, or the grain of the surface of a sheet of paper."

Those who have visited the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon of late years will regret to learn that the curator who did so much to give interest to every object preserved there, Mr. Joseph Skipsey, has resigned the post. He has returned to his native country, and now resides at Newcastle. A volume of his collected poems has just been published by Walter Scott. Many of the pieces have, no doubt, been seen already by the poet's friends. The whole form a collection of singular interest. The charm of the verse lies chiefly in its simplicity and purity. The source of inspiration is the village, the country, the coal mine, the village beauty. For instance—there are certainly poems of a higher flight than this, but everybody will recognise the sweetness and simplicity of the following lines:

Coal black are the tresses of Fanny;
But never a mortal could see
The coal-coloured tresses of Annie,
And be as a body could be.

White, white is her forehead, and bonnie;
And when she goes down to the well,
The beat of the footsteps of Annie,
The wrath of a tiger would quell.

Red, red are her round cheeks, and bonnie;
And when she is knitting, her tone—
The charm of the accents of Annie,
Would ravish the heart of a stone.

Nay, rare are her graces and many;
But nothing whatever can be
Compared to the sweet glance of Annie,
The glance she has given to me.

At the dinner held in aid of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, Mr. F. Macmillan, the chairman, in support of his contention that MSS. are really read and considered, made an interesting statement. Out of 166 books, including new editions, issued by his firm last year, no fewer than 22, he said, were printed from 315 MSS. sent in without being invited. I have always stated my own conviction that in the more important houses all MSS. are fairly read and honestly considered, and it is satisfactory to obtain this confirmation of my view. There are, of course, only some people can never be persuaded of this, houses and houses, publishers and publishers, just as there are lawyers and lawyers. From information received one is quite certain that in some firms MSS. are not properly considered. The per-cent-age of books accepted, 22 out of 315, or 7 per cent., is much higher than that which other publishers have reported as the result of careful reading.

Mr. F. Macmillan is reported to have dwelt with some emphasis on the identity of interests of author, publisher, and bookseller. It was rather dangerous, unless the chairman was willing to accept the logical consequence, to dwell too strongly on identity of interests, though no one in this Society has ever questioned this identity. For, if we are all agreed, as we should be, about this identity of interests, we must therefore be agreed upon the necessity of a mutual understanding as to a just division of these interests. At present things are so constituted that the publisher knows the share of interest which goes to the bookseller, but the bookseller does not know the share that goes to the publisher. In the same way the author knows his share, but has been hitherto carefully prevented from knowing the publisher's share. What recognition of identity of interests is that in which the publisher stands in the middle and says to the bookseller, "Here, my identically interested friend, is your share," and to the author, "Here is your share out of our identical interests. Mine? Oh! mine is my own affair to myself."
Here, for instance, is a little sum for booksellers and authors alike to consider. For book, our old friend the 6s. novel. A successful book. Cost of production, say 10d., in order to be liberal. The bookseller gives, say, 3s. 4d. for it, and sells it for 4s. 6d. The author gets, say, 2d. in the shilling, or is a copy. The publisher pays 10d. for it to the printer, binder, paper maker, and advertisements. He gives the author 1s., and he gets 3s. 4d.

The interest of all three parties are identical, says Mr. F. Macmillan. Quite so. Identical must, I apprehend, be taken to mean equal. If not, what does it mean? Here, then, are the actual shares of the three persons concerned in the publication of that book:

The publisher gets 1s. 6d.
The bookseller gets 1s. 2d.
The author gets 1s.

Suppose it were agreed—no fraudulent cost of production being allowed, no charging for advertisements where nothing has been paid—to make the interests of all three actually identical, then each would make 1s. 3d. by every copy on a large sale. Shall we "go" for a real identity of interests? But in many cases the trade pays more than 3s. 4d., and in many cases the author does not get so large a royalty as a sixth.

WALTER BESANT.

AN OLD MASTER.

Among the best books of this season is "Melmoth the Wanderer," of which Messrs. Bentley and Son have just issued a new edition, together with a portrait of the author, a very interesting account of his life, a chronology of his work, and a scholarly estimate of his literary position.

"Melmoth the Wanderer" has been known to most readers by name, and many attracted by the chance mention of the work in the writings of—among others—Scott, Thackeray, and especially Balzac, have promised themselves that at some time or another they would read Maturin's masterpiece. Few, however, have carried out this resolution, for the book has been very hard to come by. One or two incomplete versions have been presented to the public in cheap form, but for most of the people whose curiosity had been stimulated by Balzac, such editions have no existence, and for many years "Melmoth the Wanderer" has been rather a book-collector's prize. It has never fetched any maniacal price, but its rarity has been sufficiently pronounced to make it a stimulating object for a collector, and to preclude any wide knowledge of the story. And now that the story is offered to the public in a complete, convenient, and hand one form, it will be interesting to see in what spirit it is read, and, indeed, if it is widely read at all. For undoubtedly "Melmoth" belongs to an old-fashioned class of books. It is one long record of horror and mystery, and the author's designs to produce thrills are such as are now-a-days likely to have but little effect. Satanic compacts and the crimes of the Inquisition have had their day, with the terrors of obliettes and of madhouse cells. The latter have been pictured for us now so often, that they have not only lost through familiarity their power of shocking, but they have actually become forbidden subjects for an author, taking their place in the category of rescues from mad-bulls or rapidly incoming tides, of the heroine's sprained ankle, and of mistakes in the identity of twin-brethren. And of treaties with the devil, what is to be said? Does the consideration of these blood-signed contracts cause the skin to tighten or the scalp to lift? No longer. It is to be feared that our growth in wisdom has led to serious diminution of our happiness in many ways, notably, that what we have gained in solid knowledge we have lost in airy illusion. A story of diablerie, to be successful as such, must at this time have something of the sad, cynical, humourous, extravagant touch, for as a bogey-man Satan has got behindhand.

"Melmoth the Wanderer," though it is extravagant enough, is certainly not sad, humourous, or cynical. Yet it is very possible that the book will be a popular success, though its subject is rococo, its incidents familiar, and its treatment not too artistic. Then the Reverend C. Robert Maturin is about to enjoy at the end of the century some little measure of the fame that he enjoyed at its commencement. For the hare-brained Irish parson has a magnificent power of story-telling. His romancing is consistent and spontaneous, and the action of his drama is so quick that the absurdities pass unnoticed in the whirl of events. Though the mysterious appearance of the "Wanderer" may not bring terror to our souls, nor the baleful glare of his eyes seem to us to gain in malignity by the origin that is suggested for it, yet the note of horror is struck—even for us. And it is the author's triumph that this should be, for our own horror is a direct tribute to his skill in telling the story. It means that the reader has been convinced that what frightens all the bold bad men in the book so really and so terribly, must have its real and terrible side. He takes this for granted, and hurries on to see what is going to happen.

It is something in the nature of an experiment to issue such a book in these days, but it is more than
The novelty, however, upon which Sir Walter Scott insists, consists in the choice by an author of subjects of a sort that he himself has never previously treated. This the great novelist seems to hold indispensable to success. It would be interesting to know how far the experience of the living novelists of the present day corroborates or goes against Sir Walter Scott's view. Do they really find that they recruit additional readers, and increase the circulation of their works when they quit the particular kind of romance in which they have hitherto laboured, to attempt a story of an entirely different description? Or is their experience quite the contrary? Certainly, it is a very common thing to hear the enthusiastic readers of a well-known author cry out at once, when he quits the themes with which he has hitherto dealt to break some new ground. "So-and-so's new book," they promptly declare, "is not a bit like any of the others. It is just like a tale by such-an-one." And the speaker almost always goes on to say that he hates such-an-one's books. This seems to indicate that to continue to excel in stories of the type an author has found most congenial to his taste should be his aim, rather than to attempt novelties. And that is what most of our present authors appear to do. But Sir Walter Scott very distinctly expresses his opinion, that no author should write many books of the same kind, and that, if he wishes to maintain his popularity, new departures are indispensable.

So, after the publication of his Scotch novels, commencing with "Waverley," and ending with "The Bride of Lammermoor," Sir Walter Scott writes in the preface to "Ivanhoe"—

"The author of the 'Waterley Novels' had hitherto proceeded in an unabated course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar district of literature, have been termed L'Enfant Gâté of success. It was plain, however, that frequent publication must finally wear out the public favour, unless some mode could be devised to give an appearance of novelty to subsequent productions. Scottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish characters of note being those with which the author was most intimately and familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon which he had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative. It was, however, obvious that this kind of interest must in the end occasion a degree of sameness and repetition... Nothing can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of the fine arts than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the character of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should be supposed capable of success only in a particular and limited style."

In his very next novel, "The Monastery," he is again in quest of something new.
"There was a disadvantage . . . in treading the Border district, for it had already been ransacked by the author himself, as well as others, and, unless presented under a new light, was likely to afford ground to the objection of crambe bis cocta. To attend the indispensable quality of novelty, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the vassals of the Church with those of the dependants of the Barons." — (Introduction to "The Monastery.")

And again, in the "Introduction to St. Ronan's Well": "This style of composition was adopted by the author rather from the tempting circumstance of its offering some novelty in his compositions, and avoiding worn-out characters and positions."

It seems, therefore, that, in Sir Walter Scott's opinion, novelty in choice of subject is indispensable.

Some general remarks upon how Sir Walter proceeded in the construction of his plots, contained in the "Prefatory Letter—Dr. Dryasdust to Captain Clutterbuck," preceding "Peveril of the Peak," have been already quoted in the previous paper. To these may be added a considerable number of hints and passages, some of them too long to be here quoted at full length, bearing upon several different sorts of romance.

Historical romance may be first mentioned. On this important kind of fiction, in the opinion of many the highest form of which romance is capable, Sir Walter Scott has written a complete short treatise in the "Dedictory Epistle to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust," preceding "Ivanhoe." In the "Introduction to Ivanhoe" this letter is mentioned as a formal statement of the author's views respecting historical romance—"expressing the author's purpose and opinions in undertaking this species of composition." It is full of remarks of the highest suggestiveness, but the reader must be referred to it. The "Letter" is too long to be quoted in extenso, and the connection of the whole so close that the value of the remarks it contains would be seriously impaired by the separation of selected passages from the context. The "Letter" deals with most of the difficulties of historical romance, and, whilst replying to many of the objections that have been raised against this form of fiction, enunciates those general principles which now seem to be pretty widely accepted as rules of the legitimate treatment of historical facts in fiction.

Respecting stories whose date is, to quote the dramatist, "the present," Sir Walter Scott nowhere offers any particular suggestions, saving a few remarks upon "St. Ronan's Well," in the Introduction to that story, which will be again mentioned presently. In the first chapter of "Waverley," however, he makes a remark which shows his opinion to have differed from that of more recent authors, who have found themes for successful fiction in every epoch.

"A tale of manners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty."

We seem to possess no English equivalent for the expressive German term Tendenz-Roman. "The novel with a purpose" is undeniably an awkward phrase. Of the value of "the novel with a purpose" opinions differ widely. Not even Horace's dictum—

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.  

... can persuade some people to like powders in their jam. And it would seem that these may claim Sir Walter Scott as a supporter of their opinion. In the "Introduction to the Fortunes of Nigel" he writes, "I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious compositions." In the "Introductory Epistle" preceding the same work, he says frankly, "I write, I care not who knows it, for the general amusement."

Romance with a supernatural element is at present extraordinarily popular. Respecting this supernatural element Sir Walter Scott has a good deal to say in the "Introductory Epistle—Captain Clutterbuck to Dr. Dryasdust," placed before "The Fortunes of Nigel" (dated 1822; "The Monastery" was published in 1820), and in the "Introduction to the Monastery" (dated 1830). All has reference to the "White Lady of Avenel," of whom he writes, "There is a general feeling that the White Lady is no favourite." "The formidable objection of incredulus odi was applied to the White Lady." In the "Introductory Epistle" Sir Walter Scott makes rather merry over his unsuccessful introduction of the supernatural, confessing the White Lady "too fine drawn for the present taste of the public," and promising that his next novel shall contain "no dreams, or presages, or obscure allusions to future events. Not a Cock-lane scratch, my son—not one bounce or drum of Jedworth—not so much as a poor tick of a solitary death-watch in the wainscot. All is clear and above board—a Scots metaphysician might believe every word of it." Writing the "Introduction to the Monastery" eight years afterwards, Sir Walter Scott enters into a more serious discussion of his "White Lady," concluding by saying—

"Either . . . the author executed his purpose indifferently, or the public did not approve of

* Ars Poetica, 345.
It. For the White Lady of Avenel was far from being popular. He does not now make the present statement in the view of arguing readers into a more favourable opinion on the subject, but merely with the purpose of exculpating himself from the charge of having wantonly intruded into the narrative a being of inconsistent powers and propensities.

This certainly reads as if Sir Walter Scott would have liked to find his supernatural incidents acceptable to the public, even whilst he keenly felt the force of Horace's terrible incredulius oii. Indeed, the tone of the "Introduction to the Monastery" contrasts strongly with the scathing satire which Henry Fielding, in the first chapter of the eighth book of "Tom Jones," pours upon "that species of writing which is called the marvellous."

The "Introduction to the Pirate" contains an interesting remark on "the explained supernatural." It refersto Morna.

"The professed explanation of a tale, where appearances or incidents of a supernatural character are explained on natural causes, has often, in the winding up of the story, a degree of improbability almost equal to an absolute goblin tale."

To come to the plots of particular novels. Four prefaces present features of more interest than others. The "Introduction to the Monastery" relates the whole genesis of that romance from the selection of the first elements upon which it was built. The "Introduction to the Fortunes of Nigel" is much more brief, but of a similar character. Sir Walter Scott himself says that it presents "the materials to which the author stands indebted for the composition of the . . . novel." The short "Introduction to the Pirate" plainly shows that romance to have been principally suggested by a locality and its scenery, whilst some of the dramatic elements the author has worked into his tale are contained in the "Advertisement."

Finally, the short "Introduction to St. Ronan's Well" affords a few hints of how the elements of Sir Walter Scott's one tale of contemporary manners were selected. It is impossible to present the substance of these Introductions in any form better than that in which they stand, and the reader is therefore referred to them.

The result of a novelist's labours in shaping his plot is his scenario. Sir Walter Scott only twice alludes, incidentally, to any kind of sketch or plan of his romances. Waverley was written without a scenario.

"I must frankly confess that the mode in which I conducted the story scarcely deserved the success which the romance afterwards attained. The tale of "Waverley" was put together with so little care that I cannot boast of having sketched any distinct plan of the work."—(General Preface to the Waverley Novels.)

In the "Introductory Epistle" preceding "The Fortunes of Nigel" Sir Walter Scott speaks of finding a great difficulty in keeping to the scenario after he had made it.

"You should take time at least to arrange your story," observes the captain.

"Author. That is a sore point with me, my son. Believe me, I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have repeatedly laid down my future work to scale. . . . But I think there is a demon who seats himself on the feather of my pen when I begin to write, and leads it astray from the purpose. Characters expand under my hand; incidents are multiplied; the story lingers, while the materials increase; my regular mansion turns out a gothic anomaly, and the work is closed long before I have attained the point I proposed."

Some remarks of Sir Walter Scott's on characters, titles, and a few other matters remain, and shall form the subjects of another paper.

HENRY CRESSWELL.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

I.

"Advice to Contributors."

THE "advice to contributors" published in the March number of the Author, although good, is not, in my opinion, the best that could be given to the ordinary or casual contributor, for (1) if you, a comparatively unknown writer, suggest a good subject to the editor of a magazine or newspaper he probably knows someone who will treat the subject in a manner which will surely commend itself to him, whilst with your treatment of it he may not be satisfied, consequently it often happens that the only reply received to a suggestion or offer of this kind is that the same subject is being treated by one of the regular staff, or that an article upon it is already in hand. (2.) To put any price on your contribution is a sure method of obtaining its prompt return unread and without thanks. To the third and fourth rules no objection can be raised, but with respect to the fifth, whether you keep one copy, or fifty, of your MS. is nothing whatever to do with the editor, although some editors assume that you do keep a copy, and, consequently, take less care of MSS. sent in.

The best advice that can be given to intending contributors is that they obtain a personal introduction to the editor of the magazine to which they
THE AUTHOR.

wish to contribute. To produce good work, readable work, marketable work, is not to obtain the open sesame of the market, the entrance to which can be effected easily by the intervention of one of the select few in possession of it. This method is that usually followed, and is the plan adopted by many now successful writers; an entrance may be forced, but in this few succeed. Why should editors treat MSS. so badly? What right have they to scribble "Declined with thanks" upon paper which is not theirs? Is it editorial etiquette or sheer carelessness that results in MSS. being returned stained with coffee and porter; torn and creased, and without a wrapper; with the author's name scrawled by an office boy on the back thereof, and a postage stamp of the lowest denomination affixed thereto, although the correct postage for return was forwarded?

Publishers of the highest standing and editors of the most successful periodicals are the worst offenders: the second-rate men cannot afford to be rude: those wonderfully kind letters which the great literary men are said to write when they are forced to return a manuscript are things we never receive, but of which we frequently read. As often as not MSS. are returned without a word, printed or otherwise, sometimes with a stereotyped refusal, still less frequently they are refused by postcard; a most reprehensible method, although practised by at least one London quarterly and one London monthly.

At the Authors' Club there should be an album for the original "D. W. T." forms of all periodicals; the future generation of editors may then learn which to avoid. There is enough and to spare of editorial etiquette in London, but the home of editorial courtesy is, at present, north of the Tweed, as the place d'honneur will be accorded to the Scotch firms.

G. W.

II.

No Use in Writing.

"I have had so much trouble to get my MSS. stories out of the Family Hearthrug that I must give you my experience, and beg you, if you have not had yours back, to act somewhat as I did. First, I wrote and called in all five times. Then I wrote saying I should be obliged for an answer, 'Yes' or 'No' as to whether they had the MSS. or had lost them, and enclosed a stamped envelope. Still dead silence. Then I sailed down to the office with a new novel—not in MS.—under my arm, and said I had come to stop until my packet was found, or till the editor could give me an explanation. The man in charge was exceedingly rude, but I did not care in the least. I sat down on a shelf in front of the counter (not at all uncomfortable if you get your back against the window), pulled out my book, and read steadily from 11.45 till 2 o'clock, without speaking or stirring, except to cut the page. At 2 p.m., the man in charge, who had spent the time in staring at me, and shuffling in and out of a back hole (where presumably the editor was hiding), suddenly found my story and handed it to me, but with no explanation. I thanked him, and begged him to request the editor to accept the stamped envelopes I had showered on him, as a slight recognition of his trouble, and came off triumphant. I tell you all this, because I am convinced that you will not get your story back by writing for it."

[The lady to whom this letter was written sent it on to us, and we are happy to reproduce it for the benefit of other people who may be thinking of sending manuscripts to the Family Hearthrug, so that they may consider before doing so, if they are of the temperament to stand such treatment, if they can afford to give stamps away by the handful, and to spend half a working day in recovering their own property from a person who proposes to keep it. There is also another point on which we must add a few lines of warning. When the MSS. have once been despatched, we are often powerless to help the author. If they have been destroyed we cannot recover them. If it should be denied that they have ever been received, we cannot prove the opposite. If they have been lost we cannot find them. But if the author will only consult us before sending his MSS. to the editor at all we can advise him as to the course he should pursue.]

A Kindness and its Sequel.

Here is a case of kindness not often met with and worthy of record. Years ago I sent a MS. to an editor, who, declining it for his own paper, told me he had sent it on to a friend who would print it, and pay the same price per column. This was my first entrance into a periodical which has printed a number of articles during some 10 or 12 years.

The periodicals were published respectively in New York and Boston; the editors were, or rather are, both Americans. Is such kindness only to be found across the ocean? Such certainly is my experience.

S. B.
IV. Returned Unread.

"I should like to relate my recent experiences with MSS. I was careful to observe the rules of the magazine to which I sent them. I had them type-written, so that they should be clear to read. I then started the MS. on their travels, forwarding in my letter an addressed postcard to acknowledge the arrival of the parcel. One editor used the postcard to state that the work was not suitable, and sent it back without opening the parcel. Most editors stated that they were flooded with contributions, and unable to consider anything for months. Only two attempts were made to read the MS. Now, I conduct a provincial journal. Whenever I put in work of my own the circulation increases. My work, therefore, suits my readers. Why not the general mass of readers? How can I, however, get editors to consider it?"

V. With no Name.

May I call attention to a fact in my literary experience which has puzzled me a good deal, but which some of your readers may be able to explain.

Here it is. I have contributed verse of a lyrical type to a certain high class, well-known London journal. I was most liberally and promptly paid by them. But—and here the shoe pinches—they would not append either my name or initials to the poems. This omission, to a poet feeling his way, as it were, amid the labyrinths leading to Fame's Temple, is a fatal one. The increase of reputation was the desideratum in my case, even more than the "jingle of the guineas," and I may safely say, my reputation could have been increased materially, owing to the high standing of the journal in question, had only my name appeared.

The omission seems to me rather "rough" on the contributor. What should we think of a publisher who accepted a volume of poems from a young author, conditionally on his name not appearing on the title page? The author might tell his friends, of course, but the world at large would be in the dark, unless he turned egotist, and wrote to all the papers avowing the authorship! His reputation would not be increased one jot, at any rate, for some time. The puzzle for me lies in the reason the editor in question had for omitting my name or initials. I cannot conceive any possible reason. If good enough for insertion, why conceal the writer's name.

VI. Long Kept, and then Returned.

Here is a case in which a writer was invited by the editor of a certain magazine to send him a paper on a definite subject. This he did. The paper was kept for three years and a half (!) and then returned with a curt note to the effect that the editor could not use it "this year," and therefore returned it. What is to be done in such a case? Obviously, a claim for compensation, for the editor was bound, having invited the work, to return it if it was not suitable within a reasonable time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Novels on Commission.

Sir,

You have advised many an author on the production of his own books, and by far the most frequent advice that you have felt it your duty to give him has been—do not do it. "Our first impulse," says the Author of January last, "has always been to try and turn him (the would-be author) from his project, because it is our general experience that these undertakings end in disappointment." But although you thus make it your usual rule to dissuade authors from publishing upon commission you allow that in more than one special case it is to the author's advantage to bear the cost of production himself, and, indeed, in the article from which I have just quoted you pointed out—to me convincingly—that this was the right course to pursue with regard to certain scientific and professional books. I should like to persuade you to go one step further, and admit that it may be the right course to pursue when an author's first novel is the work under consideration.

I recognise that it would be a dangerous admission for our Society to make, and that once made it would expose the Society to the insinuation that it was ready to encourage incompetency— for a consideration. Now, Sir, as this is exactly what I understand we do not do, and as for one person who wants to publish a scientific treatise there must always be 20 who want to publish a romance, I venture to think that some steps might be taken to assist them in this object—sometimes. Not generally, but sometimes. In fact, I think there should be added to the classes of books where the author is encouraged by you to take the actual cost upon himself—scientific books and trade books—a third class, viz., first novels. At the
risk of taking up too much of your valuable space, I have set down a few facts which appear to me to support my proposition:—

(i.) It is extremely difficult for a new author—good, bad, or indifferent—to get an immediate hearing.

(ii.) Yet every distinguished author—good, bad, or indifferent, and some distinguished writers are by no means good writers—must have been a new author at the beginning.

(iii.) It is a fact that more than one master-piece of fiction, in more than one language, has been rejected by publishers, and only reached the public after much delay, with infinite mortification to the author.

(iv.) At the present day a work of fiction does not require to be a masterpiece at all to be a very saleable piece of property: certainly more copies have been sold of The Mystery of a Hansom Cab in five years, than of Rhoda Fleming in over twenty years.

I think it must appear from these that there are arguments in favour of occasionally relaxing your rule, and of occasionally encouraging the new author to publish his own romance for himself.

If a book is not good enough for a good publisher, it may be urged that it is not good enough for the public. But the public is not as critical either as the young critic would have it, or as the first-class publisher seems to consider it, and surely our society must beware, lest in attempting to act as a check upon the excesses of the incompetent, we withhold from the public, matter that it would have welcomed. And more care will have to be exercised on this point from day to day, as more people begin to wield a facile and fluent pen, and, as by the spread of education a larger public is provided, whose hunger for fiction is not attended with an over-critical palate.

I believe that many a story-teller—no great genius, no possessor of a Vanity Fair or a Jane Eyre—but still able to write as good a book as many that are in print, might with advantage be encouraged to try his luck for himself. There is much against him, but if he does not do this, how is he to start, yet, once started, though, as I have said, no great genius, he may fill a want and make an income. And what matter that two or three people fail, if the Society should be the means of one such success.

I would respectfully urge that every new author’s MS., when it has been read by one of our readers, and has met with some commendation, should be looked at by our secretary, or by a sub-committee appointed for the purpose. If on such scrutiny the work appeared saleable—not, perhaps, a work of high genius, if I may be excused the repetition, but saleable—the author may be encouraged, nay, helped to publish at his own risk, if no publisher could be found for him. Again, if such a committee proved instrumental in placing on the market one or two good books, there are many publishers who would seriously consider MSS. vouched for by people who had shown their discrimination.

A Member of the Society.

[The Syndicate can always find for such a work an honourable publisher, who will take it on commission. The warning offered every month against paying for publication is directed against the acceptance of the terms proposed by low-class firms, who delude their victims with hopes of great returns when failure is certain. In the case suggested by our correspondent, of a work well thought of by readers, yet refused by good houses, probably on the ground of risk, and also refused by editors of magazines, it might be the best thing possible for the author to get it— with the advice and help of the Syndicate—printed at his own expense, and placed in the hands of a publisher on commission. This, for example, is exactly what was done by myself twenty years ago with my collaborateur in our first novel, with admirable results.—Ed.]

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II.

The Library Stamp.

A number of copies of my first book were taken on approval by a certain library, but as some of them failed to be sold, they were ultimately returned. All these were stamped with the ineffacable name of the library. Now, sir, when a person buys an old library book from this firm, an additional stamp is made on the fly-leaf, “Sold.” Anyone, however, who now buys these returned copies of my book finds nothing but the name of the library embossed inside, and to all intents and purposes it would appear as though they had purloined them. I do not think it fair on the part of the firm to deface the books.

It may be of interest to note, perhaps, that I have just had an article accepted by a magazine to which I forwarded it twenty-two months ago. Everything comes to him who waits.

A Waiting One.

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III.

How Books are not read.

The last number of the Author contained an interesting reply to a correspondent who wished to know “how books get read.” Recently I met with an amusing instance of how books come not to be read.
THE AUTHOR.

I was with a young lady, a great novel reader, in the chief circulating library of a large and fashionable watering place. My fair companion was complaining that she could find nothing new to read, and I suggested a recent novel, in my opinion a very good one, by a well-known author. "What, one of So-and-so's books!" exclaimed the lady indignantly. "As if I would read anything written by that man! Why, he lives here!"

IV.

Mr. Traill's List of Poets.

To my note of omissions in Mr. Traill's list of poets I would now add Mr. Joseph Skipsey "the poet of the coalfields," Mr. Alexander Anderson, "the railway surface-man," and, may I be permitted? Mr. Traill himself. Presumably Mr. Traill does not intend his list to include, living hymn writers, however excellent their work, or it would be easy to mention the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, Dr. Walsham How, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and others.

Mackenzie Bell.

V.

The Great Use of a Table of Contents.

Permit me to congratulate the Author on the very good example it has set in having a good table of contents printed on the page which soonest meets the eye.

Why do not all newspapers, magazines, and reviews do this? Some of them come out with no tables of contents at all, with the result that an author who wishes to consult some back number for information valuable to him may have to expend an hour on a search which ought not to take up more than a minute.

I suppose the reason for placing a table of contents either in a bad place or in no place at all is that the best place is wanted for advertisements. But surely advertisers might fairly be asked to pay a little more for space in a page to which readers would be so much more frequently sent by a good table of contents.

Scripitor Ignotus.

VI.

Compositors' Errors.

In the "long ago," before I had ventured to tread the thorny paths of authorship, or to commit my "flights of fancy" to the public gaze, I was accustomed, in all good faith, to attribute whatever mistakes or absurdities appeared in story or article to the carelessness or ignorance of the author, and many were the derisive epithets and contemptuous criticisms launched, in consequence, at his unconscious head. I no longer make that mistake; experience, aggravating and reiterated, has taught me to "saddle the right horse," which is (in nine cases out of ten) the compositor. Not, I hasten to add, in wholesome dread lest the present philippic should never see the light, your compositor in particular, Mr. Editor, but everybody's compositor. For from all quarters of the scribbling world the cry goes up. Even across the sacred pages of the Author itself is seen the "trail of the"—again discretion stays my hand.

Now, in accordance with the axiom, old as the hills—older—that "where there is smoke there must be fire," so, for a practice thus widely extended, there must be a reason. What is it?

"The reason is soon given," replies the cynic, "you authors write so execrably that the unfortunate compositor, in despair of deciphering, makes a dash at the nearest word."

Well, "I'm no denyin'," as Mrs. Poyser says, that some authors do write execrably, and some—do not—yet the result in print, is so nearly the same that there is no difference. My own calligraphy, for instance, has frequently been "awarded honourable mention"; yet, when in a praiseworthy endeavour to be abreast of the times, I ventured to transform an ancient "spook" into a "Kama Rupa," Mr. Compositor swooped down upon the (presumably) unknown word, and promptly changed "Ka" into "Ye"! By what peculiar obliquity of mental or physical vision he "mistook" such utterly dissimilar letters I do not pretend to say, but "Yeama Rupa" the unfortunate ghost appeared—and remains. Should it meet the eye of any wandering theophist, I shall get the credit of having discovered (or invented) a new denizen of the "Astral Plane"! "You expect too much of the genus compositor," urge other apologists, "they do not profess to be highly educated men, nor to be gifted with an intuitive perception of the orthography of strange and obscure words."

Granted. Then why not, in doubtful cases, act on the supposition that possibly the author may be the best judge of what he intended to convey, and just content themselves with copying the letters of the text? To illustrate once more from my own experience—it is nearest to hand, wherefore the egotism—I am addicted to the (from a compositor's point of view) reprehensible practice of occasionally using out-of-the-way words. People say 'tis "characteristic," which may be intended as a compliment—and may not. Anyway it is slightly
disconcerting when reading over one's productions in print, to find the word upon which one had relied to give a touch to the picture, or point to the story, transformed into something altogether different. "Homey," for instance (meaning home-like), invariably appears as "homely"; a good enough word in its way, but not at all carrying the meaning I wished to convey. Again, why should a compositor when "setting up" a chatty description of a country ramble, substitute "lump" for "tump" (my "ls" and "ts" are not identical)? "Tump" means, as even his attendant imp could have told him, a "hillock"; while "lump" might be anything (from putty to pudding), but one would scarcely choose to sit down upon it! Then why, oh why, should the well-known process of expelling an obnoxious member from clubland be transformed into "blackmailing," suggesting Hounslow Heath rather than Piccadilly.

But now the apologist waxes wrath and demands, "Did it never strike you that compositors often discharge their duties under extreme pressure, especially in newspaper work, which renders mistakes unavoidable? You would substitute a wrong letter now and then with the 'devil' waiting importunately at your elbow." I should—more than one! And doubtless hurry has much to answer for. I am sure it had when a devout old lady, who figures in a story for which I am responsible, was represented as indulging in "irrelevant (irrelevant) remarks"! But, having conceded so much, I return to the charge, and, on the strength of accumulated evidence, culled from observation no less than experience, I assert (sealing thereby the fate of this article!) that "compositors' errors" are not chiefly due to bad writing, to ignorance, nor to haste, but to the compositor's overweening conceit. He thinks he knows better than the author, and "acts accordin'." On what other possible supposition could that unfortunate "spook" have been re-christened?

SYLVIA NEUN.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

THE Law of the Press," by Joseph R. Fisher, B.A., and James A. Strahan, LL.B., is a most valuable work, and editors and proprietors of newspapers are strongly recommended to keep a copy by them. The whole of the law relating to the press in this country has been gathered into a single volume, and the result is not only a comprehensive but a lucid digest. The book contains the answers to numerous questions that have been put to us at this office, different chapters being devoted to the registration of newspapers, to the postal regulations, to lottery advertisements, to copyright of articles, to contributors' piracy, to libel as a civil injury, to criminal libel, and to the foreign press laws. The want of such a book must often have been felt by persons connected with the press, to whom a knowledge of their legal rights and of the responsibilities incurred in their business must be very valuable. The book is published by Messrs. Clowes and Sons at 27, Fleet Street.

A volume of short stories by the late Mr. Bales-tier, "The Average Woman," is to be issued, with a memoir by Mr. Henry James.

Mrs. Edmonds has translated another Greek novel, which will be published by Fisher Unwin. Its title is "The Herb of Love," and it is a tale of peasant life laid in Euboea. The customs and superstitions of that district form the groundwork of the story.

Mr. Horace Victor's novel "Mariam" has been issued by Macmillan & Co. simultaneously in England and America. A Colonial edition has also been prepared.

Messrs. Bentley and Son have done the lovers of old books and old fashions of sensation a veritable kindness in reprinting Maturin's "Melmoth the Wanderer." It is the book of the month, and its anonymous editor must be heartily congratulated on his prefatory notes.

Mr. Evelyn Ballantyne contributes a paper on "Some Impressions of the Australian Stage" to the April number of the Theatre.

An article on "The Milky Way," by Mr. J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S., appears in the Gentleman's Magazine for March; and another on "New and Variable Stars," with especial reference to the new star which recently blazed out in the Milky Way in Auriga, will appear in the same magazine for April.

Messrs. Jarrold and Son have published "A Charge to keep," by Mr. P. A. Blyth; and the Religious Tract Society have published "The Inheritance of Little Amen," and "A Tale of a Sign Post," by the same author.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles, editor of "The Poets and Poetry of the Century," is about to issue a new volume. It will discuss the women poets from Joanna Baillie to Mathilde Blind. The principle contributors of articles are Dr. Garnett, Mr. Ascroft Noble, Dr. Japp, and Mr. Mackenzie Bell.
Mrs. Grimwood's first novel begins this week (April 22nd) in Mrs. Stannard's periodical, Winter's Magazine, as a serial. The profound impression created by the heroism of Mrs. Grimwood at Manipur, and the immense success of her book "My Three Years in Manipur," will doubtless cause her first effort in fiction to be read with unusual interest and curiosity. The story will afterwards be issued in volume form by Messrs. F. V. White & Co.

John Strange Winter's latest shilling story has just made its appearance under the title of "Mere Luck." This is the twenty-first novel published by Messrs. White & Co. for this author. During the present month the same publishers will bring out her long novel, which is now running in Lloyd's News under the title of "Justice." It will be remembered that Mr. Herbert Spencer produced a book under this title a few weeks before John Strange Winter's story began in Lloyd's News. Mr. Spencer very courteously waived all objection to the title being retained—thereby avoiding the great expense and inconvenience a change of title at the last moment would have involved. When the book appears in two-volume form next week it will bear the title of "Only Human."

A new work of fiction by Mr. J. A. Steuart will appear during the present month. It will be published in the "Whitefriars' Library of Wit and Humour," under the title of "Life's Medley: or the Order of the Jolly Pashas." Mr. Steuart's last novel, "Kilgroom: a Story of Ireland," besides being very favourably received by the press, attracted the attention of Mr. Gladstone, who wrote to the author that "The praises deservedly given to Miss Lawless for her "Hurrish" were due to him, "but in a higher degree for a fuller and better adjusted picture." Mr. Gladstone adds that he finds the story "truthful, national, and, highly interesting." The book is receiving attention abroad too. The Allgemeine Zeitung, in reviewing it the other day, called it a "striking romance," and, speaks of "the fine flow of the narrative, and the delicate characterization of the individual personages," adding that it gives an "unusually vivid picture of the Ireland of to-day." A new edition of "Kilgroom" will shortly be issued.

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THE EARL OF DESART.
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THE EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.
SIR FREDERICK POLLICK, BART.
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A. G. Ross.
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G. R. SIMS.
J. J. STEVENSON.
JAS. SULLY.
WILLIAM MARY THOMAS.
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BARON HENRY DE WORMS, M.P., F.R.S.
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Secretary—S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE.

OFFICES.

4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January 1891 can be had on application to the Secretary.
2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all Members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (The Leadenhall Press.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March 1887.
5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE, Secretary to the Society. 1s.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C. 2s. 6d.
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. SQUIRE SPRIGGE. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C. 3s.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible.

WARNINGS.

Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of seven years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:—

(1.) Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

(2.) Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with those who advertise for MSS., who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

(3.) Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

(4.) Never accept any proposal of royalty until you have ascertained exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

(5.) Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

(6.) Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

(7.) Never sign away American rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

(8.) Never sign a receipt which gives away copyright without advice.

(9.) Keep control over the advertisements by clause in the agreement. Reserve a veto. If you are yourself ignorant of the subject, make the Society your agent.

(10.) Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Society's Offices:

4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

NOTICES.

The Secretary will be much obliged if any members who have kept the Report for 1890 will kindly send their copies to him.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.
The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the Author for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.

Communications intended for the Authors' Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary.

The Authors' Club, whose foundation has been so long delayed and obstructed by one accident after another, is now making a real start. It already numbers a very good roll of original members, and it is taking temporary premises in St. James's Place, St. James's Street. The position is rather more to the West than is desired for a permanent location. The Committee, however, have time to look about them, and it is best not to be in a hurry. Meantime readers will please observe that the Club is starting. It will be remembered that at the outset, every kind of prophecy was uttered about its certainty of failure, its impossibility of success.

A trick of some importance has been brought before us on several occasions of late. A writer agrees with an editor to contribute papers to his magazine. He is perhaps a writer whose work is of more than ephemeral value. He has been accustomed to place his work subject to the condition that he sells serial right only. When the cheque arrives it is accompanied by a form of receipt which contains the words “for the copyright,” or words to that effect. He often signs without noticing the clause, and finds out too late what he has thrown away. Let, therefore, every one guard carefully against signing such a receipt, and let him, for better security, stipulate beforehand that it is the serial right alone which he assigns to his editor.

There has been remonstrance. The editorial worm has turned. In the short space of three months one paper has borrowed from another to the following extent. Two important leading articles; three sketches of living characters; sixteen reviews of books; and various short notes.

In each case the “conveyance” was accompanied by the words, “the —— says.” At last the proprietors of the paper have remonstrated, and the thing is stopped. The use of articles taken from other papers is a thing that concerns the Author, because so many of our members are journalists as well as authors. Surely some rules can be arrived at. It is very good in most cases, both for the contributor and the paper, to have articles quoted with due acknowledgment. On the other hand, it cannot be claimed that there is no copyright in the daily or the weekly paper. But in any case of reproduction it ought to be made conspicuously clear where the article first appeared, and in common fairness the author of the article in question should receive some more substantial recognition than the honour of being reprinted in all cases in which he has reserved his copyright. Perhaps the Institute of Journalists would see a way of taking up the matter.

With the ratifications of the Literary Convention exchanged between Germany and the United States on the 15th ultimo, and President Harrison's proclamation extending the benefits of the American copyright to Germany, German authors enter into the enjoyment of such advantages as they may be able to secure under the American statute. It is to be feared, however, that the experiences of French authors will be repeated. The conditions of the American copyright requiring a foreign author to be simultaneously printed and published in his own country and in the States, have so far proved in a large number of cases practically prohibitive. In the result, American publishers are practically able to make their own terms, so that, so far as France, and, it is to be feared, Germany is concerned, with the exception of a favoured few, the American Copyright Act leaves matters much where it found them.

There is a prevalent idea that the death of a holder of a pension on the Civil List creates a vacancy. That is not the case. The number of those on the List is not limited. A grant is made every year of £1,200. This is spent for the most part, as we all know, on persons for whom the grant is not made, and for whom the Resolution of 1837 was not passed. When any person on the List dies, that portion of the annual £1,200 which he has received is no longer paid. But there is no vacancy to fill up. The amount actually expended every year is about £27,000.
The death of the Rev. Dr. Allon removes one who was a member of this Society from its very commencement, who cordially sympathised with its aims, and was most hopeful of its success. This alone should ensure his memory a grateful preservation among us all. But there was more. In his capacity as editor of the British Quarterly he conducted for many years a review which was a formidable rival—say, rather, an equal—to the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. He was always eager to welcome good work. There are many—the writer of this note among others—who can bear testimony to his kindness and his sympathy. That he was also a Prince of Israel in his own Church, that he was a personal friend of all who were the wisest and the best in his own generation, to whatever Christian community they belonged, are things which belong to the part of him outside literature.

Another original member has passed away. Mr. Samuel Lee, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, of Lincoln's Inn, the translator of Virgil and Horace, with Professor Lonsdale, died suddenly on Thursday, April 14th. A constitutional indolence prevented him from doing justice to his own abilities. He did nothing but those two books. But with him has perished a wonderful mass of scholarship and information. He was, in addition to his classical attainments, a wide reader in Spanish, Italian, and French literature. Of a retiring disposition, he was seldom to be seen outside his two clubs, the Athenæum and the United University. His collaborateur, Professor Lonsdale, only survived him by a fortnight.

Fiction and Egyptology have sustained a loss in Amelia B. Edwards. It is, however, several years since Miss Edwards wrote her last novel. It was with her Egyptian researches much more than her novels that Miss Edwards has been recently before the world. She was on the Civil List, but lived to enjoy her pension a very short time.

It is not an uncommon thing in the case of disputed accounts or agreements taken up by the Society for the publishers to attempt to ignore the Secretary by writing to the author. The motive is evident.

First, they wish to complicate the settlement of the question by dealing with one whom they have already found to be ignorant of the practical side of literature, or wanting in business capacity.

Next, they would, if they could, bring about a division between the Society and its members.

In such a case the duty of the author is clear. He must not answer the letter, but send it on to the Secretary. In no case—under no circumstances—must he hold any independent correspondence with the publishers. Should he do so, the Society will return his papers at once, and refuse to take any further steps.

Will members take the trouble to ascertain whether they have paid their subscriptions for the year? If they will do this, and remit the amount or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

The present number of the Author concludes the second volume. Readers are reminded that though the paper is sent to every member free of charge, every member is also free, if he pleases, to remit a year's subscription of 6s. 6d., and that if every member would do so, the paper would cost nothing to the Society.

Members are earnestly requested to forward anything that may be of interest or value to literature, whether news, comments, questions, or original contributions. The short space at the command of the editor forbids any attempt at reviewing, but books can always be noticed if they are sent up.

Members are entreated to attend to the warning numbered (3). It is a most foolish and a most disastrous thing to bind yourself to anyone for a term of years. Let them ask themselves if they would give a solicitor the collection of their rents for five years to come, whatever his conduct, whether he was honest or dishonest? Of course they would not. Why then hesitate for a moment when they are asked to sign themselves into bondage for three or five years?

In the April number of the Author, the name of Sylvia Penn (p. 372) wrongly appeared as Sylvia Neun.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

Mr. Colles desires to inform readers of the Author as regards the Syndicate—

1. That he undertakes to work for none but members of the Society.

2. That his business is not to advise members of the Society, but to manage their affairs for them if they please to entrust them to him.
3. That when he has any work in hand he must
have it entirely in his own hands; in other
words, that authors must not ask him to
place certain work, and then go about
endeavouring to place it by themselves.
4. That when a MS. has been sent from pub-
lisher to publisher, and from editor to
editor, in vain, it is most likely impossible
to place it.
5. That in the face of the present competition,
authors will do well to moderate their
expectations.

To this it may be added, that where advice is
sought, the Secretary of the Society, and not the
Syndicate, must be consulted. On his behalf
members are requested—
1. To place on paper briefly the points on which
advice is asked.
2. To send up all the letters and papers con-
ected with the case if it is a case of
dispute.
3. Not to conceal or keep back any of the facts.

THE LOGROLLIAD.

SOME months ago I wrote for the students'
paper at St. Andrew's—College Echoes—
part of a satire called the Logrolliad, supposed
to be the work of an envious failure, named
McStimey. The lines were preceded by a prose
explanation, telling how McStimey had died of
envy on reading a favourable review of someone
else. By an accident at the printing office, or
through the discretion of the undergraduate editors,
the explanation did not appear in the College
magazine. As the little paper has the very most
limited circulation I thought the omission of no
importance. I learn, however, that the verses have
been published with my name attached to them, in
one or two newspapers, and that they have been
sent to the persons satirized by McStimey, one of
whom was myself.

Whether intentionally or not, the persons who
published and circulated the lines have caused mis-
apprehensions, which I now endeavour to remove.
I did not suppose anyone capable of believing
that I would make serious assaults on writers, some
of whom are my personal friends, and to all of
whom I owe gratitude for instruction and enter-
tainment. Nor would my natural modesty urge
me to remark with seriousness that I teach "by
precept and example how to fail," as alleged
by McStimey.

A. LANG.

"POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT."

At mihi jam puero celestia Sacra placebant:
Inque suum furtem Musa trabebat opus.

Sepe pater dixit: "Studium quid inutilte tentas?
Maenonides nullas ipse reliquit opes."

Motus eram dictis: totoque Helicone relictio,
Scribere conubam verba soluta modis.

Sponte sua carmen numeros veniabat ad aptos,
Et, quod tentabam scribere, versus erat.


Me Harmony delighted from a boy
As the Muse drew me on to her employ:
"Why toil for nothing?" oft my father cried,
"Homer himself a very pauper died."

His chidings moved me: Poesy I left,
And sought to write some words of song bereft.
But still my lines flowed, apt to rhyme and scan,
And as I wrote my thoughts, in verse they ran.

J. M. LELY,
[with apologies to P.O.N.].

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.

LITERARY THEFT.

THE question of literary theft by means of
reprinting newspaper articles, either in other
newspapers or in books, now being brought
into prominence by the Times is a very important
one, and it is to be hoped that it will not be allowed
to drop without some practical remedy being
discovered and applied.

It is notorious that much valuable literature first
appears in newspapers. Thackeray's "Snobs"
first appeared in Punch; Sala's "Twice Round the
Clock" in the Daily Telegraph; while Mr.
Russell, Mr. Forbes, and other war correspon-
dents innumerable have republished their letters in
book form. For payment and without risk, the
author (perhaps hitherto unknown) by this mode
secures a publication which otherwise he might
have to pay for and lose money by, and he also
gains the advantage of being able to correct and
revise after newspaper publication, and before
re-issue, by the light of such criticism, and with
the encouragement of such admirers, as newspaper
readers may bring.

The enormous and increasing output of literature
in the present day gives every ground of expecta-
tion that this mode of publication will become more
and more general.
The points of law to be borne in mind are three:

(1.) The copyright belongs to the newspaper proprietor, not the author, for 28 years if, and if only, the articles are written and paid for on the terms that the copyright shall belong to the newspaper proprietor.

(2.) The newspaper proprietor cannot sue for breach of copyright without first "registering" his newspaper.

(3.) To a certain extent, very difficult to define, copying is legitimate.

By way of cure for these inconveniences to all concerned in the production of literature, it was proposed (amongst other things) by Lord Monks-well's Copyright Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Lords last session (on the curious condition, imposed by the Lord Chancellor, that it should not be further proceeded with), that—

(1.) In the case of any article, essay, or other work whatsoever, being the subject of copyright, first published in and forming part of a collective work for the writing, composition, or making of which the original copyright owner shall have been paid, or shall be entitled to be paid, by the proprietor of the collective work, the copyright shall belong to the proprietor of the collective work for 30 years from publication.

(2.) Except in the case of an Encyclopaedia, the original copyright owner shall have the right to republish the article in a separate form at any time after 3 years from the first publication.

(3.) Copyright in respect of newspapers shall extend only to articles, paragraphs, communications, and other parts which are compositions of a literary character, and not to any articles, paragraphs, communications, or other parts which are designed only for the publication of news, or to advertisements.

It is, we believe, a not uncommon practice for the proprietors of magazines to ask their contributors to sign receipts containing assignments of copyright as well as acknowledgments of payment. This we think the contributors should decline to do. The contract to assign the copyright can only be made when the article is arranged for. Any contract made after the article has been published is made "without consideration" and void.

II.

MR. JAMES KNOWLES.

Two letters on this subject, written by Mr. James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, are published in the Times of April 29th and in the May number of Mr. Knowles's magazine. In the second letter Mr. Knowles defines what he considers legitimate criticism. He says—we hope that our own interest in the diffusion of these views will excuse our reproducing the lines—

"I can of course make no objection at all to 'legitimate' criticism, supported by fair and moderate extracts of anything which is published in my review.

"What I cannot recognize as 'legitimate' is extracting the substance of an article or quoting from it merely as a notice and apart from proper criticism of it.

"That practice must be stopped by the producers and owners of literature, just as the practice of taking all the best cherries out of a basket without paying for them—under pretence of obtaining a sample—would be stopped by the law, if necessary, at the instance of the producers and owners of the cherries.

"Your common sense and fairness will see the force of the distinction between criticism and pillage, and you will doubtless act accordingly without further pressure."

III.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S LIFE.

A correspondent writes: "I remember a case which very well illustrates the reckless way in which extracts are made. It is of the posthumous 'Recollections of Anthony Trollope.' The publishers were good enough to present me with a copy. For some reason, I had no time to look at it for three months after it appeared. I read during this interval the usual reviews and newspapers. When I at last cut the pages, I found that I knew every single thing of any interest. All had been picked out. What was left was rind and pulp."

IV.

"BABY" LIFTING EXTRAORDINARY.

The editor of Baby: the Mothers' Magazine calls attention to the following barefaced theft:—

"Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery; but when it takes the form of a gross piracy and wholesale robbery of ideas from a publication of which one is the originator, editor, and proprietor, it cannot be said to be acceptable to the person imitated. I may say that my feelings with regard to a new American publication, entitled Baby: a Journal for Mothers, the first number of which was published in New York in January 1892, are of unqualified dissatisfaction and disgust at the colossal impudence of the proprietor and editor, whoever they may be. In
the words of my own prospectus, this magazine professes that its several departments are edited by "well-known writers, and articles will be obtained from the highest authorities on the bringing up of children." It would seem that no extraordinary expense will be incurred in carrying out this programme, as the editor evidently proposes to "annex" from my magazine all that may be required for the purpose. I have only seen the second number of this magnificent speculation as yet, but it is evident from this that the editor has had the four volumes of Baby: the Mothers' Magazine open during its preparation, although no acknowledgment is made of the fact. On p. 18, for example, there is a paragraph about the care of the eyes, which I wrote myself, and a hint about teething, taken from my third volume. On p. 19 is a drawing modified from one in my first volume; on p. 20 is the paragraph which forms the heading of my "Nursery Cookery" department; on p. 21, that from the heading of my "Parents' Parliament"; and, on the same page, a whole article called "Hints about Teething," by Dr. T. L. Browne, stolen bodily from my fourth volume, p. 220. Such a production as this is a dishonour to journalism, and that it is possible to produce it is a disgrace to international law.

V.

AMERICAN PIRACY.

There are two kinds of piracy: that of new books and that of old books. A correspondent, a well-known novelist, writes that the New York Sunday News has been presenting its readers with a complete story by himself, which was published in this country about five years ago. Another complete novel by another well-known writer is announced for the next week. The piracy of new books may be considered pretty well ended, but the piracy of old books will go on unchecked so long as the books which do not possess copyright continue to have any freshness.

As regards Mr. Collier, whose correspondence and advertisements have attracted more attention, it is now stated that he has been "laying hands" as well on stories whose copyright is uncertain. A novel written for Tillotson and Son exclusively has very recently figured in three successive issues of the American Once a Week. We can only repeat our former caution. Do not entrust MSS. to any advertiser without careful business agreements beforehand and proper guarantees.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

A n important feature in this Society is the appointment of local secretaries in various centres of the country. Thus, at a meeting lately held at Washington, a local auxiliary society was formed, at which Mrs. M. D. Lincoln was elected Vice-President. At the meeting certain plain truths were spoken. Mrs. Katherine Hodges, the general secretary, said:

"This is certainly one of the most vital subjects for consideration before the country to-day. It is a question, not of war upon any man, or class of men, but it is one of principle, upon which the constitution of this Republic is founded—the principle of justice and fair dealing to all."

Mr. George Smalley, of the New York Tribune, was quoted in reference to the complete protection insured to authors by French law.

"Why should we sit down contented with a position of inferiority to a nation whom we are not in the habit of thinking our superiors in civilization, or in that branch of it which consists in protecting the weak against the strong?"

Mrs. Hodges also read a passage from a letter written by Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, in which she said:

"I sincerely trust that the authors of this nation will be able to make such a showing of their wrongs, and of their inherent rights to the product of their own brains, and so arouse public sentiment on the subject, that the Columbian Exposition shall be recorded in history as the point beyond which such a robbery was made impossible."

Continuing, Mrs. Hodges said: "Chauncey M. Depew made a speech on the occasion of a celebration on the passage of the International Copyright Law, in which he said, as nearly as I can now quote it from memory: 'Piracy on the high seas has been abolished for a century, and burglary has been under control of the police for a hundred years, but it remained for a Republican Congress to abolish the piracy and burglary of the human brain.'"

"But this has not been done," continued the lady, "as we can prove conclusively, and by unimpeachable testimony of prominent authors, who are victims of the piracy and burglary of human intellect now in full power in America. There is no limit to this practice of piracy, because there is no statute to forbid it under the present laws, and it is for the abolition of this wrong that the American Society of Authors has been organized, confident that this enlightened Government and people will heed a demand for the protection of writers, which other civilized nations of the
earth has already accorded to the authors of various countries. Every branch of trade and traffic has protection under our Government and laws except this one. And why should this form the sole exception?"

"What plan do you propose to bring about the desired change?" Mrs. Hodges was asked.

"Organization, as Mr. Smalley suggests. An organization reaching from sea to sea, and through every part of the United States. We shall have at every prominent point speakers on the topic, who will convey to the people the true situation as it has and does exist. At the Columbian Exposition, we shall have the world for an audience, as from every nation we mean to have those who will tell us the means employed for protection of their writers, and who will help us to perfect plans for the best method of protection here. Please be particular to observe that this movement is not a war on publishers as a class. Honest publishers express themselves as friendly to the cause. Such men have nothing to fear from the organization of authors for their own protection. It is purely a movement to establish the principle of just treatment to authors in this country, to protect them in their right of literary property in commerce, and to defend that right."

"Does not the International Copyright Act protect the American author?"

"Abroad, perhaps, to an extent, but not here. The International Copyright Act does not yield the least protection to the native author against the native publisher. And it is quite as great a hardship to be robbed by a native as by a foreign publisher."

AGENCIES.

I.

THE AGENCY BUREAU.

THERE is an institution called the "Agency Bureau." Apparently they—or he—advertise for MSS. A certain lady sent them a paper, or a book, in MS. She received the following reply:

"Dear Madam,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour enclosing MSS., and should advise you, before proceeding further with them, to have a fair copy made of them on a typewriter, as our experience has taught us that typewritten MSS. is greatly favoured by hard worked editors and publishers. Rejections are, without exception, caused by MSS. being badly written.

Should you entertain this idea, I shall have great pleasure in having same executed in our office at the low charge of 3s. (about 3,500 words), including paper.

"Should this fail to influence you, I will put your writings forward without further delay. Please state by return what you think a fair price for same.

"Awaiting your favoured reply,

"I am, Dear Madam,

"D. Tomasin,

"Secretary."

The above shows resource. Even if a MS. cannot be placed, it may be typewritten. Fifty MSS. a week at 3s. would not be such very bad business. We have not seen the prospectus of the "Agency Bureau." When we do see "same"—to imitate the excellent style of the secretary—we may have a word or two to say to "same." Meantime, we shall be glad to learn what special powers this person has—what machinery—to place any MS. for anybody? Why will people persist in thinking that an agent can do for their MSS. what they cannot do by themselves?

II.

THE LITERARY AND ART AGENCY.

(Before Mr. Justice Grantham and a Common Jury.)

HARINGTON v. THE STAR NEWSPAPER COMPANY (LIMITED).

This was an action for libel brought by the Rev. T. R. S. Harington, who was described as a Congregational minister and a journalist, and who for many years had been associated with various religious papers as chief and assistant editor, against the Star for publishing the following article. It was in the form of a letter, addressed by "An out-of-work journalist" to the editor of the Star, and headed, "The Literary Art, the Royal Road to Getting a Living in the Literary Line":—

"Yesterday morning, on the strength of a circular which has been pretty widely distributed, I called upon the Rev. T. R. S. Harington, at 22, Furnival Street, Holborn, W.C. The reverend gentleman calls himself the London Literary and Art Agency, and sends round an invitation to all and sundry, couched in the following terms:—'Ladies and gentlemen seeking high-class appointments as governesses, tutors, private secretaries, journalists, artists, &c, may have their names registered by paying a fee of 5s. For this fee they will not only be entitled to our services at all times, but will have their individual requirements advertised in the Times, Morning Post, Standard, Daily News, or some other influential
and suitable paper. . ." The Literary and Art Agency I found was a very small back room, up two flights of stairs, and besides the Rev. T. R. S. Harington boasted a desk and a couple of chairs. The rev. gentleman welcomed me sympathetically and listened with the shrewd air of a consulting philanthropist to my tale. . . I thanked him and regretted that it was not convenient for me at the moment to hand over the 5s. registration fee. Well, well, that did not matter. There was a half-crown fee, which entitled the applicant to some portion of solicitude of the London Literary and Art Agency. I regretted that it was not in my power to pay that small sum, but said I would bring it round in the morning. . . The rev. gentleman in appearance is tall, sandy haired and sandy bearded . . . It is to be hoped that the agency will prove of more use to private secretaries than to journalists; meanwhile it would perhaps be as well for 'governesses, tutors, private secretaries, journalists, artists, &c.,' to suspend payment of their 5s. until the rev. principal proves his bondfides and the practical usefulness of his agency."

Mr. Lincoln Reed represented the plaintiff; Mr. Lankester the defendants.

In the course of the case the plaintiff admitted he had not been a Congregational minister, but considered he had a right to call himself one, because he had been called to preach in a Baptist chapel in 1862 for two years. Since that date he had been sub-editor of the Christian World, but had given that up a short time ago, and had started this agency for the purpose of introducing people who wanted situations in the literary line to those who wanted to employ literary men and women. When asked by the judge if his scheme was of a philanthropic character, the plaintiff said of course he expected to be paid fees for his labour. He had received £13 or £14 in fees of 5s. and 2s. 6d. each, but had only obtained two situations for people, one as tutor for three months, and the other as secretary to the Association for Preventing the Immigration of Destitute Aliens; and he had received 24s. in one case, and 30s. in the other as a commission on the salaries obtained. The plaintiff also said that the article in question had ruined his agency, which had only been started about a month, as his landlord had refused to let him continue the hire of his rooms. He did not remember the individual coming to him who purported to be the writer of the article. On a gentleman being asked to stand up, the plaintiff said he did not remember the faces of ordinary-looking people; all he could say was, he looked and acted in such a way as to induce several Oxford and Cambridge men to pay him a fee. For the defence, it was submitted that the article in question was not published falsely or maliciously, that it was not libellous, was true in substance and in fact, and was a fair and bondfide comment on the plaintiff's conduct.

The learned judge having summed up, the jury retired to consider their verdict, and after a long absence returned into court with a verdict for the defendants.—Times.

III.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

Here is another case of an unfortunate confusion of names by the "Society" with which the man Morgan, already exposed in these columns and elsewhere, is connected.

(To the Editor of the Newcastle Daily Journal.)

"Sir,

I find that invitations are being extensively sent to gentlemen resident in the North of England to join a society styling itself the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art, and I have received several letters making inquiries respecting its status. I should be obliged, therefore, if you would allow me to statethrough your columnsthat I neither have, nor desire to be supposed to have, any connexion with this society, and that the name printed among its honorary members, the 'Rev. Canon Norman, M.A.' is not that of yours, &c.,

A. M. Norman, F.R.S.,
Hon. Canon, Durham Cathedral.

Burnmoor Rectory, April 12, 1892."

EDITING AND REVIEWING.

I.

THE VALUE OF A FAVOURABLE REVIEW.

It may be laid down as a general rule that it is not possible for an unfavourable review to kill a good book. It may retard its progress; it may inflict a heavy pecuniary loss upon it; but it cannot kill it.

On the other hand, what can a favourable review do for a book?

Here are two instances from the private history of a literary man:

Ten years ago he produced a book anonymously. For six weeks or so the book hung fire: no one noticed it; there was no demand for it. Then there appeared a notice, not only favourable, but highly laudatory, in the Saturday Review. Instantly the
THE AUTHOR.

Again, the same writer produced a three-volume novel which has had as great a success as falls to the lot of most novels. For a time, however, it lay unregarded, the demand for it almost stagnant. Then there appeared a review in the Times—a long one-column, review—speaking of it in the highest terms, and then the demand began and continued, advancing daily, and the fortune of that book, as of the other, was made by that favourable review.

II.

ABOUT REVIEWING.

"To-morrow," says Mr. Phœbus in Lothair, "to-morrow the critics will begin. And who are the critics? Persons who have failed in literature and art." Dramatically, of course, this is very good. The criticised no doubt is the man to find out the weakest points in the armour of the critic. Nor is it without a germ of truth in itself, for the disappointed man is naturally more quick to find fault. But it is a little curious that some critics who have not themselves failed or are likely to fail write just as if they had. Who amongst us has not now and then suffered from the criticisms of such? The selection of the one misspelt word, or of the one line of poetry which will not scan, and complete silence about all the rest of a work, the crushing detractation of a first effort in literature, the steady determination not to see the author's view; these and faults like these will not unfrequently be found in those who may themselves be amongst the very favourites of fortune. And yet, perhaps, even such criticism is less really unjust than that of the lazy penman who scarcely reads a line of a book, but dismisses it with fluent generalities (whether of praise or blame) strung together to conceal his ignorance of it. On the other hand, many authors are absurdly sensitive, thinking themselves ill-used if their reviewer deals out any blame at all, while here and there we find the man who has been so unduly puffed by his friends that a little undue scarification is positively welcome. Macaulay's celebrated review of Montgomery is a well-known case in point. Macaulay's name brings to my mind a bit of his biography well worth the notice of every critic. Into the hands of the great reviewer fell a friend's book, with, I think, a request from somebody or other that he would say something good of it. He saw at once that it would not do, and declined to review it at all.

Should not a reviewer always be anonymous? I rather think so. If solicited for a "notice," should he take it ill, and either review unfavourably or not review at all? Certainly neither. Soliciting is, of course, bad, but it may be after all a mere harmless form of bringing a book to an editor's recollection.

Should an editor hand over a book written by one specialist, to be reviewed by another? I think yes, for the risk of unfairness and partiality of view is quite compensated by the certainty of knowledge of the subject.

Should not all books which cannot be reviewed be returned? I know of a case where a book worth about ten pounds was courteously returned by one editor, and kept, but not even reviewed, by another editor. The cost of supplying copies for review is very great, and the sale of such copies, if sold (though I have heard that some editors destroy them), seems to compete somewhat unfairly with the sale of the ordinary copies.

Why should not, at least review copies be machine cut, to help the reviewer, and why should not publishers always state the prices and dates of their books, and reviewers repeat this useful information for the benefit of the public?

J. M. LEly.

III.

MAGAZINES AND EDITORS.

In the early part of 1888, I wrote an article on "Dorothy Jordan," and sent it to the English Illustrated Magazine. About nine months later, proofs were forwarded to me, corrected and returned by me. Months passed, and the article did not appear. In February 1889 I applied for payment, and received £13 10s. Soon after, the magazine changed editors. In March 1890, I saw the new editor, and asked when would the paper be inserted. He knew nothing of it, nor did his secretary. In 1891 I again made inquiries concerning the article, but received no satisfactory reply, nor did I hear of it again until I saw it in the April number just published. It was then reduced to about half its original size, and the private information regarding Mrs. Jordan's life and earnings, which I had obtained after much trouble, was left out. It was four years in the office of the magazine before being published.

A story of mine appeared in another monthly. Three letters requesting payment received no answer, nor did a solicitor's letter. The proprietors were then sued for the amount, and the case was set down for hearing on the 31st of March. The day previously the debt was paid, and the solicitor's costs.

FITZGERALD MOLLOY.
PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY.

1. The Annual Report. That for January 1891 can be had on application to the Secretary.
2. The Author. A Monthly Journal devoted especially to the protection and maintenance of Literary Property. Issued to all Members.
3. The Grievances of Authors. (The Leadenhall Press.) 2s. The Report of three Meetings on the general subject of Literature and its defence, held at Willis's Rooms, March 1887.
5. The History of the Société des Gens de Lettres. By S. Squire Sprigge, Secretary to the Society. 1s.
6. The Cost of Production. In this work specimens are given of the most important forms of type, size of page, &c., with estimates showing what it costs to produce the more common kinds of books. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C. 2s. 6d.
7. The Various Methods of Publication. By S. Squire Sprigge. In this work, compiled from the papers in the Society's offices, the various kinds of agreements proposed by Publishers to Authors are examined, and their meaning carefully explained, with an account of the various kinds of fraud which have been made possible by the different clauses in their agreements. Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand, W.C. 3s.
For the Opinions expressed in papers that are signed or initialled the Authors alone are responsible.

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WARNINGS.

Readers of the Author are earnestly desired to make the following warnings as widely known as possible. They are based on the experience of seven years' work upon the dangers to which literary property is exposed:

1. Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part, until you have proved the figures.

2. Never enter into any correspondence with publishers, especially with those who advertise for MSS., who are not recommended by experienced friends or by this Society.

3. Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to anyone.

4. Never accept any proposal of royalty until you have ascertained exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

5. Never accept any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever without advice.

6. Never, when a MS. has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

7. Never sign away American rights. Keep them. Refuse to sign an agreement containing a clause which reserves them for the publisher. If the publisher insists, take away the MS. and offer it to another.

8. Never sign a receipt which gives away copyright without advice.

9. Keep control over the advertisements by clause in the agreement. Reserve a veto. If you are yourself ignorant of the subject, make the Society your agent.

10. Never forget that publishing is a business, like any other business, totally unconnected with philanthropy, charity, or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Society's Offices:—
4, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

NOTICES.

The Secretary will be much obliged if any members who have kept the Report for 1890 will kindly send their copies to him.

All persons engaged in literary work of any kind, whether members of this Society or not, are invited to communicate to the Editor any points connected with their work which it would be advisable in the general interest to publish.

Members and others who wish their MSS. read are requested not to send them to the Office without previously communicating with the Secretary. The utmost practicable despatch is aimed at, and MSS. are read in the order in which they are received. It must also be distinctly understood that the Society does not, under any circumstances, undertake the publication of MSS.
The official directions for the securing of American copyright by English authors were given in the *Author* for June 1891. Members are earnestly entreated to take the trouble of reading those directions.

Members are earnestly requested to forward agreements to the Society for inspection before they sign them. Once signed, the mischief is generally irreparable.

Communications intended for the Authors' Syndicate should be addressed to W. Morris Colles, the Honorary Secretary.

The Authors' Club, whose foundation has been so long delayed and obstructed by one accident after another, is now making a real start. It already numbers a very good roll of original members, and it is taking temporary premises in St. James's Place, St. James's Street. The position is rather more to the West than is desired for a permanent location. The Committee, however, have time to look about them, and it is best not to be in a hurry. Meanwhile readers will please observe that the Club is starting. It will be remembered that at the outset, every kind of prophecy was uttered about its certainty of failure, its impossibility of success.

A trick of some importance has been brought before us on several occasions of late. A writer agrees with an editor to contribute papers to his magazine. He is perhaps a writer whose work is of more than ephemeral value. He has been accustomed to place his work subject to the condition that he sells serial right only. When the cheque arrives it is accompanied by a form of receipt which contains the words "for the copyright," or words to that effect. He often signs without noticing the clause, and finds out too late what he has thrown away. Let, therefore, every one guard carefully against signing such a receipt, and let him, for better security, stipulate beforehand that it is the serial right alone which he assigns to his editor.

There has been remonstrance. The editorial worm has turned. In the short space of three months one paper has borrowed from another to the following extent. Two important leading articles; three sketches of living characters; sixteen reviews of books; and various short notes. In each case the "conveyance" was accompanied by the words, "the ____ says." At last the proprietors of the paper have remonstrated, and the thing is stopped. The use of articles taken from other papers is a thing that concerns the *Author*, because so many of our members are journalists as well as authors. Surely some rules can be arrived at. It is very good in most cases, both for the contributor and the paper, to have articles quoted with due acknowledgment. On the other hand, it cannot be claimed that there is no copyright in the daily or the weekly paper. But in any case of reproduction it ought to be made conspicuously clear where the article first appeared, and in common fairness the author of the article in question should receive some more substantial recognition than the honour of being reprinted in all cases in which he has reserved his copyright. Perhaps the Institute of Journalists would see a way of taking up the matter.

With the ratifications of the Literary Convention exchanged between Germany and the United States on the 15th ultimo, and President Harrison's proclamation extending the benefits of the American copyright to Germany, German authors enter into the enjoyment of such advantages as they may be able to secure under the American statute. It is to be feared, however, that the experiences of French authors will be repeated. The conditions of the American copyright requiring a foreign author to be simultaneously printed and published in his own country and in the States, have so far proved in a large number of cases practically prohibitive. In the result, American publishers are practically able to make their own terms, so that, so far as France, and, it is to be feared, Germany is concerned, with the exception of a favoured few, the American Copyright Act leaves matters much where it found them.

There is a prevalent idea that the death of a holder of a pension on the Civil List creates a vacancy. That is not the case. The number of those on the List is not limited. A grant is made every year of £1,200. This is spent for the most part, as we all know, on persons for whom the grant is not made, and for whom the Resolution of 1837 was not passed. When any person on the List dies, that portion of the annual £1,200 which he has received is no longer paid. But there is no vacancy to fill up. The amount actually expended every year is about £27,000.
The death of the Rev. Dr. Allon removes one who was a member of this Society from its very commencement, who cordially sympathised with its aims, and was most hopeful of its success. This alone should ensure his memory a grateful preservation among us all. But there was more. In his capacity as editor of the British Quarterly he conducted for many years a review which was a formidable rival—say, rather, an equal—to the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. He was always eager to welcome good work. There are many—the writer of this note among others—who can bear testimony to his kindness and his sympathy. That he was also a Prince of Israel in his own Church, that he was a personal friend of all who were the wisest and the best in his own generation, to whatever Christian community they belonged, are things which belong to the part of him outside literature.

Another original member has passed away. Mr. Samuel Lee, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, of Lincoln's Inn, the translator of Virgil and Horace, with Professor Lonsdale, died suddenly on Thursday, April 14th. A constitutional indolence prevented him from doing justice to his own abilities. He did nothing but those two books. But with him has perished a wonderful mass of scholarship and information. He was, in addition to his classical attainments, a wide reader in Spanish, Italian, and French literature. Of a retiring disposition, he was seldom to be seen outside his two clubs, the Athenaeum and the United University. His collaborateur, Professor Lonsdale, only survived him by a fortnight.

Fiction and Egyptology have sustained a loss in Amelia B. Edwards. It is, however, several years since Miss Edwards wrote her last novel. It was with her Egyptian researches much more than her novels that Miss Edwards has been recently before the world. She was on the Civil List, but lived to enjoy her pension a very short time.

It is not an uncommon thing in the case of disputed accounts or agreements taken up by the Society for the publishers to attempt to ignore the Secretary by writing to the author.

The motive is evident.

First, they wish to complicate the settlement of the question by dealing with one whom they have already found to be ignorant of the practical side of literature, or wanting in business capacity.

Next, they would, if they could, bring about a division between the Society and its members.

In such a case the duty of the author is clear. He must not answer the letter, but send it on to the Secretary. In no case—under no circumstances—must he hold any independent correspondence with the publishers. Should he do so, the Society will return his papers at once, and refuse to take any further steps.

Will members take the trouble to ascertain whether they have paid their subscriptions for the year? If they will do this, and remit the amount or a banker's order, it will greatly assist the Secretary, and save him the trouble of sending out a reminder.

The present number of the Author concludes the second volume. Readers are reminded that though the paper is sent to every member free of charge, every member is also free, if he pleases, to remit a year's subscription of 6s. 6d., and that if every member would do so, the paper would cost nothing to the Society.

Members are earnestly requested to forward anything that may be of interest or value to literature, whether news, comments, questions, or original contributions. The short space at the command of the editor forbids any attempt at reviewing, but books can always be noticed if they are sent up.

Members are entreated to attend to the warning numbered (3). It is a most foolish and a most disastrous thing to bind yourself to anyone for a term of years. Let them ask themselves if they would give a solicitor the collection of their rents for five years to come, whatever his conduct, whether he was honest or dishonest? Of course they would not. Why then hesitate for a moment when they are asked to sign themselves into bondage for three or five years?

In the April number of the Author, the name of Sylvia Penn (p. 572) wrongly appeared as Sylvia Neun.

THE AUTHORS' SYNDICATE.

Mr. Colles desires to inform readers of the Author as regards the Syndicate—

1. That he undertakes to work for none but members of the Society.

2. That his business is not to advise members of the Society, but to manage their affairs for them if they please to entrust them to him.
3. That when he has any work in hand he must have it entirely in his own hands; in other words, that authors must not ask him to place certain work, and then go about endeavouring to place it by themselves.

4. That when a MS. has been sent from publisher to publisher, and from editor to editor, in vain, it is most likely impossible to place it.

5. That in the face of the present competition, authors will do well to moderate their expectations.

To this it may be added, that where advice is sought, the Secretary of the Society, and not the Syndicate, must be consulted. On his behalf members are requested—

1. To place on paper briefly the points on which advice is asked.

2. To send up all the letters and papers connected with the case if it is a case of dispute.

3. Not to conceal or keep back any of the facts.

THE LOGROLLIAD.

SOME months ago I wrote for the students’ paper at St. Andrew’s—College Echoes—part of a satire called the Logrolliad, supposed to be the work of an envious failure, named McStimey. The lines were preceded by a prose explanation, telling how McStimey had died of envy on reading a favourable review of someone else. By an accident at the printing office, or through the discretion of the undergraduate editors, the explanation did not appear in the College magazine. As the little paper has the very most limited circulation I thought the omission of no importance. I learn, however, that the verses have been published with my name attached to them, in one or two newspapers, and that they have been sent to the persons satirized by McStimey, one of whom was myself.

Whether intentionally or not, the persons who published and circulated the lines have caused misapprehensions, which I now endeavour to remove. I did not suppose anyone capable of believing that I would make serious assaults on writers, some of whom are my personal friends, and to all of whom I owe gratitude for instruction and entertainment. Nor would my natural modesty urge me to remark with seriousness that I teach “by precept and example how to fail,” as alleged by McStimey.

A. LANG.

“POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.”

At mihi jam puero celestia Saeca placebant:
Inque suum furtim Musa trahebat opus.

Saepe pater dixit: “Studium quid inutilis tentas?
Maeoniis nulas ipse reliquit opes.”

Motus eram dictis: totoque Heliconie relictus,
Scribere conobar verba soluta modis.

Sponte suo carmen numeros veniach ad aptos,
Et, quod tentabam scribere, versus erat.


Me Harmony delighted from a boy
As the Muse drew me on to her employ:
“Why toil for nothing?” oft my father cried,
“Homer himself a very pauper died.”

His chidings moved me: Poesy I left,
And sought to write some words of song bereft.
But still my lines flowed, apt to rhyme and scan,
And as I wrote my thoughts, in verse they ran.

J. M. LELY,
(with apologies to P.O.N.).

LITERARY PROPERTY.

I.

LITERARY THEFT.

The question of literary theft by means of reprinting newspaper articles, either in other newspapers or in books, now being brought into prominence by the Times is a very important one, and it is to be hoped that it will not be allowed to drop without some practical remedy being discovered and applied.

It is notorious that much valuable literature first appears in newspapers. Thackeray’s “Snobs” first appeared in Punch; Sala’s “Twice Round the Clock” in the Daily Telegraph; while Mr. Russell, Mr. Forbes, and other war correspondents innumerable have republished their letters in book form. For payment and without risk, the author (perhaps hitherto unknown) by this mode secures a publication which otherwise he might have to pay for and lose money by, and he also gains the advantage of being able to correct and revise after newspaper publication, and before re-issue, by the light of such criticism, and with the encouragement of such admirers, as newspaper readers may bring.

The enormous and increasing output of literature in the present day gives every ground of expectation that this mode of publication will become more and more general.
The points of law to be borne in mind are three:—

(1.) The copyright belongs to the newspaper proprietor, not the author, for 28 years if, and if only, the articles are written and paid for on the terms that the copyright shall belong to the newspaper proprietor.

(2.) The newspaper proprietor cannot sue for breach of copyright without first "registering" his newspaper.

(3.) To a certain extent, very difficult to define, copying is legitimate.

By way of cure for these inconveniences to all concerned in the production of literature, it was proposed (amongst other things) by Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Lords last session (on the curious condition, imposed by the Lord Chancellor, that it should not be further proceeded with), that—

(1.) In the case of any article, essay, or other work whatsoever, being the subject of copyright, first published in and forming part of a collective work for the writing, composition, or making of which the original copyright owner shall have been paid, or shall be entitled to be paid, by the proprietor of the collective work, the copyright shall belong to the proprietor of the collective work for 30 years from publication.

(2.) Except in the case of an Encyclopaedia, the original copyright owner shall have the right to republish the article in a separate form at any time after 3 years from the first publication.

(3.) Copyright in respect of newspapers shall extend only to articles, paragraphs, communications, and other parts which are compositions of a literary character, and not to any articles, paragraphs, communications, or other parts which are designed only for the publication of news, or to advertisements.

It is, we believe, a not uncommon practice for the proprietors of magazines to ask their contributors to sign receipts containing assignments of copyright as well as acknowledgments of payment. This we think the contributors should decline to do. The contract to assign the copyright can only be made when the article is arranged for. Any contract made after the article has been published is made "without consideration" and void.

II.

Mr. James Knowles.

Two letters on this subject, written by Mr. James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, are published in the Times of April 29th and in the May number of Mr. Knowles's magazine. In the second letter Mr. Knowles defines what he considers legitimate criticism. He says—we hope that our own interest in the diffusion of these views will excuse our reproducing the lines—

"I can of course make no objection at all to 'legitimate' criticism, supported by fair and moderate extracts of anything which is published in my review."

"What I cannot recognise as 'legitimate' is extracting the substance of an article or quoting from it merely as a notice and apart from proper criticism of it."

"That practice must be stopped by the producers and owners of literature, just as the practice of taking all the best cherries out of a basket without paying for them—under pretence of obtaining a sample—would be stopped by the law, if necessary, at the instance of the producers and owners of the cherries.

"Your common sense and fairness will see the force of the distinction between criticism and pilage, and you will doubtless act accordingly without further pressure."

III.

Anthony Trollope's Life.

A correspondent writes: "I remember a case which very well illustrates the reckless way in which extracts are made. It is that of the posthumous 'Recollections of Anthony Trollope.' The publishers were good enough to present me with a copy. For some reason, I had no time to look at it for three months after it appeared. I read during this interval the usual reviews and newspapers. When I at last cut the pages, I found that I knew every single thing of any interest. All had been picked out. What was left was rind and pulp."

IV.

"Baby" lifting extraordinary.

The editor of Baby: the Mothers' Magazine calls attention to the following barefaced theft:—

"Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery; but when it takes the form of a gross piracy and wholesale robbery of ideas from a publication of which one is the originator, editor, and proprietor, it cannot be said to be acceptable to the person imitated. I may say that my feelings with regard to a new American publication, entitled Baby: a Journal for Mothers, the first number of which was published in New York in January 1892, are of unqualified dissatisfaction and disgust at the colossal impudence of the proprietor and editor, whoever they may be. In
the words of my own prospectus, this magazine professes that its several departments are edited by "well-known writers, and articles will be obtained from the highest authorities on the bringing up of children." It would seem that no extraordinary expense will be incurred in carrying out this programme, as the editor evidently proposes to "annex" from my magazine all that may be required for the purpose. I have only seen the second number of this magnificent speculation as yet, but it is evident from this that the editor has had the four volumes of Baby: the Mothers' Magazine open during its preparation, although no acknowledgment is made of the fact. On p. 18, for example, there is a paragraph about the care of the eyes, which I wrote myself, and a hint about teething, taken from my third volume. On p. 19 is a drawing modified from one in my first volume; on p. 20 is the paragraph which forms the heading of my "Nursery Cookery" department; on p. 21, that from the heading of my "Parents' Parliament"; and, on the same page, a whole article called "Hints about Teething," by Dr. T. L. Browne, stolen bodily from my fourth volume, p. 220. Such a production as this is a dishonour to journalism, and that it is possible to produce it is a disgrace to international law.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

An important feature in this Society is the appointment of local secretaries in various centres of the country. Thus, at a meeting lately held at Washington, a local auxiliary society was formed, at which Mrs. M. D. Lincoln was elected Vice-President. At the meeting certain plain truths were spoken. Mrs. Katherine Hodges, the general secretary, said:—

"This is certainly one of the most vital subjects for consideration before the country to-day. It is a question, not of war upon any man, or class of men, but it is one of principle, upon which the constitution of this Republic is founded—the principle of justice and fair dealing to all."

Mr. George Smalley, of the New York Tribune, was quoted in reference to the complete protection insured to authors by French law.

"Why should we sit down contented with a position of inferiority to a nation whom we are not in the habit of thinking our superiors in civilization, or in that branch of it which consists in protecting the weak against the strong?"

Mrs. Hodges also read a passage from a letter written by Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, in which she said:—

"I sincerely trust that the authors of this nation will be able to make such a showing of their wrongs, and of their inherent rights to the product of their own brains, and so arouse public sentiment on the subject, that the Columbian Exposition shall be recorded in history as the point beyond which such a robbery was made impossible."

Continuing, Mrs. Hodges said: "Chauncey M. Depew made a speech on the occasion of a celebration on the passage of the International Copyright Law, in which he said, as nearly as I can now quote it from memory: 'Piracy on the high seas has been abolished for a century, and burglary has been under control of the police for a hundred years, but it remained for a Republican Congress to abolish the piracy and burglary of the human brain.'"

"But this has not been done," continued the lady, "as we can prove conclusively, and by unimpeachable testimony of prominent authors, who are victims of the piracy and burglary of human intellect now in full power in America. There is no limit to this practice of piracy, because there is no statute to forbid it under the present laws, and it is for the abolition of this wrong that the American Society of Authors has been organized, confident that this enlightened Government and people will heed a demand for the protection of writers, which other civilized nations of the
THE AUTHOR.

earth has already accorded to the authors of various countries. Every branch of trade and traffic has protection under our Government and laws except this one. And why should this form the sole exception?"

"What plan do you propose to bring about the desired change?" Mrs. Hodges was asked.

"Organization, as Mr. Smalley suggests. An organization reaching from sea to sea, and through every part of the United States. We shall have at every prominent point speakers on the topic, who will convey to the people the true situation as it has and does exist. At the Columbian Exposition, we shall have the world for an audience, as from every nation we mean to have those who will tell us the means employed for protection of their writers, and who will help us to perfect plans for the best method of protection here. Please be particular to observe that this movement is not a war on publishers as a class. Honest publishers express themselves as friendly to the cause. Such men have nothing to fear from the organization of authors for their own protection. It is purely a movement to establish the principle of just treatment to authors in this country, to protect them in their right of literary property in commerce, and to defend that right."

"Does not the International Copyright Act protect the American author?"

"Abroad, perhaps, to an extent, but not here. The International Copyright Act does not yield the least protection to the native author against the native publisher. And it is quite as great a hardship to be robbed by a native as by a foreign publisher."

AGENCIES.

I.

THE AGENCY BUREAU.

THERE is an institution called the "Agency Bureau." Apparently they—or he—advertise for MSS. A certain lady sent them a paper, or a book, in MS. She received the following reply:

"Dear Madam,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour enclosing MSS., and should advise you, before proceeding further with them, to have a fair copy made of them on a typewriter, as our experience has taught us that typewritten MSS. is greatly favoured by hard worked editors and publishers. Rejections are, without exception, caused by MSS. being badly written.

"Should you entertain this idea, I shall have great pleasure in having same executed in our office at the low charge of 3s. (about 3,500 words), including paper.

"Should this fail to influence you, I will put your writings forward without further delay. Please state by return what you think a fair price for same.

"Awaiting your favoured reply,\

"I am, Dear Madam,\

"D. Tomasin,\

"Secretary."

The above shows resource. Even if a MS. cannot be placed, it may be typewritten. Fifty MSS. a week at 3s. would not be such very bad business. We have not seen the prospectus of the "Agency Bureau." When we do see "same"—to imitate the excellent style of the secretary—we may have a word or two to say to "same." Meantime, we shall be glad to learn what special powers this person has—what machinery—to place any MS. for anybody? Why will people persist in thinking that an agent can do for their MSS. what they cannot do by themselves?

II.

THE LITERARY AND ART AGENCY.

(Before Mr. Justice Grantham and a Common Jury.)

HARINGTON v. THE STAR NEWSPAPER COMPANY (LIMITED).

This was an action for libel brought by the Rev. T. R. S. Harington, who was described as a Congregational minister and a journalist, and who for many years had been associated with various religious papers as chief and assistant editor, against the Star for publishing the following article. It was in the form of a letter, addressed by "An out-of-work journalist" to the editor of the Star, and headed, "The Literary Art, the Royal Road to Getting a Living in the Literary Line";

"Yesterday morning, on the strength of a circular which has been pretty widely distributed, I called upon the Rev. T. R. S. Harington, at 22, Furnival Street, Holborn, W.C. The reverend gentleman calls himself the London Literary and Art Agency, and sends round an invitation to all and sundry, couched in the following terms:

'Ladies and gentlemen seeking high-class appointments as governesses, tutors, private secretaries, journalists, artists, &c., may have their names registered by paying a fee of 5s. For this fee they will not only be entitled to our services at all times, but will have their individual requirements advertised in the Times, Morning Post, Standard, Daily News, or some other influential
and suitable paper. . .' The Literary and Art Agency I found was a very small back room, up two flights of stairs, and besides the Rev. T. R. S. Harington boasted a desk and a couple of chairs. The rev. gentleman welcomed me sympathetically and listened with the shrewd air of a consulting philanthropist to my tale. . . . I thanked him and regretted that it was not convenient for me at the moment to hand over the 5s. registration fee. Well, well, that did not matter. There was a half-crown fee, which entitled the applicant to some portion of solicitude of the London Literary and Art Agency. I regretted that it was not in my power to pay that small sum, but said I would bring it round in the morning. . . The rev. gentleman in appearance is tall, sandy haired and sandy bearded . . . It is to be hoped that the agency will prove of more use to private secretaries than to journalists; meanwhile it would perhaps be as well for 'governesses, tutors, private secretaries, journalists, artists, &c.,' to suspend payment of their 5s. until the rev. principal proves his bona fide and the practical usefulness of his agency.”

Mr. Lincoln Reed represented the plaintiff; Mr. Lankester the defendants.

In the course of the case the plaintiff admitted he had not been a Congregational minister, but considered he had a right to call himself one, because he had been called to preach in a Baptist chapel in 1862 for two years. Since that date he had been sub-editor of the Christian World, but had given that up a short time ago, and had started this agency for the purpose of introducing people who wanted situations in the literary line to those who wanted to employ literary men and women. When asked by the judge if his scheme was of a philanthropic character, the plaintiff said of course he expected to be paid fees for his labour. He had received £13 or £14 in fees of 5s. and 2s. 6d. each, but had only obtained two situations for people, one as tutor for three months, and the other as secretary to the Association for Preventing the Immigration of Destitute Aliens; and he had received 24s. in one case, and 3os. in the other as a commission on the salaries obtained. The plaintiff also said that the article in question had ruined his agency, which had only been started about a month, as his landlord had refused to let him continue the hire of his rooms. He did not remember the individual coming to him who purported to be the writer of the article. On a gentleman being asked to stand up, the plaintiff said he did not remember the faces of ordinary-looking people; all he could say was, he looked and acted in such a way as to induce several Oxford and Cambridge men to pay him a fee. For the defence, it was submitted that the article in question was not published falsely or maliciously, that it was not libellous, was true in substance and in fact, and was a fair and bona fide comment on the plaintiff's conduct.

The learned judge having summed up, the jury retired to consider their verdict, and after a long absence returned into court with a verdict for the defendants.—Times.

III.

The International Society.

Here is another case of an unfortunate confusion of names by the "Society" with which the man Morgan, already exposed in these columns and elsewhere, is connected.

(To the Editor of the Newcastle Daily Journal.)

"Sir,

I find that invitations are being extensively sent to gentlemen resident in the North of England to join a society styling itself the International Society of Literature, Science, and Art, and I have received several letters making inquiries respecting its status. I should be obliged, therefore, if you would allow me to state through your columns that I neither have, nor desire to be supposed to have, any connexion with this society, and that the name printed among its honorary members, the 'Rev. Canon Norman, M.A.' is not that of yours, &c.,

A. M. Norman, F.R.S.,
Hon. Canon, Durham Cathedral.
Burnmoor Rectory, April 12, 1892.

EDITING AND REVIEWING.

I.

The Value of a Favourable Review.

It may be laid down as a general rule that it is not possible for an unfavourable review to kill a good book. It may retard its progress; it may inflict a heavy pecuniary loss upon it; but it cannot kill it. On the other hand, what can a favourable review do for a book?

Here are two instances from the private history of a literary man:—

Ten years ago he produced a book anonymously. For six weeks or so the book hung fire; no one noticed it; there was no demand for it. Then there appeared a notice, not only favourable, but highly laudatory, in the Saturday Review. Instantly the
book sprang into popularity. Before many months there was a demand of something like 13,000 copies.

Again, the same writer produced a three-volume novel which has had as great a success as falls to the lot of most novels. For a time, however, it lay unregarded, the demand for it almost stagnant. Then there appeared a review in the Times—a long one-column review—speaking of it in the highest terms, and then the demand began and continued, advancing daily, and the fortune of that book, as of the other, was made by that favourable review.

II.

ABOUT REVIEWING.

"To-morrow," says Mr. Phoebus in Lothair, "to-morrow the critics will begin. And who are the critics? Persons who have failed in literature and art." Dramatically, of course, this is very good. The criticised no doubt is the man to find out the weakest points in the armour of the critic. Nor is it without a germ of truth in itself, for the disappointed man is naturally more quick to find fault. But it is a little curious that some critics who have not themselves failed or are likely to fail write just as if they had. Who amongst us has not now and then suffered from the criticisms of such? The selection of the one misspelt word, or of the one line of poetry which will not scan, and complete silence about all the rest of a work, the crushing detraction of a first effort in literature, the steady determination not to see the author's view; these and faults like these will not unfrequently be found in those who may themselves be amongst the very favourites of fortune. And yet, perhaps, even such criticism is less really unjust than that of the lazy penman who scarcely reads a line of a book, but dismisses it with fluent generalities (whether of praise or blame) strung together to conceal his ignorance of it. On the other hand, many authors are absurdly sensitive, thinking themselves ill-used if their reviewer deals them any blame at all, while here and there we find the man who has been so unduly puffed by his friends that a little undue scarification is positively welcome. Macaulay's celebrated review of Montgomery is a well-known case in point. Macaulay's name brings to my mind a bit of his biography well worth the notice of every critic. Into the hands of the great reviewer fell a friend's book, with, I think, a request from somebody or other that he would say something good of it. He saw at once that it would not do, and declined to review it at all.

Should not a reviewer always be anonymous? I rather think so. If solicited for a "notice," should he take it ill, and either review unfavourably or not review at all? Certainly neither. Soliciting is, of course, bad, but it may be after all a mere harmless form of bringing a book to an editor's recollection.

Should an editor hand over a book written by one specialist, to be reviewed by another? I think yes, for the risk of unfairness and partiality of view is quite compensated by the certainty of knowledge of the subject.

Should not all books which cannot be reviewed be returned? I know of a case where a book worth about ten pounds was courteously returned by one editor, and kept, but not even reviewed, by another editor. The cost of supplying copies for review is very great, and the sale of such copies, if sold (though I have heard that some editors destroy them), seems to compete somewhat unfairly with the sale of the ordinary copies.

Why should not, at least review copies be machine cut, to help the reviewer, and why should not publishers always state the prices and dates of their books, and reviewers repeat this useful information for the benefit of the public?

J. M. LELY.

III.

MAGAZINES AND EDITORS.

In the early part of 1888, I wrote an article on "Dorothy Jordan," and sent it to the English Illustrated Magazine. About nine months later, proofs were forwarded to me, corrected and returned by me. Months passed, and the article did not appear. In February 1889 I applied for payment, and received £13 10s. Soon after, the magazine changed editors. In March 1890, I saw the new editor, and asked when would the paper be inserted. He knew nothing of it, nor did his secretary. In 1891 I again made inquiries concerning the article, but received no satisfactory reply, nor did I hear of it again until I saw it in the April number just published. It was then reduced to about half its original size, and the private information regarding Mrs. Jordan's life and earnings, which I had obtained after much trouble, was left out. It was four years in the office of the magazine before being published.

A story of mine appeared in another monthly. Three letters requesting payment received no answer, nor did a solicitor's letter. The proprietors were then sued for the amount, and the case was set down for hearing on the 31st of March. The day previously the debt was paid, and the solicitor's costs.

FITZGERALD MOLLOY.
THE AUTHOR.

IV.

Query.

If an editor chooses to keep my MSS., sent for a magazine or weekly paper, and neither return it nor accept it, how can I enter into possession of it again so as to feel free to send a copy to a fresh editor? Would it be sufficient to send a stamped envelope for reply—"Sir—You have kept my MSS. a month (6 weeks). I have no news of it. I am going to try a fresh editor?"

Peregrine.

V.

Long kept and then returned.

Under this heading in the last number of the Author a case was stated of a MS. kept for three years and a half. The contributor writes to say (1) with regard to his first statement that he was invited to write a paper on a definite subject, that the exact facts were these: "I submitted to Mr. A., at his own request, I having been introduced to him as a specialist by the secretary of a certain society, six short stories on approval." (2) That the editor has sent him a certain sum for compensation. This, as the Editor was not in the least obliged to do so, is extremely honourable in him.

VI.

From the Editor's Point of View.

May an editor offer a few suggestions as to why the MSS. of young authors are occasionally absorbed by the Family Hearthrug, and other kindred publications? Reading the directions printed in the magazine is the last thing that appears to occur to contributors. A type-written MS. arrives with no stamps enclosed, no name or address written on it. Some time afterwards a letter arrives, asking why "my MS.," omitting the name of the paper, has not been returned? How is the editor to know which MS. is referred to? Stamps arrive separately, with apologies for having omitted to enclose them, but no mention as to the MS. for which they are intended. As for the number of the MSS. that appeared stampless, with requests for immediate publication and payment, these do not always come from the young and inexperienced.

The acrostic editor receives articles on the Rights of Woman; belated "lights" for the acrostics are thrown upon the chief editor, while the manager, under a nom de plume of some special department, is pestered with inquiries about serial stories.

Does it not require an editor made wondrous kind by fellow feeling for young authors to get all this literary property safe home to its owners?

VII.

With no Name.

With the complaint of "B" who has contributed "verse of a lyrical type to a certain high-class London journal," has been "most liberally and promptly" paid, but cannot get either his name or initials appended to his contributions, every author must fully sympathise.

Only two possible reasons for the editor's refusal to print the name suggest themselves:—Either he fears that "B," when known by name, will be drawn away to rival prints, or that the poetry will go unread with an unknown name at the bottom of it. But whether his reason be good or bad or even none, he is of course within his legal rights.

"B" however should forthwith insist on his name being printed under pain of his ceasing to contribute.

Scriitor Ignotus.

UNCUT LEAVES.

A REMARKABLE association exists in Boston, U.S.A., whose members assemble at stated intervals for the purpose of hearing, not reading, new articles before their appearance in the magazines. Here is part of the programme for the season:—

"The Boston Readings of Uncut Leaves, the unprinted magazine conducted by Mr. Lincoln, of the Deerfield School of History and Romance, will take place on the third Wednesday evenings of January, February, March, April, and May. Among the contributors will be Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George W. Cable, Elizabeth Stoddard, Agnes Repplier, Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Alice Wellington Rollins, Arlo Bates, Hamilton W. Mabie, Clyde Fitch, Annie Payson Call, Edwin D. Meade, and other well-known writers."

The magazine will not be published, and can only be heard at the readings. Many of the articles will be read by their authors. Nothing will be included which has been previously printed. The entire reading of any evening will not exceed two hours.
"The first reading will begin promptly at 8 p.m., January 20th, at Dr. Chas. P. Putnam's, 63, Marlborough Street. No one will be allowed to enter during the reading of an article. Subscribers will pledge their good faith to observe entire secrecy as to the nature and contents of these magazines, in order to protect the rights of authors. No notes nor press reports can be permitted under any circumstances.

Subscription for the season, Five Dollars.

Three tickets for each reading, Ten Dollars.

Names of subscribers must be submitted to Miss A. C. Putnam, 63, Marlborough Street, on or before January 16th. As the meetings will be in private parlours, only a limited number of names can be accepted."

This is the nearest approach to a Private View Day in literature that has yet been made. There is a certain luxury in having one's articles read aloud, especially if they are articles in whose subject one is interested, and by writers whose style has a charm for us.

Mr. Lincoln, the Director of this society, suggests that we might find room for a similar organisation over here. This is doubtful. The difficulties, though not insuperable, would be great. For, first, it is a new thing, and editors and proprietors might think that such a reading would injure the sale of the journal in which the paper afterwards appeared. The contrary would be the effect, just as a good novel is helped in its volume form by its serial form. Then, still because it is a new thing, the writers might object. These objections would, however, be removed in a very simple manner out of the subscriptions. The last objection is the most serious. The essential for success is the inexorable observance of the clause prohibiting notes or reports of the paper. London is so vast a place, that there is no way at all of keeping out people who would disregard the most solemn promise of secrecy, and every lecture would be, somehow, fully reported in every paper. But, again, suppose the papers were not so anxious to anticipate the magazines, then this objection would not hold, and it must be confessed that, in the case of most magazine articles, there is no such breathless eagerness to read them. The Contemporary and the Nineteenth Century, for instance, lie on the table awaiting their turn.

How might such an association be formed and worked? Obviously, as a course of lectures is organised. The readings would be in the afternoon, from four to five. There should be no more than six in each of two sessions. They must be given by well-known writers, and the number of subscribers must be sufficient to give a handsome honorarium to every reader. If, for instance, one

THE LITERARY AGENT.

A CORRESPONDENT writes about the literary agent, evidently under a false impression as to the use and the nature of the services rendered by the literary agent. To one who has already succeeded, he says, a literary agent is of no use. His services are only required by one who has not succeeded. This creed is entertained by a good many people. They think that a literary agent is able to persuade publishers and editors to take work that they would otherwise refuse. Why should he? Is his opinion better than the opinion of the publisher's reader? But the agent does not, as a rule, read MSS.—he has not the time. Writers must learn for themselves—the earlier in their career they learn it the better—the truth that the only way to get on is to produce good work, or, at least, work that the world accepts as good work and reads and goes on reading. No agent, no private influence, can do any good at all to anyone. There is not, and there never has been in the history of literature, any case of a writer being permanently helped in this way. There has been perhaps log-rolling, but those few who seem to have been assisted by their friends have really done good work which by itself commanded success. They were, in fact, independent of log-rolling. It is when a man has reached a certain stage of success that his agent comes in. Then he takes over all the business arrangements of that writer, agrees with editors and publishers for him, places his work, and, in fact, relieves him of all trouble. To such a man a good agent is invaluable. But let the writer beware! He must not, on any consideration, go to the first man who offers. He must take advice.

What, then, is the young writer to do? He should first get an opinion from one of the Society's readers as to the merits and chances of his book. It may be that certain points would be suggested for alteration. It may be that he finds himself recommended to put his MS. in the fire. He should then offer his MS. to a list of houses or of magazines recommended by the Society. There is
nothing else to be done. No one, we repeat, can possibly help him. If those houses all refuse him it is not the least use trying others, and, if he is a wise man, he will refuse to pay for the production of his own work. If, however, as too often happens, he is not a wise man, but believes that he has written a great thing, and is prepared to back his opinion to the extent of paying for his book, then let him place his work in the hands of the Society, and it shall be arranged for him without greater loss than the actual cost of production. At least he will not be deluded by false hopes and promises which can end in nothing.

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USEFUL BOOKS.

I.

DEAR Author,—I cull from my own Reference Library Catalogue the titles of just a dozen really useful books. When I have a little leisure I will send some more. I may mention that the "Sailor's Word Book" and "Old Sea Wings" will be found very valuable to maritime storytellers yearning to follow in the footsteps of Clark Russell; and I may further hint (at the risk of provoking the men of supercilious MSS.) that lady novelists might advantageously add to their shelf of reference books a "Newgate Calendar" (Knapp and Baldwin's), and an up-to-date edition of Blackstone's "Commentaries." The "Calendar" is full of intensely dramatic plots and characters; while occasional consultation of Blackstone would set the ladies right on many legal points, touching which, in their novels, they frequently blunder.

G. A. SALA.


MRS. COWDEN CLARKE.—The Complete Concordance to Shakspere. (London: Bickers.)

CRUDEN'S Concordance to the Holy Scriptures. (Any bookseller.)

BEECH'S Great Book of Poetry. (Ward and Lock.)


LESLIE, ROBERT C.—Old Sea Wings and Words. (London: Chapman and Hall.)


MCCARTHY, JUSTIN, M.P.—A History of Our Own Times. 4 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

LANCIANI, RODOLFO, Prof.—Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. (Macmillan.)

PHILLIPS, LAWRENCE B.—Dictionary of Biographical Reference: containing 100,000 names. (Sampson Low.)

WHEATLEY AND CUNNINGHAM.—London Past and Present. 3 vols. (Murray.)

HEATON, J. HENNICKER, M.P.—Australian Dictionary of Dates and Men of the Time. (G. Robertson, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.)

II.

SCIENTIFIC.

Quain's Human Anatomy. (Macmillan.)
Young's General Astronomy. (Ginn and Co.)
Sach's Text Book of Botany. Now published in three parts. (Clarendon.)
Roscoe and Schorlemmer's Treatise on Chemistry. (Macmillan.)
Foster and Balfour's Elements of Embryology. (Macmillan.)
Geikie's Text Book of Geology. (Macmillan.)
Güntner's Study of Fishes. (A. and C. Black.)
Mill's Logic. (Longmans.)
Lauder Brunton's Pharmacology. Therapeutics and Materia Medica. (Macmillan.)
Daniell's Principles of Physics. (Macmillan.)
Foster's Text Book of Physiology. (Macmillan.)
Nicholson's Manual of Zoology. (Blackwood.)
Bain's Mental and Moral Science. (Longmans.)
Bevan Lewis's Text Book of Nervous Diseases. (Griffin.)
Herbert Spencer's First Principles, Principles of Biology, Psychology, and Sociology. (Williams and Norgate.)
Ueberweg's History of Philosophy. (Hodder.)
Carpenter's Microscope. (Routledge.)

DICTIONARIES.

Smith's Latin.
Spier's French. (De Baudry, Paris.)
Grieb's German. (Sampson Low.)
Baretti's Italian. (Dulau.)
Quain's Medicine. (Smith Elder.)
Heath's Surgery. (Smith Elder.)
Fleming's Vocabulary of Philosophy. (Griffin.)
Men and Women of the Time. (Cassell.)
Hazell's Annual.

F. HOWARD COLLINS.
AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

WITH SOME NEW POINTS FOR THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS AND FOR AN EMINENT PUBLISHER.

(From the New York Tribune by permission.)

THE report of the Executive Committee of the Society of Authors has the following paragraph:

"Among those members whose loss by death we deplore are (1) Lord Lytton, always one of our greatest supporters. He took the chair at one of our public meetings, and at all times showed the warmest interest in the work and success of the Society. (2) Mr. James Russell Lowell, not only the American who had endeared himself to all hearts, but very specially the friend of this Society, and the advocate of international copyright. Those who were present at the dinner of the Society in 1888, and heard his brilliant and eloquent address, since printed in the Author, will want no reminder of his interest in our work and in the well-being of literature on this side of the Atlantic."

The report is signed by Mr. Walter Besant, chairman of the Executive Committee. He does not say too much of Lowell's interest in the Society. Nothing that concerned literature could be indifferent to Lowell. I can imagine that the great American author had in his long career known moments when the advice of such a Society would have been useful to him, and would have meant money to him, as it now means money to many others. Lowell was, in truth, careless about such matters and had a childlike faith in men; even in publishers, and even in second-hand booksellers. I used to think he took pleasure in being their victim, and his easy good-nature forbade him to seek redress even when he had found out that a —well, that a mistake had occurred.

Lowell once bought a copy of a scarce book for which he paid, I need not say, a long price. When the book arrived at Elmwood, it proved to be an imperfect copy; a number of leaves missing. The bookseller had not thought it worth while to mention the defect. "Of course you returned the book," I said. "Well, no," answered Lowell, with a dry look in his eyes. "I know the book is often imperfect." The fact that he had paid a perfect price for his imperfect copy made little or no impression on him. The book is now, I presume, in Harvard College Library, to which Lowell meant his treasures to go. Unless the missing leaves have been supplied, that rather miscellaneous collection of books has therefore one more miscellaneous copy. There is but one golden rule for the collector; either a perfect copy or none.

It is interesting to hear that the Society of Authors is growing at a great pace. Never before, Mr. Besant says, has so much work poured into their hands. Authors are at last awake to the benefits offered them. "They are bringing their agreements before accepting them; they are also—a thing without precedent in the history of authorship—actually asking what their agreements mean for either side." Then comes this characteristic and most sensible passage:

"The passing of the International Copyright Acts makes it doubly important for writers of success and position to know how to protect their property. It is not too much to say that never until the Society began was it possible for writers to realize, as at last they are learning, (1) that they possess property over which they should be as careful as over fields and houses and (2) that the mere administration of this property really does not entitle the agents to take over all the rent to themselves."

To the publishers this last proposition will seem startling indeed. To others than publishers it may seem startling that there should be need of stating such a proposition and of dwelling on it. But there still is. The publisher himself still looks askance at the Society of Authors. Not all publishers, perhaps, but some. Look at the tone of the leading trade organ, the Publishers Circular. Always a sneer at the Society, and always the suggestion that the author and publisher would naturally constitute a happy family but for the interference of outsiders.

Look at the seventh case in the Appendix to this Report, where an author, unable to get either money or answer to his letters from a certain publishing firm, put his claim in the hands of the Society. There was a colonial house and a London house. The London house was very dignified. The intervention of the Society was, in its opinion, uncalled for. Their friends abroad would certainly deal honourably with the author. Notions of honour and honourable dealing vary. The publisher's notion in this case might be thought peculiar. The author had sent his MS. to the colonial house. Six months later came a letter saying: "We hoped to have sent you a copy of your book by this mail, but regret it is not quite ready. We propose to style the book——" The author replied that as no terms had been submitted for his signature, he should like to know what he was to get. No answer; and then it was that the Society intervened in the way which to the publishing mind seemed so uncalled for, pointing out that the honourable colonial house had appropriated the author's work and had offered no terms. The honourable colonial house was as much surprised as the London house at hearing "from a Society..."
calling itself a Society of Authors." It had been "too busy" to write the author, though not too busy to print and publish his book. "Finally they proposed certain terms and, subject to changes made by the Society, these proposals were accepted." Eight or nine of these sample cases are given. "Can anyone doubt," asks the report, "that almost all these authors would have been robbed had it not been for the vigorous intervention of the Society?"

Now let us listen to a voice, I will not say from the other side but from among the publishers, Mr. Frederick Macmillan. 

Mr. Frederick Macmillan. No house stands higher than his. He presided last week at the annual trade dinner of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, and made a speech in the course of which he quoted a remark, author of it apparently unknown, that "the interests of booksellers and authors are highly antagonistic." Bookseller here means publisher, as it used to in the last century; so that the remark seems an old one. Old or new, Mr. Macmillan thinks that he who made it has a great deal to answer for. Why? Because "the antagonism between author and publisher is a foolish and mischievous fancy."

Such is the answer of an honourable and successful publisher; the best he can offer. "It would be as reasonable," adds he, "to talk about the natural antagonism between the man who builds an engine and he who drives it." He might have drawn his analogy closer. It would he as reasonable to talk about the natural antagonism between the man who builds an engine and he who buys it. That would be perfectly reasonable. There is a natural antagonism. The man who builds the engine wants to sell it as dear as he can; he who buys wishes to buy as cheap as he can. It is the natural antagonism which exists the world over in all commercial transactions. The interests of the buyer and the interests of the seller are not the same; they are hostile. So are the interests of the author who has a book to sell and of the publisher who buys it. True, as Mr. Macmillan says, both wish it to be successful; so far their interests are common. But in the division of the profits of the successful book the interests of the author and publisher are no longer common; they are antagonistic. Each wants as large a share as he can get.

Thus do we come back to the old point, and to the real grievance which the publisher keeps steadily in the background, namely, that the publisher is a man of business dealing with the author who is not. The publisher draws up the contract, imposes his own terms, fixes his own proportion of profits, renders no accounts or imperfect accounts, avails himself of a hundred advantages under the plausible title "the custom of the trade," all unknown to the author; does, in fact, as a rule, by help of his business advantages and of the want of them in the author, take the lion's share of the profits. Therefore it is that a Society of Authors is needed which shall protect the interests and property of the author just as the publisher protects his own.

Let Mr. Macmillan read the commentary on his speech by the editor of the trade organ above mentioned:

"Whatever may have been the state of affairs in the remote past, it certainly is not true to-day that publishers drink champagne from the skulls of unhappy writers. In the present era only amateurs imagine that the publisher is a sort of ghoul who appeases a diabolical appetite with innocent and confiding men and women of genius. The interests of authors and publishers, as Mr. Macmillan pointed out, must be, and are, identical. In the nature of things there can be no antagonism between the man who writes a book and the man who publishes it. If there were, both would speedily go to the wall, the publisher probably going first."

Such is the attitude of a publisher of whom I will say nothing except that he must know better. The rancorous tone of his comment on a good-tempered speech from his own side is only too marked. He represents, like the London branch of the colonial house quoted a moment ago, the class of publisher who resents the interference of the Society of Authors, resents its existence, and would, if he could, restore the good old days when the publisher settled for the author as well as for himself the terms of the contract between them. But those days are going, if not gone. The number of members of the Society has risen from 250 three years ago to 780; its business has increased in a still greater ratio. If an author now makes a bad or stupid bargain with a publisher, he has only himself to thank, for here is a society which, without pay, will be delighted to help him make a good and wise bargain.

G. W. Smalley.

GENEROSITY, LIBERALITY, AND EQUITY.

"HIS liberality is highly praised; and though we do not know precisely why authors should expect liberality from publishers any more than designers expect it from builders, it is certain they do, and that publishers who fulfill the expectation are the publishers whom literature reckons as friends. The publisher who was also a patron is passing away; and perhaps it is better so, and that the publisher should be merely the author's collecting agent. But there was something gracious and fine about the old position."
THE AUTHOR.

These lines are taken from a short note in the Spectator of April 9th. It is in some respects a remarkable utterance, because it reveals a mind still leaning towards the old and cherished delusions, but forcibly attracted by the new ideas—say rather, the new discoveries—and, against its will, recognising them. It is not, perhaps, disrespectful to regard the editor of the Spectator, who has impressed upon his paper in a very remarkable manner his own very remarkable personality, as no longer a very young man. He was brought up in the belief that the good publisher is "generous" and "liberal" towards authors; that the true patron of literature is the publisher—the public mean well, but the publisher is the only friend; that he, and he alone, is the stay and prop of those who write; that his life is wholly spent in advancing the higher interests of literature; that in publishing books he is guided solely by those higher interests, and in most cases loses his money on every book. And he now learns the new discovery and is disturbed. "There is something," he says, regretfully, "fine and gracious about the old position." Yes, the old position of his own imagination. Did it ever exist in actual fact? Was the publisher ever, at any time, "generous" and "liberal"? Was he ever, at any time, a patron of literature in the only true sense? Was he not always and always a man of business pure and simple? What is it that authors should expect from these publishers? Generosity? But theirs is the property—theirs own—their creation, as much as a desk, a picture, a piece of machinery. The publisher administers it. What is meant by "liberality" on the part of the agent who administers the property? And what kind of respect can ever be paid to literature while the world persists in regarding the author as standing, hat in hand, before his publisher, crying, "Oh! sir. This is, indeed, generosity! This is liberality indeed! What? Another half-crown? Another? Oh! My children will bless thee! Oh! Princeely—Kingly—Generosity!" Of course, as we now know, the real fact is that no publisher ever gave any man anything at all for unsaleable work, unless in those cases where he did not know his own business, or where it was for his own advertisement and his own advantage to publish an unsaleable book. At no time has the author of such work ever experienced any "generosity" from any publisher whatever. Why should he expect it? A cabinet maker does not expect to be paid for a piece of work so bad that no one will buy it—why should an author? Why should a publisher be praised for paying for bad work? It is folly; it is madness; unless on the assumption that in this or that case to do so serves his interests. But publishers have at different times paid large sums to successful authors. Certainly. But at no time have they allowed those authors to see their books. What "generosity" is that which says, "My friend, I will give you 200 for your book. But I am not going to tell you what I get for it." There may be "something gracious and fine" about the old position, but the graciousness loses a good deal of its beauty when we remember that it degraded men of letters, even the most successful, to the position of humble dependents on the "bounty" of their publishers. Of course it is a very "gracious and fine" thing to pretend to be a patron of literature; it is very fine to be accepted as a patron. Therefore, they all claim to be the patrons of literature—every little impecunious clerk who starts as a publisher by persuading silly people to pay for production; they all put on the airs of the man who nobly throws away his thousands in the advancement of literature; they all pretend that they take fearful risks; they all make the terms they offer a favour instead of a right. By such shallow pretences the fraudulent gentry whom we have exposed have been enabled to carry on their tricks and their frauds. This is the mere jargon of the craft. We are beginning to scoff at it. In the course of time respectable people will be ashamed to use this jargon; it will be forgotten. We shall all agree that business is business, and has to be conducted according to the rules of all business. Meantime, we rejoice that the editor of the Spectator thinks that the new order may be better than the old, and that the publisher should be "merely the author's collecting agent." But that "old position"—one returns to the question—that time when publishers were patrons of literature—when did it flourish? It is like the age of chivalry; it is a thing dreamed of and written about, but it never existed. Those who dream of it still are for the most part the camp followers of literature—not critics—who sometimes produce books of their own, literary books, biographies of literary men, mild essays on literary subjects, which the world does not care for, and takes in minute quantities. For such a book, a ten pound note—and publication—seems to the author generosity unparalleled. To them their publisher is a patron indeed. But, for the successful author—why—let us see the ledger; let us look into the printer's account; let us examine the cash book; let us ask what proportion the author should receive in equity. We will then decline to take doles in the name of "generosity" and will demand our rights. Generosity! Liberality! Do not the very words degrade and insult the man of letters?
THE AUTHOR.

YOUNG AND OLD.

When I was Young.

When I was young, the stars then told a tale
Of love beyond the grave, and worlds to prove,
When we have never longer cause to wait,
But only to explore and love, and love.

When I was young, my friends then seemed so true,
I was a hero in their eyes, and could
Do nothing wrong. Like flowers steeped in dew,
My hopes were fresh, my impulses all good.

When I was young, I had not doubts, but took
Each smile as meant, and gave it back the same,
The world spread out as open as a book,
I then felt confident of wealth and fame.

When I was young, gold seemed an idle toy,
Not worth the striving for; a higher goal
Lured my hopes on, a greater, god-like joy,
A something worthier of man's deathless soul.

When I was young, I thought each woman fair
And like an angel sent to lift up lips
To God; so like a knight I thought to wear
My coat of mail and guard them in the strife.

When I was young, to make a sacrifice
Seemed great and noble, so I sought the field
With tender thoughts of humid tender eyes
Beaming upon me as my knight's best shield.

When I was young, this world was fair and pure,
And sin was of another world, while I
Might fall and perish, still my soul was sure
To reach those stars, that glisten in the sky.

Now I am Old.

Now I am old and have gone through the fight,
How do I view this fresh'ning world of ours?
The stars are only glimmering sparks of light,
The friends but like the fleeting, vanished hours.

Each speculation is a doubt, each dream
A gourd which withers; fame a breath, and gold
The only thing of earth which does not seem
A fallacy on earth, now I am old.

HUME NISBET.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IT would be astounding that a work by no less a person than our illustrious President should appear without a note in the pages of the Author. But "The Foresters" was played just too late for the April number, and during the interval there has been such a chorus of notices, reviews, criticisms, and appreciations that anything at this late hour would be superfluous. Let us only congratulate ourselves on the master touch which shows as yet no feebleness, the voice that shows no touch of age, the hand as true as ever, the ear as delicate.

A disquieting rumour has come across the Atlantic. We have more than once referred to the American Authors' Society; the prospectus of (as we thought) the only American Authors' Society has been published in this Journal. It now appears that Mr. Charles Burr-Todd wishes to be the founder of an association called the "Society of American Authors," while Mrs. Katharine Hodges is already the Secretary of the "American Society of Authors," an association which contains 200 members already, and is daily increasing. As Mr. Todd uses my name, I may explain that I was in ignorance that a second—a rival—society was contemplated by Mr. Todd. I naturally thought that he was writing in support of the society already established. Nothing could be more fatal to the interests which we seek to defend, than the existence of two rival societies. Let us trust that the Americans, who have the reputation of clearness at least, and common sense in all their relations of business, will be swift to understand that either the second society must not be attempted, or that the two societies may be at once merged into one.

The "tyranny of the novel" exercises a good many minds at the present moment. Everything takes the form of a novel. We are didactic in a novel; we are political in a novel; we expose our enemies in a novel; we show what certain theories mean in a novel; we even illustrate our own lives, our sorrows, and our disappointments in a novel. The last illustration of the "tyranny of the novel" is the interesting case of Mademoiselle Hélène Vacaresco, the young lady who had to break off her engagement with the Crown Prince of Roumania. It is said that she has written a novel, in which she tells her unfortunate love story.

Eight years ago the New York Critic published a list of forty "Immortals." Of these, fourteen have now passed away. Their names are as follows:

Richard Grant White, died 5th April 1885, aged 63.
Edwin P. Whipple, died 16th June 1886, aged 67.
Henry Ward Beecher, died 8th March 1887, aged 73.
John G. Saxe, died 31st March 1887, aged 76.
Mark Hopkins, died 17th June 1887, aged 85.
Asa Gray, died 30th January 1888, aged 77.
A. Bronson Alcott, died 4th March 1888, aged 88.
James Freeman Clarke, died 8th June 1888, aged 78.
Theodore D. Woolsey, died 1st July 1889, aged 87.
George Bancroft, died 17th January 1891, aged 90.
Alexander Burchell, died 19th February 1891, aged 66.
James Russell Lowell, died 12th August 1891, aged 72.
Noah Porter, died 3rd March 1892, aged 80.
Walt Whitman, died 26th March 1892, aged 72.

Out of these fourteen, how many are there whose principal works could be enumerated by the average reader, or even by the student of literature? Not that one would scoff at their immortality. Such an English list would probably show as many blanks after eight years; the voice of the living is always listened to before the voice of the dead, and posterity will have its own favourites. Immortality, in fact, is limited, save for the very, very few. Happy is the man who can please or instruct his own generation; happy he who can make them listen to him; more happy still if he does not in the least trouble his head about posterity.

"A week or two ago reference was made in these columns to two articles which appeared in a recent issue of the Forum on the grievances of authors and the sins of publishers. Both were written from the author's point of view, and the unhappy publishers had it hot and heavy. But they have found an unexpected champion. An American author comes gallantly to the rescue. Here is part of his testimony: 'I believe their methods are strictly honourable. Now, for example, in spite of the fact that my last book is not selling nearly so well as I think it ought to sell, I would not for a moment question the integrity of my publishers. As to the suggestion that publishers should open their books for the inspection of authors— it is absurd. If authors were permitted to look at the books they would not understand them. No; I am satisfied that our publishers are not only honest in their dealings with authors, but that they offer us a fair proportion of the returns from our books.'"

The above is quoted from the Publishers' Circular of March 26th last. The editor in publishing the extract surely credits the world with a very, very great deal of credulity. The American author who comes "gallantly" (!) to the rescue knows nothing, and pretends to know nothing, about the thing of which he writes. He believes—honest soul! He believes. That is all. He says that authors would not understand accounts. True. That is the reason why we send accountants for the purpose. He is "satisfied" that his publishers are honest, fair, and virtuous, and holy. No doubt. We do not for a moment say that they are not. Only—let us treat each other in this, as in every other kind of business, openly and fairly, and above board. And—which is an axiom—a man who refuses to let his partner in any joint enterprise see the books must be—what? Let this confiding American letter-writer answer the question.

I venture to express the universal good wishes of all who know Mr. George Augustus Sala, either personally or by his work, for the success of his new magazine. As these lines are written news comes of a second large edition. So far I have not been able to get it at any of the bookstalls—"waiting for more copies."

WALTER BESANT.

FEUILLETON.

The Wish of His Heart.

I.

THE young man sat in the suburban garden; it was a very little garden about 15 feet wide and 25 feet long; only a scrap of a garden behind a little semi-detached house in the suburb of Forest Gate. Like most houses of the kind, there was a kitchen, with a room over it, built out at the back; things were hanging out to dry in the little area between the kitchen and the garden wall; a Virginia creeper climbed over the house. In the garden were two or three lilacs, a strip of grass, a narrow bed of flowers, now gay with the blossoms of the annuals, and a garden seat, where this young man sat. He was about nineteen, and in his hands was a book. He held it before his short-sighted eyes; he seemed to be reading it; his cheek glowed; his eyes brightened; his hand trembled. If we could put flown in lame, slow, halting words the thoughts that filled the mind of that young man, there would be read a series of ejaculations. For instance, "Oh! It is splendid! It is wonderful! It is splendid! It is wonderful!"

What was so splendid? What was it that glorified the world in the eyes of that young man? Nothing but a dream. He was dreaming that he had written the book in his hands. He held it before his short-sighted eyes; he seemed to be reading it; his cheek glowed; his eyes brightened; his hand trembled. If we could put down in lame, slow, halting words the thoughts that filled the mind of that young man, there would be read a series of ejaculations. For instance, "Oh! It is splendid! It is wonderful! It is splendid! It is wonderful!"

Walter Besant.
East; in the Austral continent. He heard his own name shouted to the very end of the world; he heard the trumpet of Fame; he actually saw that lovely, benevolent, generous, kindly goddess flying over his head—over that suburban little garden at Forest Gate; in one hand a scroll—the scroll of his achievements, and in the other a trumpet; and her lips parted while she proclaimed his name—his noble name—the name of the Immortal Author—the Darling of the Muses—the admiration of the world—the despair of his rivals—his own name—

"Tommy," cried a voice from the open window of the house, "Come in to supper."

II.

Tommy, or Tom, Crump sat in his bedroom—the little room over the kitchen, generally assigned to "the girl." The other residents of the house were in bed and asleep. He sat up and wrote. Yes, he wrote, for that vision was always with him, and he had begun to do his utmost to make it real; he wrote at night, from ten o'clock till midnight, or even till one and two in the morning.

Tommy was a clerk in the City; he received already £60 a year: he was in a big House, and might be considered as having made a very good start: he was steady, wrote a good hand, was intelligent, and gave satisfaction. What more can be desired of such a young man at the outset? He had no secret vices; he did not desire strong drink; he did not play billiards; he did not frequent music halls; he was quite a good young man. When he had time, he read all the books he could borrow; every evening he had this vision of himself as a great writer and of the wonderful Fame that he would achieve; every night he spent two hours in writing stories.

He would be a novelist. There was no one to advise him as to the qualifications that go to make a novelist; he knew nothing about style, dramatic effect, or construction; he was entirely ignorant of the elementary requirements of the Art; he did not even know that it was an Art; had he known it would not have helped him. Therefore, he approached the business in complete ignorance how it should be managed.

As for other qualifications, such as the possession of materials, observation of life and manners, knowledge of the social machinery, knowledge of society itself—he had none. He was a little clerk who had been at a school where all the boys were intended to be little clerks; his people belonged to a little Nonconformist chapel; he lived in a very quiet little suburb; he went to the City every morning and came home every evening. He knew nothing; he did not even know that he was ignorant. And this unfortunate boy, so ignorant, so ill-equipped, so poor, so helpless, proposed to himself to become a novelist! What could happen to such a boy?

III.

It was just before his twenty-first year that his success came to him. A story was accepted; it was taken by a certain weekly; the editor sent him a guinea for it and told him to call.

He called. The editor was a kindly person—his kindliness lasted just so long as his authors were ready to accept a guinea for a story of six columns. He received the blushing, stammering young clerk with a shake of the hand and invited him to sit down.

"I have taken your story," he said, "because there is promise in it. I shall get it altered a little. You may, if you like, send me some more. But you must take more pains"—Alas! The thing had been written and rewritten half-a-dozen times—"and you must try not to be so amateurish. Here! Take this bundle of the paper—read the stories—analyse them—study them—see how they are written—observe particularly how the attention of the reader is fixed from the outset. Very well. That will show you what we want. If you are clever enough to understand we may do a good deal of business together." Tommy was clever enough to understand. The editor did a good bit of business with him. But Tommy was not, unfortunately, clever enough to understand that without bricks or stone or wood one cannot build a house, and he had neither bricks, nor stone, nor wood.

IV.

It is fifteen years later. Tommy Crump is now Mr. Lancelot Cory, a name which looks a great deal better upon a title page. He lives in the same house, of which he is now the tenant, vice his father, deceased. But he goes to the City no longer. Tommy is what he so ardently desired to become—a writer of stories.

Nobody, I suppose, of five-and-thirty, has written so many stories. No novelist that ever lived has written so much as Mr. Lancelot Cory. He writes all day long and every day. He knows no Sabbath. He takes no rest. He hardly ever goes outside the house. He sees no society. He remains as ignorant of the world as when he first began to write. He sits in the little room over the kitchen where he has always written. He has a wife and four children, and for their sakes his pen keeps driving—driving—all day long. He keeps the wolf from the door—but with difficulty—by these labours unceasing.
He is pale and thin. He has become prematurely bald. His eyes, which now wear spectacles, are red and watery. That solace of the hard-worked hack, the gin bottle, is not unknown to him. He stops from time to time and grasps his right wrist with his left hand. Yes—it is coming. There are convulsive movements of the fingers; there are shooting pains up the arm. He knows, with a sinking of the heart, that writers' cramp is coming.

Presently he gathers up his papers. Some writers linger over their work, correcting here and adding there. Mr. Lancelot Cory does not. He knows his better. He puts them together, and numbers them, and rolls them up. Then he takes his hat and disappears.

"Well, Mister," says his employer, a gentleman with a red face, and a certain something in his look that would have made all the Muses together shiver and shake and tremble— "It's take it or leave it. There's plenty who'd jump at my terms. It used to be three pound ten for thirty thousand words. It's gone down now to two pound ten. And here's the money."

"But, good God, sir, how am I to live?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. That's not my business. Look here, I can get novelettes by the dozen— thirty thousand words—for two pound ten a piece. What is it— thirty thousand words? About fifty of your pages. Only fifty pages. You're all so infernally lazy. And mind — prices are going down — I shouldn't be surprised, at the rate things are moving, if we don't get the price down before long to nineteen bob the thirty thousand words. Ah! and we will, too—with the help of the girls."

Mr. Lancelot Cory—Tommy Crump—took the money meekly and crept away. It was the pay for a fortnight's hard work. The work was not worth anything to be sure, regarded as work, but it was all he could do.

This is the end of that noble dream. He sees it no more. Fame, with her trumpet and her scroll, has changed into a Fury with a scourge, driving—driving—his pen as fast as it can fly across the page. Soon will come writers' cramp in earnest. Soon the price of the penny novelette will go down, as the large-hearted proprietor foretold, to fifteen shillings the thirty thousand words. And then—alas! Poor Tommy! His brothers, who have remained clerks, are drawing their four, five, or even six pounds a week, while he—Alas! Poor dreamer!

An edition in France is supposed to consist of 1,000 copies. But publishers here are not without guile, and to whip up a sale a book may be issued in editions of 50 copies, so that by the time 1,000 copies have been disposed of, the book is in its twentieth edition. This is considered, rightly, foul play, and one Paul Bonnetain once made a fuss about it. "If my book has reached such an edition, bona fides, you are swindling me," he wrote to his publishers, "for you have only accounted to me for so many copies. If the editions are imaginary, then the public is being swindled, inasmuch as you lead people to believe in a success and a demand which do not exist. In either case I object to your conduct."
On the other hand, in the case of one or two very popular authors, the first edition usually consists of many more copies than the regulation 1,000. I am told that of the first editions of Zola's books, 20,000 copies are always issued. The second edition then appears as "Twenty-first thousandth." This is because everybody wants a first edition of Zola's books. Formerly his books were issued in first editions of 1,000 copies, and such copies are now worth from 30 to 100 francs a piece. I saw a first edition of "L'Assommoir" marked 105 francs in the window of a shop where only rare volumes are sold. Since "La Terre" however, owing to the new arrangement, such larger first editions have been issued, that no copies of first editions of any of his later books are quoted at a premium. In the case of men of small popularity, it is usual for a publisher not to issue more than 500 copies of a book as a first, often last, edition. If he sells all the 500 he is quite satisfied, and the author also.

If I had a wishing-ring, I think that one of the first twenty wishes that I should express, would be to possess an album giving portraits of the faces of all the readers of a recent issue of the National Observer, as they perused Mallarmé's article in French on "Vers et Musique en France," in that number. The face of him who has always prided himself on his knowledge of French, as he puzzled over that prose, would have been delightful to see. I showed the article to two leading French journalists here, and asked them if it was comprehensible, and they both said that, with their heads on the block, they could not make sense of it. One said it was pure charabia (Anglice: Double-Dutch).

Such, however, is Mallarmé's invariable style. I have seen and possess letters from him on trivial matters, which are couched in prose as precious and as obscure. As a talker, however, Mallarmé, being comprehensible, is exquisite, and I know few rarer delights than to pass an hour or two at one of his Tuesday evening receptions in the dining room of his little fourth floor apartment in the Rue de Rome, and to listen to the master's discourses on literature and art. He stands leaning against the tiled stove, with his disciples closely packed sitting round the long table. Cigarettes are smoked and in the winter the host serves excellent rum grogs. Few speak except the master, though now and then a suggestion will be made or a question asked. Mallarmé is here at his best, and it is a pity his words are not taken down for the delight of the larger world outside the little room. It is Academy in a fourth floor back. But Mallarmé has a contempt for the larger world, by reason of the Philistines, and prints with great luxury for the very few. He will not publish. I thought his name was derived from words meaning "The Man of Poor Armour." That was the idea of a romantique. The master holds it that his name means "The Man of Sad Tears."

If English authors, who having achieved some success in England, are anxious to have their works and their names introduced to the French public, would follow the counsel of a Kempis and limit their desires, they would know peace. At least, they would save themselves from much disappointment. As a general rule, the French public does not care for translations of English literature any more than it would care for English bonnets. Sensational novels have the best chance here, as there is always a public for such fare. But the prices which are paid for French rights are always very small, and it may be well for English authors who think of attacking the French publishers, to grasp this fact. Hachette, the great publisher, who does the most publishing of French translations of English books, whenever he is asked, as he often is asked, some "long" price for French rights, will produce, as his answer, the receipt signed by Charles Dickens for the right of publishing the translation of "David Copperfield." It is for £20. An English author who can persuade a French publisher to give him £10 for the French rights of a novel, may consider himself very lucky. But it is bringing coals to Newcastle to bring foreign fiction into the most glutted literary market in the world. I should say the chances an English author has of finding a French publisher to translate and publish his book are about one in one hundred.

Notoriety is in England so much considered a pass to commercial success in authorship that if a man, who might never have tried his hand at literature before, could manage to stand on his head on the point of Cleopatra's Needle, for, say, 24 consecutive hours, he would very probably be asked to write for some of the most important magazines, and as probably would receive offers from enterprising publishers of books. In America, he would be asked to undertake a series of lectures. In France, however, the best he could hope for, would be an engagement either as a waiter in some brasserie or café, or as a "number" in the programme of the Folies-Bergères. Literature is, in France, considered as much a metier, requiring training and apprenticeship, as the craft of the locksmith or of the jeweller.
French publishers do little advertising, as a rule. Unknown authors are never advertised, except at their own cost, and do not seem to care to incur the expense. Christmas and New Year's books are advertised, but I do not know of any publisher who advertises all the year round. Some publishers believe in the value of puffs or reclames, the prices of which vary from 4s. to 30s. a line.

Xavier de Montépin has, perhaps, made more money out of literature than any living author in France, and though he has been twice ruined, is once again in an excellent situation of fortune. He never knew the hardships of the craft, for his first book, which he published at the age of 20, was a great success, and his good fortune has never since deserted him. He has produced considerably over 400 novels, and hopes, though an old man, to produce as many more. He lives in fine style in a mansion at Passy, which is filled with modern pictures, but otherwise decorated and fitted to recall the feudal days, for de Montépin attaches great importance to the fact of his being a count of old family. He is very proud of his riding, and prefers to talk on horses and horsemanship than on any other subject. He works steadily, producing one feuilleton instalment of about 1,600 words a day, never missing a day. His feuilletons are published in the most important Paris journals, though most frequently in the Petit Journal. Though immensely popular with a certain public, his confrères complain that once he begins a story in a paper, he carries it on to interminable lengths, and so reduces their opportunities of an innings. He receives a number of insulting anonymous letters weekly. It is in this way that the spiteful, having no reviews or journals—as in England—in which to vent their jealous rage, revenge themselves for his success and fortune.

Emile Richebourg, another feuilletonist of the same school and of almost equal success, lives at Bougival on the Seine, where he has a lovely villa called La Charmeuse. His income cannot be much less than £5,000 a year. He lives and dresses simply, and his great delight in life is to arrange dances and fêtes for the villagers in his district, in which fêtes he always takes a very active part. He is as democratic as de Montépin is aristocratic in his ideas.

This is how a novel by a successful writer in France is such a gold mine to its author. In the first instance, it is published as a feuilleton in a newspaper, for which the author may receive as much as £3,000. Then it is published in volume form. Then Rouff, or some other publisher of the same class, brings it out again in weekly penny parts, paying the author at least as much as was paid for the original serial rights. Such publishers spend immense sums on advertising their publications, both by coloured posters all over France, and by displayed announcements and puffs in the papers. Later on it is republished in book form, the illustrated weekly parts being bound up into a cheap volume. Then after a while, the smaller Parisian journals, or provincial papers, whose proprietors cannot afford original feuilletons, arrange with the Society of Authors for the use of it, so that in ten years, the same serial may have appeared in fifty different papers in various parts of France. The author gets a large share of the "boodle" in each transaction, so that it will easily be understood why French people say that a successful novel is worth a good deal more than a farm in Beauce.

Was not George Augustus Sala a little hard on the typewriter in one of his recent letters in the Sunday Times? As a pastmaster in the craft, all that Mr. Sala says is worthy of the closest consideration. Still, I hope that young writers will not be dissuaded from the use of the writing machine by his attack upon it. It may not be as suitable for the production of the higher grades of literary wares as the pen, but for turning out good medium qualities, it is as good, and so much more rapid. And there is, I should say, more demand for good medium, or even medium wares, than for fine work, for it is a Brummagem age we live in. It is money in a man's pocket—if it be true that time is money—to use a typewriter in the manufacture of copy, which it produces at least three times the speed of the pen. Of course, if a man can command his own prices let him use a pen, or even a peacock's quill, like the divine Sarah, but in the case of the writer who stands towards the purchasers of literary wares as a simple producer, whose goods are judged by quantity and actuality, and not by brand, let his argument be to such as object to "machine-made copy," "My prices for this quality are so much, but for fine work so much more." "Them as wants titivating"—was not it Mrs. Gamp who said so?—"must pay according."

But even for the professional producer of fine work the typewriter is useful. I fancy that a good way of writing a novel would be to write it off, à jet continu, on the machine, and then to re-write it from this ébauche as often as need be with a
view to style. The MS. would then be once more put on the machine, and the final fair copy turned out. Turgenieff used to suggest re-writing a book at least six times, but then Turgenieff had a large private income, and could afford to "titivate" his readers at his own expense. Personally, I find it easy to turn out from six to ten thousand words of marketable medium wares per diem on the typewriter. At a pitch, I have produced double that quantity. A typewriter will yield three thousand words an hour easily. By its help I was once able to furnish a publisher in three days, and without interfering with my routine work, with a translation of a French book of over fifty thousand words, which the publisher had hoped I could let him have in a month. For the production of "shockers" the typewriter is simply grand. And the machine is pleasant to use if you keep it clean, and give it an occasional drink of oil, and will gallop you over the fields of fancy like a rollicking Pegasus.

In speaking to a French author of standing, you address him as "maître." In writing to him, you begin your letter, "Sir, and most highly honoured Master." Actors address the author of a play they are rehearsing as "maître" also. In both cases maître means "pastmaster" in his craft. Literature is a craft not a trade in France. A man may be a "maître," and be addressed as such, although his sleeves are out of elbow, and he has not twopence to his credit at either the Society or the dramatic agents. Everybody calls Verlaine "maître." Nobody would dream of calling certain writers, who earn in half-an-hour what poor Verlaine earns in a year, by this title. In England, the doubloons earned, not the pastmastership, command respect. It is sickening to read paragraphs in so-called literary papers in which the incomes and earnings of men of letters are discussed. Whose business is it? Such a thing would be considered in France an insult to the whole craft. What shopkeepers we are!

The St. James' Gazette criticises Mr. Besant's editing of the Author for allowing my note on Renan's opinion of Zola's novels to pass. A reference to the first paragraph in this magazine, printed in italics, would have shown the St. James' Gazette that the responsibility of all signed articles which appear in the Author lies with their writers. It was therefore very unnecessary to drag Mr. Besant's name into a discussion as to the good or bad taste of one of my notes. As to this particular note, its justification may be found in the very words of the St. James' Gazette, which describes itself as "awaiting with unholy impatience" Zola's answer to Renan. Argal, the note was to certain persons interesting and new. As to its being calculated to damage "good fellowship and good feeling" amongst the authors alluded to, Mr. Zola's reply to the French interviewer on this note is the best refutation thereof. Zola delights in battle and is the first to desire to know who is his foeman in the arena of letters.

My remarks on a certain class of British criticism have been extensively commented upon, and, as I think, unwisely. One journal represented me as writing—apropos of the deed—that "because a critic says that so-and-so writes indifferent English he deserves to have his brains blown out." Another remarks that "In France, according to our authority, critics are civil because they fear the duel, and show themselves unjustly kind, not from charity, but from cowardice." Now it has been said that a few lines of a man's writing are always sufficient to hang him, that is, that anything one writes can always be misconstrued. How much easier to make it sufficient to cover him with ridicule. Of course, the critics I referred to are those who indulge in offensive personalities, personalities about the writer's character, appearance, habits, dress, and so on, a class which is daily becoming more numerous in England. A favourite form of impertinence with these individuals is to make pleasantries about a young author's name, by repeating it over and over again, provided it have the slightest ring of pretentiousness about it. Such persons are in France kept in check by a sense of direct personal responsibility, and I regretted, and still regret, that the same check does not exist in England. As to the critics who confine themselves to one's works, nobody has greater admiration for, and cause for greater gratitude to them than myself.

Robert H. Sherard.

Paris, 20th April, 1892.

LITERATURE IN THE MAGAZINES.

The journals which are generally accepted as illustrating the opinions, expounding the theories, and explaining the work of our scholars and philosophers are the Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Contemporary, the Nineteenth Century, the Fortnightly, the National, and Macmillan. (Their enumeration in this order means nothing.) During the years 1889-1891, there appeared in these journals about 800 articles. They are dissertations on every subject that
THE AUTHOR.

occupied the attention of the world during that time; they cover the whole ground of human thought, human enterprise, human investigation; nothing that belongs to the time but is treated in these magazines. All sides of politics are discussed; all forms of religion; all branches of science; every philosophic school is represented; art, literature, medicine, and trade; the many difficulties and the ever varying questions which belong to a great empire; the prospects of the future; the tendencies of the present; the lesson of the past: for everything room is found by editors whose chief difficulty in this busy age, in which new forces are continually producing new changes, is selection in accordance with the needs and the interests of the day. Of writers willing to discourse on every conceivable subject there is ample choice, the only difficulty being to find a man who at once understands his subject and knows how to set it forth in a striking and interesting manner. Of such men there is no great plenty, and there never will be. If, therefore, we are to tabulate the articles according to subjects, we should perhaps arrive at some idea of the relative importance that the subjects treated seem, in the eyes of the editors, to obtain with the public. Should the subject most often treated be politics—finance—art—science—hygiene—the component parts of the Empire—trade disputes—the spread of socialism—the condition of the army? It is, in fact, none of these. An examination of these magazines, conducted for the Author, has revealed the very extraordinary fact that out of the 800 articles published during the last three years in these magazines, 320—that is to say, two out of every five—are devoted to literature. Does, then, literature occupy the attention of the instructed class in the proportion of two fifths of their whole thinking and reasoning moments? It would seem so from these figures. Yet one certainly knows a great many people who must be called instructed and cultured who read books, both new and old, but most certainly do not give much attention to the history of literature, to literary movements and to the criticism of dead or living literature. In the same way there is an immense number of people who read a certain proportion of new books—those which interest them—and care absolutely nothing for purely literary papers. For these people, both the cultured class who read the best books in their leisure hours and the class which reads only for amusement, these papers are not written. They are written for that small scholarly circle which interests itself especially in all literary subjects, delights in fine criticism, if haply that can be found, reads with avidity monograms on poets and novelists, and loves to hear of great writers and their private lives. It is by this circle that the Browning societies, the Shakespeare societies, and such associations are founded, and from this circle that they are kept up. The increasing extent of that circle is proved by the fact that there are five monthly magazines and two quarterlies which devote two fifths of their space exclusively to the inhabitants of this circle.

Considering, next, the subjects treated in these articles we find, first, that the following authors have been passed in review: Mad. D'Arblay, Matthew Arnold, Roger Bacon, Marie Bashkirtseff, Balzac, Baudelaire, Theodore De Banville, Charlotte Brontë, Boswell, Browning, Byron, Carlyle, Chesterfield, Chaucer, Coleridge, Crabb, Cowper, Wilkie Collins, Victor Cousin, Dante, Davenport, Donne, Disraeli, Defoe, Edward Fitzgerald, Farrar, Gifford, Goldsmith, Goethe, Baring Gould, Anthony Hamilton, Thomas Hardy, James Hogg, Heine, Victor Hugo, Thomas Hood, Lessing, Lecky, Dr. Johnson, Ibsen, Rudyard Kipling, Lowell, John Locke, Massinger, Mirabeau, Maeterlinck, Montaigne, Mickiewicz, Milton, Prosper Mérimée, Sir Thomas More, Motley, Pepys, Norris, Oliphant, Pope, Prior, Richardson, Renan, Sir Walter Raleigh, Rousseau, Rossetti, Shakespeare, Stent, George Sand, Scott, Spenser, Stendhal, Stevenson, Swinburne, Sedgwick, Thackeray, Theocritus, Tennyson, John Wesley, Wiélf, Edwin Waugh, William Watson, Wordsworth, George Withers, Henry Vaughan, Verlaine, and Zola. Some, of less interest, have been omitted from this list. Among the contributors to the long series of critical articles are many whose names are well known in other fields. There are novelists, poets, and historians among them as well as critics. Against the name of Ibsen there stand those of William Archer, Oswald Crawfurd, Edmund Gosse, C. J. Herford, E. Lord, and Philip Wicksteed. J. M. Barrie, himself a novelist, writes on Thomas Hardy, Baring Gould, and Rudyard Kipling. Andrew Lang and Swinburne write on Wilkie Collins. Grant Allen writes on William Watson, and William Watson writes on Edwin Waugh. J. Addington Symonds writes on Theodore De Banville, on Dantiscus Ideals, Zola, and Theocritus. Swinburne on Victor Hugo, Wilkie Collins, Massinger, James Shirley, and Scott's Journal. George Santaynba on James Hogg, Tom Hood, Crabb, De Quincey, Leigh Hunt, and Anthony Hamilton. Professor Dowden on John Donne, Coleridge, and Goethe; Andrew Lang on Robert Browning and Wilkie Collins; Dr. Abbot on Newman; Julia Wedgwood Laurence Oliphant on Shakespeare, receives an astonishing amount of attention. We have papers on Shakespeare's spelling; on his travels; on his Venice; on certain characteristics; on detached plays; on Macbeth as a Celt; on his
Ghosts; on his Religion and Politics, and on his stage. No writer, one supposes, has ever received so much study and attention as Shakespeare.

Turning to articles on subjects and not on names, of which there are about a hundred and twenty, we find about twenty devoted to the consideration of fiction under various aspects. Here are some of the subjects: "Idealism in French Fiction"; "King Plagiarism," a very unworthy personal attack; "American Fiction"; "The Modern French Novel"; "Realism in French Fiction"; "Penny Fiction"; the "Light Reading of our Ancestors"; "Romance Realisticized"; "English Realism and Romance"; "Morality in Fiction"; "Irish Novelists in Irish Peasants"; "Fiction, Plethoric and Anaemic"; "New Watchwords of Fiction"; the "Abdication of Mrs. Grundy"; the "Naming of Novels"; "Candour in English Fiction," and so on. Criticism is considered in "Critics in Court"; "Critics and their Craft"; in "Criticism as a Trade"; in the "Literary Criticism of France." Authorship is treated in "The Trade of Author"; "Literature Then and Now"; various papers on American copyright; the Story of the first Society of British Authors.

Lastly, such papers as those called, "Children and Modern Literature"; "Poets and Puritans"; "Humour"; the "Poetry of Common Sense"; the "Savage Club"; "Poetry by Men of the World"; "Influence of Democracy on Literature"; "Chapters from the History of the Bodleian"; "Our Dramatists and their Literature"; "Hopes and Fears for Literature"; the "Future of American Literature"; the "Literature and Language of the Age," show that there are men and women always watching the changes and chances of modern literature, and that there are other men and women—thousands of them—who never tire of hearing about these changes and chances.

To those who find the literature of the day trivial and feeble, we may at least point to this extraordinary production of papers by scholars and critics dealing for the most part with the writers of the day. They read—those scholars—the writers of the day; they read their trivial and feeble work, compare them, weigh them. In fact, it may be laid down as a general rule that those who sneer at contemporary literature are either the older men who now read none of it, or the younger men who as yet know nothing of it. The great fact remains, that while in these seven magazines, considered as the leaders from the critical and cultivated point, two-fifths of the articles are purely literary, the greater part of this fraction of two-fifths is devoted to contemporary writers and contemporary subjects.

But we have only taken seven magazines. There remain others. Blackwood contains some excellent literary papers; so does Temple Bar; so does the Cornhill and Longmans'. There are others. We must not forget the New Review, a paper quite as good as the Contemporary—written for, in fact, by the same men who write for the larger journal. Nor must we forget such papers as the Saturday Review, the Spectator, the Athenæum, full of literary papers, admirably written, and for the most part full of suggestion and instruction. The seven which we have examined, however, sufficiently establish the important point, that literature, ancient and modern, is a subject which interests very largely—more largely than any other subject—a very large number of people. The increase in these magazines and the apparent fact that they all flourish, prove that this class is largely on the increase.

Yet it is not a very considerable class. Are there one hundred thousand men and women, in all, in these Islands, who read these papers with pleasure? Probably not nearly so many. They are, however, a very important class. Among them are the journalists of the better class, the more cultivated of the professions, professors, lecturers, and schoolmasters, a sprinkling of the clergy, and the critics, historians, poets, and novelists themselves. The influence of these people stretches out in all directions; no one can tell where a paper in the Contemporary may not be felt. Here is an opinion: it teaches, as from a recognized centre of authority, those who teach others; so it is spread abroad. Go into a country house; you will hear opinions expressed on the latest novelist, the latest dramatist; and you will presently learn that they are taken bodily—with or without acknowledgment—from a magazine.

One more question is suggested by this list. Who are the men and women who write these papers? Their number is necessarily limited. If the editor wants a paper on a French or English writer, there are not many men whom he can ask. Let us see, then, from this list who are the living writers who during these three years contributed the papers on Authors living and dead, and on the literary subjects we have mentioned.

Their names are as follows:

Edwin Abbott.
Canon Ainger.
G. Aitkin.
Grant Allen.
William Archer.
Alfred Austin.
J. M. Barrie.
Wyke Bayliss.
Augustine Birrell.

Prof. Blaikie.
Walter Besant.
Henry Blackburn.
Karl Blind.
Mathilde Blind.
Madame Blaize de Bury.
Rev. Stopford
Brooke.
Hall Caine.
Dean Church.
E. Courtney.
Oswald Crawfurd.
Prof. Dowden.
Austin Dobson.
A. Conan Doyle.
R. Dunlop.
Archdeacon Farrar.
Edmund Gosse.
F. Greenwood.
E. Birkbeck Hill.
Prof. Knight.
H. A. Kennedy.
H. G. Keene.
Andrew Lang.
A. H. Lecky.
W. S. Lilly.
Mrs. Lynn Linton.
Mowbray Morris.
Gabriel Monod.
Prof. Minto.
F. Myers.
George Moore.
Wilfrid Meynell.
Justin McCarthy.
Canon MacColl.
Walter Pater.
R. E. Prothero.
Rennell Rodd.
Prof. Romanes.
E. S. Shuckburgh.
William Sharpe.
George Saintsbury.
A. Swinburne.
J. A. Symonds.
Paul Sylvester.
Prof. Tyndal.
H. D. Traill.
Stanley Weyman.
William Watson.
Dean of Wells.
Oscar Wilde.
H. B. Wheatley.
Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed.
Julia Wedgwood.
Helen Zimmern.

And these again tell others, until at last even the man with the rake lifts his head and pricks up his ears.

OBSERVATIONS ON "THE TALE-TELLING ART" IN SIR WALTER SCOTT'S INTRODUCTIONS TO THE "WAVERLEY NOVELS."

III.

A few passages in Sir Walter Scott's introductions still remain which may claim the attention of the novelist, who will regret that they are but few. Respecting too many of the details of the art of fiction, Sir Walter Scott does not in his prefaces say a single word. No remarks of any kind are to be found about description of scenery, no remarks upon portraiture, no remarks upon contrast of characters, nor upon a number of those other details of the "craft of romance writing," in which Sir Walter himself excelled, and upon which it is evident that he must have bestowed no ordinary care and thought.

Two passages, however, occur bearing upon the study of character. The study of character is, of course, scarcely a detail of the art of fiction; it is rather the very soul of good story-telling; and all that Sir Walter Scott says in both of these places deserves close attention, not only on account of the great suggestiveness of his remarks, but also on account of the high importance to the novelist of any hints he can gather upon the treatment of character.

The first of these passages will be found in the "Advertisement" preceding "The Antiquary." It treats of the great value in romance of characters drawn from those ranks of life in which the passions are least restrained by cultivation, and the feelings are least restrained by cultivation, and the feelings are most frequently expressed without reserve:—

"I have in the two last narratives ['Guy Mannering,' and 'The Antiquary'] sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operations of the higher and more violent passions, both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because . . . they seldom fail to express themselves in the strongest and most powerful language."
The second passage deals with a point no less important, but much more difficult: the choice of such characters as the general reader’s conception of life will enable him easily to comprehend. This restriction will be felt by every author to be a hard one, for it narrows the range of the novelist, reducing him to something resembling the dramatist’s small stock-in-trade of characters, whom everyone can immediately understand. Upon reflection, however, it will probably be admitted that Sir Walter Scott’s contention is in the main justified by the fact that everything which is intended to entertain, or, indeed, to instruct, must of necessity be perfectly intelligible.

It was Sir Walter Scott’s opinion that in Sir Percie Shafton the Euphuist, in “The Monastery,” he had presented a character which was not intelligible; and why not intelligible he is at much pains to explain in a long passage in the “Introduction to ‘The Monastery.’” The whole cannot be quoted here, and should be read in its proper context. The chief points, however, are these:

“The author had the vanity to think that a character, whose peculiarities should turn on extravagancies which were once universally fashionable, might be read in a fictitious story with a good chance of affording amusement to the existing generation, who, fond as they are of looking back on the actions and manners of their ancestors, might be also supposed to be sensible of their absurdities. . . . He was disappointed. . . . The Euphuist, far from being accounted a well-drawn and humorous character . . . was condemned as unnatural and absurd . . . The author has been led to suspect that . . . his subject was injudiciously chosen . . . The manners of a rude people are always founded on nature, and therefore the feelings of a more polished generation immediately sympathise with them. . . . It does not follow that the . . . tastes, opinions, and follies of one civilised period should afford either . . . interest or . . . amusement to . . . another. Let us take . . . Shakspeare himself . . . The mass of readers peruse without amusement the characters formed on the extravagance of a temporary fashion . . . The Euphuist Don Armado, the pedant Holophernes, even Nym and Pistol, are read with little pleasure by the mass of the public . . . In like manner, while the distresses of Romeo and Juliet continue to interest every bosom, Mercutio, drawn as an accurate representation of the finished fine gentleman of the period, and, as such, received by the unanimous approbation of contemporaries, has so little to interest the present age, that stripped of his puns and quirks of verbal wit, he only retains a place in the scene in virtue of his fine and fanciful speech upon dreaming, which belongs to no particular age . . . The introduction of a humorist acting, like Sir Percie Shafton, upon some forgotten or obsolete mode of folly . . . is rather likely to awake the disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him food for laughter. . . . The formidable objection of incredulus odi was applied to the Euphuist, as well as to the White Lady of Avenel; and the one was denounced as unnatural, while the other was rejected as impossible.”

In the first chapter of “The Bride of Lammermoor,” in the imaginary conversation with Dick Tinto, Sir Walter Scott has something to say upon the use and abuse of dialogue in romance.

“Your characters,” he [Dick Tinto] said . . . patter too much . . . there is nothing in whole pages but mere chat and dialogue.”

“The ancient philosopher,” said I in reply, “was wont to say, ‘Speak, that I may know thee’; and how is it possible for an author to introduce his dramatis personæ to his readers in a more interesting and effectual manner than by the dialogue in which each is represented as supporting his own appropriate character?”

The dangers of an excess of dialogue, and the value of descriptive narrative are a few lines below thus happily expressed:

“Description,” he said, “was to the author of a romance exactly what drawing and tinting were to a painter; words were his colours, and, if properly employed, they could not fail to place the scene which he wished to conjure up, as effectually before the mind’s eye, as the tablet or canvas presents it to the bodily organ. The same rules . . . applied to both, and an exuberance of dialogue, in the former case, was a verbose and laborious mode of composition which went to confound the proper art of fictitious narrative with that of drama, a widely different species of composition, of which dialogue was the very essence. . . . But as nothing can be more dull than a long narrative written upon the plan of a drama, so where you have approached most near to that species of composition, by indulging in prolonged scenes of mere conversation, the course of your story has become chill and constrained, and you have lost the power of arresting the attention and exciting the imagination, in which upon other occasions you may be considered as having succeeded tolerably well.”

The words are supposed to be addressed to Sir Walter, who here is again criticising himself. They suggest several questions. Do readers of the present day find their attention more arrested by the narrative portions than by the dialogues in the “Waverley Novels”? Does not fiction tend to use
dialogue more and more, and narrative less? Was dialogue one of Sir Walter Scott's strong points? These are questions which the reader must answer for himself.

One remark alone Sir Walter makes on romance style:

"Every work designed for amusement must be expressed in language easily comprehended." (General Preface to the "Waverley Novels")

The astonishing speed at which Sir Walter Scott wrote his novels must be considered one of the marvels of those marvellous compositions. Like a good many other authors he was advised by people, who certainly knew a good deal less about novel-writing than he did, to write more slowly, and to bestow more care upon construction and composition. By these means, so his counsellors assured him, certain portions of his work which they found inferior to the rest would be vastly improved. Few lines that he has written will be more interesting to authors than his reply:

"The works and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity . . . the parts in which I have come feebly off were by much the more laboured." (Introductory Epistle, Captain Clutterbuck to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust, preceding "The Fortunes of Nigel")

When the "Waverley Novels" were collected into a complete edition, Sir Walter Scott subjected them all to a careful revision. A comparison of the texts of the first editions with the texts offered as final, might afford some curious points. Many of the alterations would, no doubt, prove trivial, but it is hardly possible to doubt that others might be of interest. Sir Walter says of his emendations:

"These consist in occasional pruning where the language is redundant, compression where the style is loose, infusion of vigour where it is languid, and exchange of less forcible for more appropriate epithets." ("Advertisement," preceding General Preface to "Waverley Novels")

A single subject remains, about which Sir Walter Scott has a good deal to say: the difficult enterprise of choosing a title. On the one hand, he admits:

"It is of little consequence what the work is called, provided it catches public attention." (Introductory Epistle, Captain Clutterbuck to the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust, preceding "The Abbot")

On the other hand, he was not at all blind to the fact that the title itself might much assist to "catch the public attention," and was very careful about the names of his books, "a good name being very nearly of as much consequence in literature as in life." (Introduction to "Rob Roy")

At the same time he was very shy of "taking titles." Of these he speaks in three different places, and all that he says is deserving of the consideration of everyone thinking of publishing a book:

"The publisher and author, however much their general interests are the same, may be said to differ so far as title pages are concerned; and it is a secret of the tale-telling art . . . that a taking title . . . best answers the purpose of the bookseller, since it . . . sells an edition not unfrequently before the public have well seen it. But the author ought to seek more permanent fame. . . . Many of the best novelists have been anxious to give their works such titles as render it out of the reader's power to conjecture their contents until they should have an opportunity of reading them." (Introduction to the "Betrothed")

"What is called a taking title serves the direct interest of the bookseller. . . . But if the author permits an over-degree of attention to be drawn to his work ere it has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing condition of having excited a degree of expectation, which, if he proves unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary reputation." (Introduction to "Ivanhoe")

"A taking title is a recipe for success much in favour with booksellers, but which authors will not always find efficacious. The cause is worth a moment's examination. A tale . . . sure by the very announcement to excite public curiosity to a considerable degree . . . is of the last importance to the bookseller. . . . But it is a different case with the author, since it cannot be denied that we are apt to feel less satisfied with the work of which we have been induced . . . to entertain exaggerated expectations." (Introduction to "The Abbot")

Sir Walter Scott received very large sums for his copyrights, and was so conscious of the money value of his work, that when he found himself, by no fault of his own, ruined and responsible for a gigantic debt, he courageously resolved to earn with his pen the sum necessary to pay it. No author ever wrote with a more direct, or more laudable intention of obtaining money, and so the following lines from the Introductory Epistle preceding the "Fortunes of Nigel," may perchance more fitly than any others close these brief notes on observations on the "tale-telling art" in Sir Walter Scott's introductions to the "Waverley Novels":

"No work of imagination, proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy money ever did, or ever will, succeed."

HENRY CRESSWELL.
THE AUTHOR.

WALT WHITMAN.

I.

An Interview.

It was in September 1881 that I had a personal interview with Walt Whitman. Accompanied by a well-known Boston journalist, I called in the forenoon upon the old bard. We set awaiting his arrival for some minutes. Then the door opened, and there walked into the room, with simple mien and unconstrained air, as out of an Ossianic poem or some ancient bardic lay, a veritable Brehon. Tall and slightly stooped, leaning on a stick and walking slowly (the effect of a stroke of paralysis), Walt Whitman, the poet of the American democracy, struck me as a very remarkable picture. His hair white and long, his eye a light blue, bright, intelligent, and brilliant, strongly marked nose, slightly blunted, over a white moustache, and the countenance framed all around with a long white beard and whiskers. Sui generis in dress as in literature, Walt Whitman was every inch an ideal poet to gaze upon, the open Byronic collar and loose coat, and waistcoat, surmounted by his massive and venerable head, making an interesting and impressive picture. Whitman in conversation was measured and thoughtful, liked to hear about English literature, especially poetry, and had made up his mind very strongly upon the merits of modern bards. He was then beginning to be understood in Boston, and was acutely sensible of the change of opinion which was gradually coming over the American literary world with regard to his work. He himself has declared that the proof of a poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it. He was fond of young men. "It does me good," he said to me, "to see the boys and young men, and to have them about me." The grandeur of his personal presence, the calm thought enthroned upon his brow, impressed one with the idea that he partook more of the seer and the sage than of the modern poet. I shall always carry with me a memory of Walt Whitman as the First Brehon of the American race.

P. H. Bagenal.

II.

Walt Whitman's Last Room.

When I described, on Nov. 29, a recent visit to Walt Whitman, I did not say half I thought of the squalor and wretchedness of his surroundings. It is a wonder to me that he did not die long ago from the effects of the unwholesome atmosphere of the place. Whitman was a man who loved and needed the sunlight and fresh air. In that wretched room he had neither. It faced the north, and the little light that might have shone upon him was kept out by dirty windows and closed shutters. I doubt if the room had ever been swept, much less thoroughly cleaned. The dirty carpet, the piles of old newspapers, the unmade bed, the rickety stove that gave out enough heat to dry up a much more vigorous body than that of the old poet, all had the most depressing effect upon me when I came into the place from the crisp, clear air of a bright October day. I have read descriptions of old misers who have been found dead amid their miserable surroundings, but Walt Whitman's bedroom gave me a far more vivid sense of what such dens must be than columns of mere description. The pathetic thing about it was his contentment. "I am well taken care of," he said; "the people here are very kind." The latter statement was probably true; but I do not call such care as he received good care. I would not have left a favourite dog to live in such a place. I have been told that his friends who visited him in his last illness were greatly annoyed by the unclean wretchedness of the place, but, seeing that he was too far gone to make expostulation advisable, they held their peace.—The New York Critic.

I CAN assure you that the condition of the author in America, so far as I am qualified to judge, is even more lamentable than his English brother. You say that "the sweating of authors—chiefly ladies and small authors—that goes on is really terrible." I think that in America, although all authors suffer, the case of the women writers, especially the young authors, is worse, because women, as a rule, are ignorant of business methods, and are especially timid about standing up for their just rights.

I greatly desire to see a "Society for the Protection of American Authors" established on the lines ably laid down in the Forum article, and to that end I should be most grateful if you would mail me any printed reports of your Society that you are willing to make public, and especially the two pamphlets mentioned: "The Cost of Production" and "Methods of Publishing," together with a few sample copies of your Author, which I am unable to get in Boston, or even to learn its subscription price.
I am an author myself on a small scale, and a contributor to the American Press, but have suffered severely from the methods of payment employed by most publishers, and by all but a few of the largest magazines. Almost all American periodicals "pay on publication," and an author's MSS. are frequently detained, say five years, without any compensation. The syndicate method also works a great injustice to young authors. For instance, one of the largest syndicates in New York city pays at the rate of about $10 per column of 2,000 words for a timely, newsy article, generally not wishing more than a column and a half. This same article is sold perhaps to forty newspapers throughout the United States, and each editor pays for it at the rate of $5 per column, sometimes more, if the author is noted. The syndicate, therefore, takes in about $200 to the author's $10; if this is not a case of "sweating" I hardly know what is. Young authors often endure this in silence, for they hope that the wide circulation given to their article and their name may sometime come back to them in solid cash, but the expectation is often disappointed. For instance, I sent an article of nearly two columns in length that had taken me some time in careful preparation to the above-named syndicate. In my letter to the editor I said that the work thereon was exhaustive, and that I "should like" $20 therefor. No reply was made, and I presumed my terms were accepted. Some weeks afterwards, when the article was published, and I was without redress, I received a curt note from the editor saying that the article was only worth $12 to them, and they therefore sent me a check for that amount. On asking an editor-friend in Boston about the justice of the case, he assured me that I had no legal claim, because I had merely said "I should like," instead of saying plainly "The price is $20." Another syndicate to which I sent a carefully written article on a subject pertaining to women, detained my article of 4,000 words some four months, then offered me a beggarly price for about 1,000 words: I declined it, and wrote requesting the editor to return me the article. After some weeks' delay he did so, but one-quarter of it, the portion he desired, was missing. I could not get it until a newspaper editor and personal friend called and got it in person. Some weeks after, a friend from the West sent me a cutting, which contained the portion of my article which the syndicate had retained, and never paid for, almost verbatim. I had no redress that I could find out for this case of downright robbery.

In a third case I sold a magazine article on a topic of interest to women to a certain magazine for $30. It was to be paid for on publication, but the month before the article was to appear the magazine failed, and everything was put into the hands of a receiver. I wrote for my unpaid article, but received the reply that it was the property of the magazine, and was now in the editor's desk, which was sealed up, together with about thirty dollars worth of fine pen and ink sketches, the work of an artist friend, also unpaid for. I finally recovered the articles, but their timeliness was gone; I had to wait another year for a publisher, and the pen and ink sketches, although made to order, were detained for months, and finally returned unpaid for, resulting in a total loss to the artist, who had kindly offered to illustrate my work.

In still another case I sold a series of letters upon European travel to a prominent New York weekly, giving them the copyright. They, however assured me that if I wished to reprint the articles in book form I was at liberty to do so, if I gave them the credit. Before I had time to do as I had intended, a Boston international steamer agency, without communicating either with me or the editor to whom I sold the work, reprinted nearly the whole of it, issuing it in book form, as an advertisement. Just enough was omitted to make it safe to reprint a copyright work, and, though my name was given and credit assigned to the paper from which the letters were taken, I did not make a penny by the transaction. When I heard that the book had been so popular that a second edition was to be brought out this season of 2,000 more copies, making 4,000 in all, I addressed a letter to the enterprising publisher, suggesting that I might make some additions to the book and corrections making it more valuable, for which I would charge only a nominal sum; the publisher then concluded that, on the whole, he would not bring out a second edition this season. I am now negotiating with a second publisher, but fear that owing to the first publication and gratuitous distribution of so many copies I have lost all chance of a sale.

On another occasion I wrote a timely article for "Thanksgiving" on the "American Cranberry," giving a number of facts which I had been at some pains to obtain. It was sent in ample season, two months in advance, to one of the largest Boston Sunday papers, and I was told by the city editor, whom I knew slightly, that "it had passed the first acceptance." But the MS. had disappeared from the face of the earth; I have looked for it for three years in the paper, but it has never been published, and though I have called a dozen times for it at the newspaper office it has never been found. Although I valued it at $20 and, unfortunately, had no copy by which to replace it, no offer was ever made of payment, and I am told that I have no legal redress, as the article was not specially ordered, and the paper to which it was sent advertises "that unsolicited MSS. will not be returned."
Still, previously that same paper had accepted and paid for a number of my special articles, so I thought that I was safe in submitting this one.

I met the loss of another article of equal value in a New York paper, and although I was assured several times that the New York . . . . always paid for an article if it lost it through its own fault, my modest little bill has remained totally unregarded.

I know of a still worse case, where a well-known authoress of New York city sent a complete MS. of a child's book to a well-known Boston publishing house. The MS. was accepted; in some mysterious way between the time of acceptance and publication the MS. disappeared. Although it contained about 80,000 words, and represented the work of months, the poor author was forced to re-write it from beginning to end, without the offer of payment of a single cent on the part of the publishing house who lost the MS. Of course, apologies and regrets were sent, but they did not pay for the loss of time and the double work.

In the American newspaper work, especially, there is very sharp competition, and a special writer, like myself, not connected with any regular paper, often suffers severely, when he has an exclusive bit of news. For instance, some years ago, when I was less familiar with newspaper sharp practice than I am now, a new building of public importance was erected in Cambridge, near Harvard College, where I reside; I called on the superintendent of this manual training school with a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, and he gave me an hour of his valuable time. I then prepared a very full and exhaustive report of the new building, machinery, &c. The next morning early I called upon the managing editor of the largest paper in Boston, mentioned the fact that this building was just completed, that no report of it had appeared, and that I had one prepared. The managing editor replied that they did not consider a single manual training school building of sufficient importance to warrant an extended notice; but that if I would visit all such schools in Boston and the neighbouring cities and make a general report they would probably accept it. I made my preparations to do so, but on returning for some additional data to the Cambridge school, I was told by the manager that early that morning, evidently directly after my visit in Boston, a special reporter had been sent from the Boston Herald in hot haste to get all the facts, which the manager, knowing of my intention to write the article, out of courtesy to me, refused to give, so that only a maimed and unintelligent report appeared.

I have taken the liberty to quote these personal cases to you, as there are thousands of a like kind, with which young writers are helplessly forced to grapple every day. You are at liberty to use these as you see fit, if you will not mention names.

I am now a member of the New England Women's Press Association, which also includes a number of authors, and I should greatly like to get this association and the various authors' clubs throughout the country interested in the matter of a reform.

E. T.

"AT THE AUTHOR'S HEAD."

CITIES, as cities, rarely do honour to their citizens during their lifetime, even though such citizens may become world-famous; but Bristol is about to break down the habit of letting men be only recognised as famous citizens after death, by acknowledging during his lifetime the valuable ethnographical work that Dr. John Bedloe has been enabled to accomplish, whilst acting also as a physician in the Bristol suburb, Clifton. A very representative committee, under Mr. Lewis Fry, M.P., as chairman, has been appointed to present Dr. Bedloe with a volume containing an address recognising his well-known labours, that have made his name famous in the scientific world. Amongst the committee are the Earl of Ducie, Bishop Clifford, Canon Ainger, Canon Wallace, Mr. Warren of Magdalene (a Bristolian); Professors Lloyd, Morgan, and Rowley of the University College, Bristol; the headmaster of Clifton College, Mr. R. L. Leighton, head of the Grammar School, and certain members of the Town Council, in fact a representative body. Mr. James Baker, acting as Hon. Secretary. The address is to be signed by all the official, literary, scientific, and artistic bodies in Bristol, and will be presented at a dinner during the month of May.


Mr. Hall Caine's forthcoming storiette, entitled "Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon," which is to run in Lloyd's, will be published about Midsummer by Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

Mrs. George Augustus Sala's new volume, which bears the title "People I have met," has just been published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.

Mr. A. J. Balfour is to preside on the 29th anniversary of the Newspaper Press Fund, which is to be held at the Hotel Metropole on the 14th instant.
Among the series of papers which will appear in *Scribner's* on the position of the great European cities is one by Mr. Walter Besant, dealing with the East London riverside. The parish chosen is that of St. James, Ratcliff.

Prize stories, with the notable exception of Mr. Goodman's "Only Witness," do not, it seems, catch on. It is reported that the Leadenhall Press have not made a success of their venture "Guess the Title." 10,000 copies were issued, and the *Publisher's Circular* reports that 9,000 still remain on hand. We are sorry that Mr. Tuer has not made a hit with this venture, but it is, perhaps, fortunate on the whole for the future of fiction that the dodge has not succeeded. We have the advertising fiend quite enough with us as it is, and the self-advertising story is an excrescence which we can very well afford to do without.

Ben Brierley has a great popularity, both as a writer and as an entertainer, all over Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, and has managed to maintain himself in a frugal way up till within the last year or two. He was then attacked by illness which kept him confined to his bed for twelve months, and has left him partially paralysed, so that it is impossible for him to go on with his entertainments, upon which he mainly depended for a livelihood. A few Lancashire merchants proposed a tribute to him, and up to the present a sum of £250 has been collected in small sums. Among the subscribers were Lord Derby, Viscount Cranbourne, Sir W. H. Holdsworth, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir Ughtred Kay Shuttleworth, and other leading Lancashire men. It has now been arranged that the mayors of all Lancashire towns shall receive subscriptions for the fund, and it is hoped that it will attain sufficient proportions to enable Ben Brierley to be secure from want to the end of his life.

If Mr. Gladstone attains to the somewhat doubtful honour of being "collected," his fondness for appearance in pamphlet form will lend an added interest to the hunt for complete sets of his works. The last addition to his brochures is a letter on Female Suffrage, addressed to Mr. Samuel Smith, the well-known Liverpool philanthropist, which has just been published by Mr. John Murray.

Mr. C. F. Dowsett, F.S.I., has published (The Land Record Office) his promised work on "Land, its attractions and riches," by 57 writers. Principal Bond-deals with "Fruit Growing"; Mr. C. W. Heckethorn with "Investments"; Professor G. Henslow writes on "The Value of Botany to Country Residents"; the Rev. A. Styleman Herring on "Fresh Air for Poor London Children"; Professor Long on "Dairy Farming"; and the Rev. Compton Reade on "The Pleasures of a Country." Dr. B. W. Richardson deals with "Health in Relation to Land"; Professor A. H. Sayce with "Ancient Laws"; and Professor R. Wallace with "Egyptian Lands."

The death of John Hyslop at Kilmarnock, N.B., removes another of the true poets of the people. Almost wholly self-educated, he left the machine-room to become a rural messenger something more than thirty years ago, and in the year of Burns' centenary became generally recognised by his tribute to the Ploughman Bard. We extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette* the concluding lines of his last poem, which was written on his death-bed for the *Kilmarnock Standard*—

> I hear the music in the upper rooms,
> My soul like pent bird pantet to be free;
> When that has passed beyond life's prisoning bars,
> Then burn or bury, do what pleaseth thee.
> With the worn cage that is no longer Ale,
> For I shall neither know, nor hear, nor see.
> * * * * * *

Sometimes, perchance, amid the hurrying years,
With friends in shady nook or wooded glen,
You'll say: "He coined his soul's best thoughts in words,
And sent them rushing through his ready pen
In songs of hope to cheer his fellow men."
If any songs of all the songs I've sung
Make any music where life's discord mars
God's harmonies, and through the souls of men
Goes echoing on to heal some hidden scars,
Then I shall hear it from beyond the stars!

The fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. C. G. Leland's translation of the works of Heinrich Heine, which have just been published by Mr. WM. Heinemann, contain the "Germany," the "Comments on Faust," the "Gods in Exile," and the "Goddess Diana." Mr. Leland claims that this is the first complete edition of Heine's "Germany," which, as he very justly contends, is a work of which no one can be ignorant who seeks sound or even superficial reading of modern literature.

Mr. Hume Nisbet's new story, "The Bushranger's Sweetheart," has just been issued by Mr. F. V. White.

M. Chedomil Mijatovich, formerly Servian Minister at the Court of St. James's, has issued an interesting book on the conquest of Constantinople by the Greeks, which embodies the result of great personal research. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are the publishers. Hitherto, no single monograph on the conquest of Constantinople has existed in English, though as early as 1675 a tragedy entitled the "Siege of Constantinople" was published in London.
THE AUTHOR.

"Haunts of Nature," by H. W. S. Worsley-Benison, and illustrated by C. M. Worsley, is issued by Elliot Stock. Mr. Worsley-Benison is already very well known as the author of "Nature's Fairyland," and in his new book shows that he is not an unworthy successor even to Richard Jefferies.

Mr. Edmund Downey (F. M. Allen) has ready a collection of Irish tales, which, under the title of "Green as Grass," will be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in a few days.

Dr. S. P. Driver, the Regius Professor of Hebrew at the University of Oxford, has concluded a volume of sermons, entitled "Old Testament Criticisms." Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads"—Japanese paper edition—was published on April 30th by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Arthur Symon's new volume of verse, which is to bear the title of "Silhouettes," will be published immediately by Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

There is to be yet another Metropolitan literary society, the Irish Literary Society, which is to be inaugurated next month under the presidency of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. The Rev. Stopford Brooke is to deliver the inaugural address.

Mr. E. F. Knight, the author of the "Cruise of the Falcon," promises a book relating his adventures during the recent campaign in Hunza, in which he acted not only as special correspondent of the Times, but as a combatant.

The Rev. Chas. Voysey has prepared, and Messrs. Williams and Norgate have published, a third edition of a Theistic Prayer Book, greatly enlarged, and containing new services and many new hymns.

Mrs. Frank St. Clair Grimwood's story, "The Power of an Eye," is running in Winter's Weekly, and will be published shortly by Mr. F. V. White.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell contributes a poem on a religious theme to the Christian Leader.

The May number of the Library Review contains a further contribution by Stanley Little on "Current Fiction," in which he will deal with woman as a creator in fiction; an article entitled "Tennyson as Dramatist" by Cuming Walters; another by Graham Aylward on "Mr. Meredith and his Critics"; and one by Percy White on "Daudet and his Literary Methods."

Mr. Eden Philpotts's new story "A Tiger's Cub" has just been issued by Messrs. Arrowsmith.

"Mark Tillotson" is the title of the new novel by the author of "John Westacott," which appears this month. It is dedicated to the veteran poet, Frederick von Bodenstedt, the good friend of "George Eliot" during her Munich life.

Mr. F. S. Purcell has written the authorised Life of Cardinal Manning. He has had not only the Cardinal's permission but also his assistance, with the right to read and use private diaries and letters.

We learn from the New York Critic, that shortly after the appearance of "Vain Fortune," Charles Scribner's Sons made Mr. George Moore an offer for the right of reprinting it in America. The author accepted, stipulating only that he should be allowed to re-write his novel. This he has done with such thoroughness that the first half of the narrative has been entirely changed, and the main interest transferred from the hero to the heroine.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. are to publish this month a book by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, entitled "A Voyage of Discovery," a novel illustrative of American Society as Mr. Aidé found it last year when travelling here with Mr. Stanley.

Those readers whose attention has been attracted by the life story of Travers Madge, as told by the Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford in "A Protestant Poor Friar," will be interested to know that from this strangely pathetic life Mrs. Humphry Ward drew the idea of her Anerum, the crippled minister in "David Grieve."

In "The Gentleman Digger"—Sampson Low and Co.—the Comtesse de Brémont sets forth with a good deal of spirit and actuality pictures of Johannesburg life in 1889, that is to say, at about the period of the famine, the crisis, and the collapse of the feverish "boom" of 1888-89. The varied types of mankind—ill enough for the most part—the hideous scenes enacted daily and nightly at the great gold and diamond mining camps of South Africa; the unutterable squalor, glitter, drunkenness, chicanery, and crime; all these things are displayed in a very realistic manner. As depicting true phases of life, as a very real warning, this book undoubtedly has a value. And it is to the author's credit that she has raised her voice against that vilest of all systems of murder, the poisoning of native races, body and soul, by the horrible drink traffic.
THE AUTHOR.

FROM THE PAPERS.

I.

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL.

Dean Bradley's refusal to find room for a memorial to Lowell in Westminster Abbey is an act of which no explanation is yet forthcoming. Want of space is no explanation, any more than when the bust of Matthew Arnold was hid away in an obscure corner where not one visitor in a thousand will ever see it. Lowell, of course, has no claim. No American has a claim, nor any Englishman either. It rests with the Dean of Westminster, for the time being, to grant or refuse admission to the Abbey. There is no appeal from his discretion, or indiscretion, except to public opinion, or to Parliament, where public opinion is sometimes crystallized into a concrete reform. It was Parliament which intervened to save the Abbey from the intrusion of Prince Louis Napoleon, whom Dean Stanley was resolved to admit. The present is no cause for invoking that supreme court of appeal.

Nor do I know that Lowell's American friends need care much about the matter. It is Lowell's English friends who made the request to the Dean, which he somewhat churlishly, they think, has rejected. Lowell, says one of them, is not thought good enough for the Abbey. Perhaps not. He was merely the foremost American man of letters of his time, long resident in England and beloved here; a representative who did invaluable service to his own country and to this; admittedly the first—it is the English who admit it—scholar of English literature. What has he to do with Westminster Abbey? That mausoleum of nonentities is dignified, no doubt, by the tombs and memorials of some great men, but the majority are no company for Lowell. To say that Lowell shall not find a place there is to say that no American shall in the future, and that the few now there had better come away; Longfellow first of all, who will hardly care to remain now that his friend is excluded. If any Dean of Westminster of the future regrets the exclusion, he may chisel into some vacant stone the line in which the French Academy does penance for the absence of Molière: "Nothing was wanting to his glory. He is wanting to ours."


April 10, 1892.

II.

THE GLORIOUS TRADITIONS OF THE BOOK AGENT.

Napoleon Bonaparte, when a poor lieutenant, took the agency for a work entitled "L'Histoire de la Révolution." In the foyer of the great palace of the Louvre can be seen to-day the great Emperor's canvassing outfit, with the long list of subscribers he secured.

George Washington, when young, canvassed around Alexandria, Va., and sold over 200 copies of a work entitled "Bydell's American Savage."

Mark Twain was a book agent.

Longfellow sold books by subscription.

Jay Gould, when starting in life, was a canvasser.

Daniel Webster paid his second term's tuition at Dartmouth by handling "De Tocqueville's America," in Merrimac County, New Hampshire.

General U. S. Grant canvassed for "Irving's Columbus."

Rutherford B. Hayes canvassed for "Baxter's Saints' Rest."

James G. Blaine began life as a canvasser for a "Life of Henry Clay."

Bismarck, when at Heidelberg, spent a vacation canvassing for one of Blumenbach's handbooks.—New York Critic.

III.

THE CHIEF USE OF THE SOCIETY.

I conceive the Society's most important function to be the establishment of that solidarity amongst literary folk, notoriously a race of units, which has hitherto been non-existent. It is a great thing that young authors should be able to get advice and help from those who know better than themselves; but it is much more that the whole profession of literature should have a focus, a rallying point, a central representative body—call it what you will. And it seems to me that it is the plain duty of every author, of whatever position, to further the consolidation of the Society by joining it. Many of its members, of course, do not need help themselves; they should, therefore, add their own strength to the weakness of their less fortunate brethren. And of its power of immediate usefulness, the best testimony is to be found in the list of the more important cases in which the Society has interfered during the past year. It is very interesting reading, and will certainly convince all sceptics of the real usefulness of the Society and the justness of the ideal relations between author and publisher which it holds up.—Winter's Weekly.

IV.

AMERICAN FICTION.

American fiction has distinctly forsaken the expansive and the illimitable to run after the contracted and the limited. Instead of a national novel we now have a rapidly accumulating series of regional novels, or rather—so far as the subdividing and minimising process goes—of local tales, neighbourhood sketches, short stories confined to the author's back yard.—The New York Nation.
V.

NEWSPAPER COPYRIGHT.

In the interesting discussion on newspaper copyright now proceeding in the *Times*, no one has yet called attention to the very definite agreement on the subject embodied in the Berne Convention. Article VII. of that instrument runs as follows:

"Articles from newspapers or periodicals published in any of the countries of the Union may be reproduced in original or in translation in the other countries of the Union, unless the authors or publishers have expressly forbidden it. For periodicals it is sufficient if the prohibition is made in a general manner at the beginning of each number of the periodical. This prohibition cannot in any case apply to articles of political discussion, or to the reproduction of news of the day or current topics."

It will thus be seen that countries in the Copyright Union have agreed, in so far as their relations with each other are concerned, to recognise no copyright under any circumstances in (1) articles of political discussion; (2) news of the day; or (3) current topics—a somewhat vague clause this last one.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

VI.

FROM AMERICA.

In New York City alone are nearly a dozen publishing houses of great wealth, and a score more in a highly prosperous condition. One rarely hears of a publisher failing, from the Cheap Johns and publishers of penny dreadfuls to those of a higher order. On the other hand, there can scarcely be pointed out an American author who is able to make even a decent living by his books.

However, the vital question is: How can this state of things be remedied? A partial remedy could be found, no doubt, in the formation of an American Society of Authors similar to the Incorporated Society of Authors of Great Britain, or the *Société des Gens de Lettres* of France. The British Society is organised for the protection of literary property. It has been already of incalculable benefit to the British author. The organisation of a similar society has been long mooted among American authors, and signs point to the present time as being ripe for it. The writer, in his inquiries among literary men, has found everyone in favour of it, and none opposed to it. Such a society should be organised on the most liberal basis.

It should be open to everyone, young or old, male or female, who has written a book, whether published or not, and to recognised writers for the press. It should retain the best legal counsel; it should provide from its concentrated wisdom and experience a form of contract in which the author's right should be protected—such contracts having been hitherto drawn by the publisher for the protection of his interests. It should have at least one executive officer, who should be an author of experience, and who should give information to all members applying for it, and take cognizance of all complaints, and who should have for counsel and assistance an advisory board composed of three of the ablest and most experienced members of the society. Finally, it should assume, and carry to the courts if need be, all clear cases of extortion and oppression of authors on the part of publishers. Such a society would save American authors thousands of dollars yearly, and chiefly to the young and inexperienced, who need help most.—*Charles B. Todd in the Forum*.

VII.

THE EDUCATION OF OPINION.

Many publishers, especially the younger men, are gentlemen who have their clubs and their social positions. Social position is like marriage; the man who has it gives hostages to fortune. He cannot afford to have said that in business transactions he systematically cheats. Cold looks greet him, club acquaintances avoid him; he finds the atmosphere of the club chilling. This has already happened in one or two instances; it is the first expression of public opinion in its infancy.

What else can the Society attempt? I wish I could publish in these pages, in order to show its work, the letters of a single day. Agreements are sent up for examination, questions of difficulty about copyright in articles or books, questions as to cost, questions as to the trustworthiness of publishers, questions of every kind. Our secretaries are supposed to know everything; hard by our offices are those of our solicitors, to whom we referred almost every day some points of difficulty. We keep authors out of the hands of dishonest publishers—this is a tremendous weapon. There are certain houses from which we have kept many thousands of pounds; we prevent authors from signing unfair agreements; we have readers to examine the manuscripts of young writers and to advise them. The new American Copyright Law has introduced a whole sheaf of difficulties. In a word, we are the only body which has ever existed for the maintenance and defence of literary property for its creators and producers.

WHAT IT HAS STILL TO DO.

There remains before us one more service to literature. We desire above all things to formulate the broad principles upon which publishing should
be conducted, so as to give the author the full share that belongs to him, and to recognise to their utmost the services of the publishers.

I do not think that the problem will prove insoluble, once fairly tackled. I have myself a solution to offer, if I can only persuade other people to accept it.

Whatever method is adopted must depend entirely upon the success of a book, and therefore must be some form of royalty. Publisher and author must be interested in its success, each in his own fair proportion. In this place I can only point out the thing as one which must be attempted.

For my own part I have seen, every day since the formation of the Society, fresh evidence of the necessity of such a corporation as our own.—WALTER BESANT in the Forum.

VIII.

AN OUTSIDE OPINION ON THE SOCIETY.

Old and business-like authors gratefully acknowledge their gratitude to this wonderful undertaking; but to the young and untried writers it is even more invaluable. It has saved many youthful aspirants from ruin, by persuading them not to produce trash at their own risk, and has helped the more promising by kindly advice and suggestions in a way that has enabled authors to remodel a faulty MS. until it presented a readable and saleable book. The Society has a monthly paper of its own, conducted by Mr. Besant, helped by many of our best writers, in which all means of publication, new methods, pitfalls to be avoided, &c., are fully discussed.

The Authors' Club is an off-shoot of the Society, and bids fair to rival the Savile. Unfortunately there are no lady members, so that the feminine part of the world of letters have to be content with the Albemarle or the Writers'. Nevertheless, the able and willing adviser.—The Queen.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Theology.

BAXTER, REV. M. Forty Coming Wonders from 1892 to 1901. Eightieth thousand. Christian Herald Office, Tudor Street, Salisbury Square, E.C.

BELL, CAPTAIN HENRY. Selections from the Table Talk of Martin Luther. Translated by Cassell's National Library. Cloth, 6d.


THE CHURCH IN WALES. Full report of the debate on Mr. Samuel Smith's Resolution in the House of Commons on February 23, 1892. Paper covers (6d.). Also Speeches by Mr. Balfour and Sir E. Clarke on that occasion (1d. each). Church Defence Institution, Bridge Street, S.W.

CORBETT, REV. F. ST. JOHN. Echoes of the Sanctuary. Skeffington and Son.

CORNFORD, REV. JAMES. The Book of Common Prayer, with historical notes. Edited by Eyre and Spottiswoode.

GRIFFITH, RALPH T. H. The Hymns of the Rigveda. Translated, with a popular commentary by. Vol. IV. (The previous volumes were published in 1889, 1890, and 1891.) E. J. Lazard and Co., Benares.

GRIMTHORPE, LORD. A Review of Preliminary Sadler's "Church Doctrine—Bible Truth" and of Mr. Gore's Theory of Our Lord's Ignorance. 6d. Protestant Churchmen's Alliance.

HILL, ROWLAND, and SPURGEON, C. H. Remarkable Sermons Preached from the same Text—"Christ Crucified." Passmore and Alabaster. Paper covers, 3d.

MAURICE, F. D. Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. Sixth and last volume. New edition. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

RAWSON, SIR RAWSON W., K.C.M.G. The Gospel Narrative, or Life of Jesus Christ, collated from the Authorized Text of the Four Gospels, with Notes of all material changes in the Revised Version, and Epitome and Harmony of the Gospels. 3s. net.


WORDSWORTH, CHARLES, D.D., D.C.L. Primary Witness to the Truth of the Gospel, a series of discourses; also a charge on modern teaching on the canon of the Old Testament. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

History and Biography.


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